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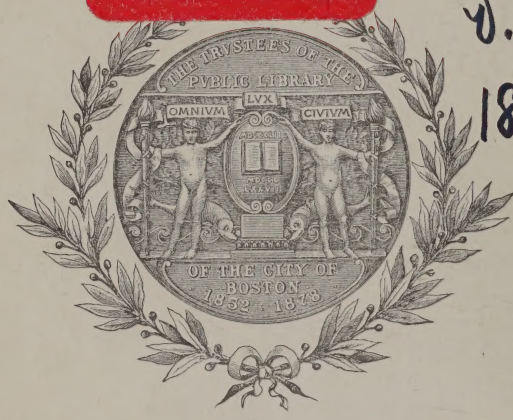


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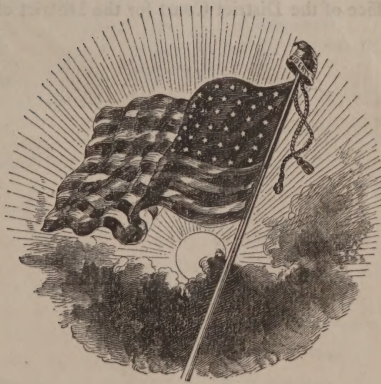
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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XVI. — JULY, 1865. — NO. XCIII.

YOUNG MEN IN HISTORY.

HISTORY is an imperfect record of nations and races, diverse in their position and capacities, but identical in nature and one in destiny. Viewed comprehensively, its individuals and events comprise the incidents of an uncompleted biography of man, a biography long, obscure, full of puzzling facts for thought to interpret, and more puzzling breaks for thought to bridge, but, on the whole, exhibiting man as moving and man as moving forward. If we scrutinize the character of this progress, we shall find that the forces which propel society in the direction of improvement, and the ideas we form of the nature of that improvement, are the forces and the ideas of youth. The world, indeed, moves under the impulses of youth to realize the ideals of youth. It has youth for its beginning and youth for its end; for youth is alive, and progress is but the movement of life to attain fuller, higher, and more vivid life. Youth, too, is nearer to those celestial fountains of existence whence inspiration pours into the heart and light streams into the brain. Indeed, all the qualities which constitute the life of the soul, and which preserve in vigor and health even the practical

faculties of the mind, — freshness, ardor, generosity, love, hope, faith, courage, cheer, — all these youth feels stirring and burning in its own breast, and aches to see fulfilled in the common experience of the race. But in age these fine raptures are apt to be ridiculed as the amiable follies of juvenile illusions. In parting, however, with what it derides as illusions, does not age part with the whole of joy and by far the most important element of wisdom? The world it so sagaciously aims to inaugurate, what is it but a stationary and decrepit world, — a world which would soon decay, and drop into the abyss of nothingness, were it not for the rejuvenating vitality poured into it by the youth it cynically despises? True wisdom, indeed, springs from the wide brain which is fed from the deep heart; and it is only when age warms its withering conceptions at the memory of its youthful fire, when it makes experience serve aspiration, and knowledge illumine the difficult paths through which thoughts thread their way into facts, — it is only then that age becomes broadly and nobly wise.

If we thus discern in the sentiments and faculties of youth the animating

and impelling soul of historical events, — if, wherever in history we mark a great movement of humanity, we commonly detect a young man at its head or at its heart, — we must still, I admit, discriminate between youth and young men, between the genial action of youthful qualities and the imperfections and perversions of youthful character. Youth we commonly represent under the image of morn, — clear, fresh, cheerful, radiant, the green sward trembling and gleaming with ecstasy as the rising sun transfigures its dew-drops into diamonds; but then morn is sometimes black with clouds, and foul with vapors, and terrible with tempests. In treating, therefore, of the position and influence of young men in history, let us begin with those in whom the energies of youth were early perverted from their appropriate objects, and fell under the dominion of sensual appetites or malignant passions.

And first, it is important we should bear in mind, that, in this misdirection of youth, all that constitutes the spirit, the power, the charm of youth is extinguished. The young man becomes prematurely old. We have all witnessed that saddest of spectacles, the petulant child developing into the ruffian boy, and hurrying into the ruffian man, — rude, hard-natured, swaggering, and self-willed, a darkness over his conscience, a glare over his appetites, insensible to duty or affection, and only tamed into decencies by the chains of restraint which an outraged community binds on his impulses. Now give this young savage arbitrary power, let him inherit the empire of the world, remove all restraints on his will, and allow him to riot in the mad caprices of sensuality and malevolence, and he makes his ominous appearance in history as a Caligula, a Domitian, a Nero. More fit for a madhouse than a throne, his advent is the signal of a despotism controlled by no guiding principles, but given over to that spirit of freak and mischief which springs from the union of the boy's brain with the man's appetites; and his fate is to have that craze of the faculties and

delirium of the sensations which he calls his life abruptly closed by suicide or assassination: by suicide, when he has become intolerable to himself; by assassination, when, as is more common, he has become intolerable to the world. Evil, however, as history shows him, it must still be said that his career does not exhibit the consistent depravity and systematic wickedness which characterize some of the Roman Emperors of maturer years; and even the giddy ferocities of the youthful Nero can be contemplated with less horror than the Satanic depth of malignity which morosely brooded over shadowy plans of gigantic crime in the dark spirit of the aged Tiberius.

This ruffian type of the young man is rarely exhibited on the historical theatre in its full combination of animal fury with mental feebleness. In most young men who acquire prominence in the history of the world there is some genius, however dashed it may be with depravity; and genius is itself an inlet of youth, checks the downward drag of the spiritual into the animal nature, intensifies appetites into passions, and lends impetus to daring ambition, if it does not always purify the motives which prompt its exercise. This genius divorced from wisdom, scornful of moral obligations, and ravenous for notoriety, is especially marked by wilfulness, presumptuous self-assertion, the curse and plague-spot of the perverted soul. Alcibiades in politics and Byron in literature are among its most conspicuous examples. Their defiance of rule was not the confident daring which comes from the vision of genius, but the disdainful audacity which springs from its wilfulness. Alcibiades, a name closely connected with those events which resulted in the ruin of the Athenian empire, was perhaps the most variously accomplished of all those young men of genius who have squandered their genius in the attempt to make it insolently dominant over justice and reason. Graceful, beautiful, brave, eloquent, and affluent, the pupil of Socrates, the darling of the Athenian democracy, lavishly

endowed by Nature with the faculties of the great statesman and the great captain, with every power and every opportunity to make himself the pride and glory of his country, he was still so governed by an imp of boyish perversity and presumption, that he renounced the ambition of being the first statesman of Athens in order to show himself its most restless, impudent and unscrupulous trickster; and, subjecting all public objects to the freaks of his own vanity and selfishness, ever ready to resent opposition to his whim with treason against the state, he stands in history a curious spectacle of transcendent gifts belittled by profligacy of character, the falsest, keenest, most mischievous, and most magnificent demagogue the world has ever seen.

If we turn from Alcibiades the politician to Byron the poet, we have a no less memorable instance of intellectual power early linked with moral perversity and completely bewitched and bedevilled by presumptuous egotism. What, in consequence, was his career? Petulant, passionate, self-willed, impatient of all external direction, the slave and victim of the moment's impulse, yet full of the energies and visions of genius, this arrogant stripling passes by quick leaps from boyhood into the vices of age, and, after a short experience of the worst side of life, comes out a scoffer and a misanthrope, fills the world with his gospel of desperation and despair, and, after preaching disgust of existence and contempt of mankind as the wisdom gleaned from his excesses, he dies, worn out and *old*, at thirty-six.

Now neither in Byron's works nor in Byron's life do we recognize the spirit of youth, — the spirit which elevates as well as stimulates, which cheers as well as inflames. Compare him in this respect with a man of vaster imagination and mightier nature, — compare him with Edmund Burke, in what we call Burke's old age; and as you read one of Burke's immortal pamphlets, composed just before his death, do you not feel your blood kindle and your

mind expand, as you come into communion with that bright and broad intellect, competent to grapple with the most complicated relations of European politics, — with that audacious will, whose purposes glow with immortal life, — and especially with that large and noble soul, rich in experience, rich in wisdom, but richer still in the freshness, the ardor, the eloquence, the chivalrous daring of youth? Byron is old at twenty-five; Burke is young at sixty-six.

The spirit of youth may thus, as in the case of Byron, be burnt out of the young man by the egotism of passion; but it may also be frozen up in his breast by the egotism of opinion. Woe to the young shoulders afflicted with the conceit that they support old heads! When this mental disease assumes the form of flippancy, it renders a young person happily unconscious that Nature has any stores of wisdom which she has not thought fit to deposit in his cranium, or that his mind can properly assume any other attitude towards an opponent than that of placid and pitying contempt.

But this intellectual presumption, ridiculous in its flippant or pompous, becomes terrible in its malignant, expression. Thus, the headstrong young men who pushed the French Revolution of 1789 into the excesses of the Reign of Terror were well-intentioned reformers, driven into crime by the fanaticism of mental conceit. This is especially true of Robespierre and St. Just. Their hearts were hardened through their heads. The abstract notions of freedom and philanthropy were imbedded in their brains as truths, without being rooted in their characters as sentiments; and into the form of these inexorable notions they aimed to shape France. They were of course opposed by human nature. Opposition made them personally cruel, because it made them intellectually remorseless. With no instincts of humanity to guide their ideas of its rights, it was but natural that offended pride of opinion should fester into that malignant passion which

puts relentlessness into the will. Everything and everybody that opposed the onward movement of the great cause ought, they conceived, to be removed. The readiest way to remove them was by tyranny, terror, and murder; for the swiftest method of answering objections is to knock out the brains that propound them. All the instituted rights of men were accordingly violated in the fierce desire to establish the abstract rights of man. A government founded on reason was to be created by a preliminary and provisional government founded on the guillotine. The ideals of Rousseau were to be realized by practices learned in the school of Draco; and a celestial democracy of thought was to spring from a demonized democracy of fact. Now we are accustomed to call these wretches young men. But there was no youth in them. Young in respect to age, their intellectually irritated egotism made them as bigoted, as inhuman, and as soulless as old familiars of the Inquisition.

In truth, the real young man of that Revolution, as of our own Revolution, was Lafayette. His convictions regarding the rights of man were essentially the same as those held by Robespierre and St. Just; but they were convictions that grew out of the inherent geniality, benevolence, and rectitude of his nature, and were accordingly guided and limited in their application by the sanity and sweetness of the sentiments whence they drew their vitality. Whilst they made him capable of any self-sacrifice for freedom and humanity, they made him incapable of crime; and misfortune and failure never destroyed his faith in freedom, because his faith in freedom had not been corrupted by experience in blood.

In Nero and Caligula, in Alcibiades and Byron, in Robespierre and St. Just, we have attempted to sketch the leading perversions of youthful energy and intelligence. Let us now proceed to exhibit their more wholesome, and, we trust, their more natural action. And first, in respect to the emotions, these

may all be included in the single word enthusiasm, or that impulsive force which liberates the mental powers from the ice of timidity as Spring unloosens the streams from the grasp of Winter, and sends them forth in a rejoicing rush. The mind of youth, when impelled by this original strength and enthusiasm of Nature, is keen, eager, inquisitive, intense, audacious, rapidly assimilating facts into faculties and knowledge into power, and above all teeming with that joyous fulness of creative life which radiates thoughts as inspirations, and magnetizes as well as informs. Now the limit of this youth of mind observation decides to be commonly between thirty-five and forty; but still it is not so properly marked by years as by the arrest of this glad mental growth and development. In some men, like Bacon and Burke, it is not arrested at sixty. The only sign of age, indeed, which is specially worth considering, is the mental sign; and this is that gradual disintegration of the mind's vital powers by which intelligence is separated from force, and experience from ability. Experience detached from active power is no longer faculty of doing, but mere memory of what has been done; and principles accordingly subside into precedents, intuitions into arguments, and alertness of will into calculation of risks. The highest quality of mind, the quality which stamps it as an immortal essence, namely, that power, the fused compound of all other powers, which sends its eagle glance over a whole field of particulars, penetrates and grasps all related objects in one devouring conception, and flashes a vivid insight of the only right thing to be done amid a thousand possible courses of action,—the power, in short, which gives confidence to will because it gives certainty to vision, and is as much removed from recklessness as from irresolution,—this power fades in mental age into that pausing, comparing, generalizing, indecisive intelligence, which, however wise and valuable it may be in those matters where success is not the prize of speed, is imbecile in those conjunctures of affairs

where events march faster than the mind can syllogize, and to think and act a moment too late is defeat and ruin.

It is for this reason that the large portion of history which relates to war is so much the history of the triumphs of young men. Thus, Scipio was twenty-nine when he gained the Battle of Zana; Charles the Twelfth, nineteen when he gained the Battle of Narva; Condé, twenty-two when he gained the Battle of Rocroi. At thirty-six, Scipio the younger was the conqueror of Carthage; at thirty-six, Cortés was the conqueror of Mexico; at thirty, Charlemagne was master of France and Germany; at thirty-two, Clive had established the British power in India. Hannibal, the greatest of military commanders, was only thirty, when, at Cannæ, he dealt an almost annihilating blow at the republic of Rome; and Napoleon was only twenty-seven, when, on the plains of Italy, he outgeneralled and defeated, one after another, the veteran marshals of Austria. And in respect to the wars which grew out of the French Revolution, what are they but the record of old generals beaten by young generals? And it will not do to say, that the young generals were victorious merely in virtue of their superiority in courage, energy, and dash; for they evinced a no less decisive superiority in common-sense and judgment, — that is, in instantaneous command of all their resources in the moment of peril, in quickness to detect the enemy's weak points, and, above all, in resolute sagacity to send the full strength of the arm to second at once the piercing glance of the eye. The old generals, to be sure, boasted more professional experience, but, having ossified their experience into pedantic maxims, they had less professional skill. After their armies had been ignominiously routed by the harebrained young fellows opposed to them, they could easily prove, that, by the rules of war, they had been most improperly beaten; but their young opponents, whose eager minds had transmuted the rules of war into instincts of intelligence, were indifferent to the scandal

of violating the etiquette of fighting, provided thereby they gained the object of fighting. They had, in fact, the quality which the old generals absurdly claimed, namely, practical sagacity, or, as the Yankee phrased it, "the knack of hitting it about right the first time."

We cannot, of course, leave the subject of young military commanders without a reference to Alexander of Macedon, in many respects the greatest young man that ever, as with the fury of the untamable forces of Nature, broke into history. But even in the "Macedonian madman," as he is called, it will be found that fury obeyed sagacity. A colossal soul, in whom barbaric passions urged gigantic powers to the accomplishment of insatiable desires, he seems, on the first view, to be given over to the wildest ecstasies of imaginative pride; but we are soon dazzled and confounded by the irresistible energy, the cool, clear, fertile, forecasting intelligence, with which he pursues and realizes his vast designs of glory and dominion. Strong and arrogant as the fabled Achilles, with a military genius which allies him to Cæsar and Napoleon, he was tortured by aspirations more devouring than theirs; for, exalted in his own conception above humanity by his constant success in performing what other men declared impossible, he aimed to conquer the world, — not merely to be obeyed as its ruler, but worshipped as its god. But this self-deified genius, who could find nothing on our planet capable of withstanding his power, was mortal, and died, by what seemed mere accident, at the age of thirty-two, — died, the master of an empire, conquered by himself, covering two millions and a half of square miles, — died, in the full vigor of his faculties, at the time his brain was teeming with magnificent schemes of assimilating the populations of Europe and Asia, and of remaking man after his own image by stamping the nature of Alexander on the mind and feelings of the world.

One incident, the type of his career, has passed into the most familiar of

proverbs. When, in his invasion of Asia, he arrived at Gordium, he was arrested, not by an army, but by something mightier than an army, — namely, a superstition. Here was the rude wagon of Gordius, the yoke of which was fastened to the pole by a cord so entangled that no human wit or patience could untwist it; yet the oracle had declared that the empire of Asia was reserved to him alone by whom it should be untied. After vainly attempting to overcome its difficulties with his fingers, Alexander impatiently cut it with his sword. The multitude applauded the solution; he soon made it good by deeds; and, in action, youth has ever since shown its judgment, as well as its vigor, in thus annihilating seemingly hopeless perplexities, by cutting Gordian knots.

In passing from the field of battle to the field of politics, from young men as warriors to young men as statesmen, we must bear in mind that high political station, unless a man is born to it, is rarely reached by political genius, until political genius has been tried by years and tested by events. At the time Mr. Calhoun's influence was greatest, at the time it was said that "when he took snuff all South Carolina sneezed," he was really not so great a man as when he was struggling for eminence. Statesmen are thus forces long before they are leaders of party, prime-ministers, and presidents; and are not the energies employed in preparing the way for new laws and new policies of more historic significance than the mere outward form of their enactment and inauguration? Thus, it required thirty-five years of effort and agitation before the old Earl Grey of 1832 could accomplish the scheme of Parliamentary reform eagerly pressed by the young Mr. Grey of 1797. The young Chatham, when he was merely "that terrible cornet of horse," whose rising to speak in the House of Commons was said to give Sir Robert Walpole "a pain in the back," — when, in his own sarcastic phrase, he "was guilty of the atrocious crime of being a young man," — was

still day by day building himself up in the heart and imagination of the English people, and laboriously opening the path to power of the old Chatham, whose vehement soul was all alive with the energies of youth, though lodged in the shattered frame of age. And he so familiarly known to the American people as old John Adams, — did he lose in mature life a single racy or splenetic characteristic of the young statesman of the Colonial period? Is there, indeed, any break in that unity of nature which connects the second President of the United States with the child John Adams, the boy John Adams, the tart, blunt, and bold, the sagacious and self-reliant, young Mr. Adams, the plague and terror of the Tories of Massachusetts? And his all-accomplished rival and adversary, Alexander Hamilton, — is he not substantially the same at twenty-five as at forty-five? Though he has not yet imprinted his mind on the constitution and practical working of the government, the qualities are still there: — the poised nature whose vigor is almost hidden in its harmony; the power of infusing into other minds ideas which they seem to originate; the wisdom, the moderation, the self-command, the deep thought which explores principles, the comprehensive thought which regards relations, the fertile thought which devises measures, — all are there as unmistakably at twenty-five as on that miserable day, when, in the tried completeness of his powers, the greatest of American statesmen died by the hand of the greatest of American reprobates.

But there are also in history four examples of men who seem to have been statesmen from the nursery, — who early took a leading part in great designs which affected the whole course of human affairs, — and whom octogenarians like Nesselrode and Palmerston would be compelled to call statesmen of the first class. These are Octavius Cæsar, more successful in the arts of policy than even the great Julius, never guilty of youthful indiscretion, or, we are sorry to say, of youthful virtue;

Maurice of Saxony, the preserver of the Reformed religion in Germany, in that contest where his youthful sagacity proved more than a match for the veteran craft of Charles the Fifth; the second William of Orange, the preserver of the liberties of Europe against the ambition of Louis XIV., and who, as a child, may be said to have prattled treaties and lisped despatches; and William Pitt, Prime-Minister of England at the age of twenty-four, and stereotyped on the French imagination as he whose guineas were nearly as potent as Napoleon's guns.

But it is not so much by eminent examples of young statesmen as it is by the general influence of young men in resisting the corrupting tendencies of politics, that their influence in the social state is to be measured. They oppose the tendency of political life to deprave political character, to make it cold, false, selfish, distrustful, abandoned to the greed of power and the greed of gain. They interfere with the projects of those venerable politicians who are continually appealing to the public to surrender, bit by bit, its humanity, its morality, its Christianity, for what are ludicrously misnamed practical advantages, and who slowly sap the moral vitality of a people through an insinuating appeal to their temporary interests. The heart of a nation may be eaten out by this process, without its losing any external signs of prosperity and strength; but the process itself is resisted, and the nation kept alive and impelled forward, by the purifying, though disturbing forces, which come from the generous sentiments and fervid aspirations of youth. Wise old heads may sneer as much as they please at the idea of heart in politics; but if history teaches anything, it teaches that human progress is possible only because the benevolent instincts of the heart are permanent, while the reasonings of the head are shifting. "When God," says Montesquieu, "endowed human beings with brains, he did not intend to guaranty them." And the sarcasm of the French philosopher is

fully justified, when we reflect that nothing mean, base, or cruel has ever been done in this world, which has not been supported by arguments. To the mere head every historical event, whether it be infamous or glorious, is like the case at law which attracted the attention of the Irish barrister. "It was," he said, "a very pretty case, and he should like a fee of a hundred pounds to argue it either way." Who is there, indeed, who has not heard the most atrocious measures recommended by the most convincing arguments? Why, the persecutions of the early Christians, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Spanish Inquisition, the Reign of Terror, the institution of Slavery, the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, are under the condemnation of history from no lack of arguments in their favor which it might puzzle a plain man to answer. But opinion in such matters is not determined by arguments, but by instincts. God, in his wrath, has not left this world to the mercy of the subtlest dialectician; and all arguments are happily transitory in their effect, when they contradict the primal intuitions of conscience and the inborn sentiments of the heart. And if wicked institutions, laboriously organized by dominant tyranny and priestcraft, and strong with the might, not merely of bad passions, but of perverted learning and prostituted logic, — if these have been swept away in the world's advancing movement, it has been by the gradual triumph of indestructible sentiments of freedom and humanity, kept fresh and bright in the souls of the young.

And in the baptism of fire and blood through which our politics are passing to their purification, who can fitly estimate our indebtedness to the young men who are now making American history the history of so much ardent patriotism and heroic achievement? When the civilization of the country prepared to engage in a death-grapple with its barbarism, — when the most beneficent of all governments was threatened by the basest of all conspiracies, the most infamous of all treasons, the most thiev-

ish of all rebellions,—and when that government was sustained by the most glorious uprising that ever surged up from the heart of a great people to defend the cause of liberty and honesty and law,—did not the hot tide of that universal patriotism sparkle and seethe and glow with special intensity in the breasts of our young men? Did you ever hear from them that contented ignominy was Christian peace? Did not meanness, falsehood, fraud, tyranny, treason, find in them, not apologetic critics, but terrible and full-armed foes? Transient defeat,—what did it but add new fiery stimulants to energies bent on an ultimate triumph? To hint to them that Davis would succeed was not only recreancy to freedom, but blasphemy against God. Better, to their impassioned patriotism, that their blood should be poured forth in an unstinted stream,—better that they, and all of us, should be pushed into that ocean whose astonished waves first felt the keel of the Mayflower, as she bore her precious freight to Plymouth Rock,—than that America should consent to be under the insolent domination of a perjured horde of slaveholders and liberticides. But that consent should never be given, and that consent could never be extorted. Minds, like theirs, which had been nurtured on the principles of constitutional freedom,—hearts, like theirs, which had caught inspiration from the heroes and martyrs of liberty,—good right arms, like theirs, which wielded the implements of war as readily as the implements of labor, all scouted the very thought of such unutterable abasement. By the patriotism which abhors treason, by the fortitude which endures privation, by the intrepidity which faces death, they proved themselves worthy of the great continent they inhabit by showing themselves capable of upholding the principles it represents.

In passing from the sphere of politics to the serener region of literature, art, science, and philosophy, there is an increasing difficulty in estimating youth by years and an increasing necessity to estimate it by qualities.

One thing, however, is certain,—that the invention of new methods, the discovery of new truth, and the creation of new beauty,—intellectual acts which are among the most important of historical events,—all belong to that thoroughly *live* condition of mind which we have called young. In this sense of youth, it may be said that Raphael, the greatest painter of moral beauty, and Titian, the greatest painter of sensuous beauty, were both almost equally young, though Raphael died at thirty-seven, while Titian was prematurely cut off by the plague when he was only a hundred. These, of course, are the extreme cases. But, it may be asked, were not the greatest poems of the world, the “*Iliad*” of Homer, the “*Divina Commedia*” of Dante, the “*Paradise Lost*” of Milton, the creations of comparative old age? The answer to this question is, that each was probably organized round a youthful conception, and all were coextensive with the whole growth and development of their creators. Thus, we do not call Milton old when he produced “*Paradise Lost*,” but when this mental growth was arrested; and accordingly “*Paradise Regained*” and “*Samson Agonistes*,” works produced after his prime, are comparatively bleak and bare products of a withering imagination and a shrunk-en personality.

But, confining the matter to the mere question of years, it may be said, that, allowing for some individual exceptions, the whole history of the human intellect will bear out the general assertion, that the power in which great natures culminate, and which fixes fatal limits to their loftiest aspirations, namely, that flashing conceptive and combining genius which fuses force and insight in one executive intelligence, which seizes salient points and central ideas, which darts in an instant along the whole line of analogies and relations, which leaps with joyous daring the vast mental spaces that separate huddled facts from harmonizing laws,—that this power, to say the least, rarely grows after thirty-five or forty. The mental stature is then reached, though it may

not dwindle and be dwarfed until long afterwards. Thus, Shakspeare completed "Hamlet" when he was about thirty-six. Mozart, the Shakspeare of composers, died at thirty-six. But why enumerate? Amid the scores of instances which must crowd into every mind, let us select five men, of especial historic significance, and who are commonly imaged to our minds with heads silvered over with age, — let us take Goethe in poetry, Newton in science, Bacon in philosophy, Columbus in discovery, Watt in mechanics. Now, how stand the facts? The greatest works of Goethe were conceived and partly executed when he was a young man; and if age found him more widely and worldly wise, it found him weak in creative passion, and, as a poet, living on the interest of his youthful conceptions. Newton, in whose fertile and capacious intellect the dim, nebulous elements of truth were condensed by patient thinking into the completed star, discovered the most universal of all natural laws, the law of gravitation, before he was twenty-five, though an error of observation, not his own, prevented him from demonstrating it until he was forty. Bacon had "vast contemplative ends," and had taken "all knowledge for his province," had deeply meditated new methods and audaciously doubted old ones, before the incipient beard had begun timidly to peep from his youthful chin. The great conception of Columbus sprang from the thoughts and studies of his youth; and it was the radiance shed from this conception which gave him fortitude to bear the slow martyrdom of poverty, contempt, and sickness of heart, which embittered the toiling years preceding its late realization. The steam-engine was invented by James Watt before he was thirty; but then Watt was a thinker from his cradle. Everybody will recollect his grandmother's reproof of what she called his idleness, at the time his boyish brain was busy with meditations destined to ripen in the most marvellous and revolutionizing of all industrial inventions, — an invention which, of itself alone, has given Great Britain an additional

productive power equal to ten millions of workmen, at the cost of only a half-penny a day, — an invention which supplies the motive power by which a single county in England is enabled to produce fabrics representing the labor of twenty-one millions of men, — an invention which, combined with others, annually, in England, weaves into cloth a length of cotton thread equal to fifty-one times the distance between the earth and the sun, five thousand millions of miles, — an invention which created the wealth by which England was enabled to fight or subsidize the whole continent of Europe from 1793 to 1815, and which made that long war really a contest between the despotic power of Napoleon Bonaparte and the productive genius of James Watt. All this vast and teeming future was hidden from the good grandmother, as she saw the boy idling over the tea-kettle. "James," she said, "I never saw such an idle young fellow as you are. Do take a book and employ yourself usefully. For the last half-hour you have not spoken a single word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time? Why, you have taken off, and replaced, and taken off again, the tea-pot lid, and you have held alternately in the steam, first a saucer and then a spoon; and you have busied yourself in examining and collecting together the little drops formed by the condensation of the steam on the surface of the china and the silver. Now are you not ashamed to waste your time in this disgraceful manner?" Was ever idleness so productive before?

If we turn from intellectual powers to sentiments, which are the soul of powers, we shall find renewed proofs that the spirit which animates the kingdoms of mind is the youthful spirit of health and hope and energy and cheer. In the regretful tenderness with which all great thinkers have looked back upon their youth do not we detect the source of their most kindling inspirations? Time may have impaired their energies, clipped their aspirations, deadened their faith; but there, away off in

the past, is the gladdening vision of their youthful years; there the joyous tumult of impulses and aims; there the grand and generous affections; there the sweet surprise of swift-springing thoughts from never-failing fountains; there the pure love of truth and beauty which sent their minds speeding out beyond the limits of positive knowledge; and there the thrills of ecstasy as new worlds opened on their view. What, to them, is the assured possession of fame, compared with that direct perception of truth and that immediate consciousness of power?

But the question arises, Can not this youth be preserved, or, at least, perpetually renewed? We have seen, in this rapid glance at history, that it is preserved as long as the mind retains its hold on the life of things; and we have seen, both in men of action and in men of meditation, this hold weakened by age. But would it be weakened, if the loftiest meditation issued in deeds instead of thoughts? Would youth depart, if the will acted on the same high level that the mind conceived? This, also, is a question which has been historically answered. It has been answered by heroes, reformers, saints, and martyrs,—by men who have demonstrated, that, the higher the life, the more distant the approaches of age,—by men whose souls on earth have glanced into that region of spiritual ideas and spiritual persons where youth is perpetual, where ecstasy is no transient mood, but a permanent condition, and where dwell the awful forces which radiate immortal life into the will. In these men, contemplation, refusing to abide in the act by which it mounts *above* the world, reacts with tenfold force *on* the world. Using human *ends* simply as divine *means*, they wield war, statesmanship, literature, art, science, and philosophy with almost superhuman energy in the service of supernatural ideas; and history gleams with an intenser significance as it records this imperfect passage, through human agents, of the life of God into the life of man. The subject is too vast, the agents too various and

numerous, to be more than hinted here; and in the limitation of our theme, not only to the young in years, but to the male in sex, we are precluded from celebrating one who stands in history as perhaps the loveliest human embodiment of all that is most winning and inspiring in youth,—one whose celestial elevation of sentiment, ecstatic ardor of imagination, and power at once to melt the heart and amaze the understanding, will forever associate the saintliest heroic genius with the name of Joan of Arc. But among the crowd of great men in this exalted sphere of influence, let us select one who was the head and heart of the most memorable movement of modern times,—the German peasant, Martin Luther. With a nature originally rougher, more earth-born, and of less genial goodness than that of Joan of Arc, but with a shaping imagination of the same realizing intensity, the beautiful myths of Romish superstition, which her innocent soul transfigured into gracious ministering spirits of seraphic might and seraphic tenderness, glared in upon his more morbid spiritual vision as menacing angels, or grinning imps, or scoffing fiends. But still the tortured soul toiled sturdily on through the anguish of its self-created hells, the mind crazed and shattered, the heart hungry for peace, the will resolute that it should have no peace until it found peace in truth. Yet, out of this prodigious mental and moral anarchy, with its devil's dance of dogmas and delusions, the young Luther organized, before he was thirty, the broadest, raciest, and strongest character that ever put on the armor and hurled the bolts of the Church Militant. Casting doubt and fear under his feet, and growing more practically efficient as he grew more morally exalted, at the age of thirty-seven he had hooted out of Germany the knavish agent of a deistical Pope,—had nailed to the Wittenberg Church his intellectual defiance of the theory of Indulgences,—had cast the excommunication and decretals of the Pontiff into the flames,—and, before the principalities and powers of the Empire,

one German against all Germany, had simply and sublimely indicated the identity of his doctrine with his nature, by declaring that he not merely *would* not, but *could* not, recant.

And whom could he not abjure? Does not this question point to Him who is the central Person and Power of the past eighteen hundred years of history?—to Him who will be the cen-

tral Person and Power of the whole future of history?—to Him who came into the world in the form of a young man, and whom a young man announced, crying in the wilderness?—to Him who clasps in his thought and in his love the whole humanity whose troubled annals history recounts, and who divinized the spirit of youth when He assumed its form?

AROUND MULL.

PART I.

I.

WE had come from Dumbarton, (my temporary home,) the Bailie, Christie, and I, for a week's tour along the western coast and among the Highlands. Sallying forth from Strathleven cottage one sunny morning in August, we had footed it to the river-side, (I learned the full use of my feet in Scotland,) had stepped on board a wee bonnie boat, just large enough for us and our light baggage, exclusive of the space occupied by a single oarsman,—and dropping down the Leven, and past the Castle, had gained the broad Clyde, drifted into mid-stream, and there, lying on our oars, had patiently waited until the great puffing steamer of the Hutcheson line, from Glasgow, hove in sight. Then, raising one oar as a signal, we had hailed the monster, which, condescendingly relaxing her speed, had suffered our boat, tossing like a feather on the steamer's mighty swell, to come in palpitating, timid fashion under the shadow of her paddle-box, where the strong arms of men stationed on the portable ladder let down from her side had caught our skiff by the prow and held the inconstant thing for one instant firmly enough to suffer us to spring to their precarious stairway and so secure our passage to

Ardrishaig. Thence, after two hours' sail by track-boat through the Crinan Canal, and a second passage by steamer,—literally an ocean passage, for it took us out into the deep Atlantic,—we had bent our course awhile among the islands that lie nearer the rocky shore, and had at length, just at nightfall, gained the little land-locked harbor of Oban,—sweet, smiling Oban, nestling securely within her rocky bulwarks, the glistening curve of her white sea-wall, her little fleet of safely moored vessels, her clustering cottages, her neat tempting inns, all challenging our wonder and delight, as, skirting the headland which had hitherto jealously hidden the mimic seaport, the entire picture flashed instantaneously on our view.

Nothing in this hospitable spot turns its back on the voyager who there seeks refuge. The sea-wall curving like a half-moon round the bay, and the pebbled esplanade above it, occupy all the foreground. The principal street of Oban skirts this artificial quay, where the shipping of the place lies at anchor, and on its farther side the buildings all front the sea. Thus the whole place smiles a welcome; its white garniture—for everything in Oban seems freshly whitewashed—reflects the last rays of the western sunlight, or, if night has already clothed the neighboring islands

and headlands in gloom, the lights from the numerous windows of the dwelling-houses, shops, and hotels, which face you as you make the port, excite a glad surprise, and promise the weary traveller, what he is sure to find, shelter, comfort, and good cheer in Oban.

More than these I found there; for, leaving the spot always in the morning to pursue our excursions, and returning thither on successive occasions at night-fall, the charm of the place grew upon me, until I came to view it not merely as a refuge from exposure and fatigue, a nook screened and protected by Nature's benediction from wintry storms and Hebridean gloom, but as a sanctum for the spirit, an ideal resting-place for restless souls,—a place to be loved and longed for forevermore. If I have said too much, and you convict me of romance and exaggeration, fellow-travellers, who like me have sometimes made this haven, then sunlight and moonlight and soft breezes and sweet sounds have been kinder to me than to you, and you did not see Oban in the light and the air that I did.

One would scarcely expect, judging from the size of the town, that Oban could contain more than a single comfortable inn; still, besides the Caledonian Hotel, of which alone I can testify from experience, there are at least two or three similar public-houses, and I know not how many lodging-houses of lesser pretension; for Oban is the centre of no little travel, and is the rallying-point and rendezvous for tourists, especially during the months of August and September, the popular season in the Highlands.

At the Caledonian, an hotel not dissimilar to our best summer resorts in the White Mountains and other picturesque districts, we were comfortably, I may say luxuriously, entertained. The accommodations, as with us, included ladies' parlor and *table d'hôte*, and, after a brief lounge in the former and a substantial meal at the latter, we were ready to set forth for an evening stroll through the town, a stroll never omitted by us at that hour in Oban, a delightful

and essential sedative after the fatigues or excitements of the day,—strolls the charm of which I could never quite define, and the impression from which is incommunicable. There would seem to be little that was pleasant or memorable in our perambulations of the main street of a little fishing-town,—the Bailie, with his stump of a pipe for company, always choosing the esplanade, while Christie and I as frequently idled along the opposite pavement, pausing now and then at the little shop-windows and gazing at their mean or meagre displays, illumined by a farthing candle, with a keener zest than I had ever experienced in the Rue Rivoli or the Palais Royal. Our walk rarely extended beyond either extremity of this street; it was uniform, monotonous, unvaried by any more striking incident than a plunge into the most humble and ill-furnished of the shops to procure a penny pipe for the Bailie, whose smoky stump had accidentally come to grief, or a continuation of our stroll as far as the remotest point of the arc formed by the quay, where, seated on a wall of rough stones, we took in at one glance the moonlit bay, and the quiet, peaceful town, scarce a hum from which reached our ears, so hushed and still was the place at this hour.

A couple of little girls of true Gaelic blood came and gazed curiously at us one evening, as we thus sat. The elder of the two, a head shorter than her companion, responded readily to the Bailie's questions,—among other things naïvely accounted to us for her diminutive size, as if it were a foregone and inevitable result of her lot, by the grave statement, "Oh, I am the eldest, Sir; I tended all the rest"; and then, at his request, they united in singing us a genuine Erse song, the guttural accents of which, softened by their childish tongues, harmonized wonderfully with the Hebridean landscape, redeemed from its otherwise rigidity and gloom by Oban gleaming like a pearly jewel from its rude setting of stone. It was the only incident that I can recall connected with our moonlight ramblings.

Was it not, perhaps, the absence of incident or adventure, the holy calm, the unbroken stillness of the scene, that lulled our hearts then to pensive musings, and that still whispers to our memories, "Peace"?

The Caledonian, though it found room for us, was wellnigh overflowing with visitors. Besides our fellow-passengers and those of another steamer of the same line, which had arrived almost simultaneously from the northern or opposite direction, there were not a few who had either been waiting in Oban, or had returned thither from some excursion in the neighborhood, to be in readiness for the first opportunity for a voyage around Mull. This trip, which occupies twelve hours, is during the travelling season advertised for every alternate day; but, as the pleasure, oftentimes the possibility, of the excursion is dependent on wind and weather, persevering tourists are often detained for a week or more in default of sunshine and a fair breeze. The elements on the morning after our arrival being in all respects favorable, the great household was early astir. Though breakfast is served on board the luxurious pleasure-boat, we preferred to rise at the earliest notice and make all possible haste with our toilets, for the sake of breakfasting on terra firma. Many were of the same mind with ourselves; and the crowded tables, the good-natured jostling of elbows, and the eager scrambling for food, with the bells of variously bound steamers at the neighboring pier already ringing out their warning, exhilarated us with a sense of companionship and excited us to activity. Indeed, the analogy which I detected between hotel life in the Highlands and in our own country may have been partly due to these hasty breakfasts, which the necessity of securing a long day rendered as inevitable to tourists as hurriedly bolted meals so often are to travellers on our interminable routes, or to our time-saving business-men of callous digestion.

After all, we had the mortification of feeling that we had been deceived like children and huddled like sheep as an

atonement for the sluggishness or obstinacy of that less alert and punctual class of travellers who, as the experience of steamboat agents had proved, could be aroused only by successive bell-rings and repeated threats of a forfeited passage. We had some compensation and revenge, however, as, seated in our early secured best places, we watched our fellow-excursionists come straggling on board.

The Pioneer, strongly built for service in the open sea, and of ample dimensions, must have boasted this day something like two hundred passengers. So ample were the accommodations, so widely scattered the parties, that I should scarcely believe the number to have been so considerable, but for my vivid recollection of the successive and, as it seemed, never-ending boat-companies, each of a dozen or more, that were rowed ashore at the points where we made land. Of course there was but a fractional part of these people whose individuality made any impression on me. In one respect we were a unit: all were pleasure-seekers, and the Pioneer, unlike most of the steaming monsters which ply on regular routes, was dedicated to beauty, sacred to the adventurous and the picturesque. She carried no mail; she was destined to none of the ends of traffic or profit. Her freight was all human, Nature was her mistress, and the love of Nature her inspiration and motive-power.

But as she lay there at the pier, puffing off steam and ringing perpetual bells, she gave evidence of business-like impatience; and her human cargo, as they came on board, had scarcely yet awakened to any other emotions than those of unwillingness and discomfort. Some were yet chewing the cud of unfinished breakfasts, the crumbs of which still clung to their garments; others had the blue, ghostly look of unwonted early risers, shivering with the chill morning air and the faint heart which a fasting stomach entails; some, the latest comers of all, were quite breathless, and were nervously holding on to the gloves, veils, shawls, or over-shoes caught up

at the last moment and only half put on or adjusted.

Here comes a party of young people, however, lads and lasses, whose high spirits triumph over all the inconveniences of the hour, and who, as they rush laughingly on board, seem to defy the steamer to have started without so important an addition to the joyousness of the occasion as they represent. A group of elderly Scotch folk, anxious, bewildered, and fussy, are congratulating themselves, on the contrary, that they are just in time and "weel ower" the perils of embarkation. Here is a sal-low clergyman whose dress and expression proclaim him an English churchman; he and his cadaverous wife, who seems, from her slightly pretentious air, to have, as the English say, "blood" (a very little blood *I* should judge in this case); both have a worn and melancholy appearance, which is, I suspect, chronic, and not wholly due to the occasion. And, why, whom have we here? we have certainly seen those girls before, who are hurrying across the plank just as the last bell is ringing its last stroke. Yes, to be sure, they are the same trio whom we found on board the steamer which we took at Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, one day, when we were returning toward sunset from a visit to Loch Katrine and the Trosachs. Christie and I remember them perfectly, they and their young brother seated in a picturesque group on the little upper deck, each with open sketch-book copying Nature at the moment, or carrying out some design conceived earlier in the day; their mother, the same self-poised mammoth Englishwoman of marvellous physique and perfect equanimity of forces who accompanies them to-day, seated at a little distance, the occasional superintendent and invariable referee of their work and progress. Their "papa" is of the party this time, — a tall, gray-haired gentleman, old enough to be venerable, young enough to have the promise of half a score of years or more yet in which to serve his country, — a gentleman whose sweet dignity and serene self-possession entitle him at a

glance to the encomium once bestowed involuntarily by some English friends of mine upon one of our gifted historians, "Why, he might be a duke!" Our fellow-traveller was only Sir Thomas, however, — Sir Thomas Somebody, — I have forgotten what, a London baronet, holding some high office or other under Government. We may imagine it anything we please, for I have forgotten that too. Indeed, the little we ever knew of him was learned at a later day, I suspect, from a buxom lawyer's wife, up North with her husband for the vacation, and who, as well as Sir Thomas's family, was of our travelling company on an ensuing journey, and had her little gossip with Christie. Other acquaintance than that of accidental companionship we never had with any of the Pioneer's passengers; but what a charm there is in that involuntary knowledge one comes to have of these chance fellow-travellers whom we meet, pass, fall behind, and come up with again, until they become at last familiar features of our route!

But we have been long enough getting on board. It is well that these laggards are the last, for it is high time we were off.

The wind being fair for our purpose, we are able to take the northern course and commence the circuit of the island by striking directly for the Sound of Mull, much the most favorable route, as it introduces the traveller at once to some of the most picturesque objects of the excursion.

The first of these, standing like a sentinel to the land-locked bay of Oban, is Dunolly Castle, which commands the bold promontory around which we bend our course, as, emerging from our little harbor, we gain the comparatively open sea. The only remnant of this once proud dwelling of the Lords of Lorn which remains entire is the old mossy tower or keep, around which are grouped numerous ivy-grown fragments, attesting the former greatness of a stronghold whose chieftain once had power to defy and defeat Robert Bruce. Many are the traditions and associations that

cluster about this spot, but none, perhaps, more ancient and suggestive than that which still points out the Clach-na-cau, or the Dog's Pillar, — a huge, upright pillar, a detached fragment of rock, — which stands at the very edge of the promontory, and which is still pointed out as the stake to which Fingal, chief of the race of Morven, mighty in the hunt as well as in battle, was accustomed to bind his white-breasted Bran, that "long-bounding son of the chase." "Raise high the mossy stones of their fame," sang the poet of Scandinavian heroes. The fame of the huntsman and hound "is in the desert no more"; but as "the sons of the feeble" pass along, they see, as did Fingal at the tomb of Ryno, "how peaceful lies the stone of him who was the first at the chase!"

But we may not pause to muse upon Dunolly, with its dreams of other days. As we sweep round the base of the promontory, a scene bursts on our view so wildly grand that any single feature of the imposing landscape shrinks abashed and owns its insignificance. We are making direct for the entrance to the Sound of Mull; but behind and to the north of us is stretched out a panorama of rock and hill and deeply indented coast of incomparable grandeur. To the left of us rise the rugged and desolate shores of Mull, while far away to the northeast extends the lofty range of dark, resounding Morven, — the prospect in that direction terminated and crowned by the huge and precipitous Cruachan Ben, while in a more northerly direction the Adnamurchan Hills shut in our horizon.

And when, at length, the eye is satisfied with gazing on the prospect in its entirety, one after another, the moss-grown fortresses and other hoary relics of ancient Erse architecture claim our reverent attention; for the Hebridean chieftains, an amphibious race, almost invariably chose the extreme verge of ocean-precipice for the site of their fortresses, thus securing facilities for friendly communication, and defence against the attacks of hostile clans. Dunstaffnage, though left some distance to our

right, is still sufficiently in view for us to discern its regal proportions. On the opposite shore, and farther up the coast, glimpses may be had here and there of many a solitary tower,

"that, steep and gray,
Like falcon-nest, o'erhangs the bay."

And as Imagination travels on, she sees each misty eminence crowned with its airy castle, its ancient beacon, —

"Each on its own dark cape reclined,
And listening to its own wild wind,
From where Mingarry, sternly placed,
O'erawes the woodland and the waste,
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
Of Connal with his rocks engaging."

But that we are bound to the steamer's track, we should be continually darting off our course to explore the deep indentations of island and coast, many of which are the entrances to romantic inland lochs. Could we spread white sails to the winds of Morven, and linger at pleasure in this picturesque region, we should leave no haunted castle or lonely watch-tower unexplored, — from Castle Stalker, on its island-rock, to Kinloch-Aline, on the copsy bank of Loch Aline, "one of the most picturesque of the Highland castles," so says the Guide-book, and one which brought material reward to its builder too; for tradition tells us that it was built by Dubh-Chal, an Amazon of the Clan McInnes, who paid the architect with *its bulk in butter*. What a dairy-woman, as well as warrior, must this Dubh-Chal have been in her day! And what a fortune this architect would have realized, could he have lived in ours!

We are now entering the Sound of Mull; and on our left, at the easternmost point of the island, Duart Castle, which commands the entrance to the Sound, looks down upon us from its rocky promontory. We have just passed the Lady Rock, which, bare and black at ebb-tide, but wave-washed at high-water, is the scene of a legend which has given a wicked notoriety to one of the ancient lairds of this same Duart. It gave rise to Campbell's poem of "Glenara," and forms the basis of Joanna Baillie's tragedy of "The Family

Legend." But we have neither at hand to consult at this moment, even if the steamer would pause to indulge us in literary pastime; so we must wait the leisure of some winter evening for poem and tragedy, and content ourselves with the prose account given by James Wilson, (the Professor's brother,) which is as much as we can digest *en passant*.

From this it seems that "Lauchlan Catenach Maclean of Duart had married a daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, with whom it may be presumed he lived on bad terms, whatever may have been the cause, although the character of the act alluded to depends in some measure on that cause. No man has a right to expose his wife, in consequence of any ordinary domestic disagreement, upon a wave-washed rock, with the probability of her catching cold in the first place, and the certainty of her being drowned in the second. But some accounts say that she had twice attempted her husband's life, and so assuredly she deserved to be most severely reprimanded. Be this as it may, Lauchlan carried the lady to the rock in question, where he left her at low water, no doubt desiring that at high water she would be seen no more. However, it so chanced that her cries, 'piercing the night's dull ear,' were heard by some passing fishermen, who, subduing their fear of water-witches, or perhaps thinking that they had at last caught a mermaid, secured the fair one, and conveyed her away to her own people, to whom, of course, she told her own version of the story. We forget what legal steps were taken, (a sheriff's warrant probably passed for little in those days, at least in Mull,) but considerable feudal disorders ensued in consequence, and the Laird of Duart was eventually assassinated in bed one night, (in Edinburgh,) by Sir John Campbell of Calder, the brother of the bathed lady. We hope that this was the means of reconciling all parties."

Next comes, on our right, Ardtornish Castle,

"on her frowning steep,
Twixt cloud and ocean hung,"

the opening scene of Scott's "Lord of the Isles," and the stronghold of that hero chieftain. It is now, for the most part, in ruins. One old keep, or tower, still remains standing: the same, perhaps, of which Sir Walter says, —

"The turret's airy head,
Slender and steep and battled round,
O'erlooked, dark Mull, thy mighty Sound,
Where thwarting tides with mingled roar
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore."

And if we would form a conception of the inaccessible character of this and similar ocean-washed fortresses, we have but to recall the poet's description of the approach to it by Bruce and his companions on the seaward side: —

"Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair
So straight, so high, so steep,
With peasant's staff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have manned,
And plunged them in the deep."

Other ancient castles meet our view, both on the right and left, during the passage of the Sound. None of these rough, but romantic ruins constitute the present residence of their owners, who could be better accommodated in the poorest fishing-hut. They serve, however, to give interest and dignity to the modern residence or miniature village which nestles demurely under the shelter of their pristine fame. At Tobermory, or the Well of Mary, the metropolis of Mull, the steamer stops to deposit and receive passengers, — this, and one or two other pauses for a similar practical purpose, constituting, in favor of a few chance travellers, an exception to her otherwise strict character of an excursion- or pleasure-boat. Indeed, in the eyes of the Islanders, the services she thus renders may constitute her a business agent, though we tourists, being so much in the majority, recognize her only in her festive and recreative capacity. And, after all, who knows but this scheme of touching at Tobermory originated in the design to accommodate us with the lovely view which is presented by the picturesque, straggling town, its terraced walks, its green copses, and its mountainous background and

inclosure, which combine to form the landscape that greets us as we enter the little bay?

II.

WE leave Tobermory and the shelter of the Sound almost simultaneously; and now, as we emerge into open ocean, the long wave of the Atlantic, on which the steamer is rolling, no less than the grand ocean prospect, unbroken, except by the numerous small islands among which our course lies, betrays the fact that we are getting out to sea. We have passed the westernmost extremity of the main land, and are outside of and beyond the great island whose circuit we are making. The romantic and legendary character of the scenery has now given place to the sublime; and, the attention no longer diverted by a succession of objects close at hand, we can give ourselves uninterruptedly to the contemplation of Nature in her grandeur. The chief objects of our voyage are already dawning upon us. As we pass the Point of Calloch, a stormy headland on the northeastern shore of Mull, we share the experience of the poet Campbell, who, living for some months in his youth as a tutor at Sunipol House, just in this neighborhood, wrote to a friend, "The Point of Calloch commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebrid islands, among which are Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm." Thus we have the poet's warrant, as well as that of travelers and sages of many centuries, for the enthusiasm with which we had embarked on an excursion, the principal objects of which were Staffa and its far-famed Fingal's Cave, and Icolmkill, otherwise the sacred island of Iona.

But these objects of engrossing interest are still far off in the distance. Staffa, the smaller and nearer of the two, presents but an unimposing front from the quarter by which we approach, being oval in form, low, and with a gently undulating surface, in which respect it does not differ materially, except in its

dimensions, from the inferior islands among which we are steering our course, and which, cold, bald, and of a monotonous and desolate uniformity, betray their near relationship to the conical, heather-covered hills of the Highlands. It almost seems, indeed, as if these islands were some old acquaintances of the mainland, which have slipped their moorings and drifted out to sea. A sense of loneliness and melancholy steals over one amid this bleak, wild scenery, — a sense of having one's self drifted away from the haunts of men, almost from those of vegetation, so much sameness is there in the landscape, so little of promise or growth on the soil. No wonder that Dr. Johnson, to whom London streets and atmosphere alone were congenial, and who brought with him to the Hebrides his strong antipathy to everything Scotch, was often a prey to discontent and murmuring in these latitudes, and that in a moment of ill-humor he should have exclaimed to Boswell, — "Oh, Sir, a most dolorous country!" No wonder, that, his suspicions excited by the nakedness of the land and his preconceived notions of Scotch cupidity, he should, on occasion of losing his stout oaken stick, while crossing the Island of Mull on a Highland sheltie, have vowed to Boswell that it had been stolen by the natives, justifying the charge by the argument, — "Consider, Sir, the value of such a piece of timber here!"

Campbell, so his biographer tells us, "felt the loneliness of his situation at Sunipol House acutely at first, though he soon became reconciled to a country which, though bleak and wild, was peculiarly romantic and nourished the poetry in his soul." Even a creature of a lower order than philosophers, poets, or even us poor tourists, has been known to feel the chilling influence of Nature in these her wildest forms, and though weaned from softer airs, perhaps reconciled to its stern lot, has cherished in its innermost bosom a memory so warm, so strong, as to assert itself at last with a force that fired and burst the little breast in which it

had unconsciously smothered. Witness Campbell's little poem, "The Parrot," the incident of which he learned in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged, — an incident which inspired the poet to a strain so touchingly sweet that I cannot resist the temptation to quote it entire.

"The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

"A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

"To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits and skies and sun,
He bade adieu.

"For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

"But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day,
Until, with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

"At last, when, blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

"He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died."

If perfect sunshine, gentle breezes, and a smooth sea could lure one into unconsciousness of the surrounding desolation and into forgetfulness of the elemental warfare to which these Hebridean regions are exposed, we had complete antidotes to melancholy or dread, so perfect was the day chosen for our excursion; and yet I never think of that part of our passage in which we threaded the islands lying north of Staffa without a gentle shade of sadness mingling with my recollections. But that the sage Johnson, the romantic Campbell, and the unreflecting parrot all indorse these emotions as instinctive, I should feel bound in honor (honor to the landscape) to ascribe them to that occasional thrill of homesickness which I have known take possession of me in the crowded

streets of London or Edinburgh as well as here, making me inwardly exclaim, like the old woman from the wilds of Vermont, on her first visit to the metropolis, "All this may be very fine, but I wonder the folks can bear to live so far away."

That I was the victim of a momentary sense of exile is rendered the more probable from the fact that about this time Christie was stretched in the cabin below, a victim to sea-sickness, in spite of the comparatively smooth sea, and that the Bailie had gone forward to smoke a pipe, thus leaving me alone with my meditations. That they were not wholly of the regretful or sentimental cast is evident, however, from the fact that I improved this opportunity to indulge in more than one observation upon the company, my gossip (that is, my imagination) and I making many a little comment on my human surroundings, especially those three specimens of English girls whom, as I had met them once before, I was beginning to recognize as acquaintances.

And what we commented on them, I and another friendly gossip, namely, memory, often rehearse; for that trio still stand out to my recollection as excellent, let us hope average, types of English maidenhood of the best blood and breeding, — blood not a whit purer, to my thinking, than flows in any honest veins, — breeding no higher than may be attained in the humblest household in which Christian politeness is the ruling standard.

"How pretty they were!" says Memory.

I. Yes, — just pretty enough to gladden a mother's heart now and a lover's by-and-by, but mercifully sparing us those ecstasies on their beauty which are so tiresome.

Memory. Theirs was chiefly the beauty of youth, health, and happiness; they were all well-featured, though, and had faces which grew more and more interesting on acquaintance.

I. How hard it was to distinguish them one from another!

Memory. Yes, at first. But you must

recollect that on closer observation one proved to be the taller, one the plumper, and one decidedly the younger of the three ; then, although they were dressed so exactly alike, — according to what must be, I suspect, a sumptuary law in England, — and although their stout travelling-dresses, drab cloaks, thick boots, the shaggy shawls severally carried by each on one arm, the faded blue cravats tied round their throats, were so precisely alike and had been subjected to so exactly the same amount of wear that you could have sworn each article was its fellow, you know you did detect a trifling difference in the feathers of their hats, sufficient to prove afterwards a distinguishing badge.

Here Reflection steps in and suggests whether this exact uniformity of dress among British children of one family may not be the outward sign of that harmony and subjection to rule which, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, prevail in English households. Where could you find such a degree of conformity among American girls as to induce unqualified submission to one standard of taste, and that the maternal ? I am not sure that it is desirable to quench all individuality, even in a matter so comparatively insignificant as that of dress. But who can prize too highly the reverence for authority, the sweet feminine modesty, the domestic harmony, which are expressed in this sisterly uniformity of costume ? All this might have been spurious in the case just cited, and this harmonious effect arrived at only after an infinite amount of petty squabbling and rebellion ; but such unworthy skepticism is rebuked by my faithful Memory, who reminds me of the filial respect combined with girlish gayety and absence of all self-consciousness which forbade the idea for a moment that these young lives were regulated by harsh or compulsory discipline. Still it was discipline, there could be no doubt of that, and of the most healthy order, which gave such a charm to Sir Thomas's daughters. Perhaps they had reaped in their family

circle all and more than all the benefits which school-training and contact with numbers are capable of affording, without the loss of home-influences ; for I overheard their mother (rather a loud-voiced woman, by the way) telling somebody, — the clergyman's wife, I suspect, — that she had already married off two similar trios of daughters, and that these were the younger children. Blessings on the children who belong to so well filled a quiver, if they all attain to such a degree of sweetness and decorum as to impress the most casual observer, and one of their own sex, too, with such lasting recollections of their maiden loveliness ! I saw them under various circumstances, both flattering and the reverse : saw them, when, with their own servants in attendance, and the advantages of social position, they might not unnaturally have laid claim to precedence ; saw them and their drawing-materials shuffled hastily from the steamer's cabin one rainy day, to make way for the dinner-cloth, in accordance with steamboat regulations, and in spite of their mild expostulations ; saw one of them, at least, subjected to the presumptuous advances of a chance admirer : but I never saw any instance in which their behavior was not marked by modesty and good-nature, accompanied by a quiet dignity and self-respect which repelled intrusion so effectually as to justify their experienced mother in giving them the freedom of steamboats, rocks, caves, and crowds, to a degree which is seldom exceeded by the boasted independence of American girls.

But Memory reminds me that I did not see all this during that noonday hour when the Pioneer was bearing down upon Staffa, and that long before these English girls had established themselves so high in my good opinion we had skirted nearly the whole of the eastern shore of the island. The steamer is now gradually slackening her speed, preparatory to coming to a full stop not far from the southeastern extremity, and we realize that the first goal of this day's hopes is gained.

THE CHANGELING.

A. D. 1691.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
 They needed not to search,
 Who saw young Anna Favor
 Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
 At set of harvest-day,
 The frolic of the blackbirds,
 The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
 The saddest two-years bride,
 She scowls in the face of her husband,
 And spurns her child aside.

“Rake out the red coals, goodman,—
 For there the child shall lie,
 Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
 And both up chimney fly.

“It’s never my own little daughter,
 It’s never my own,” she said;
 “The witches have stolen my Anna,
 And left me an imp instead.

“Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,
 Blue eyes, and hair of gold;
 But this is ugly and wrinkled,
 Cross, and cunning, and old.

“I hate the touch of her fingers,
 I hate the feel of her skin;
 It’s not the milk from my bosom,
 But my blood, that she sucks in.

“My face grows sharp with the torment;
 Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
 Rake open the red coals, goodman,
 And the witch shall have her own.

“She ’ll come when she hears it crying,
 In the shape of an owl or bat,
 And she ’ll bring us our darling Anna
 In place of her screeching brat.”

1865.]

The Changeling.

21

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head :
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman !
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it :
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind ;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild ;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son ;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison-door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore."

Then into the face of its mother
The baby looked up and smiled ;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his' child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.

"Blessed be God!" she said;

"For I see, who once was blinded,—
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,

As thou lovest thy own soul!

Woe's me, if my wicked fancies

Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,

And into the night rode he,—

Now through the great black woodland,

Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,

He came to the ferry wide,

And thrice he called to the boatman

Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,

He swam to Newbury town,

And he called up Justice Sewall

In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice

(Upon whose soul be peace!)

Set his name to the jailer's warrant

For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats

Went sounding like a flail;

And Goody Cole at cockcrow

Came forth from Ipswich jail.

ELLEN.

IF the publishers of the "Atlantic" will permit me, I should like to tell a little incident, growing out of the War, which came under my notice in the summer of 1861. I can give it only as a fragment, for I never heard the end of it, and that, to be candid, is my principal reason for telling it at all,—in the hope, slight enough, it is true, that some chance reader may be able to supply to me what is wanting. For this reason I shall give the true names of persons

and places, and the dates also, as nearly as I can recollect them. It is only a simple story of a private in the Twenty-Fourth Ohio Volunteer Militia, and his sister, and may not touch others as it did me, for I can give but the bald facts; but I, seeing the reality, can remember nothing in the war which troubles me with such a sense of pain and simple pathos.

About thirty years ago, a family named

Carrol, or Carryl, emigrated from the North of Ireland, and settled in Cold-water, a little fishing-village of Michigan.

They were sober and hard-working, but dull and ignorant, and in no way different from others of their class, except in their unusual strong affection for each other. Old Carrol, however, a rheumatic old man of sixty, with this weak, jealous pride in his "b'ys," working late and early to keep them clothed, to pay his wife's doctor's-bills, and trying to lay up enough to buy the two girls a feather-bed and a clock when they were married, stood in no need of whiskey or dances to keep him alive; this and his wife's ill health separated them from the fighting, rollicking Irish crew of the hamlet, — set them apart, so to speak, to act upon each other. Carrol, with one of his sons, worked in a saw-mill, and the other boys, as they grew old enough, easily found jobbing, being known as honest, plodding fellows. The little drama of their lives bade fair to be quiet, and the characters wrought out of it commonplace enough, had not Death thrust his grim face into the scene.

The youngest child was a girl, Ellen, born long after the others, and, like most children coming in the advanced age of their parents, was peculiar: the family traits had worn themselves out, new elements came in. The Irish neighbors, seeing how closely the girl was kept in-doors, and the anxious guard held over her by her father and brothers, thought her a "natural" or "innocent," whether she was or not. The Carrols kept their own counsel, and warded off gossip as best they could. It was from Ellen I heard how the change came among them first. "It was a fever," she said. "John took it, and little Phil, and then Jane. Jane was the oldest of us; it was she as nursed mother and kept the house. She looked as old as mother. Evenings she 'd put on a white apron, and take me on her knee and sing for us. But she took the fever, and they 're all three gone away"; which was always

Ellen's phrase for death. She stopped there, adding afterwards quietly, that it was about that time the trouble in her head first came. Ellen took her sister's place in "keeping the house"; she had enough mind to learn the daily routine of cleaning and the little cooking. Her mother was a cripple for life, confined to her bed most of the time: a credulous, nervous woman, — the one idea in her narrow brain a passionate love for her husband and children.

After the three who had "gone away" were buried in the little Catholic graveyard by the creek, the others crept closer together. Joe, nearest Ellen in age, was kept at home to help with the house and yard-work, and, partly from being a simple-minded fellow, and partly to humor Ellen, fell into her girl's ways. "Joe and me," she said, "churned and cooked together, and then he 'd bring his tools into mother's room and work. We liked that, he was so full of joking and whistling."

The old man was quieter after his children's death. One day the machinery at the mill, being old and rotten, broke; the hands were at work in it, underneath the beams which fell. An hour after, just as Ellen and Joe had put the chairs about the supper-table, and sat waiting for their father and Jim, the door was pushed open, and two heaps, shapeless, and covered closely with a quilt, were brought in upon a door. Whatever was the pain or loss of the widow or Joe, they had no time to indulge it; Ellen needed all their care after that for a year or two. She was "troubled," was all the satisfaction they gave to the neighbors' curiosity, who never saw her in that time.

In the second autumn, however, she began to go about again through the village; and Joe, after watching her anxiously for some time, found work as a hand on a schooner running to Sandusky, Ohio. This was in the autumn of 1860. Once in a while, during the winter, he came home to stay over-night. "Often," Ellen said, "when Joe came, we had n't seen anybody cross the doorstep since he went out of it, mother and

I lived alone so much ; but mother, in her worst days with pain, had a joking, laughing way with her that kept it pleasant in-doors."

The Carrolls were noted as being a scrupulously clean folk ; so it is probable that the little kitchen and bed-room were still the best idea Joe had of the world, — knowing nothing beyond, indeed, but the schooner and the deck of the wharfb-boat in Sandusky. To understand what follows, you must remember the utter ignorance dominant in such fishing-stations as Coldwater. The poorer inhabitants, who stared at Ellen as she went down to the beach for water, were Irish and Dutch emigrants, forwarded there like cattle, who had settled down, sold their fish to the trading-vessels, and never had looked outside of that to know they were not naturalized. Ellen was little better ; I do not suppose she ever had read a newspaper in her life ; yet, curiously enough, her language was tolerably correct, her manner quiet and thorough-bred, — even the inflections of her voice were low, and as composed as if she had learned self-poise in the hurly-burly of society. That belonged to her character, however, as much as to the solitude in which she had been brought up.

The mother sank rapidly this winter ; but the two children, accustomed to her illness, were blind to the change.

When the States one by one seceded during that winter and spring, and the country was rife with war and the terror of it, the Coldwater people fished on dully as ever. Joe brought home stories of "fighting beyond there," and of men he had met on the Sandusky wharf who had gone, and then whittled and whistled as usual : the tale sounding to the two women fearful and far-off, as if it had been in the Crimea. "Though I *had* heard of the Virginians," said Ellen simply, when she told the story. "There was Mr. Barker, a Methodist preacher, told us once of the 'man-hunters,' as he called them, and how they chained their slaves and burned them alive, and hunted men with dogs. But I took him up wrong. I thought they

all were black." Ellen's idea of them was as vague as ours is of the cannibals, and not very different, I suspect.

So far off did this country of the man-hunters seem, where "there was fighting," that, when Joe wandered about uneasily in one of his weekly visits, and told again and again, with furtive glances at his mother, how half the deck-hands on the schooner had gone into a regiment forming in Sandusky, and how it was a good chance to see the world, Ellen sewed quietly on, scarcely looking up. That Joe could have any interest in this dim horror of a war never crossed her poor brain.

The next day after the schooner sailed her mother grew suddenly worse, and began to sink, going faster every day for a week. It was the first time Ellen had been left alone to face danger. "If Joe was here !" the two poor creatures cried, through all their fright and pain. If Joe were there, Ellen thought all would be well again. But Thursday, his usual day for coming, passed without him. That night the mother died. Two women of the village, hearing the story from the doctor, came to the house in time to make the body ready for burial, — the "natural," as they called Ellen, sitting quietly by the bed, her face hid, not answering when they spoke.

There was a letter brought to her that night from Joe, a few lines only, written to his mother, saying he had enlisted and would not come back to say good-bye ; he was going to do better for her and Ellen than he ever had done before. "I do not remember about that time," Ellen said afterward, when questioned. "My trouble came back when Joe left me." It brought the wild, wandering look into her eyes, even to refer to it in this way. I do not know if I spoke of the curious affection between this brother and sister. Father and brothers and sister had watched and cared for the girl, because of the great trouble which God had sent to her ; and now all the love and gratitude she had given to them all, when living, was centred on this boy Joe.

Joe absorbed all the world which her weak mind knew, — just at the age, too, when women's hearts open and are filling with thoughts of love and marriage. No matter how long Ellen had lived, "my brother," as she gravely, respectfully called him, would have been all, I think, she would ever have loved, and he would have satisfied all her cravings.

Her mother was buried before she became conscious again; then her reason came back to her; and when the woman who had stayed in the house returned, after a few hours' gossiping, she found Ellen, her old quiet self, going gently about the house, packing her clothes in a carpet-bag, and putting with great care in a little hand-basket, such as ladies carry knitting in, her Testament, their two or three silver spoons, Joe's box of Sunday collars, and what little money was left.

"Where are you going?" asked the woman, in some trepidation.

"To Joe," Ellen said, quietly, unconscious that there was anything unusual in the plan.

The woman speedily gathered a caucus of her cronies, with the doctor; but to all queries or remonstrances she returned the same quiet, unmoved answer. She was going to Joe. What else should she do? There were only herself and her brother now: he would expect her. Who would cook for Joe, or keep his clothes straight, if she did not go? "My plan was," she said, gravely, long after, "that Joe would hire a little house for me near where the regiment stayed. He could have lived with me, and gone with them to fight when their turn came." Finally they allowed her her own way, partly because they were puzzled to know what else to do with her. Joe was in Sandusky with his regiment, the Twenty-Fourth Ohio, his letter had stated.

"It rained hard," she said afterwards, "that night, when I left Coldwater. Dr. S—— came down with me to the boat. He was very kind. We had to wait on the shore a bit, and it rained and was so dark you could only see the mud under foot and the great cold water

beyond. When I looked at the mud, and the rain dripping, dripping through it, I could n't but think of them as was lying under it up on the hill, — of them up on the hill. And there was a black line, Sir, where the water met the sky, and I thought I had to go beyond that, — I did n't know where. But Joe was beyond there. I kept saying, 'Joe, Joe,' over to myself, and 'Lord Jesus,' — thinking, if He stayed near me, I would not be afraid. For the boat rocked when I came on board, and the water underneath heaved up black. I never had been on the water before. But I sat down on deck with my little basket in my hand. Dr. S—— came back twice to speak to the Captain about me. He was very sorry for me; he said, 'God bless you, Ellen,' before he went away up the plank. I watched him as long as I could, but the night was dark and very wet. Then the shore seemed to go back from us, and he went with it; and Coldwater, and our old house, and them as were up on the hill went with it, and we were alone on the water in the rain. But I said 'Joe,' over and over to myself, trying to make believe he was near. I sat there until late. The night was very dark, and I was wet; but the boat kept heaving up and down, and there was a noise underneath like some great beast trying to get out. I did not know what they had down there. But the Captain came to me before morning. 'It's only the engine, Ellen,' he said. 'Go below, poor child!' He was very kind; he was kind all the time till we reached Sandusky. So were the boat-hands. There was no woman aboard but me; the men swore and cursed as I never heard before, but they always spoke respectfully to me; they used to say, when they'd pass near where I sat with my basket, 'Keep heart, Ellen, you'll find your brother all right.' One of them said once, 'You need n't be feared: you've got a Friend as'll take care of *you*.' I said, 'Yes: Him and Joe.'"

It was noon of a clear day when the boat reached Sandusky City.

"I looked for Joe, quick, among the men that were on the wharf; but he was

not there." (I prefer to let Ellen tell her own story as far as possible.) "I saw the Captain send a hand ashore, and when he came back, ask him a question: then he came up to me: he looked anxious. 'Ellen,' he says, 'don't be troubled, but Joe is not here. The regiment went on to Columbus two days ago.' He said there'd be no trouble, that I could follow him on the railroad."

The Captain kept her on board until evening, when the train for Columbus started; then he went with her, secured her a seat, and arranged her comfortably. He had daughters at home, he told Ellen, bidding her keep quiet until she reached Columbus, then tell the name of her brother's regiment, and she would be with him in twenty minutes. "I am sure," he added, "Joe will get a furlough to attend to you."

The old boatman paid for her passage himself, his last charge being to "take care of her money," which made Ellen, when he was gone, remove it from her basket and carry it in a roll in her hand. There was a dull oil-lamp flickering in one end of the car, men's faces peering at her from every dusky corner, the friendly Captain's nodding a grave good-bye from the door,—and then, with a shrill cry, the train shot off into the night. It must be a lonesome, foreboding moment to any timid woman starting alone at night on a long journey, with the possible death waiting for her in every throb of the engine or coupling of the cars: so it was no wonder that the poor "natural," rushing thus into a world that opened suddenly wider and darker before her, "Joe," her one clear point, going back, back, out of sight, and withal a childish, unspeakable terror at the shrieking, fire-belching engine, should have cowered down on her seat, afraid to move or speak. So the night passed. "I was afraid to cry," said Ellen.

An hour or two after midnight the train reached Columbus; the depot dingy and dark; one or two far-off lamps bringing the only light out of the foggy night.

"The cars stopped with a great cry, and the people all rushed out. It seemed to me a minute and they were all gone. Nobody was left but me; when I got up and went to the car-door, they looked just like shadows going into the darkness, and beyond that there was a world of black houses. You've seen Columbus, Sir?"

"No."

"Then it would frighten you,"—in her slow, grave way. "I suppose there are not so many people in all the world beside." (It was Ellen's only experience of a city.) "So I was there alone at the depot, waiting for Joe. I was so sure he would come. There was a crowd of men, with whips, calling out, and plucking at my shawl. I was very afraid, so I crept off into a dark corner and sat down on a box with my carpet-bag and basket. The men drove off with their carriages, but there were half a dozen others under a shed quarrelling. I sat there an hour, thinking surely Joe would be along. Then the clock struck two: I got up and went to the men under the shed. I said to them, 'Do you know Joseph Carrol?'"

"The men raised up from where they were lying, and stared at me. I'm afraid, Sir, they had been drinking. So I said it again. They laughed and began to make jokes about me. I cried a little,—I could n't help it, Sir. I knew the Lord Jesus was near me, but I could n't help it. One of the men, whose clothes were the raggedest and whose face was very red, said,—

"Boys, I guess you're mistaken. Who are you, my girl?"

"I told them I was Joseph Carrol's sister, and how it was I had come to find him.

"You'll have to help me, Sir,' I said to the red-faced man; 'for I have a trouble in my head often, and it seems as if it was a-coming soon.'

"Some of the men laughed again, but the man I had spoken to got up and buttoned his coat. He had to lean against the fence, he was so unsteady.

"You stop that jeering, Jim Flynn," he says, swearing. "Can't you see

what the girl is? Where's your money, Ellen?"

"Then it was I found my money was gone. I remembered putting it on the seat beside me before we changed cars at Urbanna. So I told him. He looked at me steady.

"I believe you," he says. "Come along. The Twenty-Fourth Ohio is out in Camp Chase, — four miles out. You come to an hotel to-night and go out to Joe in the morning."

"So he took me up to a big house, and said to a man there that I was a decent girl, and gave him money to pay for my bed and breakfast, and bid me good-night."

Early in the morning Ellen dressed herself neatly, "to please Joe," and started out to the camp, carrying her basket, asking her way as she went. The girl had wrought herself up now to such a certainty of seeing him that a disappointment was sure to be a new and different shock from any that had gone before. I suppose, too, the novel sight of the tents, the crowds of armed men, excited her feeble mind beyond its powers. She came to the gate and asked the sentry to tell Joseph Carrol of the Twenty-Fourth Ohio that his sister had come.

"It would need a long call to do that, my girl," said the man. "The Twenty-Fourth went off to active service yesterday."

"To where?"

"Virginia."

About a mile from the camp live two childless old people who then were keepers of the toll-gate on the road into town. I am ashamed to say that I have forgotten their name, it being a common one; but I remember what their lives were, and I am sure that they who carry the record of every man's hours to add to the Great Reckoning must find in their hackneyed name a meaning even to them of great truth and a rare charity. The old lady told me afterwards of her finding Ellen sitting on the roadside near her well, her mind quite gone, yet very gentle and grave even in her madness. They took

her home to the toll-gate house, and kept her for two or three days, in which they learned her story.

"My husband," she said, "telegraphed to the Colonel of the regiment and found it was delayed at Bellaire; but as Ellen's health was in so critical a state, they thought it best to say nothing about her to her brother, and I was resolved that she should not go on. We offered (what we had never done before to any one) to adopt her, and treat her as our own child. People coming in and seeing the awkward country-body would wonder why we set such a sudden store by her, but in a little while they'd see as we did. I think her pure soul showed right through her homely face. Then she trusted people as free as a child; so everybody was kind to her. But I used to think there was but two people real to her in the world, — the 'Lord Jesus,' and 'Joe.'"

When Ellen was herself again, however, she insisted upon going on, and fell into so restless and wild a state that the gate-keeper and his wife were forced to yield. Her carpet-bag was repacked with all the additions which the old lady's motherly ingenuity could suggest, her pocket-book well filled, and then, having found her a companion to Bellaire, the Colonel was again telegraphed to, and Ellen herself was the bearer of letters from the Governor of Ohio and her new friends, in the hope of obtaining a furlough for Carrol. With a prudent after-thought, too, the gate-keeper's wife wrote Ellen's name and her own address upon a card which she fastened to the faithful little basket, in case of any accident; and then, with many anxious looks and blessings, Ellen again started on her journey.

At Zanesville, her companion, finding some unexpected business which would detain him in that place, left her to pursue her journey alone. It is but a few hours' ride from Columbus to Bellaire (the terminus of the Central Ohio Railroad); but at Lewis's Mills this day a collision or some other accident occurred, by which the train was delayed

until late that night: no other harm was done, except to give time for poor Ellen's chance again to fail her. Joe's regiment crossed the Ohio that night and went into Virginia.

Bellaire and Benwood, the opposite point on the other side of the river, are small railroad stations, which one or two iron-mills have rendered foul with ashes and smoke. The crossing of the river at that time was by a ferry, rendered purposely tedious by the managers of the Baltimore and Ohio Road, to force their passengers to the lower junction at Parkersburg. I mention this to account for the detention which ensued. When the train stopped at Bellaire, Ellen followed the crowd off the platform into a tavern consisting of a barn-like eating-room and a few starved little garret rooms over it. She stopped at the door uncertainly, while the passengers crowded about the eating-stands at the far end of the room. A fat, oily landlord came up with a hat driven down over his brows.

"Cross the river to-night, Ma'am? Slow work! slow work! Not get this train over till morning. Better take a bite."

Ellen managed to interpose her brother's name and that of the regiment.

"Twenty-Fourth Ohio? Gone over to-day and this evening. Government has the roads and ferries now, and that keeps passengers back. Troops must be transported, you know,"—and then stopped suddenly, seeing Ellen's face.

"Where did you say he had gone?"

"Over," with a jerk of his thumb across the river,— "into Virginia. You are ill, young woman! I'll call Susan."

Virginia, the country of the man-hunters! A low moon lighted up the broad river and the hills beyond; they were mountains to Ellen, threatening and fierce. She looked at them steadily.

"All the stories I had heard of that country came up quick to me," she said, afterwards. "I thought it was death for me or Joe to venture there. Then he was gone! But I had a great courage, somehow, there at Bellaire. It came to me sudden. I said to the man

it did not matter. I would have gone with Joe, and I could follow him. He spoke to me a minute or two, and then he went for 'Susan,' who was his wife. She was a sharp-faced woman, and she scolded her servants all the time; but she was very kind to me. When I told her about Joe, she brought me some tea, and made me lie down until it would be time to cross the ferry, which was not until near morning. She would take no money from me. She said, Sue Myers was no skin-flint to take money from the likes of me. Afterwards she said, if I found Joe and he did well, he could pay her some time again: these soldiers made money easy, lounging round camp. I was angry at that," Ellen said, reddening; "but she would not take the money from me. She told me not to be disappointed, if the regiment had left Benwood and gone out the Baltimore Road. She knew they were to camp at Piedmont, and to follow them up, for they had but a day's start of me. It was quite clear day before our turn came to cross the ferry, and then we had to wait for hours on the other side. When I came out of the ferry-house, I put my foot on the grass, and I thought, 'This is Virginia!' It was as if I had stepped on some place where a murder had been done. I was as silly as a half-witted person," blushing apologetically. "I have had great kindness done to me in Virginia since then."

Though Ellen said no more of this, as she was talking to Virginians, we readily understood the real terror which had seized her, added to the gnawing anxiety to see her brother. Caspar Hauser was not more ignorant of the actual world than this girl, brought up as she had been in such utter seclusion. The last few days had shattered whatever fancies she had formed about life, and given her nothing tangible in their stead. Even Coldwater and Joe, and "them that lay up on the hill," were beginning to be like dreams, cold and far-off. It was just a wild whirling through space, night-storms, strange faces crowding about her from place to place; unde-

fined sights, sounds that terrified her, and a long-drawn sickening hope to find Joe through all. No more warm rooms and comfortable evenings beside the fire with mother, no more suppers made ready for the boys, and jokes and laughing when they came home; there was no more a house to call home, no mother nor boys, only something cold and clammy under the muddy ground yonder.

"Ours had been a damp house on the lake-shore," Ellen said, "and we kept a fire always. Winter or summer, I always had seen a warm fire in the grate; but the morning I left Coldwater they put it out; and in all my travel, when I'd think of home, I'd go back to the thought of that grate, with a few wet ashes scattered over the hearth, and nobody to sweep them up, and the cold sun shining down the chimney on them. When I'd think of that, I'd say, 'It's all over!' It began to seem to me as if there was no more Ellen and no more Joe."

She had come, too, into the border region, where the war was breaking ground, with all its dull, gross reality of horrors, to which the farther South and North were strangers; the broken talk in the cars was even more terrifying to her, because half understood,—of quiet farmers murdered in cold blood, of pillaging and outrage, of anticipated insurrections among the slaves, and vengeance for their wrongs.

"I thought of the Lord Jesus and Joe, but they did not seem to be alive here," she said. "I would peep into my basket and look at the Testament and the spoons and Joe's collars, and that made things seem real to me." (Ellen's basket, by the way, was but another example of the singular habit which we find in persons of unsound intellect, the clinging to some one inanimate object as if it formed a tangible link to hold time and place together.)

When the train stopped at Littleton, the conductor, an old, gray-headed man, came up to Ellen as she sat alone.

"Simeon Myers told me your story," he said, gravely. "He crossed the

river to tell me. I'll take the matter in hand myself; I telegraphed before leaving Benwood, in advance. The Twenty-Fourth Ohio, they say there, have gone on to camp at Piedmont; but the movements of the troops are so uncertain, we will wait until the answer comes to my despatch at the next station. You go to sleep, Ellen."

"Yes, Sir," humbly.

She sat with her hand over her eyes, until the name of the next station was called, then rose, and remained standing. The old conductor came in.

"Sit down," he said, gently. "Why, you shiver, and are as cold as if your blood was frozen!"

"My brother, Sir?"

"Tut! tut! Yes! Good news this time, Ellen. The Twenty-Fourth is at Fetterman,—has stopped there, I don't know why,—and"—pulling out his watch, but speaking slowly, and controlling her with his eye—"in two hours we will be there."

At this time (June, 1861) Government, striking at the Rebellion wildly, as a blind man learning to fence, was throwing bodies of raw, undisciplined troops into the Border States, wherever there was foothold, to their certain destruction, though with an ulterior good effect, as it proved. Camps of these men were stationed along the road as Ellen passed,—broad-backed and brawny-limbed Iowans and Indianians, clothed in every variety of militia military gear, riding saddleless horses, with a rope often for a bridle, sleeping on the ground with neither tents nor blankets. Near one of these straggling encampments the long train stopped, with a trumpet-like shriek from the engine. "Here's Fetterman, and here's Joe, Ellen," said the conductor, his old face in almost as bright a glow as hers, as he hustled her off on the platform.

"It was just a few low houses, not so large as Coldwater, and soldiers everywhere, on the hills and in the fields and strolling along the road; and it was a clear, blue summer's day, and—oh, it did seem as the soldiers and the

town and the sky were glad because I had got there at last, and were saying, 'Joe! Joe!'

She went into the nearest house, a wide, wooden building, where two women sat shelling peas. Ellen propounded her usual question. The oldest woman took off her spectacles, and looked at her keenly.

"The Twenty-Fourth Ohio? How far did you say you had come? Michigan? Forgive me, (Jinny, bring a chair,) if I looked at you curiously; but I really fancied the people out yonder were savages."

Ellen laughed nervously.

"And you are Virginian? Yes! But my brother"—

The old lady's scrutiny grew graver.

"We are Virginians, in every sense of the word. So I know but little of the movements of the troops. But Captain Williams, the commandant of the post, occupies two of our rooms, and his wife is a gentle little body. Jinny, call Mrs. Williams."

So Jinny, a shy, kindly-faced little girl, disappeared, and speedily returned with the officer's wife (who had a dainty baby in her arms) and a glass of currant wine, which she pressed on Ellen. Mrs. Williams heard Ellen's story in silence, looking significantly at her hostess when it was finished.

"Yes, yes; of course you'll see Joe. Hold the baby, please, Jinny. Now let me take off your bonnet. But you won't mind, if there's a little delay,—a very little. I am not sure, but I am afraid. We'll send for Captain Williams, and know at once. But some detached companies went on to Grafton for special orders this morning, and I thought part of the Twenty-Fourth was with them. There! there! lie down a bit on my bed, or stay here with Mrs. Ford. Very well; it will all be right; only keep up heart."

So chattering, the little woman and the old one fussed about Ellen, soothing, patting her, administering tea, comfort, and hope, all in a breath, as women do to the healing of soul and body, —while Jinny, baby in arms, made off

and brought in a moustached young man, with a pleasant, cheerful face, not unlike his wife's.

"It is an unfortunate piece of work," he said. "Yes, the detachment included that company to which Carrol belonged. They are at Grafton now; and I cannot send a message, for official despatches will be going over the lines until night. In the morning, though, it shall be the first word to go. I know the colonel of that regiment, and I do not doubt we will have Joe here on furlough to-morrow."

"They were very careful of me," said Ellen. "Mrs. Ford made me sleep in her spare room; and Mrs. Williams brought me in my supper herself, and sat by me with baby all the evening. I could n't believe they were all Virginians, and fighting against each other too. The next morning was clear and sunny. Jinny came in, and opened the window, and said, 'Is n't such a clear day a good omen?' But I had n't courage to laugh with her, I was so tired; I had to lie still on a settee there was there. Captain Williams came in, and said,—

"By nine o'clock we will have an answer to my message, Ellen."

"I said then, 'When it comes, if it is "No," will you just say, "No, Ellen," and no more,—not one word more, please?'

"He said, 'I understand,' and went out.

"I heard him tell them not to disturb me; so I lay quite still, with my hands over my eyes. He kept pacing up and down as if he was anxious; then I heard a man's step coming towards him. I knew he brought the message. Captain Williams came towards the door; his wife was there waiting. I heard him speak to her, and then he said, 'You do it, Mary.' So she came in, and kissed me, and she said, 'He is gone, Ellen,'—no more but that. I knew then I never should see my brother again! Mrs. Williams cried, but I did not. She told me, after a while, that he had gone by another road to the Kanawha Salines, where they were fighting that day. 'You cannot go,'

she said. 'It is a wilderness of hills and swamps. You must stay with us; help me with baby, and presently Joe will be back.'

"I did not say anything. I lay there, and covered my face. She thought I was asleep presently, so rose softly and went away. I lay quiet all day. I could not speak nor move. They brought me some wine, and talked to me, but I did not understand. I knew I must go on, go on!" — with the wild look again in her eyes. "They would not disturb me, but let me lie still all night there. Early in the morning, before day, I got up softly, softly, I was so afraid they would hear me, and made a light. I wanted to bid Joe farewell before I started."

"Where were you going, Ellen?"

"On, you know," — with that grave, secretive look of the insane. "I *had* to go. So I made a light. I wanted to write a letter to my brother, but my head was so tired I could not; then I took my little Testament, and I marked the fourteenth chapter of St. John. He knew that I liked that best, and I thought that would be my letter. I wrote alongside of the printing, 'Good bye, Joe.' Then I fastened it up, and directed it to Joseph Carrol, Kanawha Salines."

"That was a wide direction, Ellen."

"Was it, Sir?" indifferently. "So Joe has it now. I think all his life he'll look at that, and say, 'That was Sis's last word.' I went gently out of the door, and I put my book in the post-office, and then I went away."

She began, it appears, to retrace her way on the railroad-track on foot, leaving her money and clothes at Mrs. Ford's, but carrying the little basket carefully. The Williamses, thinking she had followed Joe, searched for her in the direction of Grafton, and so failed to find her. There are no villages between Fetterman and Fairmount, — only scattered farm-houses, and but few of those, — the line of the railroad running between solitary stretches of moorland, and in gloomy defiles of the mountains. Ellen followed the road, a white,

glaring, dusty line, all day. Nothing broke the dreary silence but the whirr of some unseen bird through the forests, or the hollow thud, thud of a woodpecker on a far-off tree. Once or twice, too, a locomotive with a train of cars rushed past her with a fierce yell. She slept that night by the road-side with a fallen tree for a pillow, and the next morning began again her plodding journey.

I come now to the saddest part of the poor girl's story, gathered from her own indistinct remembrances. I mean to pass briefly over it. On the latter part of this day's travel, Ellen had passed several of the encampments which lined the road, but had escaped notice by making a detour through the woods. A mile or two east of Fairmount, however, coming near one, she went up to the first low shed; for the men had thrown up temporary huts, part wood, part mud.

"It was a woman who was there," she said, in apology; "and I was not very strong. I had eaten nothing but berries since the morning before."

The woman was a sutler. She listened to Ellen's explanations, incoherent enough probably, and then, bursting into a loud laugh, called to some of the soldiers lounging near by.

"Here's a likely tale," she said. "I half suspect this is the Rebel spy that's been hanging round these two weeks, and kept Allan dodging you. See to her, boys, while I weigh out this sugar."

The regiment was made up of the offals of a large city; the men, both brutal and idle, eager for excitement; this sutler, the only woman in camp. The evening was coming on. Ellen was alone in the half-drunken, shouting crowd.

— Not alone. He was near who was real and actual to her always. When I think of Christ as the All-Wise and All-Merciful in this our present day, I like to remember Him as going step by step with this half-crazed child in her long and solitary journey. When I hear how her danger was warded back, how every rough face turned at last towards her with a strange kind-

ness and tenderness, I see again the Hand that wrote upon the dust of the Temple, and clearer than in the storm or battle which I know He guides I see again the face of Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them.

When the sutler went down to the end of the field she found Big Jake, the bully of the regiment, holding the girl by the shoulder, her clothes covered with mud with which the men had pelted her. She had given one or two low cries of terror, and stood shivering weakly, her eye alone steady, holding the man at bay, as she might a brute. She held out her hands when she saw the woman. "I am no spy," she cried, shrilly.

"We 'll soon test that," growled the camp-follower.

"Here, you Jake, unhand the girl! Yonder 's Captain C—— looking this way. If she turns out as I say, it 'll be a lucky stroke of work for you an' me."

Jake flung her back with a curse, and the woman led her to her shed. She searched Ellen. I saw the girl, when she told it, turn ashy white with terrible shame and anger. She was one of the womanliest women I ever knew.

"I would have killed her then," she said gravely.

"When she could not find that I was a spy, she fastened me in an open pen outside her shed. I tore off the clothes she had touched, they seemed so vile to me. I was so shamed that I held my hands to my throat so that I could die, but she came and fastened them with a cord. She kept me there all the evening, and the men looked over the pen and laughed at 'Mother Murray's prisoner.' After a while I did not heed them. The moon came up, and I cried then thinking if mother or Joe could know what had come to me. *Then I made up my mind what to do.* I prayed to the Lord Jesus; but I thought, through all, what I would do. She brought me some food, but I would not touch it, though I was sick with hunger. When the drum had beat and the camp was all quiet, there was a sentry came walking up and down before the

pen. He had a kind, good face: he whistled to keep himself awake. Afterwards he stopped it, and, leaning over the log-fence, said, 'Forgive me. I did n't think of your being a prisoner, or I would not have whistled.' It was so sudden, his kind way of speaking, that I began to cry, sitting back in the corner. He bade me never heed, for that I would be free in the morning. 'You 're no spy,' he said, — 'only Captain Roberts heard Mother Murray's story, and put me here till he could see for himself in the morning.' Then he asked me questions, and somehow it did me good to tell all about Joe, and how I had not found him. He stood there when I had done, thinking, and whistling again, soft to himself. 'Just you wait, Ellen,' he says, — 'I know what you want.' And with that he takes out a little Testament, and, sitting down, he reads to me. Then he asked me what verses I liked, and talked of the chapters, till I began to forget all that had happened. Then he put the book in his pocket, and talked of other things, and made me laugh once or twice; and at last he took a card out of his pocket, and thought for a good while. Then he wrote a name on it, Mrs. Jane Burroughs, Xenia, Ohio, and gave it to me. 'That is my mother,' he said, very gravely, — 'as good a woman as God lets live. Do you go to her, Ellen, when you 're out of this den, and tell her I sent you, and, if I should die in this bloody business, to remember I said to be good to you.' Soon after that another man came and took his place, and I saw him no more. He was very kind. But I knew what I would do," — with the same dropping of the voice.

In the morning Ellen was released, and the soldiers forbidden to molest her. She hurried along the road to Fairmont. There is a long bridge there, spanning the Monongahela. "I saw it when I was in the cars, and the sight of the water below it came back to me through all my trouble. It was noon when I came to it again. I don't think I stopped at all, to think

about Joe, or to think good-bye to him. But," her eye wandering vaguely, "I said good-bye to my little basket. I had packed it at home for my journey, you know. I thought Joe would laugh when he saw some things I had there. But it was all over now. So I went down to the water's edge, and set it down; and then I went up, and climbed up on the parapet of the bridge, and then I heard a cry, and I was jerked down to the ground. When I came to myself, I was in a bed. They had ice on my head. They told me they had found my basket, and so knew my name. I laid there for several days. It was soldiers that found me. They paid for me at the tavern. But the regiment was going on. One day, when I was able to sit up, two of them said to me, they would take me to see Joe. They took me on the cars; all the way I had to lie down, with ice to my head. We came a long way; every time we stopped, they said we were going to Joe. I did n't know, my brain was like fire in my head."

Ellen was sent on by the officers of this regiment, and lodged by them for safe-keeping in the jail at Wheeling. The long-suspended brain-fever had set in. She was taken through the streets, her clothes ragged and muddy, her head bare, followed by a curious crowd of idlers, with just enough reason left to know what the house was in which they lodged her. Cruel as they were in act, it proved a kindness to the girl. The jailer and his family nursed her carefully, and gave her a large, airy room in the old debtors' prison.

After she had been there three weeks, a person who had accidentally seen Ellen that first day on the street went to the jail and asked to see her. A whim, perhaps, the fruit of idleness or curiosity. But Ellen thought otherwise. She was clothed and in her right mind now, and sat inside of the iron door, looking with her large, grave, blue eyes searchingly at her visitor. "God sent you," she said, quietly.

That night she told the jailer's wife that her new friend had promised to

come the next morning and take her out.

"She may disappoint you, Ellen."

"No. I know God meant her to come, and I shall see my brother again."

She was strangely cheerful; it seemed as if, in that long torpor, some vision of the future had in truth been given to her.

"I shall see Joe," she would repeat steadily, a great glow on her face, "I know."

She carried her little basket, going to her friend's house. It was here I saw Ellen. She was not pretty,—with an awkward, ungainly build, and homely face; but there hung about her a great innocence and purity; and she had a certain trustful manner that went home to the roughest and gained their best feeling from them. Her voice, I remember, was low and remarkably sweet. It was curious to see how all, from the servants in the house to *blasé* young men of society, were touched by some potent charm, and tried in simple, natural ways to aid her. I used to think Ellen was sent into the world to show how near one of the very least of these, His brethren, came to Him. She grew restless,—her disease working with her. "She must go on to Columbus,—to the gate-keeper and his wife. She would live with them as their child."

Meanwhile every effort had been made to communicate with her brother, or to gain a furlough for him. But all failed; the regiment was in the wilds of the Virginia border in active service. No message could reach him. There was no system then in the army.

What could be done for Ellen's comfort in the future her friends did anxiously, and then sent her on to Columbus. She remained with the old people but a week, however. "She was very happy with us," the gate-keeper's wife said. Governor Dennison promised to procure Joe a furlough, and, if possible, a dismissal, as soon as the regiment could be reached by letter. In the mean while she busied herself in making a dress and little useful things for housekeeping, to please her brother when he should

come ; used to talk all day of her plans, — how they would live near us in some quiet little house. Her trouble seemed all forgotten.

But one day she went out and saw the camp. The sight of the armed men and the uniforms seemed to bring back all she had suffered in Virginia. She was uneasy and silent that night, — said once or twice that she must go on, go on, — got her basket and packed it again. The next morning she went across the field without it, as if to take a walk. When an hour passed we searched for her, and found she had gone into town and taken passage on the Western Railroad.

My story ends here. We never could trace her, though no effort was left untried. I confess that this is one, though almost hopeless. Yet I thought that some chance reader might be able to finish the story for me.

Whether Joe fell in his country's service or yet lives in some "little house" for Ellen, or whether she has found a longer, surer rest, in a house made ready for her long ago by other hands than his, I may never know ; but I am sure, that, living or dead, He who is loving and over all has the poor "natural" in His tenderest keeping, and that some day she will go home to Him and to Joe.

WINTER-LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

AS September drew to an end, with only here and there a suggestion of autumn in chrome-colored leaves on the ends of birch-branches, we were told that any day might suddenly bring forth winter. I remember, that, five years before, in precisely the same season, I had travelled from Upsala to Stockholm in a violent snow-storm, and therefore accepted the announcement as a part of the regular programme of the year. But the days came and went ; fashionable equipages forsook their summer ground of the Islands, and crowded the Nevskoi Prospekt ; the nights were cold and raw ; the sun's lessening declination was visible from day to day, and still Winter delayed to make his appearance.

The Island drive was our favorite resort of an afternoon ; and we continued to haunt it long after every summer guest had disappeared, and when the *datchas* and palaces showed plank and matting in place of balcony and window. In the very heart of St. Petersburg the one full stream of the Neva splits into three main arms, which afterwards subdivide, each seeking the

Gulf of Finland at its own swift, wild will. The nearest of these islands, Vasili Ostrow, is a part of the solid city : on Kammenoi and Aptekarskoi you reach the commencement of gardens and groves ; and beyond these the rapid waters mirror only palace, park, and summer theatre. The widening streams continually disclose the horizon-line of the Gulf ; and at the farthest point of the drive, where the road turns sharply back again from the freedom of the shore into mixed woods of birch and pine, the shipping at Cronstadt — and sometimes the phantoms of fortresses — detach themselves from the watery haze, and the hill of Pargola, in Finland, rises to break the dreary level of the Ingrian marshes.

During the sunny evenings and the never-ending twilights of mid-summer, all St. Petersburg pours itself upon these islands. A league-long wall of dust rises from the carriages and droschies in the main highway ; and the branching Neva-arms are crowded with skiffs and diminutive steamers bound for pleasure-gardens where gypsies sing and Tyrolese *yodel* and jugglers toss their

knives and balls, and private rooms may be had for gambling and other cryptic diversions. Although with shortened days and cool evenings the tide suddenly took a reflux and the Nevskoi became a suggestion of Broadway, (which, of all individual streets, it most nearly resembles,) we found an indescribable charm in the solitude of the fading groves and the waves whose lamenting murmur foretold their speedy imprisonment. We had the whole superb drive to ourselves. It is true that Ivan, upon the box, lifted his brows in amazement, and sighed that his jaunty cap of green velvet should be wasted upon the desert air, whenever I said, "*Na Ostrowa*," but he was too genuine a Russian to utter a word of remonstrance.

Thus, day by day, unfashionable, but highly satisfied, we repeated the lonely drive, until the last day came, as it always will. I don't think I shall ever forget it. It was the first day of November. For a fortnight the temperature had been a little below the freezing-point, and the leaves of the alder-thickets, frozen suddenly and preserved as in a great out-door refrigerator, maintained their green. A pale-blue mist rose from the Gulf and hung over the islands, the low sun showing an orange disk, which touched the shores with the loveliest color, but gave no warmth to the windless air. The parks and gardens were wholly deserted, and came and went, on either side, phantom-like in their soft, gray, faded tints. Under every bridge flashed and foamed the clear beryl-green waters. And nobody in St. Petersburg, except ourselves, saw this last and sunniest flicker of the dying season!

The very next day was cold and dark, and so the weather remained, with brief interruptions, for months. On the evening of the 6th, as we drove over the Nikolai Bridge to dine with a friend on Vassili Ostrow, we noticed fragments of ice floating down the Neva. Looking up the stream, we were struck by the fact that the remaining bridges had been detached from the St. Petersburg

side, floated over, and anchored along the opposite shore. This seemed a needless precaution, for the pieces of drift-ice were hardly large enough to have crushed a skiff. How surprised were we, then, on returning home, four hours later, to find the noble river gone, not a green wave to be seen, and, as far as the eye could reach, a solid floor of ice, over which people were already crossing to and fro!

Winter, having thus suddenly taken possession of the world, lost no time in setting up the signs of his rule. The leaves, whether green or brown, disappeared at one swoop; snow-gusts obscured the little remaining sunshine; the inhabitants came forth in furs and bulky wrappings; oysters and French pears became unreasonably dear; and sledges of frozen fish and game crowded down from the northern forests. In a few days the physiognomy of the capital was completely changed. All its life and stir withdrew from the extremities and gathered into a few central thoroughfares, as if huddling together for mutual warmth and encouragement in the cold air and under the gloomy sky.

For darkness, rather than cold, is the characteristic of the St. Petersburg winter. The temperature, which at Montreal or St. Paul would not be thought remarkably low, seems to be more severely felt here, owing to the absence of pure daylight. Although both Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland are frozen, the air always retains a damp, raw, penetrating quality, and the snow is more frequently sticky and clammy than dry and crystalline. Few, indeed, are the days which are not cheerless and depressing. In December, when the sky is overcast for weeks together, the sun, rising after nine o'clock, and sliding along just above the horizon, enables you to dispense with lamplight somewhere between ten and eleven; but by two in the afternoon you must call for lights again. Even when a clear day comes, the yellow, level sunshine is a combination of sunrise and sunset, and neither tempers the air nor miti-

gates the general expression of gloom, almost of despair, upon the face of Nature.

The preparations for the season, of course, have been made long before. In most houses the double windows are allowed to remain through the summer, but they must be carefully examined, the layer of cotton between them, at the bottom, replenished, a small vessel of salt added to absorb the moisture and prevent it from freezing on the panes, and strips of paper pasted over every possible crack. The outer doors are covered with wadded leather, overlapping the frames on all sides. The habitations being thus almost hermetically sealed, they are easily warmed by the huge porcelain stoves, which retain warmth so tenaciously that one fire per day is sufficient for the most sensitive constitutions. In my own room, I found that one armful of birch-wood reduced to coal, every alternate morning, created a steady temperature of 64°. Although the rooms are always spacious, and arranged in suites of from three to a dozen, according to the extent and splendor of the residence, the atmosphere soon becomes close and characterized by an unpleasant odor, suggesting its diminished vitality; for which reason pastilles are burned, or *eau de Cologne* reduced to vapor in a heated censer, whenever visits are anticipated. It was a question with me, whether or not the advantage of a thoroughly equable temperature was counterbalanced by the lack of circulation. The physical depression we all felt seemed to result chiefly from the absence of daylight.

One winter picture remains clearly outlined upon my memory. In the beginning of December we happened once to drive across the Admiralty Square in the early evening twilight,—three o'clock in the afternoon. The temperature was about 10° below zero, the sky a low roof of moveless clouds, which seemed to be frozen in their places. The pillars of St. Isaac's Cathedral—splendid monoliths of granite, sixty feet high—had precipitated the moisture of the air, and stood silvered with rime

from base to capital. The Column of Alexander, the bronze statue of Peter, with his horse poised in air on the edge of the rock, and the trees on the long esplanade in front of the Admiralty, were all similarly coated, every twig rising as rigid as iron in the dark air. Only the huge golden hemisphere of the Cathedral dome, and the tall, pointed golden spire of the Admiralty, rose above the gloom, and half shone with a muffled, sullen glare. A few people, swaddled from head to foot, passed rapidly to and fro, or a droschky, drawn by a frosted horse, sped away to the entrance of the Nevskoi Prospekt. Even these appeared rather like wintry phantoms than creatures filled with warm blood and breathing the breath of life. The vast spaces of the capital, the magnitude of its principal edifices, and the display of gold and colors strengthened the general aspect of unreality, by introducing so many inharmonious elements into the picture. A bleak moor, with the light of a single cottage-window shining across it, would have been less cold, dead, and desolate.

The temperature, I may here mention, was never very severe. There were three days when the mercury fluctuated between 15° and 20° below zero, five days when it reached 10° below, and perhaps twenty when it fell to zero, or a degree or two on either side. The mean of the five winter months was certainly not lower than +12°. Quite as much rain fell as snow. After two or three days of sharp cold, there was almost invariably a day of rain or fog, and for many weeks walking was so difficult that we were obliged to give up all out-door exercise except skating or sliding. The streets were either coated with glassy ice or they were a foot deep in slush. There was more and better sleighing in the vicinity of Boston last winter than in St. Petersburg during the winter of 1862-3. In our trips to the Observatory of Pulkova, twelve miles distant, we were frequently obliged to leave the highway and put our sled-runners upon the frosted grass of the mead-

ows. The rapid and continual changes of temperature were more trying than any amount of steady cold. *Grippe* became prevalent, and therefore fashionable, and all the endemic diseases of St. Petersburg showed themselves in force. The city, it is well known, is built upon piles, and most of the inhabitants suffer from them. Children look pale and wilted, in the absence of the sun, and special care must be taken of those under five years of age. Some little relatives of mine, living in the country, had their daily tumble in the snow, and thus kept ruddy; but in the city this is not possible, and we had many anxious days before the long darkness was over.

As soon as snow had fallen and freezing weather set in, the rough, broken ice of the Neva was flooded in various places for skating-ponds, and the work of erecting ice-hills commenced. There were speedily a number of the latter in full play, in the various suburbs,—a space of level ground, at least a furlong in length, being necessary. They are supported by subscription, and I had paid ten rubles for permission to use a very fine one on the farther island, when an obliging card of admission came for the gardens of the Taurida Palace, where the younger members of the Imperial family skate and slide. My initiation, however, took place at the first-named locality, whither we were conducted by an old American resident of St. Petersburg.

The construction of these ice-hills is very simple. They are rude towers of timber, twenty to thirty feet in height, the summit of which is reached by a staircase at the back, while in front descends a steep concave of planking upon which water is poured until it is covered with a six-inch coating of solid ice. Raised planks at the side keep the sled in its place until it reaches the foot, where it enters upon an icy plain two to four hundred yards in length, (in proportion to the height of the hill,) at the extremity of which rises a similar hill, facing towards the first, but a little on one side, so that the sleds from

the opposite ends may pass without collision.

The first experience of this diversion is fearful to a person of delicate nerves. The pitch of the descent is so sheer, the height so great, (apparently,) the motion of the sled so swift, and its course so easily changed,—even the lifting of a hand is sufficient,—that the novice is almost sure to make immediate shipwreck. The sleds are small and low, with smooth iron runners, and a plush cushion, upon which the navigator sits bolt upright with his legs close together, projecting over the front. The runners must be exactly parallel to the lines of the course at starting, and the least tendency to sway to either side must be instantly corrected by the slightest motion of the hand.

I engaged one of the *mujiks* in attendance to pilot me on my first voyage. The man having taken his position well forward on the little sled, I knelt upon the rear end, where there was barely space enough for my knees, placed my hands upon his shoulders, and awaited the result. He shoved the sled with his hands, very gently and carefully, to the brink of the icy steep: then there was a moment's adjustment: then a poise: then—sinking of the heart, cessation of breath, giddy roaring and whistling of the air, and I found myself scudding along the level with the speed of an express train. I never happened to fall out of a fourth-story window, but I immediately understood the sensations of the unfortunate persons who do. It was so frightful that I shuddered when we reached the end of the course and the man coolly began ascending the steps of the opposite hill, with the sled under his arm. But my companions were waiting to see me return, so I mounted after him, knelt again, and held my breath. This time, knowing what was coming, I caught a glimpse of our descent, and found that only the first plunge from the brink was threatening. The lower part of the curve, which is nearly a parabolic line, is more gradual, and the seeming headlong fall does not last more than the tenth part

of a second. The sensation, nevertheless, is very powerful, having all the attraction, without the reality, of danger.

The ice-hills in the Taurida Gardens were not so high, and the descent was less abrupt: the course was the smooth floor of an intervening lake, which was kept clear for skating. Here I borrowed a sled, and was so elated at performing the feat successfully, on the first attempt, that I offered my services as charioteer to a lady rash enough to accept them. The increased weight gave so much additional impetus to the sled, and thus rendered its guidance a more delicate matter. Finding that it began to turn even before reaching the bottom, I put down my hand suddenly upon the ice. The effect was like an explosion; we struck the edge of a snow-bank, and were thrown entirely over it and deeply buried in the opposite side. The attendants picked us up without relaxing a muscle of their grave, respectful faces, and quietly swept the ice for another trial. But after that I preferred descending alone.

Good skaters will go up and down these ice-hills on their skates. The feat has a hazardous look, but I have seen it performed by boys of twelve. The young Grand-Dukes who visited the Gardens generally contented themselves with skating around the lake at not too violent a speed. Some ladies of the court circle also timidly ventured to try the amusement, but its introduction was too recent for them to show much proficiency. On the Neva, in fact, the English were the best skaters. During the winter, one of them crossed the Gulf to Cronstadt, a distance of twenty-two miles, in about two hours.

Before Christmas, the Lapps came down from the North with their reindeer, and pitched their tents on the river, in front of the Winter Palace. Instead of the canoe-shaped *pulk*, drawn by a single deer, they hitched four abreast to an ordinary sled, and took half a dozen passengers at a time, on a course of a mile, for a small fee. I tried it once, for a child's sake, but found that

the romance of reindeer travel was lost without the pulk. The Russian sleighs are very similar to our own for driving about the city: in very cold weather, or for trips into the country, the *kibitka*, a heavy closed carriage on runners, is used. To my eye, the most dashing team in the world is the *troika*, or three-span, the thill-horse being trained to trot rapidly, while the other two, very lightly and loosely harnessed, canter on either side of him. From the ends of the thills springs a wooden arch, called the *duga*, rising eighteen inches above the horse's shoulder, and usually emblazoned with gilding and brilliant colors. There was one magnificent troika on the Nevskoi Prospekt, the horses of which were full-blooded, jet-black matches, and their harness formed of overlapping silver scales. The Russians being the best coachmen in the world, these teams dash past each other at furious speed, often escaping collision by the breadth of a hair, but never coming in violent contact.

With the approach of winter the nobility returned from their estates, the diplomatists from their long summer vacation, and the Imperial Court from Moscow, and the previous social desolation of the capital came speedily to an end. There were dinners and routs in abundance, but the season of balls was not fairly inaugurated until invitations had been issued for the first at the Winter Palace. This is usually a grand affair, the guests numbering from fifteen hundred to two thousand. We were agreeably surprised at finding half-past nine fixed as the hour of arrival, and took pains to be punctual; but there were already a hundred yards of carriages in advance. The toilet, of course, must be made at home, and the huge pelisses of fur so adjusted as not to disarrange head-dresses, lace, crinoline, or uniform: the footmen must be prompt, on reaching the covered portal, to promote speedy alighting and unwrapping, which being accomplished, each sits guard for the night over his own special pile of pelisses and furred boots.

When the dresses are shaken out and

the gloves smoothed, at the foot of the grand staircase, an usher, in a short, bedizened red tunic and white knee-breeches, with a cap surmounted by three colossal white plumes upon his head, steps before you and leads the way onward through the spacious halls, ablaze with light from thousands of wax candles. I always admired the silent gravity of these ushers, and their slow, majestic, almost mysterious march,—until one morning, at home, when I was visited by four common-looking Russians, in blue caftans, who bowed nearly to the floor and muttered congratulations. It was a deputation of the ushers, making their rounds for New-Year's gifts!

Although the streets of St. Petersburg are lighted with gas, the palaces and private residences are still illuminated only with wax candles. Gas is considered plebeian, but it has probably also been found to be disagreeable in the close air of the hermetically sealed apartments. Candles are used in such profusion that I am told thirty thousand are required to light up an Imperial ball. The quadruple rows of columns which support the Hall of St. George are spirally entwined with garlands of wax-lights, and immense chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling. The wicks of each column are connected with threads dipped in some inflammable mixture, and each thread, being kindled at the bottom at the same instant, the light is carried in a few seconds to every candle in the hall. This instantaneous kindling of so many thousand wicks has a magical effect.

At the door of the great hall the usher steps aside, bows gravely, and returns, and one of the deputy masters of ceremonies receives you. These gentlemen are chosen from among the most distinguished families of Russia, and are, without exception, so remarkable for tact, kindness, and discretion, that the multitude falls, almost unconsciously, into the necessary observances; and the perfection of ceremony, which hides its own external indications, is attained. Violations of eti-

quette are most rare, yet no court in the world appears more simple and unconstrained in its forms.

In less than fifteen minutes after the appointed time the hall is filled, and a blast from the orchestra announces the entrance of the Imperial family. The ministers and chief personages of the court are already in their proper places, and the representatives of foreign nations stand on one side of the doorway, in their established order of precedence, (determined by length of residence near the court,) with the ladies of their body on the opposite side. The Duke de Montebello and Lord Napier, being the only ambassadors, head the ranks, the ministers plenipotentiary succeeding.

Alexander II. is much brighter and more cheerful than during the past summer. His care-worn, preoccupied air is gone: the dangers which then encompassed him have subsided; the nobility, although still chafing fiercely against the decree of emancipation, are slowly coming to the conclusion that its consummation is inevitable; and the Emperor begins to feel that his great work will be safely accomplished. His dark-green uniform well becomes his stately figure and clearly chiselled, symmetrical head. He is Nicholas recast in a softer mould, wherein tenacity of purpose is substituted for rigid, inflexible will, and the development of the nation at home supplants the ambition for predominant political influence abroad. This difference is expressed, despite the strong personal resemblance to his father, in the more frank and gentle eye, the fuller and more sensitive mouth, and the rounder lines of jaw and forehead. A frank, natural directness of manner and speech is his principal characteristic. He wears easily, almost playfully, the yoke of court ceremonial, temporarily casting it aside when troublesome. In two respects he differs from most of the other European rulers whom I have seen: he looks the sovereign, and he unbends as gracefully and unostentatiously as a man risen from the ranks of the people. There is evidently bet-

ter stuff than kings are generally made of in the Románoff line.

Grace and refinement, rather than beauty, distinguish the Empress, though her eyes and hair deserve the latter epithet. She is an invalid, and appears pale and somewhat worn; but there is no finer group of children in Europe than those to whom she has given birth. Six sons and one daughter are her jewels; and of these, the third son, Vladimir, is almost ideally handsome. Her dress was at once simple and superb,—a cloud of snowy *tulle*, with a scarf of pale-blue velvet, twisted with a chain of the largest diamonds and tied with a knot and tassel of pearls; resting halfway down the skirt, as if it had slipped from her waist. On another occasion, I remember her wearing a crown of five stars, the centres of which were single enormous rubies and the rays of diamonds, so set on invisible wires that they burned in the air over her head. The splendor which was a part of her rôle was always made subordinate to rigid taste, and herein prominently distinguished her from many of the Russian ladies, who carried great fortunes upon their heads, necks, and bosoms. I had several opportunities of conversing with her, generally upon Art and Literature, and was glad to find that she had both read and thought, as well as seen. You may tell the honored author of "Evangeline" that he numbers her among his appreciative readers.

After their Majesties have made the circle of the diplomatic corps, the *Polonaise*, which always opens a Court ball, commences. The Grand-Dukes Nicholas and Michael, (brothers of the Emperor,) and the younger members of the Imperial family, take part in it, the latter evidently impatient for the succeeding quadrilles and waltzes. When this is finished, all palpable, obtrusive ceremony is at an end. Dancing, conversation, cards, strolls through the sumptuous halls, fill the hours. The Emperor wanders freely through the crowd, saluting here and there a friend, exchanging badinage with the wittiest ladies, (which they all seem at liberty

to give back, without the least embarrassment,) or seeking out the scarred and gray-haired officers who have come hither from all parts of the vast empire. He does not scrutinize whether or not your back is turned towards him as he passes. Once, on entering a door rather hastily, I came within an ace of a personal collision; whereupon he laughed good-humoredly, caught me by the hands, and saying, "It would have been a shock, *n'est ce pas?*" hurried on.

To me the most delightful part of the Winter Palace was the garden. It forms one of the suite of thirty halls, some of them three hundred feet long, on the second story. In this garden, which is perhaps a hundred feet square by forty in height, rise clumps of Italian cypress and laurel from beds of emerald turf and blooming hyacinths. In the centre a fountain showers over fern-covered rocks, and the gravel-walks around the border are shaded by tall camellia-trees in white and crimson bloom. Lamps of frosted glass hang among the foliage, and diffuse a mellow golden moonlight over the enchanted ground. The corridor adjoining the garden resembles a bosky alley, so completely are the walls hidden by flowering shrubbery.

Leaving the Imperial family, and the kindred houses of Leuchtenberg, Oldenburg, and Mecklenburg, all of which are represented, let us devote a little attention to the ladies, and the crowd of distinguished, though unroyal personages. The former are all *décolletées*, of course,—even the Countess —, who, I am positively assured, is ninety-five years old; but I do not notice much uniformity of taste, except in the matter of head-dresses. "Waterfalls" have not yet made their appearance, but there are huge coils and sweeps of hair,—a mane-like munificence, so disposed as to reveal the art and conceal the artifice. The ornaments are chiefly flowers, though here and there I see jewels, coral, mossy sticks, dead leaves, birds, and birds'-nests. From the blonde locks of yonder princess hang bunches of green brook-grass, and a fringe of the same trails from her bosom and skirt:

she resembles a fished-up and restored Ophelia. Here passes a maiden with a picket-fence of rose coral as a *berthe*, and she seems to have another around the bottom of her dress; but, as the mist of tulle is brushed aside in passing, we can detect that the latter is a clever *chenille* imitation. There is another with small moss-covered twigs (the real article) arranged in the same way; and yet another with fifty black-lace butterflies, of all sizes, clinging to her yellow satin skirt. All this swimming and intermingling mass of color is dotted over with sparkles of jewel-light; and even the grand hall, with its gilded columns and thousands of tapers, seems but a sober frame for so gorgeous a picture.

I can only pick out a few of the notable men present, because there is no space to give biographies as well as portraits. That man of sixty, in rich, civil uniform, who entered with the Emperor, and who at once reminds an American of Edward Everett both in face and in the polished grace and suavity of his manner, is at present the first statesman of Europe,—Prince Alexander Gortchakoff. Of medium height and robust frame, with a keen, alert eye, a broad, thoughtful forehead, and a wonderfully sagacious mouth, the upper lip slightly covering the under one at the corners, he at once arrests your attention, and your eye unconsciously follows him as he makes his way through the crowd, with a friendly word for this man and an elegant rapier-thrust for that. His predominant mood, however, is a cheerful good-nature; his wit and irony belong rather to the diplomatist than to the man. There is no sounder or more prudent head in Russia.

But who is this son of Anak, approaching from the corridor? Towering a full head above the throng, a figure of superb strength and perfect symmetry, we give him that hearty admiration which is due to a man who illustrates and embellishes manhood. In this case we can give it freely: for that finely balanced head holds a clear, vigorous brain,—those large blue eyes look

from the depths of a frank, noble nature,—and in that broad breast beats a heart warm with love for his country, and good-will for his fellow-men, whether high or low. It is Prince Suwóroff, the Military Governor of St. Petersburg. If I were to spell his name “Suwarrow,” you would know who his grandfather was, and what place in Russian history he fills. In a double sense the present Prince is cast in an heroic mould. It speaks well for Russia that his qualities are so truly appreciated. He is beloved by the people, and trusted by the Imperial Government: for, while firm in his administration of affairs, he is humane,—while cautious, energetic,—and while shrewd and skilful, frank and honest. A noble man, whose like I wish were oftener to be found in the world.

Here are two officers, engaged in earnest conversation. The little old man, with white hair, and thin, weather-beaten, wrinkled face, is Admiral Baron Wrangel, whose Arctic explorations on the northern coast of Siberia are known to all geographers. Having read of them as a boy, and then as things of the past, I was greatly delighted at finding the brave old Admiral still alive, and at the privilege of taking his hand and hearing him talk in English as fluent as my own. The young officer, with rosy face, brown moustache, and a profile strikingly like that of General McClellan, has already made his mark. He is General Ignatieff, the most prominent young man of the empire. Although scarcely thirty-five, he has already filled special missions to Bukhara and Peking, and took a leading part in the Treaty of Tien-tsin. He is now Deputy-Minister of Foreign Affairs and Chief of the Asiatic Department. He is, moreover, a good friend of the United States, and was among the first to see the feasibility of the Russian-American telegraph scheme.

I might mention Count Bludoff, the venerable President of the Academy of Sciences; General Todleben; Admiral Lüttke; and the distinguished members of the Galitzin, Narischkin, Apraxin,

Dolgorouky, and Scheremetieff families, who are present, — but by this time the interminable mazourka is drawing to a close, and a master of ceremonies suggests that we shall step into an adjoining hall to await the signal for supper. The refreshments previously furnished consisted simply of tea, orgeat, and cooling drinks made of cranberries, Arctic raspberries, and other fruits; it is two hours past midnight, and we may frankly confess hunger.

While certain other guests are being gathered together, I will mention another decoration of the halls, peculiar to St. Petersburg. On either side of all the doors of communication in the long range of halls, stands a negro in rich Oriental costume, reminding one of the mute palace-guards in the Arabian tales. Happening to meet one of these men in the Summer Garden, I addressed him in Arabic; but he knew only enough of the language to inform me that he was born in Dar-Fur. I presume, therefore, they were obtained in Constantinople. In the large halls, which are illustrated with paintings of battles, in all the Russian campaigns from Pultowa to Sebastopol, are posted companies of soldiers at the farther end, — a different regiment to each hall. For six hours these men and their officers stand motionless as statues. Not a movement, except now and then of the eyelid, can be detected: even their respiration seems to be suspended. There is something weird and uncanny in such a preternatural silence and apparent death-in-life. I became impressed with the idea that some form of catalepsy had seized and bound them in strong trance. The eyeballs were fixed: they stared at me and saw me not: the hands were glued to the weapons, and the feet to the floor. I suspect there must have been some stolen relief when no guest happened to be present, yet, come when I might, I found them unchanged. When I reflected that the men were undoubtedly very proud of the distinction they enjoyed, and that their case demanded no sympathy, I could inspect and admire them with an easy mind.

The Grand Chamberlain now advances, followed by the Imperial family, behind which, in a certain order of precedence, the guests fall into place, and we presently reach a supper-hall, gleaming with silver and crystal. There are five others, I am told, and each of the two thousand guests has his chair and plate. In the centre stands the Imperial table, on a low platform: between wonderful *épergnes* of gold spreads a bed of hyacinths and crocuses. Hundreds of other *épergnes*, of massive silver, flash from the tables around. The forks and spoons are gold, the decanters of frosted crystal, covered with silver vine-leaves; even the salt-cellars are works of Art. It is quite proper that the supper should be substantial; and as one such entertainment is a pattern for all that succeed, I may be allowed to mention the principal dishes: *crème de l'orge*, *pâté de foie gras*, cutlets of fowl, game, asparagus, and salad, followed by fruits, ices, and bon-bons, and moistened with claret, Sauterne, and Champagne. I confess, however, that the superb silver chasing, and the balmy hyacinths which almost leaved over my plate, feasted my senses quite as much as the delicate viands.

After supper, the company returns to the Hall of St. George, a quadrille or two is danced to promote digestion, and the members of the Imperial family, bowing first to the diplomatic corps, and then to the other guests, retire to the private apartments of the palace. Now we are at liberty to leave, — not sooner, — and rapidly, yet not with undignified haste, seek the main staircase. Cloaking and booting (Ivan being on hand, with eyes like a lynx) are performed without regard to head-dress or uniform, and we wait while the carriages are being called, until the proper *pozlannik* turns up. If we envied those who got off sooner, we are now envied by those who still must wait, bulky in black satin or cloth, in sable or raccoon skin. It is half-past three when we reach home, and there are still six hours until sunrise.

The succeeding balls, whether given

by the Grand Dukes, the principal members of the Russian nobility, or the heads of foreign legations, were conducted on the same plan, except that, in the latter instances, the guests were not so punctual in arriving. The pleasantest of the season was one given by the Emperor in the Hermitage Palace. The guests, only two hundred in number, were bidden to come in ordinary evening-dress, and their Imperial Majesties moved about among them as simply and unostentatiously as any well-bred American host and hostess. On a staircase at one side of the Moorish Hall sat a distinguished Hungarian artist, sketching the scene, with its principal figures, for a picture.

I was surprised to find how much true social culture exists in St. Petersburg. Aristocratic manners, in their perfection, are simply democratic: but this is a truth which is scarcely recognized by the nobility of Germany, and only partially by that of England. The habits of refined society are very much the same everywhere. The man or woman of real culture recognizes certain forms as necessary, that social intercourse may be *ordered* instead of being arbitrary and chaotic; but these forms must not be allowed to limit the free, expansive contact of mind with mind and character with character, which is the charm and blessing of society. Those who meet within the same walls meet upon an equal footing, and all accidental distinctions cease for the time. I found these principles acted upon to quite as full an extent as (perhaps even more so than) they are at home. One of the members of the Imperial family, even, expressed to me the intense weariness occasioned by the observance of the necessary forms of court life, and the wish that they might be made as simple as possible.

I was interested in extending my acquaintance among the Russian nobility, as they, to a certain extent, represent the national culture. So far as my observations reached, I found that the women were better read, and had more general knowledge of Art, literature,

and even politics, than the men. My most instructive intercourse was with the former. It seemed that most men (here I am not speaking of the members of the Imperial Government) had each his specialty, beyond which he showed but a limited interest. There was one distinguished circle, however, where the intellectual level of the conversation was as high as I have ever found it anywhere, and where the only title to admission prescribed by the noble host was the capacity to take part in it. In that circle I heard not only the Polish Question discussed, but the Unity or Diversity of Races, Modern and Classic Art, Strauss, Emerson, and Victor Hugo, the ladies contributing their share. At a *soirée* given by the Princess Lvoff, I met Richard Wagner, the composer, Rubinstein, the pianist, and a number of artists and literary men.

A society the head of which is a court, and where externals, of necessity, must be first considered, is not the place to seek for true and lasting intimacies; but one may find what is next best, in a social sense, — cheerful and cordial intercourse. The circle of agreeable and friendly acquaintance continually enlarged; and I learned to know *one* friend (and perhaps one should hardly expect more than that in any year) whom I shall not forget, nor he me, though we never meet again. The Russians have been unjustly accused of a lack of that steady, tender, faithful depth of character upon which friendship must rest. Let us not forget that one of Washington Irving's dearest friends was Prince Dolgorouki.

Nevertheless, the constant succession of entertainments, agreeable as they were, became in the end fatiguing to quiet persons like ourselves. The routs and *soirées*, it is true, were more informal and unceremonious: one was not obliged to spend more than an hour at each, but then one was not expected to arrive before eleven o'clock. We fell, perforce, into the habits of the place, — of sleeping two or three hours after dinner, then rising, and, after a cup of strong tea, dressing for the evening.

After Carnival, the balls ceased; but there were still frequent routs, until Easter Week closed the season.

I was indebted to Admiral Lüttke, President of the Imperial Geographical Society, for an invitation to attend its sessions, some of which were of the most interesting character. My great regret was, that a very imperfect knowledge of the language prevented me from understanding much of the proceedings. On one occasion, while a paper on the survey of the Caspian Sea was being read, a tall, stately gentleman, sitting at the table beside me, obligingly translated all the principal facts into French, as they were stated. I afterwards found that he was Count Panin, Minister of Justice. In the Transactions of the various literary and scientific societies the Russian language has now entirely supplanted the French, although the latter keeps its place in the *salons*, chiefly on account of the foreign element. The Empress has weekly *conversazioni*, at which only Russian is spoken, and to which no foreigners are admitted. It is becoming fashionable to have visiting-cards in both languages.

Of all the ceremonies which occurred during the winter, that of New-Year's Day (January 13th, N. S.) was most interesting. After the members of the different legations had called in a body to pay their respects to the Emperor and Empress, the latter received the ladies of the Court, who, on this occasion, wore the national costume, in the grand hall. We were permitted to witness the spectacle, which is unique of its kind and wonderfully beautiful. The Empress, having taken her place alone near one end of the hall, with the Emperor and his family at a little distance on her right, the doors at the other end—three hundred feet distant—were thrown open, and a gorgeous procession approached, sweeping past the gilded columns, and growing with every step in color and splendor. The ladies walked in single file, about eight feet apart, each holding the train of the one preceding her. The costume consists of a high, crescent-shaped head-dress

of velvet covered with jewels; a short, embroidered corsage of silk or velvet, with open sleeves; a full skirt and sweeping train of velvet or satin or *moiré*, with a deep border of point-lace. As the first lady approached the Empress, her successor dropped the train, spreading it, by a dexterous movement, to its full breadth on the polished floor. The lady, thus released, bent her knee, and took the Empress's hand to kiss it, which the latter prevented by gracefully lifting her and saluting her on the forehead. After a few words of congratulation, she passed across the hall, making a profound obeisance to the Emperor on the way.

This was the most trying part of the ceremony. She was alone and unsupported, with all eyes upon her, and it required no slight amount of skill and self-possession to cross the hall, bow, and carry her superb train to the opposite side, without turning her back on the Imperial presence. At the end of an hour the dazzling group gathered on the right equalled in numbers the long line marching up on the left,—and still they came. It was a luxury of color, scarcely to be described,—all flowery and dewy tints, in a setting of white and gold. There were crimson, maroon, blue, lilac, salmon, peach-blossom, mauve, Magenta, silver-gray, pearl-rose, daffodil, pale orange, purple, pea-green, sea-green, scarlet, violet, drab, and pink,—and, whether by accident or design, the succession of colors never shocked by too violent contrast. This was the perfection of scenic effect; and we lingered, enjoying it exquisitely, until the last of several hundred ladies closed the wonderful spectacle.

The festival of Epiphany is celebrated by the blessing of the waters of the Neva, followed by a grand military review on the Admiralty Square. We were invited to witness both ceremonies from the windows of the Winter Palace, where, through the kindness of Prince Dolgorouki, we obtained favorable points of view. As the ceremonies last two or three hours, an elegant breakfast was served to the guests in the Moor-

ish Hall. The blessing of the Neva is a religious festival, with the accompaniment of tapers, incense, and chanting choirs, and we could only see that the Emperor performed his part uncloaked and bare-headed in the freezing air, finishing by descending the steps of an improvised chapel and well, (the building answered both purposes,) and drinking the water from a hole in the ice. Far and wide over the frozen surface similar holes were cut, where, during the remainder of the day, priests officiated, and thousands of the common people were baptized by immersion. As they generally came out covered with ice, warm booths were provided for them on the banks, where they thawed themselves out, rejoicing that they would now escape sickness or misfortune for a year to come.

The review requires a practised military pen to do it justice, and I fear I must give up the attempt. It was a "small review," only about twenty-five thousand troops being under arms. In the uniformity of size and build of the men, exactness of equipment, and precision of movement, it would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect. All sense of the individual soldier was lost in the grand sweep and wheel and march of the columns. The Circassian chiefs, in their steel skull-caps and shirts of chain mail, seemed to have ridden into their places direct from the Crusades. The Cossacks of the Don, the Ukraine, and the Ural managed their little brown or black horses (each regiment having its own color) so wonderfully, that, as we looked down upon them, each line resembled a giant caterpillar, moving sideways with its thousand legs creeping as one. These novel and picturesque elements constituted the principal charm of the spectacle.

The passing away of winter was signalized by an increase of daylight rather than a decrease of cold. The rivers were still locked, the ice-hills frequented, the landscape dull and dead; but by the beginning of February we could detect signs of the returning sun. When the sky was clear, (a thing of rarest

occurrence,) there was *white* light at noonday, instead of the mournful yellow or orange gloom of the previous two months. After the change had fairly set in, it proceeded more and more rapidly, until our sunshine was increased at the rate of seven or eight minutes per day. When the vernal equinox came, and we could sit down to dinner at sunset, the spell of death seemed to be at last broken. The fashionable drive, of an afternoon, changed from the Nevskoi Prospekt to the Palace Quay on the Neva; the Summer Garden was cleared of snow, and its statues one by one unboxed; in fine days we could walk there, and there coax back the faded color to a child's face. There, too, walked Alexander II., one of the crowd, leading his little daughter by the hand; and thither, in a plain little *calèche*, drove the Empress, with her youngest baby on her lap.

But when the first ten days of April had passed and there was still no sign of spring, we began to grow impatient. How often I watched the hedges around the Michailoffsky Palace, knowing that the buds would there first swell! How we longed for a shimmer of green under the brown grass, an alder tassel, a flush of yellow on the willow wands, a sight of rushing green water! One day, a week or so later, we were engaged to dine on Vassili Ostrow. I had been busily occupied until late in the afternoon, and when we drove out upon the square, I glanced, as usual, towards Peter the Great. Lo! behind him flashed and glittered the free, the rejoicing Neva! Here and there floated a cake of sullen ice, but the great river had bared his breast to the sun, which welcomed him after six months of absence. The upper pontoon-bridges were already spanned and crowded with travel, but the lower one, carried away before it could be secured, had been borne down by the stream and jammed against and under the solid granite and iron of the Nikolai Bridge. There was a terrible crowd and confusion at the latter place; all travel was stopped, and we could get neither forward nor back-

ward. Presently, however, the Emperor appeared upon the scene ; order was the instant result ; the slow officials worked with a will ; and we finally reached our host's residence half an hour behind the time. As we returned, at night, there was twilight along the northern sky, and the stars sparkled on the crystal bosom of the river.

This was the snapping of winter's toughest fetter, but it was not yet spring. Before I could detect any sign of returning life in Nature, May had come. Then, little by little, the twigs in the marshy thickets began to show yellow and purple and brown, the lilac-buds to swell, and some blades of fresh grass to peep forth in sheltered places. This, although we had sixteen hours of sunshine, with an evening twilight which shifted into dusky dawn under the North Star ! I think it was on the 13th of May that I first realized that the season had changed, and for the last time saw the noble-hearted Ruler who is the central figure of these memories. The People's Festival—a sort of Russian May-day—took place at Catharinenhof, a park and palace of the famous Empress, near the shore of the Finnish Gulf. The festival, that year, had an unusual significance. On the 3d of March the edict of Emancipation was finally consummated, and twenty-two millions of serfs became forever free : the Polish troubles and the menace of the Western powers had consolidated the restless nobles, the patient people, and the plotting revolutionists, the orthodox and dissenting sects, into one great national party, resolved to support the Emperor and maintain the integrity of the Russian territory : and thus the nation was marvellously strengthened by the very blow intended to cripple it.

At least a hundred thousand of the common people (possibly, twice that number) were gathered together in the park of Catharinenhof. There were booths, shows, flying-horses, refreshment saloons, jugglers, circuses, balloons, and

exhibitions of all kinds : the sky was fair, the turf green and elastic, and the swelling birch-buds scented the air. I wandered about for hours, watching the lazy, contented people, as they leaped and ran, rolled on the grass, pulled off their big boots and aired their naked legs, or laughed and sang in jolly chorus. About three in the afternoon there was a movement in the main avenue of the park. Hundreds of young *mujiks* appeared, running at full speed, shouting out, tossing their caps high in the air, and giving their long blonde locks to the wind. Instantly the crowd collected on each side, many springing like cats into the trees ; booths and shows were deserted, and an immense multitude hedged the avenue. Behind the leaping, shouting, cap-tossing *avant-garde* came the Emperor, with three sons and a dozen generals, on horseback, cantering lightly. One cheer went up from scores of thousands ; hats darkened the air ; eyes blazing with filial veneration followed the stately figure of the monarch, as he passed by, gratefully smiling and greeting on either hand. I stood among the people and watched their faces. I saw the phlegmatic Slavonic features transformed with a sudden and powerful expression of love, of devotion, of gratitude, and then I knew that the throne of Alexander II. rested on a better basis than tradition or force. I saw therein another side of this shrewd, cunning, patient, and childlike race, whom no other European race yet understands and appreciates,—a race yet in the germ, but with qualities out of which a people, in the best sense of the word, may be developed.

The month of May was dark, rainy, and cold ; and when I left St. Petersburg, at its close, everybody said that a few days would bring the summer. The leaves were opening, almost visibly, from hour to hour. Winter was really over, and summer was just at the door ; but I found, upon reflection, that I had not had the slightest experience of spring.

NEEDLE AND GARDEN.

THE STORY OF A SEAMSTRESS WHO LAID DOWN HER NEEDLE AND BECAME
A STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE already mentioned that the little holding of forty acres, which my progenitor took up when he came to Philadelphia, had in process of time been subdivided into many smaller ones. These had been successively improved as the new owners entered upon them, some very indifferently, some quite respectably, — many of them being devoted to gardening for the city markets. The occupants were not much of neighbors to us, though friendly enough in their way; among them, however, was a family by the name of Tetchy who claimed to have some acquaintance with us. This name, Tetchy, always struck me as a singular one; and I have often thought it must have been a corruption of *Touchy*, as a constitutional tendency to the infirmity thereby signified was continually apparent in their conduct toward all who came in contact with them. The whole family, comprising the parents, two daughters, and a son, were a jealous, envious set, rarely saying a kind word to any one, and never, as my mother often remarked, doing a kind thing even to us, who were more sociable with them than any other of the neighbors. Of course they had abundance of ridiculous pride, though having nothing to be proud of; and one of the daughters, Miss Belinda, was remarkable for holding up her head as if she had been the finest lady in the land, besides having a curt, snappish way of speaking, that made me habitually afraid of her. These people had a piece of ground of the same size as ours, which the father worked as a garden. He was very skilful at gardening, and kept everything in such complete order that I would many

times have gone in to admire his fruits and flowers, had it not been for the crisp reception that one was sure to get from Miss Belinda Tetchy and her mother. They never invited us inside the gate, and seemed jealous of our learning any particulars of what they were doing. The father had some grains of good-nature in his disposition, and would have been glad to have me come in occasionally: I am sure of this, as he often came into our garden and gave me very useful advice and instruction about what I was cultivating. But his wife's temper was a bar to all hospitality, and our intercourse with the family was accordingly as limited as possible, except with the son, Arthur, who made himself quite intimate at our house, and was disposed to set up for a beau to my sister, though I never could discover that she had any particular liking for him. Even he, however, was habitually taciturn about what was done in their garden, as if he had been well drilled in the art of concealment.

We never could tell with certainty how this family contrived to live as well as they did. The father had no other employment than that afforded by his garden, at least that we ever knew. There was a sort of mystery about what he did with his most valuable fruit. We saw him taking it away in a wheelbarrow, but it was always carefully covered, and none but his family knew whether he took it to market, or disposed of it to the fruit stores in the city. The family never boasted of how much they raised; and though we were often curious to know more than we did, myself especially, yet the fear of being snubbed by Miss Belinda prevented us from making any inquiries. The daughters did nothing, unless it were to dress well, a great deal

better than any of us, and to be often in the street. It is true that Arthur was an apprentice, and was no expense to the family; but beyond what he received from his employer we could not learn that they had any income but what was produced from the garden.

Still, all the neighborhood knew that old Tetchy had an immense bed of strawberries; they could see that through the cracks in the fence. Then he had fixed up a large number of seats in different parts of the garden, and there, during the season, was a constant throng of visitors, who came to eat strawberries and cream. He had carried on this business for a great many years. I had never noticed these things very particularly, until my mother and I began debating how it was that the Tetchy family contrived to live and dress so well without apparently doing anything except looking after a garden no larger than our own. But when my curiosity had been awakened, I started out on a course of inquiry that resulted in throwing more light on the subject than the Tetchys supposed. I watched the crowd of visitors who entered the garden-gate every evening in June to eat strawberries, and found it so large that toward the last of the season I began to count them. The number was so great that it amazed us, and my mother was sure I must have been mistaken. I regretted not having begun the enumeration when the season first opened, as that would have given us some idea of what we had vainly tried to ascertain from the family, — the number of pints of strawberries they raised in a season. My sister had entered heartily into the spirit of inquiry which now moved me, and became extremely accessible to Arthur Tetchy, even consenting to walk out with him several evenings, in the hope of being invited into the garden, or of getting some information out of him, in aid of the common cause. But the fellow had been so well tutored on the subject that he proved a regular know-nothing, — he had no idea what quantity they raised, — in short, he refused to tell. But in addition to what was

consumed in the garden, we saw, during the day, numerous callers with baskets, and we knew that their errand was to buy strawberries. Then old Tetchy was seen carrying away other baskets into the city, so that during the season the demand was evidently unintermitted.

We had often heard these strawberries spoken of as being of superior size and quality. Indeed, we one day read a notice of them in our penny paper, representing them as being nearly as large as eggs, and describing the garden. It also spoke in very extraordinary terms of the richness of the cream. But I never could understand how this could be, as we knew that old Tetchy kept only one cow, and it was impossible for one cow to make cream enough — real cream — for even a quarter of the people who came to eat his strawberries. I thought so strange of this piece that I ventured to show it to Miss Belinda, and inquired very innocently how they could get so much cream, and if it were not wrong in the newspapers to publish such mistakes. But, what was very unusual with her, she was wonderfully pleased with the matter, and said they had two cows, — one that they kept in the stable, and another in the kitchen.

“How?” I inquired, in amazement, — “keep a cow in the kitchen? Why, is it not very inconvenient?”

“Not at all,” she replied. “The greatest convenience possible. But the kitchen cow has an iron tail!”

“But did the newspaper man know this?” I asked, not being familiar with the tricks of trade, and utterly ignorant how such things were managed.

“No, indeed!” she replied, — adding, with what I considered great superciliousness, “we sent him a basket of strawberries, and invited him down last week to take some with cream, and when he came it *was* cream that *he* got, — our best. That was well done; and ever since he published that piece we have been so crowded that the new cow in the kitchen supplies more milk than the old one in the stable.”

I had never known either her or any of the family to be so communicative

before. It was an entirely new idea to me, and rather shook my confidence in the newspapers, not supposing they were ever deceived.

But Tetchy's berries were unquestionably very superior ones. We had frequently seen them, and on one occasion my sister and I had gone in with the evening throng and called for saucers of them, merely to learn for ourselves how the business was carried on and what prices were obtained. I am sure that not near so much civility was shown to us as to the other customers. No doubt, as we were neighbors, and had been very inquisitive, they suspected our object in coming.

We both remarked on the deplorable weakness of the cream, and had a good laugh over the method of its manufacture. Jane thought of calling for a second saucer, and of asking the fair Tetchy who served us if she would not do us the favor to let the watery portion be put into a separate vessel. I was really frightened for fear she would do as she proposed, as I knew her fondness for pleasantries of this sort, and also, that so far from being taken as a joke, it would bring down upon us a storm of wrath. We were surprised at the smallness of the saucers containing the fruit. Certainly the contents of as many as four or five could have been put into a pint. Then the sugar was supplied in meagre quantity, though at that time cheaper than ever before known. There were common tin spoons, so valueless as to make it no object for a thief to steal them, and of no consequence if they were bent up or thrown away by roystering visitors. The supply of cheap sugar was not sufficient to overcome the sharp acid of the fruit, showing that the demand was so urgent as to compel the picking of the berries before the sun had imparted to them the luscious sweetness of complete ripeness. As at all popular summer resorts, the price charged was provokingly disproportioned to the fare; but then we remembered that we had come in pursuit of knowledge, that knowledge always has in some way to be paid for,

and that the strawberry-season is very short.

Though thus ascertaining the prices at which Tetchy disposed of the fruit in his popular strawberry-garden, we were unable to learn what he obtained for that which he carried away in little baskets to his private customers. But we supposed it must go to families who paid the highest figures, as the fruit was carefully selected, the smaller berries being served up to the evening customers, who, viewing them by an indifferent light, were unable to form a judgment as to their size and appearance, and with whom the mere strawberry-flavor was sufficient. My mother called our attention to one circumstance,—that all the fruit was sold at retail prices, and that, if there was any profit in the business, these people got the whole of it. At the rates they were selling, they must be receiving at least a dollar a quart, and that clear of the cost of the cream from their two cows. I suppose it might have been considered impertinent in us to be thus prying into our neighbors' concerns, wondering how they contrived to live and how much money they made by their business. But we had no idea of doing them any injury; I was only desirous of doing something better for myself than working all my life on a sewing-machine. And besides, I have no doubt there were folks around us who were quite as inquisitive as to how we managed to get along, and that, too, from mere idle curiosity, without any view to bettering themselves by imitating us.

In addition to these little diplomatic efforts to obtain information as to how much money our neighbors were making, many others were tried. I had already suggested to my mother and sister the idea of my undertaking the business of raising strawberries; and hence, as they both fell in with the project, our common effort to learn whether our neighbors really did support themselves by an employment so apparently insignificant. There was one point about which we were greatly perplexed. The strawberry-season lasted only fifteen to

twenty days, and we could not understand how the Tetchys could make enough in that short period to keep them a whole year. It is true we knew that they could sell at enormous retail prices all that they were able to produce, and hence we became satisfied that it was simply a question of quantity. If they could produce enough, even within the short period of twenty days, they could do all that they appeared to be doing during the remainder of the year, — that is, comparatively nothing.

Now not one of us had any knowledge of the strawberry-culture. My father, strangely enough, had never introduced it into our garden, though he knew what our neighbors had for many years been doing. We had no agricultural publications to instruct us, and we could not form the remotest idea of how much fruit an acre could be made to yield. We did not even know the size of our neighbor's strawberry-bed. But one day, when the fruit season was over, my sister was bold enough to invite herself into Tetchy's garden. She and Arthur had been taking a walk, and he was about parting with her at the garden-gate, when she pushed in with him, and obliged him to go all round the strawberry-ground. It lay in one piece, and, though quite large, she managed to count the number of steps as they strolled round it. Arthur had not the faintest idea of what she was after, but flattered himself that she was desirous of having a little more of his society. When Fred came home that evening, Jane reported to him the number of steps she had taken in her strawberry-circuit, and Fred ciphered it out for us that the plot contained exactly an acre. This was an important item of information for us. We knew that old Tetchy's lot was of precisely the same size as ours, — an acre and a half, — and we felt that we could spare an acre for a strawberry-bed as well as he. We were firmly impressed with the belief that their acre of strawberries kept the whole family; and I felt sure, that, if I could only learn the mode of culture,

we could in some way find a market for all we could produce, — although I did not contemplate inviting customers to our house to eat sour strawberries and such terribly diluted cream as they were selling. I often saw the Tetchy girls hoeing and weeding, and have no doubt they performed a very large part of that important labor. It was light work, as well as home-work, such as I was extremely anxious to obtain. The wholesome out-door exercise, I was confident, would give robustness to my health, — and, if the summer sun did change me from a blonde into a brunette, the winter intermission would bring that all right again.

We saw there were difficulties in the way of making a beginning, because of our total ignorance of the business. But among us there was a good deal of resolution. There was also a strong desire to learn; and a willingness to do so, coupled with persevering energy of purpose, rarely fails of its object. We were also prompt to act, whenever we found action desirable. While others would be deliberating, we would be pushing on; and I have always found that going forward with spirit and confidence is one of the surest pledges of success; for it is he who hesitates and doubts, and so does nothing, that unfits himself for doing anything.

Success in one thing stimulates to exertion in another. We had already borne up under calamity, and been quite as fortunate as others, even when the horizon was overcast by heavy clouds. But now we were comparatively comfortable; the sky above us was serene, and our hopes were buoyant; the venture I was proposing to make would cost but a trifling sum, and, if failure came, the loss could not be great. It was not farming that I was to undertake. There was no land to be bought; it was merely the better cultivation of what we already had. There was not even a tool to be purchased. Now no one would be surprised at the conversion of our whole garden into a cabbage-field; yet many would wonder at our turning it into a strawberry-patch. It would be a

novelty for women to undertake; and, alas! while even vicious novelties are tolerated in men, those most innocent are frowned upon when indulged in by women. But we cared not for what others might say or think. My assurance of success was so strong that it overbore every other consideration. Besides, I was strengthened by the encouragement of every member of our little family.

I am not about to write an apology for women's undertaking even a large horticultural establishment. Of ordinary rough farming I will not speak, as that is confessedly beyond the domain of female strength. But there are individuals of the sex who have large flower-gardens, even fruit-gardens, in which everything is made to bloom and bear luxuriantly. They neither dig nor hoe, but they frequently plant and train and trim, overseeing and directing where and when the spade, the hoe, and the watering-pot shall be applied. Their cultivated taste gives symmetry and grace to borders, trellises, and walks, — decking the first with floral gorgeousness, hanging the second with festoons whose perfumes load the atmosphere, and lining the third with edgings that wear an ever-flashing greenness even under the frigid temperature of a wintry sky. It is not by their own hands that these marvels are wrought. It is of their passionate fondness for tree and fruit and flower that such humanizing results are born. They spring from the mind, the heart, the understanding, not from the manual labor of their fair authors. Too few of my sex have sufficiently informed themselves of these simple affairs of the garden: their inheritance has been the needle only. But it was nothing of this ornate description that I was about to undertake. I was to have neither arbor nor trellis, — no sweet-scented honeysuckle clustering over an elaborate framework, — no parterre of beautiful flowers, glorious to behold, but producing no profit, — not even marigold or lady's-slipper. There was to be no fancy-work, but everything was to be

practical. I was now in search of profit, trusting that the future would enable me to indulge in the ornamental.

The first thing was to procure the strawberry-plants. I knew of none who had them but the Tetchy family, and they guarded all their doings so closely that I half-despaired of obtaining any from them. Why they did so we could not exactly tell, but our conclusion was that they must be unwilling to have competitors in their business. But though never admiring the manners of any of the family, I resolved to make a trial with them. There were reasons for hoping I might succeed. Miss Belinda Tetchy, notwithstanding her odd name, was quite a belle. She had been immensely popular with the young gentlemen who came to the strawberry-garden. My sister Jane had once very ill-naturedly insinuated that they came there as much to flirt with her as to indulge in strawberries, and that one could readily eat his way into the affections of the whole family. I did not like the remark, although probably there might be some truth in it. But one of these admirers continued to visit at old Tetchy's even when the excuse of coming for strawberries could no longer be given, and very soon our little neighborhood learned the interesting news that one of the Tetchy girls was about to change her name. My sister said she pitied the young man. Indeed, she went so far as to say that it was astonishing what risks were run by all such when looking round for a wife. As to Belinda, she was sure, that, though there might be a change of name, there would be no change of temper, as the latter was something she got by Nature, while the former came by accident. But Jane had a little dash of tartness in her own disposition, which was very apt to break out when topics of this kind came up for discussion. Though I could not help agreeing with her in the main, yet I considered it no more than fair to remind her that the choosing of a husband was quite as risky a business for the girls.

These things occurred towards the close of summer. Miss Belinda's wedding-day had been fixed for early in September. Of course there was considerable fluttering among the young people of the neighborhood, — the girls, candor obliges me to say, being much more intensely affected than the young men. It was understood that Mrs. Tetchy intended to have a grand wedding for her daughter, by way, as my sister said, of showing her new son that her daughter was somebody, a fact of which Jane thought he would have a realizing experience much sooner than he expected. Now it was desirable for us to conciliate the Tetchys, and we thought the occasion of a wedding a good opportunity to do so. Accordingly, when the eventful day arrived, I carried to the house a really magnificent vase of flowers which we had gathered from our garden, and presented it to the bride. Both she and her mother received it with a profusion of thanks that was remarkable for them to indulge in, adding that they would be sure and have it placed in the centre of the great table at the wedding. I had also contemplated accompanying it with a few complimentary verses, — not that I was at all poetically inclined, but my idea was that they would feel a little grand at having some poetry about on the occasion. Indeed, I did write something, but it was so much of an effort that I have never made a second attempt. When I read the lines to Jane, she went off into a strain of merriment over what she called my folly, and said, in her usual sharp way, that that was not what the Tetchys cared for, — they had no faith in any kind of jingle but that of money.

Everybody in the neighborhood, as a matter of course, knew all that transpired at the wedding, — how many people were there, how the bride was dressed, what presents she received, how she looked and behaved, and what she said, as well as what sort of a dinner they had. We learned, also, that there was a profusion of bride-cake, in nice little white boxes tied with sky-blue

ribbon, sent to friends and acquaintances in token of friendly remembrance. As we were living close by, and felt that we had strong claims, we expected ours would be received the next day at least. But the day passed, and the next and the next, and still no bride-cake came. A week longer proved that we had been either overlooked by accident or positively cut by design. Jane became indignant at the apparent slight; I was only alarmed lest my diplomacy had failed. I cared nothing for the bride-cake, but only for the strawberry-plants. So, when we thought the family had recovered from the confusion and really hard work which are always incident to a grand wedding, I summoned up courage to go and see Mrs. Tetchy and ask her to sell me some plants. I had great misgivings as to my success; and in addition, the fear of her sharp temper and language made me nervous. I could stand up and face and argue with a man without flinching; but somehow the rasping savagery of a termagant woman always overcame me.

It happened, when I went into the garden, that both she and her husband were engaged in taking up what appeared to me to be the runners which had grown that summer, and were setting them out in new rows, by a line that extended across the entire bed. I observed also that they were throwing away many plants, probably because the ground was too crowded. But there was scarcely a moment allowed me for observation; for I had no sooner walked up to where they were at work than Mrs. Tetchy rose up quickly, and saluted me with, —

"How did you get in? Wasn't the gate bolted?"

I replied, that, as no one had answered my call at the front door, I supposed they must be in the garden, and so had taken the liberty of coming in. I could have feigned some apology inconsistent with sincerity, but that was not my way. Besides, her manner was so unexpectedly abrupt as to confuse me. There she stood, with a garden-trowel in her hand, in working dishabille, and

presenting altogether a needlessly unattractive picture of a female horticulturist ; for, though operating in a garden is really working in the dirt, yet it does not follow that one must of necessity be dirty herself.

"Do you want anything?" she again asked, in the same snappish tone.

"Yes, Ma'am," I replied, — "I came to see if I could buy a few strawberry-plants."

"I thought that's what you were going at," she answered, even more sharply. "That's what your pimping about us comes to. Want to ruin our business, do you, and have strawberries of your own to sell to our customers? You can't get any here: we don't sell plants."

The woman's manner forbade all persuasion or argument. Her husband kept on with his work, saying nothing; she was evidently the master-spirit of garden as well as household, and I turned away so vexed and indignant as not even to bid the churl a good-morning. I could hear the mutterings of her anger to her husband as I walked quickly away, and am half ashamed to confess, that, as I passed through the gate, I slammed it to with all the energy of a real spitefulness. Not one of us has ever stepped foot upon the inhospitable premises of these people since. And Jane so persistently snubbed the son, that he very soon discovered, that, instead of being desirous of assuming the name of Tetchy, she would prefer never to hear it even mentioned.

I have somewhere read of two charming women being once engaged in discussing the question of what it is that constitutes the beauty of the human hand. There was difference of opinion, of course, and no really definite idea of the true elements of beauty. Unable to decide themselves, they referred it to a gentleman present. His mind went back to, and wandered over, the classics, exhausting the heathen mythology for examples and parallels, but he could come to no conclusion until the shining illustrations of the Christian faith rose up before him. Taking the white hand

of each fair disputant in his own, he said, —

"The question is too hard for me to answer; but ask the *poor*, those who in any way solicit from us a favor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that *gives*."

I could have discovered beauty even in that of our neighbor, coarse and soiled as it was, had it been open and generous. But the nerves by whose agency the human hand is opened freely or as tightly closed must have their source in the human heart. If there be sympathy for others there, a politeness of the heart, the kindly impulses thus living and moving within it will vibrate through every cord of one's being, and, struggling for outward expression, will manifest their presence by the warm grasp of the hand, the cordial smile, the gently modulated voice, the unflagging effort to promote the happiness of all around. I had not asked a gift; it was the jealous indisposition to oblige that so grieved and confounded me.

I had always supposed that horticulture was one of the ennobling arts, — that it enlarged the affections and refined the manners of all who pursued it, even when they did so as a matter of pecuniary gain. Here was evidence that in one instance I was mistaken. But it was the single exception to what may be regarded as the general rule; for in other cases I have found humble cultivators of both fruit and flowers, to whose genial hearts all selfish unwillingness to communicate a knowledge of the art, or to supply me with plants, was a total stranger. There are thousands of pioneers such as I was. It is well for them that the light they need is not hidden under the bushel of any one churlish individual. But there were ample expedients remaining, and it required more than one discouragement to divert me from the object we were seeking to accomplish.

There stands in the centre of Second Street, in Philadelphia, a market-house extending two squares below Pine

Street, long famous for its overflowing supplies of fruits and vegetables. In passing through it on my daily walk to the factory, I now remembered having seen abundance of strawberries on the various stands; but, having at that time no special interest in the subject, I had only noticed the beauty of their crimson pyramids, the abundant supply, and the throngs of buyers that gathered round them. I took no thought of price, nor of where or how they were produced, as that branch of horticulture had never engaged my attention. But now the case was different. I remembered that most of these stands had been attended by women, and that one in particular had been famous for the quantity of its daily supply of fruit, as well as for the crowd of customers that collected about it.

I lost no time in calling on the occupant. Though the strawberries had long since disappeared, yet she sat surrounded with a profusion of vegetables, — one kind succeeding another as the seasons changed. In all the public markets of Philadelphia, this business of retailing what is popularly known as “truck” has become an inheritance of the poor women ever abounding in a great city. It is a hard and exacting business. Whether well or ill, the earliest daybreak finds them at their posts. There they stand or sit until the evening shadows begin to lengthen. Through all weathers they observe the same compulsory routine. No morning rain is too drenching, no snow too blinding, no cold too bitter, to keep from their stands these heroic toilers for a bare subsistence. Multitudes of them are mothers of families, whom they are thus obliged to leave half-uncared-for at home. Many are poor widows, burdened also with the care of children. Every other avenue to employment being closed, they are forced into this public exposure of the open air, in many cases with a mere shed to shelter them from the inclement weather. But while thus dispensing food to others, they earn it honestly for themselves. They live, and some-

times accumulate money. The shrewd managing ones have been known to become independent. Some of them begin upon a capital of a few dollars wherewith to furnish their stands, but not succeeding, they retire from the crowd and drop out of sight. Talent is necessary even for the sale of truck: not possessing it, they are driven to some employment of a humbler description. These women are not producers of the fruits and vegetables they have to sell. Most of these are grown by truckers in the suburbs, who supply the market-stands with a daily assortment during the season. But the business of thus trafficking in the open thoroughfare is a hard one for females. Custom has reconciled the public eye to it, but necessity alone has made it tolerable for women.

When I called at the strawberry-stand referred to, and entered into conversation with the occupant, I at once discovered that I was conversing with one infinitely above the situation she was filling. Indeed, if courteousness, gentleness, and the manifestation of a sincere desire to gratify the wishes of another are to be considered as characteristic of a lady, this woman was one. I did not notice how she dressed, but only how pleasantly she spoke. I know it will be deemed evidence of extreme simplicity in me to intimate the possibility of a lady being found among the occupants of a public market. I know that before one can be considered lady-like, in the common acceptance of the term, she must be shown to be perfectly useless. By this rule she must be devoid of everything that may entitle her to the love and protection which she claims of right, before she can receive either. It is fashionable with some ladies to be invalids and helpless, and some are nursed and coddled up because they take on accomplishments of this description. Of course no one will expect me to know how the domestic arrangements of Adam and Eve were conducted. But I may presume that Adam's dinners were prepared with as much gastronomic skill as had up to

that time been attained, and that if Eve had set up to be a fashionable invalid, wholly dependent on Adam, and not a help-meet, there would have been a domestic mutiny even in the Garden of Eden. Our primal mother could not have been less pleasing because she happened to be a capital cook. Thus the truly gentle heart will lose nothing of its native gentleness, though forced by misfortune into a humbler station. Such must have been the character of the woman I was addressing. There was something in her voice, moreover, that struck me as a familiar sound, and, long before our conversation had ended, I recognized her as the widow whom, years ago, I had seen made the victim of a heartless imposition at the counter of a slop-shop. She had gone through trial after trial, and now, lady though she certainly was, there she stood at a fruit-stand in the public market.

There was no difficulty in obtaining plants through her. Like some others in the market, she sold many things on commission, among which were strawberry-plants for the trucker who supplied her with fruit. I engaged all I should need for an acre of ground, not then knowing how many would be wanted. Then I went into a long course of inquiry touching the business of raising and selling strawberries, but more particularly in relation to the latter. When I suggested the possibility of not finding a market, she broke out into loud merriment.

"Bring them to me, Miss," she cried. "I can sell all that you will be able to produce. I have never yet had a full supply for my customers. This market has never within my experience had too many strawberries, and I have been here three years."

She gave me abundant information concerning the whole business of selling, which at that time I regarded as the most important, having, notwithstanding my new-born enthusiasm, felt considerable doubt as to whether we could dispose of our crop. But here, according to her account, the sale was sure. Then she went into quite a long explanation

of how the fruit was to be made ready for market, just as if I had already produced it, telling me that the berries must be selected when they were picked, the large and fine ones being kept separate from the smaller ones. She said it would be tedious and troublesome, but it gave a good return, as there were those among her customers who would pay any price for fine berries. I observed, that it was probably the wealthy ones who thus insisted on having the best. But she replied, it was not always so; there were quite poor people who would buy nothing but the very best in the market; though even the smallest had the genuine strawberry-flavor, yet persons who really could not afford it did not hesitate to take the largest, at the highest price: the appearance, not the flavor of the fruit, seemed to regulate this. She remarked, that the extravagance of some families in thus indulging themselves was to her very surprising. But among the several classes of consumers all kinds were readily disposed of, the result being that she never had an overstock,—and there need be no apprehension on my part, therefore, of not finding a market, and at good prices, for all I could raise, no matter what the times might be. She had long since learned, that, the more people there were who got a taste of good fruit, the more freely they would consume it. Her great regret was that the strawberry-season did not extend over the whole year. On my suggesting, that, if such a thing could be brought about, there would be danger of the public becoming tired of them, —

"What!" she exclaimed, with animation, "tired of strawberries? Don't distress yourself too soon. Strawberries are a thing of which the public have never yet had a surfeit."

All this was exceedingly encouraging to me, and I made a full report at home of what I had thus learned. I was rejoiced at being able to carry out my plan in spite of our ill-natured neighbors. Besides this, the conversation referred to showed us that their pretence of my wanting to ruin their business by raising strawberries was only a piece of

mean and unreasonable jealousy, — that there was no real likelihood of such an event occurring, inasmuch as the demand was apparently unlimited. It is very probable, however, that it was from pure ill-temper that they refused to sell me any plants, an unwillingness to see us do well, not from any apprehension of an overstocking of the market; as long experience must have taught them, equally with the market-woman, that that was a comparative impossibility.

There were various impediments to be overcome, even after ascertaining that we were sure of selling all we could produce. Those who are experienced in horticulture will smile at my simplicity and ignorance, and wonder how so many difficulties beset me. But even they must have had some sort of probation, which they overlook when reading this history of mine. We are all, at some period, mere beginners in everything. There were hundreds of visitors to our neighbor's garden who had never seen a strawberry-plant until then. When mine were fairly started, I witnessed the same display of ignorance in others who came to visit us. Some ladies, occasionally gentlemen even, supposed the vines ran up trees, and that the fruit was gathered like cherries. It is possible that this may be read by some gentle spirit, some anxious inquirer after a brighter pathway through a checkered life, some one of my own sex whose aspirations may be in harmony with mine, and whose fortunes may have been infinitely more unpropitious, in the hope of gathering from my humble experience sufficient light to guide her in a similar undertaking. I doubt not there are thousands in our country whose tastes would lead them in the same direction, did opportunity offer, and were the requisite knowledge at hand. I therefore record all the trials that impeded my progress. When difficulties are known beforehand, they may often be avoided.

I was unwilling to lose a day from the factory by walking several miles into the country to visit the man who supplied my friendly market-woman with strawberries, and from whom the plants were

to come. But while waiting for him to bring them in, together with the information I desired as to how and when to plant them, an incident occurred which gave me a complete knowledge of the whole theory of strawberry-culture. I had gone with my mother, one Saturday evening, to a neighboring grocery for certain articles we needed; and while standing at the counter, awaiting our turn to be served, a boy came in with a large bundle of old newspapers for sale as wrappers, placing it on the counter directly beside me. Casting my eye upon it, I noticed that the outside paper bore the title of "The New England Farmer." I then examined the bundle, untied it, and found that there were many numbers of the same journal, and underneath these a collection of "The Country Gentleman." I had never seen an agricultural paper before, though our little penny daily did occasionally contain extracts from some of them. I became immediately interested. The thought struck me that this bundle of old papers, now about to be used for such ignoble purposes as wrappers for groceries, must contain stores of the very information I was so laboriously seeking after. Hastily turning them over, my eye lighted on an article headed "Strawberries: how to plant and how to cultivate them." I was fairly dipping into it, when my mother, giving me a nudge, told me she was ready to go. But it was far otherwise with me, and I began bargaining with the boy for his bundle. That matter was soon concluded, as the grocer declined buying; so I took them at a few cents a pound. They came to nearly a dollar, but I had my week's wages in my pocket, and am certain that I never made an investment so cheerfully, nor any, considering the amount, that was half so useful to me as this. Buying knowledge by the pound was quite a new idea with me.

I lugged the bundle home myself, and went into an examination of its contents with the utmost enthusiasm. Indeed, the whole family shared it with me, so that we were up till nearly midnight en-

gaged in looking after articles treating of the subject then uppermost in our minds. The various numbers contained the collected experience of probably fifty different cultivators of the strawberry, with a mass of information on all matters pertaining to fruits and flowers. It took us a whole week to obtain any tolerable idea of the contents, as our evenings only could be spared for reading. The variety of experiences related was rather confusing, — one writer telling how he had failed altogether, though pursuing the very system under which another had had great success. There were all kinds of theories, and probably all kinds of practice. One grower declared that the ground must be made extremely rich, while another asserted positively that strawberries grew better and bore more abundantly on the poorest soil. One gentleman averred that the only profitable plan was to raise the plants in distinct hills, keeping them clear of runners; some one in the next paper denied this, and vowed that he made more money by crowding his ground with all the plants that could find room upon it to take root. I remember one correspondent who said that letting the weeds grow would kill the strawberries; but there was some one else who assured the editor, that, in his opinion, the strawberries rather liked the weeds, because they shaded the ground.

How was it possible for me to discriminate between these contradictory statements, — all made, moreover, by gentlemen who wrote as if each were in himself a complete horticultural encyclopædia? Though utterly confused by them, and quite at a loss to know which plan of cultivation to adopt, yet one fact seemed very prominent, and that was that any person who was at all careful in keeping his ground mellow and reasonably clear of weeds would be sure to have good crops.

What struck me as a little remarkable in this voluminous record of experience and opinion was the circumstance of there being very few female writers on the subject. There were

many who wrote quite eloquently on the culture of flowers, but only two or three who appeared to have cultivated strawberries. Yet there were several accounts of wonderful coverlets which some of them had made, containing many thousands of pieces, with probably one or two millions of stitches. I could not help concluding that this latter feat was only labor thrown away, and that elderly ladies who undertake to produce counterpanes and bedspreads with so much superfluous work upon them should be provided with a sewing-machine. It was not very encouraging to observe that so small a share of female attention had been directed to the strawberry-culture. The only recorded efforts of this kind had been made in gardens, where the beds, after being planted, were attended to by the women of the family. It appeared that they could readily keep everything in order, pull out the weeds, gather the fruit; and though the fact was not mentioned, yet I presume they were able to put in a full oar when it came upon the table. One or two cases were related of young girls having made quite a handsome sum from a small garden-bed. But the general testimony went to prove that strawberry-growing was so simple an art that any woman who had sufficient good sense to keep herself tidy could successfully practise it, more especially if she had a taste for horticultural occupations. I concluded, therefore, that the true reason why women had not engaged more extensively in this employment was because no one had taken pains to call their attention to it.

There was one branch of the subject which it was difficult to understand exactly. Almost every person who wrote about strawberries seemed to have the best variety that had ever been known or heard of. This was especially noticeable in the statements of those who had plants to sell. After reading one advertisement, I felt satisfied that the particular fruit therein described was what I ought to have. But on examining the next announcement, I was con-

founded at learning that there was a still better kind. So it ran through probably half a dozen: every one was best. Indeed, there appeared to be no inferior strawberry-plants for sale. I had no friend to consult with who could explain this remarkable state of things; and being thus left in doubt as to whether there was really any merit in plants thus extravagantly praised, I came to the conclusion that the safer way would be to let them all go, and adopt some well-established kind, that was known to be a sure bearer, and which could be had at a moderate price, leaving the costly novelties to be patronized by those who had more money to spare. In two or three of these florid descriptions of new varieties I observed that great stress was laid on the enormous size of the fruit, as well as their unequalled productiveness; but there was no mention of quality: what that was appeared to be studiously suppressed. An orange may be as large as a pumpkin; but if it be proportionably coarse and flavorless, one would conclude, that, the greater the size, the less desirable the fruit. It was important for me to begin right; so, abandoning these new and costly varieties, I determined to have something nearer home, about whose value there could be no doubt. I was to produce fruit for the public, not for our own private use, and therefore must have a well-established market berry.

I do not mean to undervalue the great horticultural novelties of the day, merely because I was unable to purchase, or because others were evidently realizing great sums by first originating them, and then spreading their merits before the world, though sometimes in extravagant terms. The world must have been waiting for them, or they could not have become so suddenly popular. And the painstaking horticulturist would not have devoted years of patient care and watchfulness, exercising a consummate skill in stimulating Nature to the production of a better plant, a more gorgeous flower, or a more luscious fruit, had he not known that there was a waiting public, ever ready to reward his skill

and perseverance by extensive purchases at liberal prices. It is to this certainty of generous remuneration that we are indebted for nearly all the great and truly valuable novelties with which the horticultural world has been supplied. A rose, with tints unknown a century ago, has proved a stepping-stone to the discoverer's fortune. The skilful propagator of new or rare verbenas has grown rich from annual sales of these beautiful bedding plants. The tulip is an historical monument of floral enthusiasm. When Mexico was opened to Northern enterprise, it yielded of its boundless exuberance the cactus and the dahlia, sources of untold wealth to those florists who ministered to the popular taste for Nature's richest productions. The originator of a new and valuable grape has found in it a fortune. Accident has sometimes been productive of equally remunerative results. A solitary berry, growing in the tangled hedge-row of an abandoned field, has been the foundation of an independence.

The history of horticulture abounds in instances akin to these. The enthusiasts who produced or discovered such novelties have conferred inestimable benefits on the world. The originator of the Albany seedling strawberry unquestionably added threefold to the quantity of that surpassingly delicious fruit. He devoted years of patient care and watchfulness to a nursery containing thousands of seedlings, of which one only was found to be worthy of cultivation. And if he had his reward, he was well entitled to it. He has given us a plant superior to all that Nature's handiwork had previously produced,—superior in the elements of commercial value, particularly in a productiveness so far surpassing that of any of its predecessors as to establish it as the standard by which every subsequent competitor must be estimated. It has spread over every section of our vast country, taking kindly to every variety of soil and climate, covering with its robust foliage many thousands of acres, producing tens of thousands of bushels of fruit, crowding our markets with abundant supplies, and

producing profits to its cultivators such as no other strawberry has ever yielded. As a market berry it was quickly recognized as being unsurpassed, nor have its numerous modern rivals been yet able to shake its strong hold upon the public favor. I know—at least my reading has taught me—that there are multitudes of recent candidates for popularity, claiming to be far superior to this, all struggling to displace the old-time favorite. I am unable—here at least—to discuss their several merits, and therefore dismiss the novelties I have never tried for the great standard which has been so long approved.

We knew it was by means of this prolific berry that our neighbors, so disagreeable to us, were making themselves so popular. It was the variety sold by my widow in the market. Its character as a fruit for the million being thus established, we adopted it without hesitation.

My agricultural journals told me how many plants were to be put upon an acre, what were to be the distances apart, when to set them, with other particulars as to the mode of cultivation. But one of the most important facts taught me by my little library was that I could set the plants in the fall as advantageously as in the spring. This would give me a great start. I learned that in the two last autumn months, the temperature of the earth being higher than that of the air, the former would act as a sort of forcing-house, stimulating the growth and expansion of the roots, so that before winter set in they would become so firmly established as to be enabled to survive the severest weather, and be pretty sure to give me quite a handsome crop the succeeding summer. There was nothing to do, then, but to procure the plants and get them in. Fred undertook to have the ground broken up and put in complete order for me,—that is, half an acre. We were not able to spare money enough to buy more plants, but intended to fill up the other half-acre from the runners that would be thrown out the following summer. I knew that our ill-natured

neighbors had thrown away more plants than I needed, which they could have given to me without being themselves any the poorer. But perhaps I ought not to indulge in reproachful reminiscences of this kind. Still, it is difficult for one who never feels a selfish wish to understand how others can be so differently constituted. If such people would only for once indulge in the luxury of doing a really kind action, I am inclined to think they would be tempted into many repetitions of it. But it will be seen that I succeeded in getting my pets into the ground by depending on myself, letting others pursue their own way.

The rows were struck out only three feet apart, and the plants were set a foot asunder in the rows. This was not too close for our little garden culture, though it may be much too crowded for large fields. I was anxious to have as much fruit as possible on a small surface, intending to keep the runners from over-spreading the ground. This desire for a great crop is the common anxiety of most fruit-growers, especially of beginners, and I think is frequently the cause of those failures that so often happen to them. My sister and I took a holiday from the factory and went to planting. My mother also did her full share of the labor. With such novices, it was of course very slow work, and employed us two or three days.

Very soon the neighbors stopped, as they were passing the half-latticed garden-gate, and looked in to see what we were about. This neighborly curiosity is the most natural thing in the world. One always likes to know what is going on either next door or in the opposite house. I confess to a weakness of that sort myself. Hence we took no offence, even when there was quite a crowd looking in.

When it was ascertained that we were planting strawberries, great surprise was manifested, and all kinds of remarks were made. Had we been planting potatoes, it would have been all right, as every family that had a little patch of ground in that neighborhood raised

potatoes, though they paid no profit, while only one—the Tetchys—cultivated strawberries, which afforded a very handsome profit. I think it must have been the novelty of seeing women thus occupied that occasioned much of the surprise.

Before noon of the first day the whole Tetchy family crowded up to the gate and stood there a long time observing our movements. Their quick ears had been among the first to catch the news. They tried the latch, but Jane had locked the gate, determined that not one of them should come in. Thus excluded, all they could do was to indulge in a variety of ill-natured remarks.

“I knew that was what they were after!” said Mrs. Tetchy to her husband, in a voice that was intended for us to hear.

But we kept our backs to them, taking no notice of what they said.

“Another strawberry-garden, I suppose!” exclaimed the daughter, Miss Annabella Tetchy, who had not yet had the good luck to change her ugly name.

“Cream, too, no doubt!” added Tetchy himself, in a tone so insulting that I thought it unworthy of one calling himself a man.

These provoking taunts continued until the spiteful family appeared to have either relieved themselves or grown tired of having the cold shoulder of a profound contempt all the time turned toward them. It was a very hard thing for me to bear this malicious insolence. I could have retorted keenly on them by some plain insinuation touching their iron-tailed cow, of which they probably thought that no one but themselves had any knowledge. But we preserved our self-respect by maintaining silence.

These little private vexations were about all that we encountered during the whole progress of our strawberry-planting. The neighbors, with the ex-

ception of the Tetchys, having no particular interest as to how we got along or whether we got along at all, very soon ceased to take any notice of what we were doing. The novelty of the new enterprise died away as speedily, for the season at least, as if we had been sowing turnips. Under the fine October weather, the plants quickly took root, and went on growing so vigorously that some of them even put out an occasional runner. But these were immediately clipped off, as sure to impair the vigor of the plant, which could now support no extraneous offshoots. There were some plants, however, that apparently stood still, refusing to grow, while others died out entirely. But casualties of this sort are always to be expected. They occur with old hands at strawberry-planting, and beginners must not think to escape them.

I felt inexpressibly proud of my achievement. I watched this work of my own hands so closely, being up and in the garden long before breakfast, that I think the very shape and position of every plant came to be imprinted on my memory. I know that I could detect the changes that took place in the look of each particular pet. I thought of them when operating the treadle of my sewing-machine at the factory, and I hurried home more expeditiously than aforetime, to enjoy even the brief autumn twilight among my strawberries. I sometimes even dreamed of them on my pillow. Now my agricultural library became far more interesting and useful than before. I had had a touch of real, actual practice, and could already understand and appreciate many suggestions which had heretofore been of doubtful significancy. Thus the long winter came gradually in, closing up the great volume of vegetable life, but affording me abundant time for studying that other volume which had so singularly fallen in my way.

A PAPER OF CANDLE-ENDS.

WHO made all the old saws?—not the rusty steel affairs that Patrick and John ply upon Down-East fire-wood at our back doors,—but those sharp-pointed, trenchant ones that philosophers love to draw across the hearts of men, cutting, tearing, grinding away, till the fibre of their being quivers under the remorseless teeth. Many were forged, we all know, in the celebrated workshop of W. Shakspeare; other particularly fine-toothed ones were pointed by a French artisan named Rochefoucauld; and many more, bright and lucent, are borrowed—reverently be it spoken!—from that grand arsenal of truth and power built by the hands of the great holy men of holy times. But who made the many tough old blades which have a temper that outlives time,—whose rugged points have never lost a whit of their keenness, after having torn their way through human bosoms, been hung up and taken down again for centuries, and never a maker's name upon them?

Going by a little squalid old house, some nights ago, I saw a light in a ground-floor window; and peeping in,—my name is not Tom, nor was it any Godiva I was espying, but I could not help a sort of curiosity to see what that eleven-o'clock light might exhibit,—I saw a pale face, and a thin, bent form. Soft hair was parted from a white brow, and fell in ringlets upon a shabby dress. Eyes, that might have shone with bewitching brilliancy in certain parlors I know of, were sadly and intently fixed upon the quick-drawn needle which the thin fingers were assiduously and wearily plying. The light came from a half-burnt candle.—No, Mrs. Grundy, your friend Asmodeus did not knock nor go in; but he thought of you, although you were at that moment virtuously bestowed, with matronly grace, in curtained slumbers. Asmodeus looked, and beheld, through a hole in the curtain, an old, rusty saw crunching away across

that poor, desolate, weary heart, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.—"Stop, stop, father!" cries Asmodeus, Jr. "What does that mean?"—Why, my dear boy, that is the saw which was tearing the poor woman's heart. The words mean, in plain English, "The play is not worth the candle." In ancient days folks did not have big glass chandeliers, all sparkling with gas. The Asmodei of old did not turn up, or down, or out, the luminaries which bathed them in midnight brilliancy. They snuffed them. When the old French kings danced minuets with their most virtuous and respected maids of honor on private stages, they were enlivened by tallow flames. They had no quarterly bills for so many feet of light; for they bought it by the pound. When Monsieur Deuse-Ace rattled the dice or shuffled the cards with Signor Double-Six, he looked for luck, not at a patent safety-burner, but at the stranger in the flickering candle-flame. Now sometimes M. Deuse-Ace came out of that rattling and shuffling with an empty purse, and, when called on to pay for the tallow, he swore, like a bad man as he was, that the play was not worth the candle. So I think that famous old saw must have been made by some unhappy Murad who was unlucky in turning up small numbers or having dealt to him cards considerably below kings,—though knaves were his constant companions. But this elegant English, *figlio mio*, may be more idiomatically rendered, perhaps, in the language of the day, thus:—It does n't pay! Paying is the touchstone nowadays to which everything is brought, from the stock of the great Beaugous Bootjack Company to the great Rebellion of 1861.

Well, there sat the poor woman,—you see, Mrs. Grundy, that she was no Godiva, nor I a peeping Tom. My eyesight is good yet,—and I could see that old saw deep in her sad, trembling bosom. No! that *jeu* was a bad one. She had lost her youth, her happiness, her

all, on the *tapis vert* of human life. It had turned up *noir* when it should have come *rouge*, and the candle was to pay for. Do you know what strain of music came sadly on my ear, and how I felt when I saw that the horrible old saw was keeping time to it? It was a little song of Hood's. You know it. Many know it. She knew it, ah, too well! She knew it by heart.

Now candles are stuck in all sorts of sticks: golden branches, silver arms, brass stands, tin cups, bottles, wooden blocks, potatoes, and turnips. We all have seen candles and candelabras; and if we don't employ them as corks for our empty bottles, why, John puts them into the last new chimney ornament, and we have to pay for them when the play is over. Skinflint is a nice man, — pious and genteel, a good father, husband, etc. He made money in that famous Rotten-Iron Company, which paid the original purchasers cent per cent, and then, some how or other, passed off from the stock list. He was largely concerned in the well-known Cheetamall Copper Company, which gave the first block-takers such a great profit, but has not been quoted lately, — is not worked, probably. He took a fabulous sum out of that celebrated corner in the Greenipluck Lead Company. Mr. S. drives his span, goes to Newport in the summer, is conspicuous at the opera, and loves to see Mrs. S. in gorgeous array. What more would you have? Does Skinflint ever think his candle is snuffy or burns dimly? Does he like that great red eye which gleams out of the flame, as though it foretold an unwelcome guest? Could it be young Spooney, who was ruined in that Rotten-Iron affair? or his friend Shallow, who was induced to borrow privately of his employers in hopes of making a fortune in the Cheetamall Copper; but lost both fortune and name thereby? Might it be the dying glare of his friend Needy, who hung himself after the Greenipluck *exposé*, which reduced him to beggary? Or is it the eye of Society which he knows looks on his span, and his Newport house, and his wife's jewels, with

the flash of contempt? How is it, Mrs. Grundy? which candle is best to sit beside, — Mr. Skinflint's, or the one you thought shone on a Godiva I was spying? Do you think S.'s candle is really worth the price?

And there is your friend, Miss Free-manners, — you are shocked that I mention her name to you, are you? Why, she used to be your childhood's companion; but since she has taken to gentlemen's society in particular, you don't notice her, and are struck with virtuous indignation when Grundy nods to her in the street. Surely Miss F. dresses beautifully and is handsome as a picture, and is much sought after by gentlemen of doubtful nicety in the choice of female friends. She leads a jolly life, certainly; for she rides in an elegant barouche, has nothing to do, no household cares to vex her, no pork to boil, no potatoes to peel, and has genuine wax candles in the private boudoir where she receives those not over-nice gentlemen. What more could feminine heart wish? You don't know her now. Mrs. Asmodeus, kind-hearted as she is, declines to recognize her; and even Mr. A. himself does not care to be seen under circumstances which might imply acquaintance. But what does Miss F. care for this? She is brilliant, and admired by plenty of people, — such as they are. And yet do you know that I question whether, at times, when she sits alone in that boudoir, and thinks how her old friend Mrs. Grundy gives her the cut direct, how the companions of her innocent youth all look coldly and sternly on her, how that costly mirror tells her that her beauty is beginning to fade, the thought of the future does not come over her like the rasp of an old saw under her white bosom? and whether she does not ask herself if the play is worth the price of those real wax candles? and whether they will shed light and cheer upon her as they burn down, and she might not have been happier with tallow and purity? Queen Mary must have put some such questions to herself in Lochleven Castle; and Cleo-

patra never would have got that serpent for the purpose she did, without some such thoughts. I imagine that St. Helena must have known of long and wearisome calculations on the cost of the game which ended there; and difficult must have been their reconciliation to the price paid for the brilliant light which there died out.

Look into that dark and dreary cell, my boy! There is a rough, coarse, brutal man, pondering over his past life. He will be hung to-morrow. Would you ever suppose that man was once a smooth-faced, bright little fellow like you? Do you see any signs of a mother's tender caress on his sullen brow? Does it look as though it had ever been held up close and lovingly to a fond woman's heart? Are there any remains of that clear, pure light which once looked out innocently from those bloodshot eyes? All this was so once. What does he think of now? Is he acting over the dark deed which brought him into this uninviting sleeping-place? Does he see that silent chamber into which a guilty man is stealing, with crime in his heart,—no, not in his heart; for he has none!—but in his thoughts, and remorseless ferocity to execute it? Does he see the gigantic shadows cast on the walls around by the miserable candle he holds? the still face of the sleeper? and does he hear the smothered groan and the bubbling sigh? Does he see in his hand the paltry metal which he has secured, and hear his own hurried, flying steps? Or is he counting the cost of that light which showed him where to strike? Is he making that never-ending computation,—throwing into one scale innocence, happiness, manhood, love, life, and into the other a miserable candle-end? My boy, you and I will get a slate and pencil before we go into such a chandlery operation!

Why do I tell such horrible stories?—My dear, sweet, tender-hearted Mrs. G., people commit murder every day: I mean polite, fashionable murder. They give a stab at your reputation and mine, and smile sweetly all the while. They watch and wait till our

backs are turned, and then they whip out their long tongues, and—have at you! Your good name is so mercilessly hacked, cut, slashed, and gashed, that there is scarcely enough fair outside left to recognize you by. They swear that your most innocent and gentle pastime is the abomination of decent people; and, with that happy faculty of judging others by themselves,—a mark of broad, comprehensive minds,—they run up a list of grievances, among which swindling and adultery are common trifles. Peeping out from their hole in the curtain, swelling with the nobleness of their occupation, and filled with honest indignation at your goings on, they see, with a clairvoyance which puts Hume in the background, all the errors of omission and commission your guilty hands and hearts achieve. To be sure, they back them like a whale or neck them like a camel, according to the exuberance of their imagination, or the strength of their ill-will, or the innate suspicion of their natures. But when your broad back is towards them, they whet those sharp tongues against each other, and—thug! you have them under your fifth rib, and out at the other side. Well, perhaps you, Mrs. G., have used such a weapon. Perhaps, when you found out how innocent the poor victim was, you may have been rewarded by a scrape of that old saw across your conscience, and the smoke of the smouldering wick may have smelled nauseous to you.—You never did? Well, I am glad of it, Mrs. G., because, I assure you, that fogo must be a sickening one to carry about under one's nose.

But if you object to the horrible, I will gently slide into the pathetic and melancholic. There is our friend Atticus,—I call him so in public, because it would not do to name Brown right out, when telling his private griefs. Atticus, when he read a book lately, having "A man married is a man marred" for a motto, smiled a grim smile, and muttered audibly, "Mrs. Atticus is charming, is n't she?—pretty and nice and neat. Why should n't Atticus be the happiest man in the world? You

say that everybody thinks he is. Ah, yes! that's because everybody behind the blinds or beside the curtains does n't see the real things that go wrong, — only the imaginary ones." Atticus, when all alone in his library, with no holes in the curtains, might tell a different story. He might tell of a desolate heart, a solitary intellect, — hopes, dreams, buried. He might ask himself the use of lifting the mind above the level of common things, — of hoping to carry another one with him in equal companionship, — of allowing the vulgarities of life to become disgusting, — and of striving for a clearer, brighter, loftier sphere. Why refine the thoughts, elevate the aspirations, and broaden the heart, till the nature shrinks from contact with commonplaces, and shudders at the coarse touch of worldly tongues? You see that Atticus uses broad generalities, and never once individualizes Mrs. Atticus. And if Mrs. Atticus were to steal down stairs in her night-gown, he would be ever so kind and gentle, and playfully tell her she would catch cold, that she had not enough clothing on, that the season was raw, that the mercury stood at thirty, that it would snow to-morrow, etc., etc. And when Mrs. Atticus retreated to her warm bed, he might look round on the weighty volumes, and their wealth of lore, and think how he trod the path they pointed out in solitary silence; and then, as he passed up stairs, a great, coarse rasp might make his fine-strung nerves quiver, and he might look at the candle he carried and it would suggest to him the old Gallic saw which had just given him the spasm. — So you see that the curtains and peepholes had never discovered the price-current of the Atticus brand of candles.

Nobody knows where some folks buy or burn their candles. Some people keep them in closets when they do not find it convenient to procure well-mounted skeletons. There is Mrs. Hidehart, — you know whom I mean, — when she was a blooming young girl, she fell in love with the Colonel, and, like a foolish thing as she was, she poured out all the

wealth of her affection upon him, as if the cruse had a magic power of recuperation. Well, the Colonel turned out to be a rotten one; and bitter was the taste in the poor girl's mouth for many a day! By-and-by, when she thought she had washed it well out, and when Sm——, (was I going to say Smith? No!) when Hidehart came along and bent and begged and prayed for her, she said "Yes!" as she might have assented to an invitation to hear Patti. Well, that sort of thing don't answer in the long run. It is all very well to have love without money; but money without love is another matter. Mr. Hidehart turned out worse than the Colonel; for he was stupid, vulgar, and mean. And she was so nice, so delicate, so bright, so intellectual! Oh, what hours of bitter regret, what biting of lips, what flushes of shame, what heart-shocks that stopped the life-blood, and — well, truth must out — what caressing memories of the young hero who first leaped over her young love's ramparts! what loathing of the sensual lout who had been carelessly suffered to take command of the fortress! — Why, Mr. Asmodeus! you don't mean my friend, Mrs. Smith! — Did I mention any such name? No, Mrs. Grundy, I mean Mrs. Hidehart, a mild, patient, smiling wife. But, up in a little corner closet of her chamber, she keeps, not a skeleton, — for those are shocking things to lie near a lady's slumbers, they are bad enough in the shape of crinoline, — but a candle; and when she is very much tried, she sits all alone there by its flickering light, and thinks. What a life's fortune she has paid for the privilege! and how fortunate that the Colonel does n't come back reformed!

The Quaker poet of New England, who has written one of the most beautiful things in the language, has hit off our friends Atticus and Hidehart most admirably. He was not personally acquainted with them; and so he has invested them with a tender, imaginative romance, and made the one a barefooted lass and the other a grave judge. Did you ever read it, Mrs. Grundy? It

is called "Maud Muller"; and Asmodeus would buy a gross of the best wax lights, if he could get a quarter of the illumination out of them which shone on the pen that traced those lines.

Why, Mr. Asmodeus, you frighten me! What! Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith?—My dear Madam, I mentioned no names, did I? But you may be sure that expensive candles are burned in houses where you think gas only is used. How do you know how Jones lights his house? I don't mean the parlor, where you and Mrs. Asmodeus display the family jewels on grand occasions, and where Mrs. Jones exhibits the splendor of her beauty and the radiance of her smiles. That is gas,—bright, beaming, brilliant gas. What else should irradiate the loving tenderness which unites Mr. and Mrs. Jones on such occasions? You don't suppose that Jones is goose enough to show his decayed home-grown fruit to you, when he invites you to sup with him in that frescoed dining-room? He picks out the rosy-cheeks for your entertainment; and the sour grapes, the spotted pomes, the mildewed berries are tucked away up-stairs. Now you are not invited into that store-room. You are, in fact, jealously kept out of it. Let us creep round the corner and look up at that window, now the company is all gone. You see a light there, don't you? Do you know what is burning? Is it gas, or oil, or kerosene, or spermaceti, or wax, or tallow? You will never know, Mrs. G.; for Jones trims that light himself. Bridget never saw it yet. Strange, is n't it, that Jones, a rich man, with plenty of servants, should humble himself to such a menial occupation? My own impression is, that he uses a candle in that room, and has paid so high a price for it that he does n't dare to trust any one else with it.

There are many such lighted windows; and who knows the game that is going on behind the curtain? *Valent-ils la chandelle?* When Pinxit looks around on the accumulating canvases gathering dust in his unfrequented studio, and thinks of the dreams which gave fairy tints to his palette, that

none else could perceive,—when he feels that his genius is unacknowledged, and his toil in vain,—when he sees Dorb's crudities in every window, and Dorb's praises in the "Art-Journals," while Pinxit is starving unknown,—does n't he take down the old saw from his easel, and try its edge over his proud, swelling heart? When Scripsit, who has dipped his pen in his soul to inscribe those glowing lines which were to bear him up and set him across the golden spire of the pinnacle of Fame, and whose fine frenzy has as yet given him but a scurvy mundane support,—when Scripsit brings home his modest rasher, and finds, on unfolding it, that it is wrapped in the unsold sheets of his last lyric,—does n't he think that the tallow which helped him to pen the thoughts in the midnight watches was the costliest of *feu sacré*? When Senator Patriota sits brooding over the speech which has carried the opposition against him, and sees his honorable friend slipping into the place he has manœuvred for at the expense of manliness, truth, consistency, and honesty, does he not conjugate the verb *valoir* negatively? When Madame Favorita has made her last curtsy for the night behind the foot-lights, has thrown off her tawdry frippery, and sits in her lonely chamber, glowering at the image of the young rival who has won all the applause,—when she bemoans her waning charms and the wearisome life which has lost its sparkle, and sees its emptiness and hollowness,—does she not look wistfully at that little flame which flickers on her hollowing cheek, from which the stage-blush has been washed, and think the game a losing one? The Senator lives near by, and that is Madame's room over the way. Did not Cæsar have a candle that he bought of Brutus? And how many Mesdames have cursed the name of Mademoiselle!

And don't we, all of us, Mrs. G., take out our French Grammars, and learn, at some period of our lives, to translate that Gallic phrase? Don't we all get that old saw down and try its teeth on

our tender flesh? When the old friends drop off, and the dear eyes we have loved look strange to us, — when the darling of our hearts is ruthlessly torn away, and we sit in the darkness of the tomb, — when shame for the living lost bows us to the earth in anguish, — when life has become meaningless, and nothing remains to vitalize the monotony of existence, — when we look upon our own past hopes, ambitions, interests, as though they characterized some other being, long since departed, — when the morning light and the evening shade, May's sweet flowers and November's yellow leaves, are only the symbols of Time's weary flight, and awaken neither cheer nor gloom, — do we not all of us hear, in the silence of our hearts, the grating of that blade? Statues of Memnon are we all. The bright morning sun brings melodious music from our hearts; the soft, perfumed air bears afar the strains of jocund hope, passion-

ate love, and aspiring faith. But when the shadows fall, the strains lose their sweetness and beauty; one by one, the rich harmonies change into harsh dissonance, then cease altogether; and the sun sets on a silent form which in the morning sent forth seraphic tones.

My dear boy, let us hope that you and I and all those we love so dearly will always have a bright sun above our earthly horizon to give us cheer, and to light our way, and to bring sweet songs from our hearts. And if it should set in the night of suffering and sorrow, let us guide ourselves by a holier, purer, steadier light than mortal hands can mould or kindle. So pass me those snuffers, and I will put out the candle, and we will go to bed. For all this paper of candle-ends I have collected, Bridget will find our beautiful wax-light scarcely burned; and, certainly, I think it a very cheap and excellent purchase. *N'est-ce pas, mon fils?*

DOCTOR JOHNS.

XXIV.

AT nine next morning, prayers and breakfast being despatched, — during which Parson Brummem had determined to leave Reuben to the sting of his conscience, — the master appears in the school-room with his wristbands turned up, and his ferule in hand, to enforce judgment upon the culprit. It had been a frosty night, and the cool October air had not tempted the boys to any wide movement out of doors, so that no occupant of the parsonage had as yet detected the draggled white banner that hung from the prison-window.

Through Keziah, the parson gave orders for Master Johns to report himself at once in the school-room. The maid returned presently, clattering down the stairs in a great fright, —

“Reuben's gone, Sir!”

“Gone?” says the tall master, astounded. He represses a wriggle of healthful satisfaction on the part of his pupils by a significant lift of his ferule, then moves ponderously up the stairs for a personal visit to the chamber of the culprit. The maid had given true report; there was no one there. Never had he been met with such barefaced rebellion. Truants, indeed, there had been in days gone by; but that a pupil under discipline should have tied together Mistress Brummem's linen and left it dragging in this way, in the sight of every passer-by, was an affront to his authority which he had not deemed possible.

An hour thereafter, and he had assigned the morning's task to the boys (which he had ventured to lengthen by a third, in view — as he said, with a grim humor — of their extremely cheer-

ful spirits); established Mistress Brummem in temporary charge, and was driving his white-faced nag down the road which led toward Ashfield. The frosted pools crackled under the wheels of the old chaise; the heaving horse wheezed as the stern parson gave his loins a thwack with the slackened reins and urged him down the turnpike which led away through the ill-kept fields, from the rambling, slatternly town. Stone walls that had borne the upheaval of twenty winters reeled beside the way. Broad scars of ochreous earth, from which the turnpike-menders had dug material to patch the wheel-track, showed ooze of yellow mud with honeycombs of ice rimming their edges, and supporting a thin film of sod made up of lichens and the roots of five-fingers. Raw, shapeless stones, and bald, gray rocks, only half unearthed, cumbered the road; while bunches of dwarfed birches, browsed by straying cattle, added to the repulsiveness of the scene. Nor were the inclosed lands scarcely more inviting. Lean shocks of corn that had swayed under the autumn winds stretched at long intervals across fields of thin stubble; a few half-ripened pumpkins, hanging yet to the seared vines, — whose leaves had long since been shrivelled by the frost, — showed their shining green faces on the dank soil. In other fields, overrun with a great shaggy growth of rag-weed, some of the parson's flock — father and blue-nosed boys — were lifting poor crops of "bile-whites" or "merinos." From time to time, a tall house jutted upon the road, with unctuous pig-sty under the lee of the garden-fence and wood-pile sprawling into the highway, where the parson would rein up his nag, and make inquiry after the truant Reuben.

A half-dozen of these stops and inquiries proved wholly vain; yet the sturdy parson urged his poor, heaving nag forward, until he had come to the little gatehouse which thrust itself quite across the high road at some six miles' distance from Bolton Church. No stray boy had passed that day. Thereupon the parson turned, and, after retracing

his way for two miles or more, struck into a cross-road which led westward. There were the same fruitless inquiries here at the scattered houses, and when he came at length upon the great river-road along which the boy had passed at the first dawn there was no one who could tell anything of him; and by noon the parson reëntered the village, disconsolate and hungry. He was by no means a vindictive man, and could very likely have forgiven Reuben the blow he had struck. He had no conception of the hidden causes which had wrought in the lad such burst of anger. He conceived only that Satan had taken hold of him, and he had strong faith in the efficacy of the rod for driving Satan out.

After dinner he administered a sharp lecture to his pupils, admonishing them of the evils of disobedience, and warning them that "God sometimes left bad boys to their own evil courses, and to run like the herd of swine into which the unclean spirits entered, — of which account might be found in Mark v. 13, — down a steep place, and be choked."

The parson still had hope that Reuben might appear at evening; and he forecast a good turn which he would make, in such event, upon the parable of the Prodigal Son (with the omission, however, of the fatted calf). But the prodigal did not return. Next day there was the same hope, but fainter. Still, the prodigal Reuben did not return. Whereupon the parson thought it his duty to write to Brother Johns, advising him of the escape of Reuben, — "he having stolen away in the night, tying together and much dragging Mrs. Brummem's pair of company sheets, (no other being out of wash,) and myself following after vainly, the best portion of a day, much perturbed in spirit, in my chaise. I duly instructed my parishioners to report him, if found, which has not been the case. I trust that in the paternal home, if he has made his way thither, he may be taught to open his 'ear to discipline,' and 'return from iniquity.' Job xxxvi. 10."

The good parson was a type of not a

few retired country ministers in New England forty years ago: a heavy-minded, right-meaning man; utterly inaccessible to any of the graces of life; no bird ever sang in his ear; no flower ever bloomed for his eye; a man to whom life was only a serious spiritual toil, and all human joys a vanity to be spurned; preaching tediously long sermons, and counting the fatigue of the listeners a fitting oblation to spiritual truth; staggering through life with a great burden of theologies on his back, which it was his constant struggle to pack into smaller and smaller compass, — not so much, we fear, for the relief of others as of himself. Let us hope that the burden — like that of Christian in the “Pilgrim’s Progress” — slipped away before he entered the Celestial Presence, and left him free to enjoy and admire, more than he found time to do on earth, the beauty of that blessed angel in the higher courts whose name is Charity.

XXV.

REUBEN, meantime, pushed boldly down the open road, until broad sunlight warned him to a safer path across the fields. He had been too much of a rambler during those long Saturday afternoons at Ashfield, to have any dread of a tramp through swamp-land or briers. “Who cared for wet feet or a scratch? Who cared for a rough scramble through the bush, or a wade (if it came to that) through ever so big a brook? Who cared for old Brummem and his white-faced nag?” In fact, he had the pleasure of seeing the parson’s venerable chaise lumbering along the public road at a safe distance away, an hour before noon; and he half wished he were near enough, to give the jolly old nag a good switching across the flanks. He had begged a bit of warm breakfast in the morning at an outlying house, and at the hour when he caught sight of his pursuer he was lying under the edge of a wood, lunching upon the gingerbread Keziah had provided, and beginning to reckon up soberly what was to be done.

His first impulse had been simply to escape a good flogging and the taunts of the boys. He had shunned the direct Ashfield turnpike, because he knew pursuit — if there were any — would lead off in that direction. From the river road he might diverge into that, if he chose. But if he went home, — what then? The big gray eyes of Aunt Eliza he knew would greet him at the door, looking thunderbolts. Adèle, and maybe Rose, would welcome him in kindly way enough, — but very pityingly, when the Doctor should summon him quietly into his low study. For they knew, and he knew, that the big rod would presently come down from its place by the Major’s sword, — a rod that never came down, except it had some swift office to perform. And next day, perhaps, — whatever might be the kindly pleadings of Adèle, (thus far he flattered himself,) the old horse Dobbins would be in harness to carry him back to Bolton Hill, where of a surety some new birch was already in pickle for the transgressor. Or, if this mortification were spared, there would be the same weary round of limitations and exactions from which he longed to break away. And as he sits there under the lee of the wood, — seeing presently Brummem’s heavy cavalry wheel and retire from pursuit, — the whole scene of his last altercation in the study at Ashfield drifts before him again clear as day.

“I’m bad,” (this was the way he broke out upon the old man after the usual discipline,) — “I know I’m bad, and all the worse for the way you try to make me good. There’s Phil Elderkin, now, — you say to me, over and over, ‘See Phil, he does n’t do so.’ But he does, — only his father knows he does; he a’n’t punished, if he is n’t in at nine o’clock for prayers, without telling where he’s been. It’s all underhanded with me, and with Phil it’s all aboveboard. I have to read proper books that I don’t care a copper about, and so I steal ’em into my chamber; and Aunt Eliza, prying about, finds ‘Arabian Nights’ hid under the sheets; and then there’s a row! Phil reads ’em; and there’s no-

body forever looking over his shoulder to see what he 's reading. I think Phil's father trusts him more than you do me."

"But, my son, you tell me you are bad, and that I can't trust you."

"You can't, because you don't; and that makes me feel the Devil in me."

"My son!"

"I know it; you think it 's a bad word; but Phil says Devil; and it 's true. And besides, you forbid my going where the other boys go, and that maddens me and makes me swear, and the fellows laugh; and because I can't go, I do something worse."

"My poor Reuben, do you know where such badness will lead you?"

"Oh, yes, I know; I 've heard it often enough; it 'll lead to hell, I guess."

"Reuben! Reuben! what does this mean?"

"I can't help it, father. There 's Phil and Gus Hapgood went chestnutting the other Saturday, and because you were afraid I should n't be back before sundown you kept me at home. I know I was ten times worse than if I 'd been out chestnutting all night and half Sunday. I hate Sunday!"

"That, Reuben, is because you are wicked."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I am glad, my son, that you see your sins and admit them."

"There 's not much comfort in that," Reuben had said. "I 'm none the better for it."

"It 's the first step, my son, toward repentance."

Reuben laughed a bitter laugh, — a laugh that made his father shudder.

"Sit down with me now, Reuben, and read a chapter in God's word; and after it we will pray for His help."

"There it is again!" the boy had replied. "I knew it would come to that!"

"And do you refuse, Reuben?"

"No, Sir, I don't, because I know it would n't be any use; for if I did, I should have to go up stairs and mope in my chamber, and have Aunt Eliza staring in upon me as if I was a mur-

derer. But I sha'n't know what you read five minutes after."

"My son, don't you know that will be an offence against God?"

"I can't help it."

"You *can* help it, my son!—you *can*!"

And at this the Doctor, in an agony of spirit, (the boy recalled it perfectly,) had risen and paced back and forth in his study; then, after a little, threw himself upon his knees near to Reuben, and prayed silently, with his hands clasped.

The boy had melted somewhat at this, and still more when the father rose with traces of a tear in his eye.

"Are you not softened now, my son?"

"I always am when I see you going on that way," said Reuben.

"My poor son!"—and he had drawn the boy to him, gazing into the face from which the blue eyes of the lost Rachel looked calmly out, moved beyond himself.

If, indeed, the lost Rachel had been really there between the two, to interpret the heart of the son to the father!

Is Reuben whimpering as the memory of this last tender episode comes to his memory? What would Phil or the rest of the Ashfield fellows say to a runaway boy sniffing under the edge of the wood? Not he, by George! And he munches at his roll of gingerbread with a new zest,—confirming his vagabond purpose, that just now wavered, with a thought of those tedious Saturday nights and the "reasons annexed," and Aunt Eliza's sharp elbow nudging him upon the hard pew-benches, as she gives a muffled, warning whisper,—*"Attend to the sermon, Reuben!"*

And so, with glorious visions of Sindbad the Sailor in his mind, and a cheery remembrance of Crusoe when he cut himself adrift from home and family for his wonderful adventures, Reuben pushes gallantly on through the woods in the direction of the river. He knows that somewhere, up or down, a sloop will be found bound for New York. From the heights around Ashfield, he has seen, time and again, their white sails speck-

ing some distant field of blue. Once, too, upon a drive with the Doctor, he had seen these marvellous vessels from a nearer point, and had looked wistfully upon their white decks and green companion-ways.

Overhead the jays cried from the bare chestnut-trees; from time to time the whirr of a brood of partridges startled him; the red squirrels chattered; still he pushed on, catching a chance dinner at a wayside farm-house, and by night had come within plain sight of the water. The sloop *Princess* lay at the Glastenbury dock close by, laden with wood and potatoes, and bound for New York the next morning. The kind-hearted skipper, who was also the owner of the vessel, took a sudden fancy to the sore-footed, blue-eyed boy who came aboard to bargain for a passage to the city. The truant was not, indeed, overstocked with ready money, but was willing to pawn what valuables he had about him, and hinted at a rich aunt in the city who would make good what moneys were lacking. The skipper has a shrewd suspicion how the matter stands, and, with a kindly sympathy for the lad, consents to give him passage on condition he drops a line into the mail to tell his friends which way he has gone; and taking a dingy sheet of paper from the locker under his berth, he seats Reuben with pen in hand at the cabin-table, whereupon the boy writes, —

“DEAR FATHER,—I have come away from school. I don’t know as you will like it much. I walked all the way from Bolton, and my feet are very sore; I don’t think I could walk home. Captain Saul says he will take me by the way of New York. I can go and see Aunt Mabel. I will tell her you are all well.

“How is Adèle and Phil and Rose and the others? I hope you won’t be very angry. I don’t think Mr. Brummem’s is much of a school. I don’t learn so much there as I learned at home. I don’t think the boys there are good companions. I think they are

wicked boys sometimes. Mr. Brummem says they are. And he whips awful hard.

“Yr affect. son,
“REUBEN.”

And the skipper, taking the letter ashore to post it, adds upon the margin, —

“I opened the within to see who the boy was; and this is to say, I shall take him aboard, and shall be off *Chatham Red Quarries* to-morrow night and next day morning, and, if you signal from the dock, can send him ashore. Or, if this don’t come in time, my berth is *Peck Slip*, in *York*.

“JOHN SAUL, *Sloop Princess*.”

Next day they go drifting down the river. A quiet, smoky October day; the distant hills all softened in the haze; the near shores green with the fresh-springing aftermath. Reuben lounged upon the sunny side of the mainsail, thinking, with respectful pity, of the poor fagged fellows in roundabouts who were seated at that hour before the red desks in *Parson Brummem’s* school-room. At length he was enjoying a taste of that outside life of which he had known only from travellers’ books, or from such lucky ones as the accomplished *Tavern Boody*. Henceforth he, too, would have his stories to tell. The very rustle of the water around the prow of the good sloop *Princess* was full of *Sindbad* echoes. Was it not remotely possible that he, too, like Captain Saul sitting there on the taffrail smoking his pipe, should have his vessel at command some day, and sail away wherever Fortune, with her iris-hued streamers, might beckon? Not much of sentiment in the boy as yet, beyond the taste of freedom, or — what is equivalent to it in the half-taught — vagabondage. As for Rose, what does she know of sloops and the world? And Adèle? Well, from this time forth at least, the boy can match her nautical experience with an experience of his own. Possibly his humiliation and

conscious ignorance at the French girl's story of the sea were, as much as anything, at the bottom of this wild vagary of his. For ten hours the Captain lies off Chatham Quarries, taking on additional freight there; but there is no signal from the passenger-dock. The next morning the hawsers were cast off, and the mainsail run up again, while the Princess surged away into the middle of the current.

"Now, my boy, we're in for a sail!" said Captain Saul.

"I'm glad," said Reuben, who would have been doubly glad, if he had known of his narrow escape at the last landing.

"I suppose you have n't much of a kit?" said the Captain.

The truth is, that a pocket-comb was the extent of Reuben's equipment for the voyage. It came out on further talk with the Captain; and the boy was mortified to make such small show of appliances.

"Well, well," says the Captain, "we must keep this toggery for the city, you know"; and he finds a blue woollen shirt,—for the boy is of good height for his years,—and a foremast hand shortens in a pair of old duck trousers for him, in which Reuben paces up and down the deck, with a mortal dread at first lest the boom may make a dash against the wind and knock him overboard, in quite sailorly fashion. The beef is hard indeed; but a page or two out of "*Dampier's Voyages*," of which an old copy is in the cabin, makes it seem all right. The shores, too, are changing from hour to hour; a brig drifts within hail of them, which Reuben watches, half envying the fortunate fellows in red shirts and tasselled caps aboard, who are bound to Cuba, and in a fortnight's time can pluck oranges off the trees there, to say nothing of pine-apples and sugar-cane.

Over the Saybrook Bar there is a plunging of the vessel which horrifies him somewhat; but smooth weather follows, with long lines of hills half-faded on the rim of the water, and the country sounds at last all dead. A day or two of this, with only a mild autumn

nal breeze, and then a sharp wind, with the foam flying over fore-castle and wood-pile, between the winding shores, toward Flushing Bay, brings sight of great white houses with green turf coming down to the rocks, where the waves play and break among the drifted sea-weed. Captain Saul is fast at his helm, while the big boom creaks and crashes from side to side as he beats up the narrowing channel, rounding Throg's Point, where the light-house and old whitewashed fort stand shining in the sun,—skirting low rocky islands, doubling other points, dashing at half-tide through the roar and whirl of Hell Gate,—Reuben glowing with excitement, and mindful of Kidd and of his buried treasure along these shores. Then came the turreted Bridewell, and at last the spires, the forest of masts, with all that prodigious, crushing, bewildering effect with which the first sight of a great city weighs upon the thought of a country-taught boy.

"Now mind the rogues, Reuben," said Captain Saul, when they were fairly alongside the dock; "and keep by your bunk for a day or two, boy. Don't stray too far from the vessel,—Princess, Captain Saul, remember."

XXVI.

THE Doctor is not a little shocked by the note which he receives from Reuben, and which comes too late for the interception of the boy upon the river. He writes to Mrs. Brindlock, begging the kind offices of her husband in looking after the lad, until such time as he can come down for his recovery. The next day, to complete his mortification, he receives the epistle of Brother Brummem.

The good Doctor cannot rightly understand, in his simplicity, how such apparent headlong tendency to sin should belong to this child of prayer. At times he thinks he can trace back somewhat of the adventurous spirit of the poor lad to the restless energy of his father, the Major; was it not possi-

ble also — and the thought weighed upon him grievously — that he inherited from him besides a waywardness in regard to spiritual matters, and that “the sins of the fathers” were thus visited terribly upon the children? The growing vagabondage of the boy distressed him the more by reason of his own responsible connection with the little daughter of his French friend. How should he, who could not guide in even courses the child of his own loins, presume to conduct the little exile from the heathen into paths of piety?

And yet, strange to say, the character of the blithe Adèle, notwithstanding the terrible nature of her early associations, seems to fuse more readily into agreement with the moral atmosphere about her than does that of the recreant boy. There may not be, indeed, perfect accord; but there are at least no sharp and fatal antagonisms to overcome. If the lithe spirit of the girl bends under the grave teachings of the Doctor, it bends with a charming grace, and rises again smilingly, when sober speech is done, like the floweret she is. And if her mirth is sometimes irrepressible through the long hours of their solemn Sundays, it breaks up like bubbles from the deep quiet bosom of a river, cheating even the grave parson to a smile that seems scarcely sinful.

“Oh, that sermon was so long, — so long to-day, New Papa! I am sure Dame Tourtelot pinched the Deacon, or he would never, never have been awake through it all.”

Or, may-be, she steals a foot out of doors on a Sunday to the patch of violets, gathering a little bunch, and appeals to the Doctor, who comes with a great frown on his face, —

“New Papa, is it most wicked to carry flowers or fennel to church? God-mother always gave me a flower on holidays.”

And the Doctor is cheated of his rebuke; nay, he sometimes wonders, in his self-accusing moments, if the Arch-Enemy himself has not lodged under cover of that smiling face of hers, and is thus winning him to a sinful gayety.

There are times, too, when, after some playful badinage of hers which has touched too nearly upon a grave theme, she interrupts his solemn admonition with a sudden rush toward him, and a tap of those little fingers upon his furrowed cheek: —

“Don’t look so solemn, New Papa. Nobody will love you, if you look in that way.”

What if this, too, be some temptation of the Evil One, withdrawing him from the grave thought of eternal things, diverting him from the solemn aims of his mission?

There were snatches, too, of Latin hymns, taught her by the godmother, and only half remembered, — hymns of glorious rhythm, which, as they tripped from her halting tongue, brought a great burden of sacred meanings, and were full of the tenderest associations of her childhood. To these, too, the Doctor was half pained to find himself listening, sometimes at nightfall of a Sunday, with an indulgent ear, and stoutly querrying with himself if Satan could fairly lurk in such holy words as

“*Dulcis memoria Iesu.*”

Adèle, as we have said, had accepted the duties of attendance upon the somewhat long sermons of the Doctor and of weekly instructions in the Catechism, with a willing spirit, and had gone through them cheerfully, — not, perhaps, with the grave air of devotion which by education and inheritance belonged to the sweet face of her companion, Rose. Nay, she had sometimes rallied Rose upon the exaggerated seriousness which fastened upon her face whenever the Bible tasks came up. But Adèle, with that strong leaning which exists in every womanly nature toward religious faith of some kind, had grown into a respect for even the weightiest of the Christian gravities around her; not that they became the sources of a new trust, but, through a sympathy that a heart like hers could not resist, they rallied an old childish one into fresh action. The strange, serious worship of those about her was only a new

guise—so at least it seemed to her simplicity—in which to approach the same good God whom the godmother with herself had praised with chants that rang once under the dim arches of the old chapel, smoky with incense and glowing with pictures of saints, at Marseilles. And if sometimes, as the shrill treble of Miss Almira smote upon her ear, she craved a better music, and remembered the fragrant cloud rising from the silver censers as something more grateful than the smoke leaking from the joints of the stove-pipe in Ashfield meeting-house, and would have willingly given up Miss Eliza's stately praises of her recitation for one good hug of the godmother,—she yet saw, or thought she saw, the same serene trust that belonged to her in the eyes of good Mistress Onthank, in the kind face of Mrs. Elderkin, and in the calm look of the Doctor when he lifted his voice every night at the parsonage in prayer for "all God's people."

Would it be strange, too, if in the heart of a girl taught as she had been, who had never known a mother's tenderness, there should be some hidden leaning toward those traditions of the Romish faith in which a holy mother appeared as one whose favor was to be supplicated? The worship of the Virgin was, indeed, too salient an object of attack among the heresies which the New England teachers combated, not to inspire a salutary caution in Adèle and entire concealment of any respect she might still feel for the Holy Mary. Nor was it so much a respect that shaped itself tangibly among her religious beliefs as a secret craving for that outpouring of maternal love denied her on earth,—a craving which found a certain repose and tender alleviation in entertaining fond regard for the sainted mother of Christ.

When, therefore, on one occasion, Miss Eliza had found among the toilet treasures of Adèle a little lithographic print of the Virgin, with the Christ's head surrounded by a nimbus of glory, and in her chilling way had sneered at it as a heathen vanity, the poor child

had burst into tears, and carried the treasure to her bosom to guard it from sacrilegious touch.

The spinster, rendered watchful, perhaps, by this circumstance, had on another day been still more shocked to find in a corner of the *escritoire* of Adèle a rosary, and with a very grave face had borne it down for the condemnation of the Doctor.

"Adaly, my child, I trust you do not let this bawble bear any part in your devotions?"

And the Doctor made a movement as if he would have thrown it out of the window.

"No, New Papa!" said Adèle, darting toward him, and snatching it from his hand, with a fire in her eye he had never seen there before,—a welling-up for a moment of the hot Provençal blood in her veins; "*de grâce! je vous en prie!*" (in ecstatic moments her tongue ran to her own land and took up the echo of her first speech,)—then growing calm, as she held it, and looked into the pitying, wondering eyes of the poor Doctor, said only, "It was my mother's."

Of course the kind old gentleman never sought to reclaim such a treasure, but in his evening prayer besought God fervently "to overrule all things,—our joys, our sorrows, our vain affections, our delight in the vanities of this world, our misplaced longings,—to overrule all to His glory and the good of those that love Him."

The Doctor writes to his friend Maverick at about this date,—

"Your daughter is still in the enjoyment of excellent health, and is progressing with praiseworthy zeal in her studies. I cannot too highly commend her general deportment, by which she has secured the affection and esteem of all in the parish who have formed an acquaintance with her. In respect of her religious duties, she is cheerful and punctual in the performance of them; and I find it hard to believe that they should prove only a 'savor of death unto death.' She listens to my discourse, on most occasions, with a commendable

patience, and seems kindly disposed toward my efforts. Still I could wish much to see in her a little more burdensome sense of sin and of the enormity of her transgressions. We hope that she may yet be brought to a realizing sense of her true condition.

"She is fast becoming a tall and graceful girl, and it may soon be advisable to warn her against the vanities that overtake those of her age who are still engrossed with carnal things. This advice would come with a good grace, perhaps, from the father.

"A little rosary found among her effects has been the occasion of some anxieties to my sister and myself, lest she might still have a leaning toward the mockeries of the Scarlet Woman of Babylon; and I was at first disposed to remove it out of her way. But being advised that it is cherished as a gift of her mother, I have thought it not well to take from her the only memento of so near and, I trust, dear a relative.

"May God have you, my friend, in His holy keeping!"

XXVII.

REUBEN, taking the advice of Captain Saul, with whom he would cheerfully have gone to China, had the sloop been bound thither, came back to his bunk on the first night after a wandering stroll through the lower part of the city. It is quite possible that he would have done the same, viewing the narrowness of his purse, upon the second night, had he not encountered at noon a gentleman in close conversation with the Captain, whom he immediately recognized — though he had seen him but once before — as Mr. Brindlock. This person met him very kindly, and with a hearty shake of the hand, "hoped he would do his Aunt Mabel the honor of coming to stay with them."

There was an air of irony in this speech which Reuben was quick to perceive; and the knowing look of Captain Saul at once informed him that all the romance of his runaway voyage was

at an end. Both Mr. and Mrs. Brindlock received him at their home with the utmost kindness, and were vastly entertained by his story of the dismal life upon Bolton Hill, the pursuit of the parson with his white-faced nag, and the subsequent cruise in the sloop *Princess*. Mrs. Brindlock, a good-natured, self-indulgent woman, was greatly taken with the unaffected country naturalness of the lad, and was agreeably surprised at his very presentable appearance: for Reuben at this date — he may have been thirteen or fourteen — was of good height for his years, with a profusion of light, wavy hair, a thoughtful, blue eye, and a lurking humor about the lip which told of a great faculty for mischief. There was such an absence, moreover, in this city home, of that stiffness with which his Aunt Eliza had such a marvellous capacity for investing everything about her, that the lad found himself at once strangely at his ease. Was it, perhaps, (the thought flashed upon him,) because it was a godless home? The spinster aunt had sometimes expressed a fear of this sort, whenever stories of the Brindlock wealth had reached them. Howbeit, he was on most familiar footing with both master and mistress before two days had gone by.

"Aunt Mabel," he had said, "I suppose you'll be writing to the old gentleman, and do please take my part. I can't go back to that abominable Brumm; if I do, I shall only run away again, and go farther: do tell him so."

"But why could n't you have stayed at home, pray? Did you quarrel with the little French girl? eh, Reuben?"

The boy flushed.

"Not with Adèle, — never!"

Brindlock, a shrewd, successful merchant, was, on his part, charmed with the adventurous spirit of the boy, and with the Captain's report of the way in which the truant had conducted negotiations for the trip. From all which it came about, that Mrs. Brindlock, in writing to the Doctor to inform him of Reuben's safe arrival, added an urgent request that the boy might be allowed to pass

the winter with them in New York ; in which event he could either attend school, (there being an excellent one in her neighborhood,) or, if the Doctor preferred, Mr. Brindlock could give him some light employment in the counting-room, and try his capacity for business.

At first thought, this proposition appeared very shocking to the Doctor ; but, to his surprise, Miss Eliza was strongly disposed to entertain it. Her ambitious views for the family were flattered by it ; and she kindly waived, in view of them, her objections to the godless life which she feared her poor sister was leading.

The Doctor was not fully persuaded by her, and took occasion to consult, as was his wont in practical affairs, his friend Squire Elderkin.

"I rather like the plan," said the Squire, after some consideration, — "quite like it, Doctor, — quite like it. "You see, Doctor," — and he slipped a finger into a buttonhole of the good parson's, (the only man in the parish who would have ventured upon such familiarity,) — "I think we've been a little strict with Reuben, — a little strict. He's a fine, frank, straight-forward lad, but impulsive, — impulsive, Doctor. Your father, the Major, had a little of it, — quicker blood than you or I, Doctor. We can't wind up every boy like a clock ; there's some that go with weights, and there's some that go with springs. Then, too, I think, Doctor, there's a little of the old Major's *fight* in the boy. I think he has broken over a good many of our rules very much because the rules were there, and provoked him to try his strength.

"Now, Doctor, there's been a good deal of this kind of thing, and our Aunt Eliza puts her foot down rather strongly, which won't be a bugbear to the boy with Mrs. Brindlock ; besides which, there's your old friend, Rev. Dr. Mowry, at the Fulton-Street Church close by" —

"So he is, so he is," said the Doctor ; "I had forgotten that."

"And then, to tell the truth, Doctor, between you and I," (and the Squire was

working himself into some earnestness,) "I don't believe that all the wickedness in the world is cooped up in the cities. In my opinion, the small towns have a pretty fair sprinkling, — a pretty fair sprinkling, Doctor ; and if it's contagious, as I've heard, I think I know of some places in country parishes that might be called infectious. And I tell you what it is, Doctor, the Devil" (and he twitched upon the Doctor's coat as if he were in a political argument) "does n't confine himself to large towns. He goes into the rural districts, in my opinion, about as regularly as the newspapers ; and he holds his ground a confounded sight longer."

How much these views may have weighed with the Doctor it would be impossible to say. If they did not influence directly, they were certainly suggestive of considerations which did have their weight. The result was, that permission was given for the stay of Reuben, on condition that Mr. Brindlock could give him constant occupation, and that he should be regular in his attendance on the Sabbath at the Fulton-Street Church. Shortly after, the Doctor goes to the city, provided, by the watchful care of Miss Eliza, with a complete wardrobe for the truant boy, and bearing kind messages from the household. But chiefly it is the Doctor's object to give his poor boy due admonition for his great breach of duty, and to insist upon his writing to the worthy Mr. Brummem a full apology for his conduct. He also engages his friend of the Fulton-Street parish to have an eye upon his son, and to report to him at once any wide departure from the good conduct he promises.

Reuben writes the apology insisted upon to Mr. Brummem in this style : —

"MY DEAR SIR, — I am sorry that I threw 'Daboll' in your face as I did, and hope you will forgive the same.

"Yours respectfully."

But after the Doctor's approval of this, the lad cannot help adding a postscript of his own to this effect : —

"P. S. I hope old Whiteface did n't lose a shoe when you drove out on the river road? I saw you; for I was sitting in the edge of the woods, eating Keziah's gingerbread. Please thank her, and give my respects to all the fellows."

Miss Johns considers it her duty to write a line of expostulation to her nephew, which she does, with faultless penmanship, in this strain:—

"We were shocked to hear of your misconduct toward the worthy Mr. Brummern. I could hardly believe it possible that Master Reuben Johns had been guilty of such an indiscretion. Your running away was, I think, uncalled for, and the embarkment upon the sloop, under the circumstances, was certainly very reprehensible. I trust that we shall hear only good accounts of you from this period forth, and that you will be duly grateful for your father's distinguished kindness in allowing you to stay in New York. I shall be happy to have you write to me an occasional epistle, and hope to see manifest a considerable improvement in your handwriting. Does Sister Mabel wear her ermine cape this winter? I trust we shall hear of your constant attendance at the Fulton-Street Church, and hear only commendation of you in whatever duties you may be called to engage. Adèle speaks of you often, and I think misses you very much indeed."

Yet the spinster aunt was not used to flatter Reuben with any such mention as this. "What can she mean," said he, musingly, "by talking such stuff to me?"

Phil Elderkin, too, after a little, writes long letters that are full of the daily boy-life at Ashfield:—how "the chest-nutting has been first-rate this year," and he has a bushel of prime ones seasoning in the garret;—how Sam Throop, the stout son of the old postmaster, has had a regular tussle with the master in school, "hot and heavy, over the benches, and all about, and Sam was expelled, and old Crocker got a black eye, and, darn him, he's got it yet";—and how "somebody (name unknown) tied a smallish tin kettle to old Hobson's sorrel

marge's tail last Saturday night, and the way she went down the street was a caution!"—and how Nat Boody has got a new fighting-dog, and *such* a ratter!—and how Suke, "the divine Suke, is, they say, going to marry the stage-driver. *Sic transit gloria mulie*—something,—for I'll be hanged, if I know the proper case."

And there are some things this boisterous Phil writes in tenderer mood:—how "Rose and Adèle are as thick as ever, and Adèle comes up pretty often to pass an evening,—glad enough, I guess, to get away from Aunt Eliza,—and I see her home, of course. She plays a stiff game of backgammon; she never throws but she makes a point; she beats me."

And from such letters the joyous shouts and merry halloos of the Ashfield boys come back to him again; he hears the rustling of the brook, the rumbling of the mill; he sees the wood standing on the hills, and the girls at the door-yard gates; the hum of voices in the old academy catches his ear, and the drowsy song of the locusts coming in at the open windows all the long afternoons of August; and he watches again the glancing feet of Rose—who was once Amanda—tripping away under the sycamores; and the city Mortimer bethinks him of another Amanda, of browner hue and in coquetish straw, idling along the same street, with reticule lightly swung upon her finger; and the boy bethinks him of tender things he might have said in the character of Mortimer, but never did say, and of kisses he might have stolen, (in the character of Mortimer,) but never did steal.

And now these sights, voices, vagaries, as month after month passes in his new home, fade,—fade, yet somehow abide. The patter of a thousand feet are on the pavement around him. What wonder, if, in the surrounding din, the tranquillity of Ashfield, its scenes, its sounds, should seem a mere dream of the past? What wonder, if the solemn utterances from the old pulpit should be lost in the roar of the new voices? The

few months he was to spend in their hearing run into a score, and again into another score. Two or three years hence we shall meet him again, — changed, certainly ; but whether for better or for worse the sequel will show.

And Rose ? — and Adèle ?

Well, well, we must not overleap the quiet current of our story. While the May violets are in bloom, let us enjoy them and be thankful ; and when the autumn flowers are come to take their places, let us enjoy those, too, and thank God.

DEEP-SEA DAMSELS.

“ Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.”

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

MEN have a commodious faith generally, and in the things of land and water ; but they do not believe in the mermaid.

Once, a thousand years ago, a certain Arabian traveller described an Oriental fish that came up out of the sea to catch flies or to get a drink. It was no crabbed crustacean, no compromise of claws ; but a fish with fins, — a perch : and, being a perch, it not only came up on dry land, but did, the traveller said, climb trees. There was a climax ! No one characterized this story fitly, for all perceived that the Arabian must know its nature very well. And so the Arabian traveller died in good time, and the thousand years went on about their business, and in our days the fish story has been verified. Now it rests, partly, on the authority of “ two Dutch naturalists residing at Tranquebar.” Two Dutch naturalists are a good foundation for anything less than a pyramid. In this matter they are not alone, however ; for the naturalist Daldorf, also, who was a lieutenant in the Danish East-India Company's service, communicated to Joseph Banks, who “ did not believe in the mermaid,” that “ in the year 1791 he had taken this fish from a moist cavity in the stem of a Palmyra

palm which grew near a lake.” More than this, “ he saw it when already five feet above the ground struggling to ascend still higher.” And this was its process : “ suspending itself by its gill-covers, and bending its tail to the left, it fixed its anal fin in the cavity of the bark, and sought by expanding its body to urge its way upward ” ; and its progress was arrested only by the hand with which the valiant Daldorf seized it. More in reference to the same fish may be found in Tennent's great book on Ceylon, in Hartwig, and later naturalists generally.

Men would naturally doubt of fish in trees. Even the Chinese would. “ To climb a tree in pursuit of fish,” is a phrase actually used as an hyperbole of nonsense by many Tsze, in the book called “ Shang Mung.” And the above is therefore a fair instance of the progress of human intelligence, — of a thousand years of incredulity, and final scientific admission. Let it be taken here as absinthe, appetizingly.

The ancients believed, among other things, that man had, to say the least, relations in the various departments of Nature and in the various divisions of animal life ; that there were wild men who lived in the forests, and differed

from man proper principally in other than physical respects ; and that there were wild men who lived in the sea : also that there were beings half-man and half-horse ; others half-man and half-bird ; and others, again, half-man and half-fish. In respect to the wild man of the woods, it may be said that those words are the literal signification of the Malayan words *orang outang* ; and that animal's appearance seems to determine that the Satyr and kindred creatures were not entirely imaginations. For the half-man and half-horse we have abundant explanation in the various wild riding tribes of men, especially the Tartars. The half-bird appears to have been distinguished for only a singing reason, and is therefore, as it were, a piece of heraldry. For the wild man of the sea, and the half-man and half-fish, what have we ?

Let us see.

Apparently the earliest presentation to men's eyes of that form under which the mermaid is still figured was the image, in very ancient days, of Derce-to, goddess of the Philistines of Ascalon, in a temple of that city. She was woman above and fish below. She had been a beautiful virgin, but had excited that all-prevalent passion since irregular by Aphrodite. It proved her ruin, she cast herself into the sea, and suffered the partial metamorphosis. So was it fabled in that land : but it is much more plausibly thought that the combination of woman and fish declared, hieroglyphically, some dim knowledge that those ancients had of certain relations between the moon and the sea, of which things the respective parts were typical.

Half-fishy also was the form of that Dagon which in Ashdod, or Azotus, another city of the Philistines, fell down upon his face before the ark of the Lord. This Dagon was the god, apparently, in whose honor the Philistines were gathered together on that day when blind Samson "took hold of the two middle pillars," and let down the roof, and caught so many swallows.

According to an ancient fable, preserved by Berosus, this is what was

known of Dagon. In the first year, there appeared, coming out of that part of the Erythræan Sea which borders upon Babylonia, an animal whose whole body was that of a fish ; but under the fish's head he had another head, with feet below similar to those of a man, subjoined to the fish's tail. His voice was articulate and human, and he taught men to construct cities, to found temples, compile laws, — indeed, taught them everything that could tend to soften them from a state of natural barbarism ; and hence he was called Oannes, a name that signified "the Enlightener" ; and this name journeying westward became contracted into *On*, and had prefixed to it the *Dag*, signifying a *fish*, and so became Dagon.

An image of Oannes is mentioned by Berosus as preserved in his time, and one has been found on the walls of Nimroud. In the ruins near Khor-sabad was found another of Dagon in his final Phœnician form. Engravings of both these may be seen in "Nineveh and its Palaces."

In the story of Oannes we have probably the account preserved by a rude people of the advent among them at a very early period of one more enlightened than themselves ; just as the Peruvians accounted in their peculiar way for the coming of Manco Capac. He comes also from a land farther east, by the Persian Gulf. These people were at the time very likely ignorant of even the most rudimentary navigation, and hence coming by water he was to them a fish indeed.

The incarnation of Brahma as a fish — the Matsya Avatar — is recounted in much Sanscrit ; but it appears to be only a symbolical reference to a great division of Nature, — a heathen assertion of God in the sea, as well as elsewhere. The same is true of the marine deities of Greece and Rome, which were not fishy, though the words Triton and Nereid have led to misconception, as in relation to those words it is necessary to understand a distinction that has not always been made. The mythological Triton was one, — a sea-god sub-

ordinate to Poseidon, and played a conspicuous part in Deucalion's flood. He is pictured by Ovid as carrying a horn, and wearing a Tyrian robe, that may be construed into a blue jacket, — which would make him the original sailor. The Nereids were fifty. They were the daughters of Nereus, and, pursued by the fifty sons of Ægyptus, could find rest in no land, and became wanderers upon the sea, and at length sea-nymphs. Each had a special, besides the general name.

There does, however, appear to have been a "fishy composure" held sacred by the Greeks: this was the *Pompilus*. "Pompilus," says Apollonius Rhodius, "was originally a man, and he was changed into a fish on account of a love-affair of Apollo's. They say that Apollo fell in love with a beauty named Ocyrhoe, and that, when she had crossed over to Miletus, at the time of a festival, and was afraid to return lest the god should attack her, she induced Pompilus, a sailor, and friend to her father, to see her safely home; and that he led her down to the shore and embarked, when Apollo appeared, took the maiden, sunk the ship, and metamorphosed Pompilus into a fish." Others assert this fish to have sprung at the same time with Aphrodite, and from the same heavenly blood. What fish it was it is scarcely possible to say; but that there was a fish bearing this name held sacred by the Greeks is certain.

The Triton, in which the ancients believed as part of the physical world, was a different being from the deity. He was the classical Merman. The term *Nereid* was used confusedly to express the female of the Triton, or the Mermaid.

The passage, in his "Natural History," where Pliny speaks of the Triton, indicates that the existence of such an animal was not universally admitted. It is prefaced thus: — "The vulgar notion may very possibly be true, that whatever is produced in any other department of Nature may be found in the sea as well." We are then told that a deputation of persons from Oli-

sipo, (the present Lisbon,) that had been sent for the purpose, brought word to the Emperor Tiberius that a Triton had been both seen and heard in a certain cavern, blowing a conch-shell, and that he was of the form in which Tritons are usually represented.

This, is so simple and meagre as to read like an extract from some diary or annals; and the mere existence of such a passage seems to be good evidence that something, at the least, like a Triton, was certainly seen. For Pliny was sufficiently near to this time to know whether such a deputation had come to Rome, and would scarcely have volunteered a falsehood; so that the deputation may reasonably be granted. Then the distance from Lisbon to Rome was so great, particularly in that ante-railroad time, and the general interest in the Merman so little, that it does not seem possible a deputation should be sent that distance "for the purpose" only of presenting this information, unless the proof of the object seen was of the most convincing character to those by whom the deputation was sent.

It is to be regretted that Pliny did not give at more length the statement of this early scientific commission. He does not leave the subject immediately, however, but says, —

"I have some distinguished informants of equestrian rank, who state that they themselves once saw in the Ocean of Gades a sea-man which bore in every part of his body a perfect resemblance to a human being; and that during the night he would climb up into ships, upon which the side of the vessel where he seated himself would instantly sink downward, and, if he remained there any considerable time, even go under water."

Gades was Cadiz, and the Ocean of Gades was that part of the Atlantic lying south and west of Spain and west of Africa. The statement of the Merman's boarding a ship is, a little singularly, to be found as well in the ballad of the "Merman Rosmer," which comes into English from a Scandinavian source. The effect of his board-

ing a ship is identical also. He would seem to have been a heavy fellow, North and South.

"Nor yet," says Pliny, still on the same subject, "is the figure generally attributed to the Nereïds [Mermaids] at all a fiction; only in them the portion of the body that resembles the human figure is still rough all over with scales. For one of these creatures was seen upon the same shores, [Ocean of Gades,] and as it died its plaintive murmurs were heard, even by the inhabitants at a distance. The legates of Gaul, too, wrote word to the late Emperor Augustus, that a considerable number of Nereïds had been found dead upon the sea-shore."

Entire faith in the scales is not exacted of the reader, and the weight of authority, especially scientific, is against them. No marine mammals have scales. There is, of course, no knowing what they may have had. The statement of what the legates of Gaul wrote to the Emperor is of most consequence in this extract, and it is perhaps out of a natural respect for authority that we are inclined to give most weight to these official communications. Officials, it is true, have sometimes erred; but these officials agree with others, and to be stranded has been a common misfortune of mermen and maids.

Alexander of Alexandria, the good Bishop who had so healthy an abhorrence of Arianism, *saw* (upon his own authority) a Nereïd (Mermaid) that had been thrown ashore on the coast of the Peloponnesus. Seeing was believing; and if the Bishop was right in so many higher things, all the way up to Divinity, is it possible that he could be wrong in the *mère* fact of a dead animal? Or if he was wrong in this particular, is not the whole question as to the right or wrong of Arianism opened again?

A mermaid was stranded in 1403 near Haerlem, — driven ashore by a tempest, said one Meyer, a Dutchman. It was brought to feed upon bread and milk, taught to spin, and lived for many years. John Gerard of Leyden adds, that she would frequently pull off her

clothes and run toward the water, and that her speech was so confused a noise as not to be understood by anybody. She was buried in the churchyard, because she had learned to make the sign of the cross. They had much consideration for a possible soul in those days.

Gerard spoke this upon the credit of several persons who had seen her. We find noted by another author, that, "in the fifteenth century, after a dreadful tempest on the coast of Holland, a mermaid was found struggling in the mud, near Edam, in West Friesland; whence it was carried to Haerlem, where it lived some years, was clothed in female apparel, and, it is said, was taught to spin." This was apparently the same.

This creature is said to have run, — a thing somewhat inconsistent with a caudal termination, — and she must be supposed, therefore, to be of the Wild-Man-of-the-Sea family rather than of the half-man, half-fish. She was, perhaps, a relative of this next, recorded in an ancient English chronicle: —

"In the time of King Henry I., when Bartholomew de Glanville was warden of Oxford Castle, the fishermen took in their nets a wild man, having the human shape complete, with horns on his head, and long and pick beard, and a great deal of shaggy hair on his breast; but he stole away to sea privately, and was never seen afterwards."

He wished, evidently, to avoid the embarrassment of the farewell.

Another of these footed sea-men makes his appearance in the book of Gellius on Animals. Therein is recounted the history, as far as landmen knew it, of a Triton that used to come ashore on the coast of Epirus, and lie in wait by a well but a short distance from the sea, and who, when the country-girls came to the well for water, would leap out and seize them, and bear them away beneath the waves; and not able to conceive the peculiarity of the human lungs that lurked beneath their beautiful bosoms, many a one the wretch thus drowned in his passionate admiration. Beautiful Greek girls! with such

limbs as have come down in marble ! Life under the sea seems favorable to the perfection of a correct taste.

Mem. — The reader is not at liberty to doubt this Triton. Draconetus Bonifacius, a Neapolitan, subsequently saw him preserved in honey.

In 1560 the fishermen of Ceylon caught seven of these sea-people of both sexes. They were seen by many Portuguese gentlemen then at Menar, and, among the rest, by Dimaz Bosquez, physician to the Viceroy of Goa, who minutely examined them, made dissections, and asserted that the principal parts, internal and external, were conformable to those of the human species.*

In the reign of Roger, King of Sicily, a young man swimming in the sea, one night, perceived that something followed him. He thought it one of his companions, but caught it by the hair, and dragged it on shore. It was a maiden of great beauty ! He threw his cloak about her, and took her to his home. There she lived with him and bore a son. But he was continually troubled that one so beautiful should be dumb ; for she had never spoken. One day a companion jeered at the spectre that he had at home, and, angry and terrified, he urged her to tell him who or what she was, and threatened with his sword to kill the child before her, if she did not. Then she said that he had lost a good wife by forcing her to speak ; and she vanished. A few years after, when the son was playing on the shore, his mother dragged him into the sea, and he was drowned.

In the South of France a belief prevails in beings called Dracs, who have apparently a complete human form, and who inhabit indifferently the rivers or the sea. Gervase of Tilbury has recorded several instances of their appearance, of which the following is one : —

“ There is on the banks of the Rhone, under a guard-house at the north gate of the city of Arles, a great pool of the

river. In these deep places they say that the Dracs are often seen of bright nights. A few years ago, there was, for three successive days, openly heard the following words in the place outside the gate of the city which I have mentioned, while the figure, as it were, of a man ran along the bank, — ‘ The hour is past, and the man does not come ! ’ On the third day, about the ninth hour, while the figure of a man raised his voice higher than usual, a young man ran swiftly to the bank, plunged in, and was swallowed up, and the voice was heard no more.”

The depths of the sea appear to be the Fairy Land of France, and the French Mermaids merely fairies. Such is their character in popular ballads of Provence. Among popular legends of Brittany, “ The Groac’h of the Isle of Lok ” is peculiarly striking, but withal merely a fairy story, — the Groac’h being a first cousin at least of Undine and the Lorelei. Yet in Brittany another Mermaid — Morgan, or Morvere’h, sea-woman, or sea-daughter — sings and combs its golden hair by the noontide sun at the edge of the ocean.

The Irish Moruach, or Merrow, sea-maid, is the *bonâ fide* Mermaid, and some families in the South of Ireland are said to claim descent from them. There are numerous legends.

Mermaids are plentiful in all accounts of Norway ; and Aldrovandus gives the portrait of one that was captured in the Baltic, and presented to Sigismund, King of Poland. It lived several days, and was seen by all his court. Aldrovandus gives also the picture of a Merman who, in his natural condition, had the appearance of being clothed in a bishop’s frock, and of another with horns, which was a peculiarity of the one taken in England somewhat earlier.

In Scandinavian mythology every division of Nature is peopled with its peculiar spirits, and all have a longing, mournful desire for salvation. A river-spirit, or Nek, once asked a priest if he would likely be saved.

* See *Memoirs of an Oriental Residence*. — Sir James Forbes.

"Sooner," answered the priest, "will this cane which I hold in my hand grow green flowers than thou attain salvation."

The spirit wept mournfully, and the priest passed on. But in a little while his cane actually bloomed, and put forth leaves and blossoms, and he went back and told the spirit, who then sang and rejoiced all night.

The Havmand is the Merman; the Havfrue, the Mermaid. They are handsome, rather beneficent than evil, though occasionally both are treacherous. "Fishermen sometimes see the Mermaid in the bright summer sun, when a thin mist hangs over the sea, sitting on the surface of the water, and combing her long, golden hair with a golden comb, or driving up her snow-white cattle to feed on the islands. At other times she comes as a beautiful maiden, chilled and shivering with the cold of the night, to the fires the fishers have kindled, hoping by this means to entice them to her love."

In the Faroe Islands the Mermaid of popular belief merges insensibly into the Seal; and in Shetland it is believed, that, while they are distinct beings, they can only come to the surface of the sea by entering the skin of some animal capable of existing in the water. This also is always the Seal. In this form they land on some rock and amuse themselves as they will. But they must take care of these skins, for without them they can never return.

One summer's eve, a Shetlander walked along the shore of a little inlet. By the moonlight he saw, at some distance before him, a number of these sea-people who had "left unsounded depths to dance on sands." Near them, on the ground, he saw several seal-skins.

As he approached, the disturbed dancers precipitately made to their garments, drew them on, and, in the form of seals, plunged into the sea. When he came up, he saw one seal-skin still there; he snatched it up, ran away, and secured it. He then returned. There he met upon the shore the fairest maiden that eye ever gazed upon. She was

lamenting piteously the loss of her seal-skin robe, without which she could never rejoin her friends or reach her watery home. He endeavored to console her. She implored him to restore her dress; but her beauty had decided that. At last, as he continued inexorable, she consented to become his wife. They were married and had several children, who retained no mark of the watery strain, save a thin web between their fingers and a peculiar bend of the hand.

The Shetlander's love for his wife was unbounded, but she made a cold return. Often she stole out alone and hastened to the sea-shore, and at a given signal a seal of large size would appear, and they would hold converse for hours in an unknown language, when she would return home pensive and melancholy.

So years passed and her hopes vanished, when one day the children, playing behind a stack of corn, found a seal-skin. Delighted, they ran to show the prize to their mother. She was no less delighted, for she saw in it the lost home and friends beneath the water. Yet she loved her children. That proved but a slight pang, and with many embraces she fled to the sea.

The husband came in almost immediately, and hearing what had happened ran out only to see her plunge into the sea, where she was joined by the seal. She looked back and saw his misery. "Farewell!" she said. "I loved you well while I was with you, but I always loved my first husband better."

"Near the coast," says Sir James Forbes, "we saw many sorts of fish, but did not meet with many of the Mermaids so often mentioned in these seas, especially by Mr. Matcham, a gentleman of great respectability, and at that time superintendent of the Company's Marine at Bombay. I have heard him declare, that, when in command of a trading vessel at Mozambique, Mombaz, and Melinda, three of the principal seaports on the east coast of Africa, he frequently saw these extraordinary animals from six to twelve feet long;

the head resembling the human, except about the nose and mouth, which were rather more like a hog's snout; the skin fair and smooth; the head covered with dark, glossy hair of considerable length; the neck, breasts, and body of the female as low as the hips, appeared like a well-formed woman; from thence to the extremity of the tail they were perfect fish. The shoulders and arms were in good proportion, but from the elbow tapered to a fin, like the turtle or penguin."

The very curious reader should examine Cuvier's account of the Manatee, or Manatus, (called from its hands,) and of the Halicore, or Dugong, "from its mammae, called the Mermaid." Concerning this latter Hartwig has the following sentence:—"When they raise themselves with the front part of their body out of the water, a lively fancy might easily be led to imagine that a human shape, though certainly none of the most beautiful, was surging from the deep."

This is the testimony, and our deduction is short and simple.

We see, first, in the East, two hieroglyphs: one, the fishy man-monster, expressive of a joint dominion over land and sea; the other, a woman and fish conjoined, and expressive of relationship between the moon and the sea; and thus the *form* of the Mermaid grew; and as that which had in its mythology the latter of the figures was a maritime nation, the figure was spread abroad and perpetuated. Next, in the North we see the imagination that placed a colony of trolls under every hill, a tiny

creature under every "cowslip's bell," and a separate spirit in every little stream, peopling also the outer ocean with its creatures; and here the perfect *idea* of the Mermaid, with its various beneficent or mischievous qualities, appears.

Between these two put the sailor, always superstitious and of ready credulity, and very often ignorant that the stories and the figure were not the actual results of human experience, and, their reality assumed, whatever strange thing he saw in his wanderings would be naturally referred to them, whether it were an occasional Dugong, or only a seal erected in the water at such a distance that the sunbeams on his shining coat made it seem white.

And this is the natural history of the Mermaid.

Aside from this, if one were Quixotically inclined to assert the Mermaid, he would find in all that has been said nothing of weight against it; and after what has been proved to have existed, it is hard to say what is impossible. The Ichthyophagi of Diodorus, while they retained their human form, were more than half-fish, fishes in blood and instinct very clearly. Tendencies exaggerate themselves very strangely in a few centuries. A negro's under-lip has been so big as to hang down before him like an apron. Cuvier declares that we "may trace the gradations of one and the same plan, from man to the last of the fishes"; and Mr. Darwin's theory appears to involve something like Mermaids as inevitable links, existing or extinct, in the chain of universal life.

SKIPPER BEN.

SAILING away!

Losing the breath of the shores in May,—
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
And the Skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
For thoughts rush up on the rising wind
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night

He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the dangerous island-height
That bars the harbor he loves from sight;
And he wishes at dawn he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a sleepless night among spectres grim,—
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!

Here 's the Bank where the fishermen go!
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land-breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees,
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,

And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
"Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,—
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain

Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!
Never again shall he walk at ease
Under his blossoming apple-trees
That whisper and sway in the sunset-breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
 Never was known in the still old town :
 Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
 With the look of despair that was half a frown,
 Faced his fate in the furious night,
 Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
 Just within hail of the beacon-light,
 That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
 Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,
 Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells !
 His was the anguish a moment tells, —
 The passionate sorrow Death quickly knells ;
 But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
 Is left for the desolate heart to know,
 Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
 Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
 Thinking of him.

ASSASSINATION.

THE assassination of President Lincoln threw a whole nation into mourning, — the few exceptions to those who deplored the President's violent and untimely end only serving to make the general regret the more manifest. Of all our Presidents since Washington, Mr. Lincoln had excited the smallest amount of that feeling which places its object in personal danger. He was a man who made a singularly favorable impression on those who approached him, resembling in that respect President Jackson, who often made warm friends of bitter foes, when circumstances had forced them to seek his presence ; and it is probable, that, if he and the honest chiefs of the Rebels could have been brought face to face, there never would have been civil war, — at least, any contest of grand proportions ; for he would not have failed to convince them that all that they had any right to claim, and therefore all that they could expect their fellow-citizens to fight for,

would be more secure under his government than it had been under the governments of such men as Pierce and Buchanan, who made use of sectionalism and slavery to promote the selfish interests of themselves and their party. The estimation in which he was latterly held by the most intelligent of the Secessionists indicates, that, had they been acquainted with him, their Secessionism never would have got beyond the nullification of the Palmetto Nullifiers ; and that was all fury and fuss, without any fighting in it. Ignorance was the parent of the civil war, as it has been the parent of many other evils, — ignorance of the character and purpose of the man who was chosen President in 1860-61, and who entered upon official life with less animosity toward his opponents than ever before or since had been felt by a man elected to a great place after a bitter and exciting contest. There is not the slightest reason for doubting the sincerity of Mr. Lincoln's declara-

tion, that his administration should be Constitutional in its character; nor can it be said that the earlier Rebels ever supposed that he would invade their Constitutional rights. They rebelled because circumstances enabled them to attempt the realization of their long-cherished dream of a slave-holding Confederacy, and because they saw that never again, in their time, would another such opportunity be offered to effect a traitorous purpose. It was clear to every mind that a year of quiet under the new administration would dispel the delusion that the North was about to overthrow the old polity; and therefore the violent men of the South were determined that that administration never should have a fair trial. Their action at Charleston, in 1860, by rendering the election of the Republican candidate certain, shows that they wished an occasion for revolt; and the course of President Buchanan, who refused to take the commonest precautions for the public safety, gave them a vantage-ground which they speedily occupied, and so made war inevitable.

That one of the most insignificant of their number should have murdered the man whose election they declared to be cause for war is nothing strange, being in perfect keeping with their whole course. The wretch who shot the chief magistrate of the Republic is of hardly more account than was the weapon which he used. The real murderers of Mr. Lincoln are the men whose action brought about the civil war. Booth's deed was a logical proceeding, following strictly from the principles avowed by the Rebels, and in harmony with their course during the last five years. The fall of a public man by the hand of an assassin always affects the mind more strongly than it is affected by the fall of thousands of men in battle; but in strictness, Booth, vile as his deed was, can be held to have been no worse, morally, than was that old gentleman who insisted upon being allowed the privilege of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter. Ruffin's act is not so disgusting as Booth's; but of the two men, Booth exhibited the greater

courage,—courage of the basest kind, indeed, but sure to be attended with the heaviest risks, as the hand of every man would be directed against its exhibitor. Had the Rebels succeeded, Ruffin would have been honored by his fellows; but even a successful Southern Confederacy would have been too hot a country for the abode of a wilful murderer. Such a man would have been no more pleasantly situated even in South Carolina than was Benedict Arnold in England. And as he chose to become an assassin after the event of the war had been decided, and when his victim was bent upon sparing Southern feeling so far as it could be spared without injustice being done to the country, Booth must have expected to find his act condemned by every rational Southern man as a worse than useless crime, as a blunder of the very first magnitude. Had he succeeded in getting abroad, Secession exiles would have shunned him, and have treated him as one who had brought an inefaceable stain on their cause, and also had rendered their restoration to their homes impossible. The pistol-shot of Sergeant Corbett saved him from the gallows, and it saved him also from the denunciations of the men whom he thought to serve. He exhibited, therefore, a species of courage that is by no means common; for he not only risked his life, and rendered it impossible for honorable men to sympathize with him, but he ran the hazard of being denounced and cast off by his own party. This places him above those who would have assassinated their country, but who took care to keep themselves within the rules of honorable action, as the world counts honor. He perilled everything, while they staked only their lives and their property. Their success would have justified them in general estimation, but his success would have been his ruin. He was fortunate in meeting death so soon, and not less so in the mode of his exit from the stage of life. All Secessionists who retain any self-respect must rejoice that one whose doings brought additional ignominy on a cause that could

not well bear it has passed away and gone to his account. It would have been more satisfactory to loyal men, if he had been reserved for the gallows; but even they must admit that it is a terrible trial to any people who get possession of an odious criminal, because they may be led so to act as to disgrace themselves, and to turn sympathy in the direction of the evil-doer. No fouler murder ever was perpetrated than that of which Booth was guilty; and had he been taken alive and sound, it is possible that our conduct would not have been of such a character as it would have been pleasing to think of after our just passion should have cooled. We should recollect, that, a hundred and sixty years after its occurrence, the shouting of Englishmen over the verdict of *Guilty* rendered against Charnock and his associates, because of their part in the Assassination Plot, is condemned by the greatest of English historians, who was the last man to be suspected of sympathizing with men who sought to murder William III. A disposition to insult the fallen, no matter how vile may be their offences or how just their fall, is not an American characteristic; but so wide-spread and well-founded was the indignation caused by the basest murder of modern times, that we might have been unjust to ourselves, if the murderer had come whole into our hands. Therefore the shot of Sergeant Corbett is not to be regretted, save that it gave too honorable a form of death to one who had earned all that there is of disgraceful in that mode of dying to which a peculiar stigma is attached by the common consent of mankind.

Whether Booth was the agent of a band of conspirators, or was one of a few vile men who sought an odious immortality, it is impossible to say. We have the authority of a high Government official for the statement that "the President's murder was organized in Canada and approved at Richmond"; but the evidence in support of this extraordinary announcement is, doubtless for the best of reasons, withheld at the time we write. There is nothing improbable in

the supposition that the assassination plot was formed in Canada, as some of the vilest miscreants of the Secession side have been allowed to live in that country. We know that there were other plots formed in that country against us, — plots that were to a certain extent carried into execution, and which led to loss of life. The ruffians who were engaged in the St. Albans raid — which was as much an insult to England as it was a wrong to us — were exactly the sort of men to engage in a conspiracy to murder Federal magistrates; but it is not probable that British subjects had anything to do with any conspiracy of this kind. The Canadian error was in allowing the scum of Secession to abuse the "right of hospitality" through the pursuit of hostile action against us from the territory of a neutral. If injustice is done their country in this instance, Canadians should recollect that what is known to have been done there for our injury is quite sufficient to warrant the suspicion that more was there done to increase the difficulties of our situation than now distinctly appears. The country that contains such justices as Coursol and Smith cannot complain, if its sense of fairness is not rated very high by its neighbors, — neighbors who have suffered from Secessionists being allowed to make Canada a basis of operations against the United States, though the United States and Great Britain are at peace.

That a plan to murder President Lincoln should have been approved at Richmond is nothing strange; and though such approval would have been supremely foolish, what but supreme folly is the chief characteristic of the whole Southern movement? If the seal of Richmond's approval was placed on a plan formed in Canada, something more than the murder of Mr. Lincoln was intended. It must have been meant to kill every man who could legally take his place, either as President or as President *pro tempore*. The only persons who had any title to step into the Presidency on Mr. Lincoln's death were Mr.

Johnson, who became President on the 15th of April, and Mr. Foster, one of the Connecticut Senators, who is President of the Senate. There was no Speaker of the House of Representatives; so that one of the officers designated temporarily to act as President, on the occurrence of a vacancy, had no existence at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, has none at this time, and can have none until Congress shall have met, and the House of Representatives have chosen its presiding officer. It does not appear that any attempt was made on the life of Mr. Foster, though Mr. Johnson was on the list of those doomed by the assassins; and the savage attack made on Mr. Seward shows what those assassins were capable of. But had all the members of the Administration been struck down at the same time, it is not at all probable that "anarchy" would have been the effect, though to produce that must have been the object aimed at by the conspirators. Anarchy is not so easily brought about as persons of an anarchical turn of mind suppose. The training we have gone through since the close of 1860 has fitted us to bear many rude assaults on order without our becoming disorderly. Our conviction is, that, if every man who held high office at Washington had been killed on the 14th of April, things would have gone pretty much as we have seen them go, and that thus the American people would have vindicated their right to be considered a self-governing race. It would not be a very flattering thought, that the peace of the country is at the command of any dozen of hardened ruffians who should have the capacity to form an assassination plot, the discretion to keep silent respecting their purpose, and the boldness and the skill requisite to carry it out to its most minute details: for the neglect of one of those details might be fatal to the whole project. Society does not exist in such peril as that. Does any one suppose, that, if the Gunpowder Plot had been a success, — that, if King, Lords, and Commons had all been hoisted by Mr. Fawkes, the English nation would have gone to

wreck, that it could not have survived the loss of most of the royal family, the greater part of the peerage, and most of the gentlemen who had been chosen to serve in the House of Commons? England would have survived such a blow as that blowing-up would have inflicted on her, though for the time she might have been in a very confused condition; and so we should have survived — and we believe without exhibiting much confusion — all the efforts of assassins to murder our leading men, had those efforts been entirely successful.

It is possible, and indeed very probable, that Booth and his associates were originally moved to become assassins by that sentiment which has caused many other men to assail public characters, and sometimes with the bloodiest success. This supposition does not exclude the action of more eminent persons from the tragedy, who may have urged on those hot-headed fools to the completion of their work. Booth was precisely that sort of man who was likely to be the victim of the astounding delusion that to kill President Lincoln would place him in history alongside of those immortal tyrant-killers whose names are in most people's mouths, and whose conduct is seldom condemned and very often is warmly approved. There is constant praise going on of those who, in classic times, put to death men who held, or who aspired to obtain, improper power, or whose conduct was cruel. Booth thought that Mr. Lincoln was a usurper, and that his conduct was cruel; and he could have cited abundance of evidence from the speeches and writings of Northern men, professing to be sound Unionists, in support of the position that the President was a usurper and a tyrant. Having convinced himself that such was the position and character of the President, it was the most natural thing in the world that he, a Southern man, and brought up on those sensational tragedies in which human life is easily taken on all occasions, should have jumped to the conclusion that it was his duty to

kill the man whose plan and actions he had so strangely misconceived. If, while he was thus deluding himself with the notion that he was about to rival Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and other Grecian foes of tyrants, there came to him men who had too much sense to be deluded by such nonsense, but who, nevertheless, were not above profiting, as they regarded profit, from his folly, it is all but certain that he may have had accomplices who have not yet been suspected, persons to whom exposure would be a much greater punishment than death. Those old Greek and Roman writers have much to answer for, as they have conferred a sort of sanctity upon assassination, provided the victim be rightly selected; and who is to decide whether he is so selected or not? If murderers are to decide upon the deserts of their victims, there never was a murder committed. Much of the literature that furnishes material for the instruction of youth is devoted to the laudation of bloodshedding, provided always the blood that is shed is that of a tyrant; and who is to say whether it is so or not? Why, the tyrant-killer, to be sure. This is an admirable arrangement for securing simplicity of proceedings, but it admits of some doubt whether it can be quite approved on the score of impartiality. When a man unites in his own person the characters of accuser, judge, and executioner, it is within the limits of possibility that he may be slightly untrustworthy. But in what is known as classical literature, not only are tyrant-slayers allowed to have their own way and say, but their action is upheld and defended by great geniuses who never killed anybody with their own hands, but who had a marvellous fondness for those whose hands were blood-stained. Cicero, for example, is never tired of sounding the praises of eminent homicides. He scarcely praised himself more than he eulogized illustrious murderers of other days. And on his eloquent words in honor of assassination are the "ingenuous youth" of Christian countries trained and taught.

That some of them should go astray under such teaching is nothing to wonder at. This has happened in other countries, and why should it not happen here? Assassination is not an American crime;* but it is not the less true that Brutuses have been invoked in this country, and that more than once President Jackson was pointed at as one from whose tyranny the country might advantageously be relieved after "the high Roman fashion." One man fired at him,—an Englishman, named Laurence, in 1834; but he proved to be insane, and was treated as a madman. Lieutenant Randolph, a Virginian, assaulted President Jackson, but not with the view to assassinate him. Brooks's assault on Senator Sumner was an assassin's act, and a far more cowardly deed than that which Booth perpetrated, though it had a less tragical termination. The assassinating spirit has been increasing fast in the South, which is one proof of the growth of the aristocratical sentiment there,—assassination being much more in vogue among aristocrats than among monarchists or democrats, and most of the renowned assassins and conspirators having been aristocrats. It denotes the change in our condition that has been wrought by slavery and civil war, that assassination should have been much talked of here, and that at last the head of the Republic should have fallen before an assassin's fire. In other countries assassination has often been resorted to by parties and by individuals, but until very recently no public man can be said to have been taken off by an assassin in America. Booth and his

* The word *assassin*, according to that eminent Orientalist, Sylvestre de Sacy, is derived from *hashish*, being the liquid preparation on which the Old Man of the Mountain used to intoxicate his operators, and which appears to have been an uncommonly powerful tippie. The men whom he thus drugged, or *hocused*, when they were to commit murder, "were called, in Arabic, *Hashishin* in the plural, and *Hashishi* in the singular." The Crusaders brought the word from the East. The ancients had not the word, but they had the thing, as the English suffer from *ennui*, but have no name for it. A temperance lecturer might turn this connection between blind drunkenness and reckless murder to some good purpose.

associates stand alone in our history. Others may have talked pistols and daggers, but it was left for them to use weapons so odious for purposes of the same nature. Under the belief that the reader may not be indisposed to see what has been done by assassins in other countries, we shall here cite some remarkable instances of their deeds, passing over classic antiquity and modern Italy.

In the sixteenth century assassination flourished to an extent never before or since known: the hundred years that followed Luther's appearance on the great stage forming murder's golden age, whether we consider the number or the quality of the persons slain or conspired against, or the sort of persons who condescended to act on the principle that killing is no murder. Reformers and reactionists had their assassins; but it must be acknowledged that the latter had the best (which was the worst) of the game, so that nearly all the infamous names that have come down to us won immortality in their service. It was a great, a stirring time, one that was fertile in all manner of crimes, and in which a gentleman that had much nerve and no scruples was sure of constant and well-paid employment, and might make his fortune—or that of his family, if he chanced to be cut off because he had cut down some eminent personage whose life was a great inconvenience to this or that sovereign or party. The conflict that was waged was one of opinion, and therefore was fertile of fanatics, a class of men who have furnished a large force of assassins, who have generally acted on principle, without being always heedless of their interests. In the fierce struggle between old ideas and new, every weapon was employed, and the talents and dispositions of all kinds of men were made available by the great managers who had the casting of the performers in the numerous tragedies that were played. There was not a country in which assassination was unknown; and in most countries it was common, kings and churchmen being

its patrons, and not unfrequently perishing by the very arts which under their fostering care had been carried to the highest pitch of artistic perfection. Philip II. was the most powerful monarch of those days. His regal career began just as the Reformation was at its height, and when the Reaction was about to begin. He was a sort of Christian Old Man of the Mountain; and assassination was with him a regular business, a portion of his mode of governing the many races that owned his sway. Mignet, in his "*Antonio Perez et Philippe II.*," after mentioning that Philip gave instructions to put Escovedo to death, says,—“This order would appear strange on the part of the King, if we did not call to mind the practices as well as the theories of that violent age, so fertile in assassinations. Death was then the last argument of belief, the extreme, but frequent means employed by parties, kings, and subjects. They were not satisfied with killing; they believed they had the right. Certain casuists attributed this right, some to princes, others to the people. Here is what the friar Diego de Chaves, Philip's confessor, wrote upon the very subject of Escovedo's death: ‘According to my view of the laws, the secular prince, who has power over the life of his inferiors or subjects, even as he can deprive them of it for a just cause and by judgment in form, may also do so without all this, since superfluous forms and all judicial proceedings are no laws for him who may dispense with them. It is, consequently, no crime on the part of a subject who by a sovereign order has put another subject to death. We must believe that the prince has given this order for a just cause, even as the law always presumes that there is one in all the actions of the sovereign.’” When such a king as Philip II. has such a ghostly father as Diego de Chaves, assassination may become common. Escovedo was murdered; but there were others besides the King concerned in his taking off, one of them being the Princess of Eboli, widow of Philip's first favorite, Ruy Gomez de Silva, and

Antonio Perez ; and it was because the King believed they had tricked him in the business, that Perez fell, and, when in exile, had his life sought by some of his old master's assassins. Two Irishmen were authorized to kill him, by Philip's Governor of the Netherlands, but failed, and were hanged in London. Baron de Pinella tried to kill Perez at Paris, was detected, and executed. As he had been himself an active assassin, Perez could not well complain of these attempts ; but they illustrate the theory and practice of the powerful Spanish monarch. Perez was one of those persons who labored to bring about the assassination of William (the Silent) of Orange. Writing to Escovedo, who was Secretary to Don John of Austria, then in the Netherlands, Perez observes, — "Let it never be absent from your mind that a good occasion must be found for finishing Orange, since, besides the service which will thus be rendered to our master, and to the States, it will be worth something to ourselves" ; to which highly moral injunction Escovedo replied, — "You know that the finishing of Orange is very near my heart." There is something almost comical in this correspondence, considering its circumstances : Perez urging upon the man whom he was soon to assassinate the duty of procuring the assassination of the Prince of Orange, to whose party in Europe he was destined ere long to join himself. Philip has been suspected of having procured the death of his half-brother, Don John of Austria, by poison ; but in this instance he is entitled at least to the Scotch verdict of *Not proven*. He did bring about the assassination of his ablest enemy, the Prince of Orange, though not until after failures so numerous as would have served to discourage a man of less persistent mind. Five unsuccessful attempts to kill the Prince were made in two years ; the sixth was successful, that of Balthazar Gérard, who shot the Dutch deliverer on the 10th of July, 1584, in his house at Delft. Like Booth, Gérard used the pistol, a weapon that seems to have been invented for the promotion of murder. He

made a determined effort to get off, and might have succeeded, had he not stumbled over a heap of rubbish. To all these attacks on Orange some of the most eminent Spanish statesmen and soldiers of that time were parties, and Spain was then the premier nation. The Prince of Parma, one of the foremost men of a period in which there was an absolute glut of talent, spoke of Gérard's detestable crime as a "laudable and generous deed," and strongly recommended that the reward which had been offered for the Prince's murder should be conferred on his parents, a suggestion with which Philip gladly complied. Those parents were made noble, and were further rewarded by the grant of certain estates in Franche-Comté, the property of their son's victim. This was to reverse the old saying, "Happy is the child whose father goeth to the Devil !" — for the happiness of the father was made by the child's taking the downward road. "At a later day," says Motley, "when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain, after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip II., provided he would continue to pay a fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer. The education which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had, however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn. The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes, until the union of Franche-Comté with France, when a French governor tore the documents to pieces, and trampled them under foot."

It would be tedious to mention all the assassinations with which Philip II. was connected. He and his proconsuls and ambassadors were concerned in many of the plots that were directed against the peace of countries whose power was dreaded by Spain, or against the lives

of their sovereigns or other eminent personages. Elizabeth of England was to have been served after the same fashion as Orange. Alva sent assassins to take her off. Much of the assassination-work that was done in France proceeded from Spain. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew was a Spanish inspiration. In these days it would be called a *coup d'état*. All Philip's proceedings toward his enemies were characterized by the spirit of assassination. The murder of Montigny is a strong case in point; and the artful manner in which Egmont and Horn were inveigled into his toils shows that he was a master-hand at conspiracy. Had there been two Philips in Europe, one would have assassinated the other, and it would have been dangerous to bet on the success of either.

France had her grand assassinations in the sixteenth century; and a perfect crop they were, in which kings were conspirators or were conspired against, killed or were killed, according to the supposed requirements of state policy or the necessities of high-placed individuals. At earlier dates assassination was far from being unknown in France; and some remarkable cases occurred there in those awful times when the Burgundian and Armagnac parties existed. The Duke of Orleans was assassinated, and, later, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XI., who had rebelled against his father, is believed to have murdered his brother, and also to have sought the death of Charles of Burgundy. But it was in the sixteenth century that French assassinations were of the most striking order. The marriage of Catharine de' Medici with that French prince who became Henry II. is supposed to have been attended with the effect of debauching French morals, as the Italians had a prodigiously bad reputation as assassins, and particularly as poisoners. Catharine was totally unscrupulous, having about as much of moral sense as goes to the making of a tigress; but it needed not that she should marry into the House of Valois to render assassination a Gallic crime.

It would have existed in France all the same, had she never been born. It was a moral plague that ran over Europe, as the Black Death made the same tour a couple of hundred years earlier. Poltrot killed Francis, Duke of Guise, the greatest man of a great race. Henry, Duke of Guise, Francis's son, was concerned in a plot to murder the Admiral Coligny, shortly before the St. Bartholomew, and was one of the Admiral's murderers in the Massacre. Henry of Guise was assassinated by Henry III., last of the Valois kings of France, who took-upon himself to act in accordance with the principles laid down by Diego de Chaves, which James II. had acted on in the case of the Black Douglas, and on which Ferdinand II., Emperor of Germany, afterward acted toward Wallenstein, who was basely murdered. Henry III. was soon made to follow his victim, being assassinated by Jacques Clément, a Jacobin monk and a Leaguer. Henry IV. was killed by François Ravallac, a Romish fanatic, who was in bad odor with all respectable Catholics who knew him. Richelieu lived in a condition not unlike that which Cromwell knew, being often conspired against. Louis XV. was attacked by Damiens, who was put to death by cruel tortures. In the Revolution there were several assassins, the most noted of whom was Charlotte Corday, praises of whom are so common as to weaken the force of that feeling which should ever be directed against murder. Granted that Marat was as bad as he is painted, no individual had the right to slay him. Bonaparte was in great danger from assassins; and it was not until he had the Duc d'Enghien assassinated that he obtained a respite from their attacks, which were regarded with ill-disguised approbation even by respectable persons who were his enemies or those of France. A German youth endeavored to kill Napoleon in 1809, and was shot. In the "Declaration" put forth by the Congress of Vienna against Napoleon, after his return from Elba, the Emperor was deliberately delivered over to assassins in the following terms:

"Les Puissances déclarent en conséquence, que Napoléon Bonaparte s'est placé hors des relations civiles et sociales, et que, comme ennemi et perturbateur du repos du monde, il s'est livré à la vindicte publique." To the paper containing this rascally sentence stands affixed the name of Wellington, who, however, indignantly denied that he ever meant to authorize or to suggest the assassination of Napoleon. No doubt his denial was honestly made, but the legitimate construction of the words is favorable to the opposite view. A French officer named Cantallon was charged with having attempted to assassinate Wellington, and was tried and acquitted; and Napoleon bequeathed ten thousand francs to Cantallon, which bequest was paid after Napoleon III. became master of France, much to the indignation of some Englishmen. The Duc de Berri, son of the Comte d'Artois, (later Charles X.) and the hope of the Bourbons, was killed by Louvel, at the opera, in February, 1820; and his son, the present Comte de Chambord, was born in the following autumn. Louis Philippe, when King of the French, was so often attacked with fire-arms and infernal-machines that one becomes dizzy in thinking of his escapes. Napoleon III. has been in great peril from assassins. Orsini's attempt to kill was a terrible piece of butchery, causing the death or mutilation of many persons, resembling in that respect the result of Fieschi's attempt to murder Louis Philippe. Had Orsini's attempt proved as successful as Booth's, it is probable that there never would have been a Secession War in this country. The Rebels counted much on European intervention, as they supposed that France and England would act together in their behalf; and had the Emperor been killed in 1858, the "cordial understanding" between the great nations of Western Europe would have come to an end, and perhaps they would have gone to war. The state of foreign affairs in 1860 had much more to do with bringing on our civil war than appears on the surface of things.

Scotland is a country in which assassins have figured largely, and her history is more disfigured by their acts than that of any other modern nation, due allowance being made for the smallness of her territory and the limited number of her people. This peculiarity in Scotch history is principally owing to the circumstance, that, as a rule, Scotland has been more aristocratically dominated than any other community; and aristocracies are more prolific of assassins than democracies or monarchies, as before said. Aristocrats, members of privileged classes, are less patient of restriction, and more prone to take the righting of what they call their wrongs into their own hands, than are other men. Violence of all kinds was for centuries more common in Scotland than in any other European country that had made the same advances in civilization; and the troubles that overtook so many of her monarchs were the natural consequences of their position. The House of Stuart has been called "the Fated Line"; and it deserved the name, because it stood nominally at the head of a nation that really was ruled by the fiercest aristocracy that ever plagued a people or perplexed monarchs. The independence of Scotland, her salvation from that English rule with which she was threatened by Edward I., whose success would have made her what Ireland became under English ascendancy, was based on a deed which even some Scotch writers have not hesitated to speak of as reprehensible,—the killing, namely, of Comyn in a church at Dumfries, by Bruce and Kirkpatrick; and it seems as if the blood-stain then and there contracted clung to the Stuarts, who were descended from Bruce by the female line. The Duke of Rothesay, son of Robert III., and heir-apparent, was murdered by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, whose purpose was to divert the crown to his own branch of the family. Rothesay's brother became James I., and he was assassinated by Sir Robert Grahame,—the King's offence being that he wished to introduce

something like regular government into Scotland, having learned the value of order in England, where he had passed many years as a prisoner. Grahame was one of the most ferocious of the savages who then formed the Scotch aristocracy, and he had no idea of seeing radicalism made rampant in his country; and so he headed a conspiracy against the King and murdered him. James II. was himself an assassin, as he stabbed the Earl of Douglas, who had come to him under an assurance of safety, and who was cut to pieces by some of the royal retainers, after their master had set them an example. The King's excuse was, that the Douglas had become too powerful to be proceeded against regularly; and, indeed, the question then before Scotland was, whether that country should be ruled by the House of Douglas or the House of Stuart, and we cannot wonder that a king in the fifteenth century should conclude rather to murder than to be murdered. James II. overthrew the Black Douglas, and in his case assassination *did* prosper. James III. was assassinated while flying from a field of battle on which he had been beaten by rebels. Mary Stuart, daughter of James V., is believed by many historical inquirers to have been a party to the assassination of her husband, (Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, who was her relative,) the question whether she did thus act forming the turning-point in that famous Marian Controversy which has raged for three hundred years, and which seems to be no nearer a decision now than it was before Loch Leven and Fotheringay, — Mr. Froude, the last of the great champions in the fight, having pronounced, with all his usual directness, adversely to the Rose of Scotland. Whether Mary was an assassin or not, it is beyond all doubt that her husband was one of the assassins of her servant Rizzio, who was murdered in her very presence. Mary's son, James VI., stands in the strangest relation to an extraordinary assassination of any man in history. The Gowrie Conspiracy is yet a riddle. According to one class of his-

torical critics, the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, were bent upon assassinating the King; while another class are quite as positive that the King was bent upon assassinating the Ruthvens, and that he accomplished his purpose. We confess that we are strongly inclined to go with those who say that the Ruthvens were victims, and not baffled assassins; and we have always admired the reply of the clergyman to whom the King condescended to tell his story, in the hope of convincing him of its truth. "Doubtless," said that skeptical, but pious personage, "I must believe it, since your Majesty says you saw it; but I would not have believed it, had I seen it with my own eyes." Was ever a king more cleverly told that he was a liar? The Earl of Murray, Mary Stuart's bastard brother, and the first of many regents who ruled Scotland during her son's minority, was the victim of the most pardonable act of assassination that we know of, — if such a crime be ever pardonable. Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was one of those Scotchmen who joined Mary Stuart after her escape from Loch Leven, and was condemned to death after her failure, but had his life spared, while his estate was confiscated. He might have borne this loss of property, but he became enraged when he heard that his wife had been so treated, when ejected from what had been her own property before her marriage, as to go mad and die. The person who misused her had received the estate from the Earl of Murray; and upon the latter Hamilton resolved to take vengeance. He carried out his plans, which were very cleverly formed, with great skill and coolness, and consequently was successful, taking off his great enemy, and getting off himself. He shot Murray as he was passing through the town of Linlithgow, stationing himself in a house that belonged to the Archbishop of St. Andrews, in and around which everything had been prepared for the killing of one man and the escape of another. It is beyond all doubt that the Archbishop was a party to the

crime, or Bothwellhaugh could not have had the facilities which were his for obtaining revenge and striking a great blow for the Queen's party. The princely House of Hamilton generally approved of the deed. Let not those, however, who see in the Archbishop's conduct the natural effect of Catholicism, be in too great hurry to attribute his conduct to his religious belief; for there were Protestant assassins in Scotland in those days, and later. Only a few years before, a very eminent Catholic, Cardinal Beaton, who was Archbishop of St. Andrews, was murdered by Norman Lesley; and John Knox associated himself with Lesley, and those by whom he was aided, to hold the castle of St. Andrews against the Government's forces. The murderers of Rizzio were not Catholics, and their victim belonged to the old church. Some of Darnley's murderers were Protestants. In the next century some remarkable cases of Scotch assassination took place. Montrose stands charged with having attempted to take the lives of Argyle and Hamilton; but we hesitate to believe the story, so great is our admiration of that wonderful man. After the Restoration, (1660,) the ultra Protestants, perverting various passages of Scripture, assumed to execute judgment on those whom they held to be enemies of God and the true Kirk. The man for whom they felt most hatred was James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, — a title that seems to have had peculiar attractions for assassins. Sharpe was accused, not untruthfully, of having sold his cause to Government; and he became a marked man with those whom he had betrayed. A preacher named Mitchell fired a pistol into Sharpe's carriage, and wounded the Bishop of the Orkneys so severely that that prelate ultimately died of the injury. Years later Mitchell was about to make a second attempt on the Archbishop, when he was arrested, tried, imprisoned for some time, condemned, and executed, at the Archbishop's earnest request. The next year Sharpe was slain by a num-

ber of Protestants, who were looking for a minor persecutor, and who thought that Heaven had specially delivered the Archbishop into their hands when they encountered his carriage, from which they made him descend, and murdered him in presence of his daughter, using swords and pistols. Among the many stories told of Claverhouse (then Viscount of Dundee) is one to the effect that he was shot on the battle-field of Killiecrankie by one of his servants, who used a silver button from his livery-coat, the great Grahame being impervious to lead.* About the same time, Sir George Lockhart, President of the Court of Session, and head of the Scotch tribunals, was assassinated by Chiesly of Dalry, who was angry because the President had assigned to Mrs. Chiesly, with whom her husband had quarrelled, a larger alimony than that husband thought she should have. The business of divorcing, and discriminating as to the amount of ladies' allowances, is a safer one in these times, and fortunate for the judges that it is, considering how much of such business they have to perform. If every hundred divorce cases produced one assassination, lawyers would be rapidly promoted — and shot.

* Mr. De Quincey's immortal *Connoisseur*, who delivered the Williams Lecture on Murder, speaking of the supposed assassination of Gustavus Adolphus, at the Battle of Lutzen, says, — "The King of Sweden's assassination, by-the-by, is doubted by many writers, — Harte amongst others; but they are wrong. He was murdered; and I consider his murder unique in its excellence; for he was murdered at noonday, and on the field of battle, — a feature of original conception, which occurs in no other work of art that I remember." His memory was bad. He must have heard the story that Desaix was murdered on the field of Marengo, after coming up to save Bonaparte from destruction; and he must also have heard the story that Dundee was murdered at Killiecrankie. Mr. Hawthorne mentions that he saw, in an old volume of Colonial newspapers, "a report that General Wolfe was slain, not by the enemy, but by a shot from his own soldiers." All these reports are just as well founded as that which represents Gustavus Adolphus as having been assassinated. Harte's doubts are, as the reader can see by referring to his work, well sustained, and leave the impression that the King was killed in fair fight. We have heard a very ingenious argument in support of the proposition that Stonewall Jackson was assassinated by some of his own men, — and there is some mystery about the cause of occasion of his death.

England has contributed a large number of assassinations to the pages of that Newgate serial which is known by the grave name of history. One of her kings, Edward II., is known to have been murdered after his deposition; and it is supposed that he perished by a peculiarly horrible form of death. William Rufus is believed to have been assassinated in the New Forest, though the popular notion is, that he was accidentally killed by an arrow from the bow of Walter Tirrel, which must have been a long-bow. Richard II. was probably killed in prison, after deposition. Henry VI. is believed to have been killed in 1471, he being then a prisoner in the hands of the triumphant Yorkists,—but there is no proof that he was killed. Edward V., a boy-monarch, is one of the princes whom Richard III.'s enemies said he had smothered in the Tower,—a story to be maintained only by smothering all evidence. Many English sovereigns were attacked by assassins, but escaped. Edward I. was stabbed by a Mussulman when he was crusading in the East,—and we had almost said that he was rightly served; for what business had he in that remote part of the world? Henry V. was to have been assassinated, according to the statement of himself and his friends; but he had the satisfaction of killing the conspirators judicially. Elizabeth, as became her superiority to most sovereigns, was a favorite with persons with a taste for assassination strongly developed. She was under the Papal ban, and was an object of the indelicate attentions of that prince of assassins, Philip II.; and his underlings, who were all great people, made her life so uncertain that there never lived the actuary who was capable of estimating the probabilities of its duration. That she escaped is as wonderful as anything in her history, for she does not appear to have been very heedful of her personal safety; yet she could punish detected ruffians sharply enough. James I. was once in no slight danger. No conspiracy ever came so near making a great noise in the world, of a kind very different from that which it did make, as

the Gunpowder Plot; and the silence which marked its course is quite as astonishing as the excitement that followed its disclosure. That so many persons should have kept so deadly a secret so long and so faithfully is as great a mystery as ever was invented by a writer of the sensation school; and when Catholics declare that there never was a plot, except that which was formed against their religion by artful men for the worst purposes, they do not talk so unreasonably as at the first blush it should seem. This plot was emphatically a gentlemanly transaction. There was hardly a person who had part in it who was not a gentleman by birth or education, or both. Catesby, Percy, Rookwood, Digby, the Winters, Grant, Tresham, Keyes, and the Littletons were all members of good families, and some of them of very high families,—as Percy, Digby, Rookwood, and Catesby. Some of them had been Protestants,—as Catesby and Percy; and Digby had been brought up in a Protestant house. Fawkes was of respectable parentage and of good education. Father Garnet, on his trial, was spoken of by Sir Edward Coke as having “many excellent gifts and endowments of nature: by birth a gentleman, by education a scholar, by art learned, and a good linguist.” He was brought up a Protestant. That Catholics of such standing, and with such training as should have taught them better, should have engaged in so wicked a conspiracy, was one of the chief reasons why adherents of the ancient religion were treated so cruelly in England for more than two centuries. Titus Oates's invention, the Popish Plot, never would have found believers, had not men remembered the Gunpowder Plot. In Cromwell's time, and during the civil war that preceded it, assassination plots were common, and some succeeded. The Cavaliers had very loose notions on the subject. They killed an English envoy in Holland and another in Spain. Cromwell was almost as much a target as Louis Philippe became after he was converted, for his sins, into a Citizen King. It is even asserted that

he feared assassination, and he was not in the habit of fearing many things. The court of the exiled Stuarts teemed with assassins; and projects for murdering the Protector were there formed, as well as in England. Nothing but the good intelligence which Cromwell purchased saved his life. Charles II., in his turn, became the object of assassins' attentions. Some of those who meant to kill him were superior men, — as Richard Rumbold, who was able, brave, honest, and pious. True, Rumbold in dying expressed his abhorrence of assassination, and denied that he ever had countenanced it; but the distinction which he made, and on which his dying expressions were founded, can deceive no one, and we find it difficult to believe that they deceived Rumbold himself. To have killed the King and the Duke of York after the manner spoken of by the Rye-House plotters would have been to assassinate them, and no amount of sophistry could have given to the conspiracy any other character than that of an assassination plot. William III. lived in almost as great danger of dying by the hand of an assassin as his immortal ancestor whom Gérard shot. It shows how common was assassination in those times, and how loose was public morality, that Louis XIV. was a party to at least two of the plots that were formed for taking William's life, — that of Grandval and that of Barclay, the latter known in English history as the Assassination Plot *par excellence*, and which would have succeeded, had two or three of the parties to it been left out. James II., William's father-in-law, was also concerned in both these plots; and his illegitimate son, the Duke of Berwick, a man of the highest personal integrity, was aware of what Barclay was about. Since William's time English sovereigns have had but little trouble from assassins, and that little has proceeded from insane creatures. George III. was struck at by a crazy woman, one Peg Nicholson, and fired at, in a theatre, by a crazy man named Hadfield. We can recollect three persons firing at Queen Victoria,

none of whom were executed, though they all richly deserved hanging.

Englishmen of note have been assassinated from time to time. Becket's death was an act of assassination. Two Dukes of Gloucester, of the blood royal, were assassinated in prison, — one in the reign of Richard II., and the other in that of Henry VI. Not a few eminent persons in England were "done to death" by the abuse of judicial proceedings, which were in fact acts of assassination. Most of Henry VIII.'s great victims perished by means fouler than any of those to which Richard III. is accused of having had resort; and the manner in which his father, Henry VII., murdered the Earl of Warwick, last of the male Plantagenets, and only because he was a Plantagenet, was a deed worthy of a devil. Elizabeth, unless she is much libelled, would have avoided the execution of Mary Stuart by resort to assassination, only that her instruments were found scrupulous. The first Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers family was assassinated by John Felton, in Charles I.'s reign. Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford, was stabbed by a Frenchman, named Guiscard, Harley being then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Anne's reign. Mr. Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury, was shot by a lunatic named John Bellingham, in 1812, the scene being the lobby of the House of Commons. In 1819 the Cato-Street Conspiracy was formed by Arthur Thistlewood and others. It was meant to kill the British Ministers, and the mode in which it was finally resolved to proceed was to attack them when they should be assembled at a Cabinet dinner, to be given by the Earl of Harrowby, Lord President of the Council. Government knew all about the conspiracy, and allowed it to ripen, and then "bagged" the conspirators. This was in February, 1820; and on the first of May five of the assassins were hanged and five others transported. When Sir Robert Peel was last Prime-Minister, a fellow named M'Naughten sought his life, and killed his private secretary, Mr. Drummond. Sir Rob-

ert was so indiscreet as to charge Mr. Cobden with inciting persons to take his life !

Russia has lost several of her sovereigns through assassination, accompanied or preceded by deposition. Ivan VI. was assassinated in prison, almost a quarter of a century after the crown had been taken from him. Peter III. survived his downfall but a week, when he was poisoned, beaten, and strangled. The Czar Paul was so unreasonable as to resist those who were deposing him, and they were under the disagreeable necessity of squeezing his throat so long and so tightly, that breathing became difficult, and at last stopped altogether. The murderers of both Peter and Paul became great personages, held high offices, did important deeds, and were received in the very best society, as well abroad as at home. Macaulay, in his article on Madame D'Arblay, (Fanny Burney,) mentions the number, the variety, and the greatness of the company which her father, Dr. Burney, assembled frequently at his house. "On one evening, of which we happen to have a full account," he says, "there was present Lord Mulgrave, Lord Bruce, Lord and Lady Edgumbe, Lord Barington from the War Office, Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty, Lord Ashburnham, with his gold key dangling from his pocket, and the French Ambassador, M. de Guignes, renowned for his fine person and for his success in galantry. But the great show of the night was the Russian Ambassador, Count Orloff, whose gigantic figure was all in a blaze of jewels, and in whose demeanor the untamed ferocity of the Scythian might be discerned through a thin varnish of French politeness. As he stalked about the small parlor, brushing the ceiling with his toupee, the girls whispered to each other, with mingled admiration and horror, that he was the favored lover of his august mistress [Catharine II.]; that he had borne the chief part in the revolution to which she owed her throne; and that his huge hands, now glittering with diamond rings, had given the last squeeze to the

windpipe of her unfortunate husband." He must have been a nice man for a small party, and a peculiarly edifying spectacle for young ladies. And then how fit to be ambassador at a court the first woman of which was good Queen Charlottè ! Many words have been wasted on the question, whether Catharine II. and Alexander I. consented to the murder, the one of her husband and the other of his father; but the question is absurdly framed. They consented to the act of deposition in each case, and that was the same as to sign the death-warrant. The old saying, that short is the passage of a dethroned monarch from a prison to a grave, applies with peculiar force to Russia: Catharine II. well knew that there was no hope for her husband; and Alexander I. could not have been deceived on such a point. While she was at the height of her power, Catharine herself was in danger of being assassinated. Some of the nobles suggested to her son, the Grand Duke Paul, that she should be deposed and murdered, and offered to do the job, quite as a matter of course, and with no more of shame than so many English Parliament-men might have felt for proposing to vote a minister out of office. It was *their* mode of effecting a change of ministry, and they regarded the proposition as showing that they were members of the constitutional opposition. As Talleyrand told Bonaparte, when news of Paul's murder reached Paris, "T is a way they have there !" Paul rejected the offer to rid him of his mother with horror. His own son was not so moral, in after days. Alexander was a haunted man, and remorse made him the crazy wreck that he was in his last years, and shortened his life. He was threatened with assassination by the Russian constitutional opposition, when it was thought that he was giving up too much to Napoleon I.; and the eventful war of 1812 was the result of his fears of that opposition. When he was at Vienna, attending the memorable Congress, he frankly said that he durst not go back to Russia without having added all of Poland that

he claimed to his dominions,—that it was as much as his life was worth to comply with the demands of Austria, France, and England with regard to the Poles. This was the real reason why the Polish question was so clumsily disposed of, and left to make trouble for the future. Alexander preferred quarrelling with his allies rather than with his nobles, exactly as he had done when Napoleon I. was his foreign antagonist. There have been persons enough to argue that Alexander I. was assassinated, after all, and also that Nicholas was disposed of in the same constitutional way; but we can see no evidence on which to found any such argument. When, in the days of the Polish War, (1831,) the Grand Duke Constantine and Marshal Diebitsch died rather suddenly, it was generally believed that they had been assassinated by order of Nicholas, but without any foundation for the belief.

One of the last of the Swedish kings of the line of Vasa, Gustavus III., was assassinated in 1792, being shot by Count Anckarstroem, at a masked ball, March 16th. This murder was the result of an aristocratical conspiracy, the King having done much to lessen the power of the nobility. He was engaged at the time he was shot in getting up a crusade against revolutionary France, of which he purposed being the head. He survived his wound thirteen days.

An attempt to assassinate Joseph I., King of Portugal, was made in 1758,

when the celebrated Marquis of Pomal was the real ruler of that country. Many executions took place, including several of the highest nobles. The Jesuits, who were then very unpopular, and against whom most European governments were directing their power, were charged with this crime, and some of them were put to death, and the rest banished from Portugal.

In the year 1831, Count Capo d' Istria, then President of Greece, was assassinated at Nauplia, by the brothers Mauromichalis. He was supposed to be a mere tool of Russia, in whose service much of his life had passed. He was by birth a Greek of the Ionian Islands; and after they had become a portion of Napoleon I.'s empire, he took office in Russia, rising very high. Employed to look after Russia's interests in Greece, he was ultimately chosen President of the latter country in 1827. Popular at first, he soon became odious, and was nothing but a Russian agent. His death probably cut short plans which, had they succeeded, would have had much effect on the course of European events. In the old land, where it was considered a sacred duty to kill tyrants, he was suddenly slain as he was entering a church. His death caused little regret, though the deed of the Mauromichalis was warmly condemned, many persons being ready to profit from crimes the perpetration of which they are swift to condemn, and as ready to execute the perpetrators.

THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

VII.

LITTLE FOXES. — PART VI.

DISCOURTESY.

“FOR my part,” said my wife, “I think one of the greatest destroyers of domestic peace is Discourtesy. People neglect, with their nearest friends, those refinements and civilities which they practise with strangers.”

“My dear Madam, I am of another opinion,” said Bob Stephens. “The restraints of etiquette, the formalities of ceremony, are beauteous enough in out-door life; but when a man comes home, he wants leave to take off his tight boots and gloves, wear the gown and slippers, and speak his mind freely without troubling his head where it hits. Home-life should be the communion of people who have learned to understand each other, who allow each other a generous latitude and freedom. One wants one place where he may feel at liberty to be tired or dull or disagreeable without ruining his character. Home is the place where we should expect to live somewhat on the credit which a full knowledge of each other’s goodness and worth inspires; and it is not necessary for intimate friends to go every day through those civilities and attentions which they practise with strangers, any more than it is necessary, among literary people, to repeat the alphabet over every day before one begins to read.”

“Yes,” said Jennie, “when a young gentleman is paying his addresses, he helps a young lady out of a carriage so tenderly, and holds back her dress so adroitly, that not a particle of mud gets on it from the wheels; but when the mutual understanding is complete, and the affection perfect, and she is his wife, he sits still and holds the horse and lets her climb out alone. To be sure, when pretty Miss Titmouse is visiting them, he still shows himself gallant, flies from the carriage, and holds back

her dress: that’s because he does n’t love her nor she him, and they are *not* on the ground of mutual affection. When a gentleman is only engaged, or a friend, if you hem him a cravat or mend his gloves, he thanks you in the blandest manner; but when you are once sure of his affection, he only says, ‘Very well; now I wish you would look over my shirts, and mend that rip in my coat, — and be sure don’t forget it, as you did yesterday.’ For all which reasons,” said Miss Jennie, with a toss of her pretty head, “I mean to put off marrying as long as possible, because I think it far more agreeable to have gentlemen friends with whom I stand on the ground of ceremony and politeness than to be restricted to one who is living on the credit of his affection. I don’t want a man who gapes in my face, reads a newspaper all breakfast-time while I want somebody to talk to, smokes cigars all the evening, or reads to himself when I would like him to be entertaining, and considers his affection for me as his right and title to make himself generally disagreeable. If he has a bright face, and pleasant, entertaining, gallant ways, I like to be among the ladies who may have the benefit of them, and should take care how I lost my title to it by coming with him on to the ground of domestic affection.”

“Well, Miss Jennie,” said Bob, “it is n’t merely our sex who are guilty of making themselves less agreeable after marriage. Your dapper little fairy creatures, who dazzle us so with wondrous and fresh toilettes, who are so trim and neat and sprightly and enchanting, what becomes of them after marriage? If *he* reads the newspaper at the breakfast-table, perhaps it’s because there is a sleepy, dowdy woman opposite, in a faded gingham wrapper, put on in the sacredness of domestic privacy, and per-

haps she has laid aside those crisp, sparkling, bright little sayings and doings that used to make it impossible to look at or listen to anybody else when she was about. Such things are, sometimes, among the goddesses, I believe. Of course, Marianne and I know nothing of these troubles; we, being a model pair, sit among the clouds and speculate on all these matters as spectators merely."

"Well, you see what your principle leads to, carried out," said Jennie. "If home is merely the place where one may feel at liberty to be tired or dull or disagreeable, without losing one's character, I think the women have far more right to avail themselves of the liberty than the men; for all the lonesome, dull, disagreeable part of home-life comes into their department. It is they who must keep awake with the baby, if it frets; and if they do not feel spirits to make an attractive toilette in the morning, or have not the airy, graceful fancies that they had when they were girls, it is not so very much against them. A housekeeper and nursery-maid cannot be expected to be quite as elegant in her toilette and as entertaining in her ways as a girl without a care in her father's house; but I think that this is no excuse for husbands' neglecting the little civilities and attentions which they used to show before marriage. They are strong and well and hearty; go out into the world and hear and see a great deal that keeps their minds moving and awake; and they ought to entertain their wives after marriage just as their wives entertained them before. That's the way my husband must do, or I will never have one,—and it will be small loss, if I don't," said Miss Jennie.

"Well," said Bob, "I must endeavor to initiate Charley Sedley in time."

"Charley Sedley, Bob!" said Jennie, with crimson indignation. "I wonder you will always bring up that old story, when I've told you a hundred times how disagreeable it is! Charley and I are good friends, but"—

"There, there," said Bob, "that will do; you don't need to proceed further."

"You only said that because you

could n't answer my argument," said Jennie.

"Well, my dear," said Bob, "you know everything has two sides to it, and I'll admit that you have brought up the opposite side to mine quite handsomely; but, for all that, I am convinced, that, if what I said was not really the truth, yet the truth lies somewhere in the vicinity of it. As I said before, so I say again, true love ought to beget a freedom which shall do away with the necessity of ceremony, and much may and ought to be tolerated among near and dear friends that would be discourteous among strangers. I am just as sure of this as of anything in the world."

"And yet," said my wife, "there is certainly truth in the much quoted lines of Cowper, on Friendship, where he says,—

"As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention,
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practised at first sight,
Will save it from declension."

"Well, now," said Bob, "I've seen enough of French politeness between married people. When I was in Paris, I remember there was in our boarding-house a Madame de Villiers, whose husband had conferred upon her his name and the *de* belonging to it, in consideration of a snug little income which she brought to him by the marriage. His conduct towards her was a perfect model of all the graces of civilized life. It was true that he lived on her income, and spent it in promenading the Boulevards, and visiting theatres and operas with divers fair friends of easy morals; still all this was so courteously, so politely, so diplomatically arranged with Madame, that it was quite worth while to be neglected and cheated for the sake of having the thing done in so finished and elegant a manner, according to his showing. Monsieur had taken the neat little apartment for her in our *pension*, because his circumstances were embarrassed, and he would be in despair to drag such a creature into hardships which he described as terrific, and which he was resolved heroically to endure alone. No, while a sous remained

to them, his adored Julie should have her apartment and the comforts of life secured to her, while the barest attic should suffice for him. Never did he visit her without kissing her hand with the homage due to a princess, complimenting her on her good looks, bringing bonbons, entertaining her with most ravishing small-talk of all the interesting *on-dits* in Paris; and these visits were most particularly frequent as the time for receiving her quarterly instalments approached. And so Madame adored him and could refuse him nothing, believed all his stories, and was well content to live on a fourth of her own income for the sake of so engaging a husband."

"Well," said Jennie, "I don't know to what purpose your anecdote is related, but to me it means simply this: if a rascal, without heart, without principle, without any good quality, can win and keep a woman's heart merely by being invariably polite and agreeable while in her presence, how much more might a man of sense and principle and real affection do by the same means! I'm sure, if a man who neglects a woman, and robs her of her money, nevertheless keeps her affections, merely because whenever he sees her he is courteous and attentive, it certainly shows that courtesy stands for a great deal in the matter of love."

"With foolish women," said Bob.

"Yes, and with sensible ones too," said my wife. "Your Monsieur presents a specimen of the French way of doing a bad thing; but I know a poor woman whose husband did the same thing in English fashion, without kisses or compliments. Instead of flattering, he swore at her, and took her money away without the ceremony of presenting bonbons; and I assure you, if the thing must be done at all, I would, for my part, much rather have it done in the French than the English manner. The courtesy, as far as it goes, is a good, and far better than nothing,—though, of course, one would rather have substantial good with it. If one must be robbed, one would rather have one's money wheedled away agreeably, with

kisses and bonbons, than be knocked down and trampled upon."

"The mistake that is made on this subject," said I, "is in comparing, as people generally do, a polished rascal with a boorish good man; but the polished rascal should be compared with the polished good man, and the boorish rascal with the boorish good man, and then we get the true value of the article."

"It is true, as a general rule, that those races of men that are most distinguished for outward urbanity and courtesy are the least distinguished for truth and sincerity; and hence the well-known alliterations, 'fair and false,' 'smooth and slippery.' The fair and false Greek, the polished and wily Italian, the courteous and deceitful Frenchman, are associations which, to the strong, downright, courageous Anglo-Saxon, make up-and-down rudeness and blunt discourtesy a type of truth and honesty."

"No one can read French literature without feeling how the element of courtesy pervades every department of life,—how carefully people avoid being personally disagreeable in their intercourse. A domestic quarrel, if we may trust French plays, is carried on with all the refinements of good breeding, and insults are given with elegant civility. It seems impossible to translate into French the direct and downright brutalities which the English tongue allows. The whole intercourse of life is arranged on the understanding that all personal contacts shall be smooth and civil, and such as to obviate the necessity of personal jostle and jar."

"Does a Frenchman engage a clerk or other *employé*, and afterwards hear a report to his disadvantage, the last thing he would think of would be to tell a downright unpleasant truth to the man. He writes him a civil note, and tells him, that, in consequence of an unexpected change of business, he shall not need an assistant in that department, and much regrets that this will deprive him of Monsieur's agreeable society, etc."

"A more striking example cannot be

found of this sort of intercourse than the representation in the life of Madame George Sand of the proceedings between her father and his mother. There is all the romance of affection between this mother and son. He writes her the most devoted letters, he kisses her hand on every page, he is the very image of a gallant, charming, lovable son, while at the same time he is secretly making arrangements for a private marriage with a woman of low rank and indifferent reputation, — a marriage which he knows would be like death to his mother. He marries, lives with his wife, has one or two children by her, before he will pain the heart of his adored mother by telling her the truth. The adored mother suspects her son, but no trace of the suspicion appears in her letters to him. The questions which an English parent would level at him point-blank she is entirely too delicate to address to her dear Maurice; but she puts them to the Prefect of Police, and ferrets out the marriage through legal documents, while yet no trace of this knowledge dims the affectionateness of her letters, or the serenity of her reception of her son when he comes to bestow on her the time which he can spare from his family cares. In an English or American family there would have been a battle royal, an open rupture; whereas this courteous son and mother go on for years with this polite drama, she pretending to be deceived while she is not, and he supposing that he is sparing her feelings by the deception.

“Now it is the reaction from such a style of life on the truthful Anglo-Saxon nature that leads to an undervaluing of courtesy, as if it were of necessity opposed to sincerity. But it does not follow, because all is not gold that glitters, that nothing that glitters is gold, and because courtesy and delicacy of personal intercourse are often perverted to deceit, that they are not valuable allies of truth. No woman would prefer a slippery, plausible rascal to a rough, unceremonious honest man; but of two men equally truthful and affectionate, every woman would prefer the courteous one.”

“Well,” said Bob, “there is a loathsome, sickly stench of cowardice and distrust about all this kind of French delicacy that is enough to drive an honest fellow to the other extreme. True love ought to be a robust, hardy plant, that can stand a free out-door life of sun and wind and rain. People who are too delicate and courteous ever fully to speak their minds to each other are apt to have stagnant residuums of unpleasant feelings which breed all sorts of gnats and mosquitoes. My rule is, Say everything out as you go along; have your little tiffs, and get over them; jar and jolt and rub a little, and learn to take rubs and bear jolts.

“If I take less thought and use less civility of expression, in announcing to Marianne that her coffee is roasted too much, than I did to old Mrs. Pollux when I boarded with her, it’s because I take it Marianne is somewhat more a part of myself than old Mrs. Pollux was, — that there is an intimacy and confidence between us which will enable us to use the short-hand of life, — that she will not fall into a passion or fly into hysterics, but will merely speak to cook in good time. If I don’t thank her for mending my glove in just the style that I did when I was a lover, it is because now she does that sort of thing for me so often that it would be a downright bore to her to have me always on my knees about it. All that I could think of to say about her graceful handiness and her delicate needle-work has been said so often, and is so well understood, that it has entirely lost the zest of originality. Marianne and I have had sundry little battles, in which the victory came out on both sides, each of us thinking the better of the other for the vigor and spirit with which we conducted matters; and our habit of perfect plain-speaking and truth-telling to each other is better than all the delicacies that ever were hatched up in the hot-bed of French sentiment.”

“Perfectly true, perfectly right,” said I. “Every word good as gold. Truth before all things; sincerity before all things: pure, clear, diamond-

bright sincerity is of more value than the gold of Ophir; the foundation of all love must rest here. How those people do who live in the nearest and dearest intimacy with friends who they believe will lie to them for any purpose, even the most refined and delicate, is a mystery to me. If I once know that my wife or my friend will tell me only what they think will be agreeable to me, then I am at once lost, my way is a pathless quicksand. But all this being premised, I still say that we Anglo-Saxons might improve our domestic life, if we would graft upon the strong stock of its homely sincerity the courteous graces of the French character.

"If anybody wishes to know exactly what I mean by this, let him read the *Memoir of De Tocqueville*, whom I take to be the representative of the French ideal man; and certainly the kind of family life which his domestic letters disclose has a delicacy and a beauty which adorn its solid worth.

"What I have to say on this matter is, that it is very dangerous for any individual man or any race of men continually to cry up the virtues to which they are constitutionally inclined, and to be constantly dwelling with reprobation on faults to which they have no manner of temptation.

"I think that we of the English race may set it down as a general rule that we are in no danger of becoming hypocrites in domestic life through an extra sense of politeness, and in some danger of becoming bores from a rough, uncultivated instinct of sincerity. But to bring the matter to a practical point, I will specify some particulars in which the courtesy we show to strangers might with advantage be grafted into our home-life.

"In the first place, then, let us watch our course when we are entertaining strangers whose good opinion we wish to propitiate. We dress ourselves with care, we study what it will be agreeable to say, we do not suffer our natural laziness to prevent our being very alert in paying small attentions, we start across the room for an easier chair,

we stoop to pick up the fan, we search for the mislaid newspaper, and all this for persons in whom we have no particular interest beyond the passing hour; while with those friends whom we love and respect we sit in our old faded habiliments, and let them get their own chair, and look up their own newspaper, and fight their own way daily, without any of this preventing care.

"In the matter of personal adornment, especially, there are a great many people who are chargeable with the same fault that I have already spoken of in reference to household arrangements. They have a splendid wardrobe for company, and a shabby and sordid one for domestic life. A woman puts all her income into party-dresses, and thinks anything will do to wear at home. All her old tumbled finery, her frayed, dirty silks and soiled ribbons, are made to do duty for her hours of intercourse with her dearest friends. Some seem to be really principled against wearing a handsome dress in every-day life; they 'cannot afford' to be well-dressed in private. Now what I should recommend would be to take the money necessary for one or two party-dresses and spend it upon an appropriate and tasteful home-toilette, and to make it an avowed object to look prettily at home.

"We men are a sort of stupid, blind animals: we know when we are pleased, but we don't know what it is that pleases us; we say we don't care anything about flowers, but if there is a flower-garden under our window, somehow or other we are dimly conscious of it, and feel that there is something pleasant there; and so when our wives and daughters are prettily and tastefully attired, we know it, and it gladdens our life far more than we are perhaps aware of."

"Well, papa," said Jennie, "I think the men ought to take just as much pains to get themselves up nicely after marriage as the women. I think there are such things as tumbled shirt-collars and frowzy hair and muddy shoes brought into the domestic sanctuary, as well as frayed silks and dirty ribbons."

"Certainly," I said; "but you know

we are the natural Hottentot, and you are the missionaries who are to keep us from degenerating; we are the clumsy, old, blind Vulcan, and you the fair Cytherea, the bearers of the magic cestus, and therefore it is to you that this head more particularly belongs.

"Now I maintain that in family-life there should be an effort not only to be neat and decent in the arrangement of our person, but to be also what the French call *coquette*,—or to put it in plain English, there should be an endeavor to make ourselves look handsome in the eyes of our dearest friends.

"Many worthy women, who would not for the world be found wanting in the matter of personal neatness, seem somehow to have the notion that any study of the arts of personal beauty in family-life is unmatronly; they buy their clothes with simple reference to economy, and have them made up without any question of becomingness; and hence marriage sometimes transforms a charming, trim, tripping young lady into a waddling matron whose every-day toilette suggests only the idea of a feather-bed tied round with a string. For my part, I do not believe that the summary banishment of the Graces from the domestic circle as soon as the first baby makes its appearance is at all conducive to domestic affection. Nor do I think that there is any need of so doing. These good housewives are in danger, like other saints, of falling into the error of neglecting the body through too much thoughtfulness for others and too little for themselves. If a woman ever had any attractiveness, let her try and keep it, setting it down as one of her domestic talents. As for my erring brothers who violate the domestic sanctuary by tousled hair, tumbled linen, and muddy shoes, I deliver them over to Miss Jennie without benefit of clergy.

"My second head is, that there should be in family-life the same delicacy in the avoidance of disagreeable topics that characterizes the intercourse of refined society among strangers.

"I do not think that it makes family-life more sincere, or any more honest, to

have the members of a domestic circle feel a freedom to blurt out in each other's faces, without thought or care, all the disagreeable things that may occur to them: as, for example, 'How horribly you look this morning! What's the matter with you?'—'Is there a pimple coming on your nose? or what is that spot?'—'What made you buy such a dreadfully unbecoming dress? It sets like a witch! Who cut it?'—'What makes you wear that pair of old shoes?'—'Holloa, Bess! is that your party-rig? I should think you were going out for a walking advertisement of a flower-store!'—Observations of this kind between husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, or intimate friends, do not indicate sincerity, but obtuseness; and the person who remarks on the pimple on your nose is in many cases just as apt to deceive you as the most accomplished Frenchwoman who avoids disagreeable topics in your presence.

"Many families seem to think that it is a proof of family union and good-nature that they can pick each other to pieces, joke on each other's feelings and infirmities, and treat each other with a general tally-ho-ing rudeness without any offence or ill-feeling. If there is a limping sister, there is a never-failing supply of jokes on 'Dot-and-go-one'; and so with other defects and peculiarities of mind or manners. Now the perfect good-nature and mutual confidence which allow all this liberty are certainly admirable; but the liberty itself is far from making home-life interesting or agreeable.

"Jokes upon personal or mental infirmities, and a general habit of saying things in jest which would be the height of rudeness if said in earnest, are all habits which take from the delicacy of family affection.

"In all this rough playing with edge-tools many are hit and hurt who are ashamed or afraid to complain. And after all, what possible good or benefit comes from it? Courage to say disagreeable things, when it is necessary to say them for the highest good of the

person addressed, is a sublime quality; but a careless habit of saying them, in the mere freedom of family intercourse, is certainly as great a spoiler of the domestic vines as any fox running.

"There is one point under this head which I enlarge upon for the benefit of my own sex: I mean table-criticisms. The conduct of housekeeping, in the present state of domestic service, certainly requires great allowance; and the habit of unceremonious comment on the cooking and appointments of the table, in which some husbands habitually allow themselves, is the most unpardonable form of domestic rudeness. If a wife has philosophy enough not to mind it, so much the worse for her husband, as it confirms him in an unseemly habit, embarrassing to guests and a bad example to children. If she has no feelings that he is bound to respect, he should at least respect decorum and good taste, and confine the discussion of such matters to private intercourse, and not initiate every guest and child into the grating and greasing of the wheels of the domestic machinery.

"Another thing in which families might imitate the politeness of strangers is a wise reticence with regard to the asking of questions and the offering of advice.

"A large family includes many persons of different tastes, habits, modes of thinking and acting, and it would be wise and well to leave to each one that measure of freedom in these respects which the laws of general politeness require. Brothers and sisters may love each other very much, and yet not enough to make joint-stock of all their ideas, plans, wishes, schemes, friendships. There are in every family-circle individuals whom a certain sensitiveness of nature inclines to quietness and reserve; and there are very well-meaning families where no such quietness or reserve is possible. Nobody can be let alone, nobody may have a secret, nobody can move in any direction, without a host of inquiries and comments. 'Who is your letter from? Let's see.' — 'My letter is from So-

and-So.' — '*He* writing to you? I did n't know that. What's he writing about?' — 'Where did you go yesterday? What did you buy? What did you give for it? What are you going to do with it?' — 'Seems to me that's an odd way to do. I should n't do so.' — 'Look here, Mary; Sarah's going to have a dress of silk tissue this spring. Now I think they're too dear, — don't you?'

"I recollect seeing in some author a description of a true gentleman, in which, among other traits, he was characterized as the man that asks the fewest questions. This trait of refined society might be adopted into home-life in a far greater degree than it is, and make it far more agreeable.

"If there is perfect unreserve and mutual confidence, let it show itself in free communications coming unsolicited. It may fairly be presumed, that, if there is anything our intimate friends wish us to know, they will tell us of it, — and that when we are on close and confidential terms with persons, and there are topics on which they do not speak to us, it is because for some reason they prefer to keep silence concerning them; and the delicacy that respects a friend's silence is one of the charms of life.

"As with the asking of questions, so with the offering of advice, there should be among friends a wise reticence.

"Some families are always calling each other to account at every step of the day. 'What did you put on that dress for? Why did n't you wear that?' — 'What did you do this for? Why did n't you do that?' — 'Now I should advise you to do thus and so.' — And these comments and criticisms and advices are accompanied with an energy of feeling that makes it rather difficult to disregard them.

"Now it is no matter how dear and how good our friends may be, if they abridge our liberty and fetter the free exercise of our life, it is inevitable that we shall come to enjoying ourselves much better where they are not than where they are; and one of the rea-

sons why brothers and sisters or children so often diverge from the family-circle in the choice of confidants is, that extraneous friends are bound by certain laws of delicacy not to push inquiries, criticisms, or advice too far.

"Parents would do well to remember in time when their children have grown up into independent human beings, and use with a wise moderation those advisory and admonitory powers with which they guided their earlier days. Let us give everybody a right to live his own life, as far as possible, and avoid imposing our own personalities on another.

"If I were to picture a perfect family, it should be a union of people of individual and marked character, who through love have come to a perfect appreciation of each other, and who so wisely understand themselves and one another that each may move freely along his or her own track without jar or jostle,—a family where affection is always sympathetic and receptive, but never inquisitive,—where all per-

sonal delicacies are respected,—and where there is a sense of privacy and seclusion in following one's own course, unchallenged by the watchfulness of others, yet withal a sense of society and support in a knowledge of the kind dispositions and interpretations of all around.

"In treating of family discourtesies, I have avoided speaking of those which come from ill-temper and brute selfishness, because these are sins more than mistakes. An angry person is generally impolite; and where contention and ill-will are, there can be no courtesy. What I have mentioned are rather the lackings of good and often admirable people, who merely need to consider in their family-life a little more of whatsoever things are lovely. With such the mere admission of anything to be pursued as a duty secures the purpose; only in their somewhat earnest pursuit of the substantial of life they drop and pass by the little things that give it sweetness and perfume. To such a word is enough, and that word is said."

ACCOMPLICES.

VIRGINIA, 1865.

THE soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves

By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower

Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;

The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves

Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.

Hark, what a burst of music from yon wood!

The Southern nightingale, above its brood,

In its melodious summer madness raves.

Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,

With what sweet voices, Nature seeks to screen

The awful Crime of this distracted land,—

Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green

Mantle of velvet where the Murdered lie,

As if to hide the horror from God's eye!

THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY.

ON the eve of the last general election, the country was startled by the publication of a Report from the Judge Advocate of the United States, disclosing the existence of a widespread conspiracy at the West, which had for its object the overthrow of the Union. This conspiracy, the Report stated, had a military organization, with a commander-in-chief, general and subordinate officers, and five hundred thousand enrolled members, all bound to a blind obedience to the orders of their superiors, and pledged to "take up arms against any government found waging war against a people endeavoring to establish a government of their own choice."

The organization, it was said, was in every way hostile to the Union, and friendly to the so-called Confederacy; and its ultimate objects were "a general rising in Missouri," and a similar "rising in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Kentucky, in coöperation with a Rebel force which was to invade the last-named State."

Startling and incredible as the Report seemed, it told nothing but the truth, and it did not tell the whole truth. It omitted to state that the organization was planned in Richmond; that its operations were directed by Jacob Thompson, who was in Canada for that purpose; and that wholesale robbery, arson, and midnight assassination were among its designs.

The point marked out for the first attack was Camp Douglas, at Chicago. The eight thousand Rebel soldiers confined there, being liberated and armed, were to be joined by the Canadian refugees and Missouri "Butternuts" engaged in their release, and the five thousand and more members of the treasonable order resident in Chicago. This force, of nearly twenty thousand men, would be a nucleus about which the conspirators in other parts of Illinois could gather; and, being joined by the

prisoners liberated from other camps, and members of the order from other States, would form an army a hundred thousand strong. So fully had everything been foreseen and provided for, that the leaders expected to gather and organize this vast body of men within the space of a fortnight! The United States could bring into the field no force capable of withstanding the progress of such an army. The consequences would be, that the whole character of the war would be changed; its theatre would be shifted from the Border to the heart of the Free States; and Southern independence, and the beginning at the North of that process of disintegration so confidently counted on by the Rebel leaders at the outbreak of hostilities, would have followed.

What saved the nation from being drawn into this whirlpool of ruin? Nothing but the cool brain, sleepless vigilance, and wonderful sagacity of one man,—a young officer never read of in the newspapers,—removed from field-duty because of disability, but commissioned, I verily believe, by Providence itself to ferret out and foil this deeper-laid, wider-spread, and more diabolical conspiracy than any that darkens the page of history. Other men—and women, too—were instrumental in dragging the dark iniquity to light; but they failed to fathom its full enormity, and to discover its point of outbreak. He did that; and he throttled the tiger when about to spring, and so deserves the lasting gratitude of his country. How he did it I propose to tell in this paper. It is a marvellous tale; it will read more like romance than history; but, calling to mind what a good man once said to me, "Write the truth; let people doubt, if they will," I shall narrate the facts.

There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this young man. Nearly six feet high, he has an erect, military carriage, a frank, manly face, and looks every inch a soldier,—such a soldier as

would stand up all day in a square hand-to-hand fight with an open enemy; but the keenest eye would detect in him no indication of the crafty genius which delights to follow the windings of wickedness when burrowing in the dark. But if not a Fouché or a Vidocq, he is certainly an able man; for, in a section where able men are as plenty as apple-blossoms in June, he was chosen to represent his district in the State Senate, and, entering the army a subaltern officer, rose, before the Battle of Perryville, to the command of a regiment. At that battle a Rebel bullet entered his shoulder, and crushed the bones of his right elbow. This disabled him for field duty, and so it came about that he assumed the light blue of the veterans, and on the second day of May, 1864, succeeded General Orme in command of the military post at Chicago.

When fairly settled in the low-roofed shanty which stands, a sort of mute sentry, over the front gateway of Camp Douglas, the new Commandant, as was natural, looked about him. He found the camp — about sixty acres of flat, sandy soil, inclosed by a tight board fence, an inch thick, and fourteen feet high — had a garrison of but two regiments of veteran reserves, numbering, all told, only seven hundred men fit for duty. This small force was guarding eight thousand Rebel prisoners, one third of whom were Texas rangers, and guerrillas who had served under Morgan, — wild, reckless characters, fonder of a fight than of a dinner, and ready for any enterprise, however desperate, that held out the smallest prospect of freedom. To add to the seeming insecurity, nearly every office in the camp was filled with these prisoners. They served out rations and distributed clothing to their comrades, dealt out ammunition to the guards, and even kept the records in the quarters of the Commandant. In fact, the prison was in charge of the prisoners, not the prisoners in charge of the prison. This state of things underwent a sudden change. With the exception of a very few, whose

characters recommended them to peculiar confidence, all were at once placed where they belonged, — on the inner side of the prison-fence.

A post-office was connected with the camp, and this next received the Commandant's attention. Everything about it appeared to be regular. A vast number of letters came and went, but they all passed unsealed, and seemed to contain nothing contraband. Many of them, however, were short epistles on long pieces of paper, a curious circumstance among correspondents with whom stationery was scarce and greenbacks were not over-plenty. One sultry day in June, the Commandant builded a fire, and gave these letters a warming; and lo! presto! the white spaces broke out into dark lines breathing thoughts blacker than the fluid that wrote them. Corporal Snooks whispered to his wife, away down in Texas, "The forthe of July is comin', Sukey, so be a man; fur I 'm gwine to celerbrate. I 'm gwine up loike a rocket, ef I does come down loike a stick." And Sergeant Blower said to John Copperhead of Chicago, "Down in 'old Virginny' I used to think the fourth of July a humbug, but this prison has made me a patriot. Now I 'd like to burn an all-fired sight of powder, and if you help, and God is willing, I shall do it." In a similar strain wrote half a score of them.

Such patriotism seemed altogether too wordy to be genuine. It told nothing, but it darkly hinted at dark events to come. The Commandant bethought him that the Democratic Convention would assemble on the fourth of July; that a vast multitude of people would congregate at Chicago on that occasion; and that, in so great a throng, it would be easy for the clans to gather, attack the camp, and liberate the prisoners. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the young Commandant was vigilant. Soon Prison-Square received a fresh instalment of prisoners. They were genuine "Butternuts," out at the toes, out at the knees, out at the elbows, out everywhere, in fact, and of everything but their senses. Those

they had snugly about them. They fraternized with Corporal Snooks, Sergeant Blower, and others of their comrades, and soon learned that a grand pyrotechnic display was arranged to come off on Independence-day. A huge bonfire was to be built outside, and the prisoners were to salute the old flag, but not with blank cartridges.

But who was to light the outside bonfire? That the improvised "Butternuts" failed to discover, and the Commandant set his own wits to working. He soon ascertained that a singular organization existed in Chicago. It was called "The Society of the Illinois," and its object, as set forth by its printed constitution, was "the more perfect development of the literary, scientific, moral, physical, and social welfare of the conservative citizens of Chicago." The Commandant knew a conservative citizen whose development was not altogether perfect, and he recommended him to join the organization. The society needed recruits and initiation-fees, and received the new member with open arms. Soon he was deep in the outer secrets of the order; but he could not penetrate its inner mysteries. Those were open to only an elect few who had already attained to a "perfect development" — of villany. He learned enough, however, to verify the dark hints thrown out by the prisoners. The society numbered some thousands of members, all fully armed, thoroughly drilled, and impatiently waiting a signal to explode a mine deeper than that in front of Petersburg.

But the assembling of the Chicago Convention was postponed to the twenty-ninth of August, and the fourth of July passed away without the bonfire and the fireworks.

The Commandant, however, did not sleep. He still kept his wits a-working; the bogus "Butternuts" still ate prisoners' rations; and the red flame still brought out black thoughts on the white letter-paper. Quietly the garrison was reinforced, quietly increased vigilance was enjoined upon the sentinels; and the tranquil, assured look of

the Commandant told no one that he was playing with hot coals on a barrel of gunpowder.

So July rolled away into August, and the Commandant sent a letter giving his view of the state of things to his commanding general. This letter has fallen into my hands, and, as might sometimes makes right, I shall copy a portion of it. It is dated August 12, and, in the formal phrase customary among military men, begins:—

"I have the honor respectfully to report, in relation to the supposed organization at Toronto, Canada, which was to come here in squads, then combine, and attempt to rescue the prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, that there is an armed organization in this city of five thousand men, and that the rescue of our prisoners would be the signal for a general insurrection in Indiana and Illinois. . . .

"There is little, if any, doubt that an organization hostile to the Government and secret in its workings and character exists in the States of Indiana and Illinois, and that this organization is strong in numbers. It would be easy, perhaps, at any crisis in public affairs, to push this organization into acts of open disloyalty, if its leaders should so will. . . .

"Except in cases of considerable emergency, I shall make all communications to your head-quarters on this subject by mail."

These extracts show, that, seventeen days before the assembling of the Chicago Convention, the Commandant had become convinced that mail-bags were safer vehicles of communication than telegraph-wires; that five thousand armed traitors were then domiciled in Chicago; that they expected to be joined by a body of Rebels from Canada; that the object of the combination was the rescue of the prisoners at Camp Douglas; and that success in that enterprise would be the signal for a general uprising throughout Indiana and Illinois. Certainly, this was no little knowledge to gain by two months' burrowing in the dark. But the con-

spirators were not fools. They had necks which they valued. They would not plunge into open disloyalty until some "crisis in public affairs" should engage the attention of the authorities, and afford a fair chance of success. Would the assembling of the Convention be such a crisis? was now the question.

The question was soon answered. About this time, Lieutenant-Colonel B. H. Hill, commanding the military district of Michigan, received a missive from a person in Canada who represented himself to be a major in the Confederate service. He expressed a readiness to disclose a dangerous plot against the Government, provided he were allowed to take the oath of allegiance, and rewarded according to the value of his information. The Lieutenant-Colonel read the letter, tossed it aside, and went about his business. No good, he had heard, ever came out of Nazareth. Soon another missive, of the same purport, and from the same person, came to him. He tossed this aside also, and went again about his business. But the Major was a Southern Yankee, — the "cutest" sort of Yankee. He had something to sell, and was bound to sell it, even if he had to throw his neck into the bargain. Taking his life in his hand, he crossed the frontier; and so it came about, that, late one night, a tall man, in a slouched hat, rusty regimentals, and immense jack-boots, was ushered into the private apartment of the Lieutenant-Colonel at Detroit. It was the Major. He had brought his wares with him. They had cost him nothing, except some small sacrifice of such trifling matters as honor, fraternal feeling, and good faith towards brother conspirators, whom they might send to the gallows; but they were of immense value, — would save millions of money and rivers of loyal blood. So the Major said, and so the Lieutenant-Colonel thought, as, coolly, with his cigar in his mouth and his legs over the arm of his chair, he drew the important secrets from the Rebel officer. Something good might, after all, come out

of Nazareth. The Lieutenant-Colonel would trust the fellow, — trust him, but pay him nothing, and send him back to Toronto to worm out the whole plan from the Rebel leaders, and to gather the whole details of the projected expedition. But the Major knew with whom he was dealing. He had faith in Uncle Sam, and he was right in having it; for, truth to tell, if Uncle Sam does not always pay, he can always be trusted.

It was not long before the Major reappeared with his budget, which he duly opened to the Lieutenant-Colonel. Its contents were interesting, and I will give them to the reader as the Union officer gave them to the General commanding the Northern Department. His communication is dated August 16. It says: —

"I have the honor to report that I had another interview last evening with Major —, whose disclosures in relation to a Rebel plot for the release of the prisoners at Camp Douglas I gave you in my letter of the 8th instant. I have caused inquiries to be made in Canada about Major —, and understand that he does possess the confidence of the Rebel agent, and that his statements are entitled to respect.

"He now informs me that he proceeded to Toronto, as he stated he would when I last saw him; that about two hundred picked men, of the Rebel refugees in Canada, are assembled at that place, who are armed with revolvers and supplied with funds and transportation-tickets to Chicago; and that already one hundred and fifty have proceeded to Chicago. That he (Major —) and the balance of the men are waiting for instructions from Captain Hines, who is the commander of the expedition; that Captain Hines left Toronto last Thursday for Chicago, and at this time is doubtless at Niagara Falls, making the final arrangements with the chief Rebel agents.

"Major — states that Saunders, Holbrook, and Colonel Hicks were at Toronto while he was there, engaged in making preparations, etc. The general plan is to accomplish the release

of the prisoners at Camp Douglas, and in doing so they will be assisted by an armed organization at Chicago. After being released, the prisoners will be armed, and being joined by the organization in Chicago, will be mounted and proceed to Camp Morton, (at Indianapolis,) and there accomplish a similar object in releasing prisoners. That for months, Rebel emissaries have been travelling through the Northwest; that their arrangements are fully matured; and that they expect to receive large accessions of force from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. They expect to destroy the works at Iron-ton.

"Major — says further that he is in hourly expectation of receiving instructions to proceed to Chicago with the balance of the party; that he shall put up at the City Hotel, corner of Lake and State Streets, and register his name as George —; and that he will then place himself in communication with Colonel Sweet, commanding at Chicago."

The Major did not "put up at the corner of Lake and State Streets," and that fact relieved the Government from the trouble of estimating the value of his services, and, what is more to be deplored, rendered it impossible for the Commandant to recognize and arrest the Rebel leaders during the sitting of the Chicago Convention. What became of the Major is not known. He may have repented of his good deeds, or his treachery may have been detected and he put out of the way by his accomplices.

It will be noticed how closely the Rebel officer's disclosures accorded with the information gathered through indirect channels by the astute Commandant. When the report was conveyed to him, he may have smiled at this proof of his own sagacity; but he made no change in his arrangements. Quietly and steadily he went on strengthening the camp, augmenting the garrison, and shadowing the footsteps of all suspicious new-comers.

At last the loyal Democrats came together to the great Convention, and

with them came Satan also. Bands of ill-favored men, in bushy hair, bad whiskey, and seedy homespun, staggered from the railway-stations, and hung about the street-corners. A reader of Dante or Swedenborg would have taken them for delegates from the lower regions, had not their clothing been plainly perishable, while the devils wear everlasting garments. They had come, they announced, to make a Peace President, but they brandished bowie-knives, and bellowed for war even in the sacred precincts of the Peace Convention. But war or peace, the Commandant was ready for it.

For days reinforcements had poured into the camp, until it actually bristled with bayonets. On every side it was guarded with cannon, and, day and night, mounted men patrolled the avenues to give notice of the first hostile gathering. But there was no gathering. The conspirators were there, two thousand strong, with five thousand Illini to back them. From every point of the compass, — from Canada, Missouri, Southern Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York, and even loyal Vermont, bloody-minded men had come to give the Peace candidate a red baptism. But "discretion is the better part of valor." The conspirators saw the preparations and disbanded. Not long afterward one of the leaders said to me, "We had spies in every public place, — in the telegraph-office, the camp itself, and even *close by* the Commandant's head-quarters, and knew, hourly, all that was passing. From the observatory, opposite the camp, I myself saw the arrangements for our reception. We outnumbered you two to one, but our force was badly disciplined. Success in such circumstances was impossible; and on the third day of the Convention we announced from head-quarters that an attack at that time was impracticable. It would have cost the lives of hundreds of the prisoners, and perhaps the capture or destruction of the whole of us." So the storm blew over, without the leaden rain, and its usual accompaniment of thunder and lightning.

A dead calm followed, during which the Illini slunk back to their holes; the prisoners took to honest ink; the bogus "Butternuts" walked the streets clad like Christians, and the Commandant went to sleep with only one eye open. So the world rolled around into November.

The Presidential election was near at hand,—the great contest on which hung the fate of the Republic. The Commandant was convinced of this, and wanted to marshal his old constituents for the final struggle between Freedom and Despotism. He obtained a furlough to go home and mount the stump for the Union. He was about to set out, his private secretary was ready, and the carriage waiting at the gateway, when an indefinable feeling took possession of him, holding him back, and warning him of coming danger. It would not be shaken off, and reluctantly he postponed the journey till the morrow. Before the morrow facts were developed which made his presence in Chicago essential to the safety of the city and the lives of the citizens. The snake was scotched, not killed. It was preparing for another and a deadlier spring.

On the second of November, a well-known citizen of St. Louis, openly a Secessionist, but secretly a loyal man, and acting as a detective for the Government, left that city in pursuit of a criminal. He followed him to Springfield, traced him from there to Chicago, and on the morning of November fourth, about the hour the Commandant had the singular impression I have spoken of, arrived in the latter city. He soon learned that the bird had again flown.

"While passing along the street," (I now quote from his report to the Provost Marshal General of Missouri,) "and trying to decide what course to pursue,—whether to follow this man to New York, or return to St. Louis,—I met an old acquaintance, a member of the order of 'American Knights,' who informed me that Marmaduke was in Chicago. After conversing with him awhile, I started up the street, and about one block farther on met Dr. E. W. Edwards, a practising physician in Chicago,

(another old acquaintance,) who asked me if I knew of any Southern soldiers being in town. I told him I did; that Marmaduke was there. He seemed very much astonished, and asked how I knew. I told him. He laughed, and then said that Marmaduke was at his house, under the assumed name of Burling, and mentioned, as a good joke, that he had a British passport, *vised* by the United States Consul under that name. I gave Edwards my card to hand to Marmaduke, (who was another 'old acquaintance,') and told him I was stopping at the Briggs House.

"That same evening I again met Dr. Edwards on the street, going to my hotel. He said Marmaduke desired to see me, and I accompanied him to his house." There, in the course of a long conversation, "Marmaduke told me that he and several Rebel officers were in Chicago to coöperate with other parties in releasing the prisoners of Camp Douglas, and other prisons, and in inaugurating a Rebellion at the North. He said the movement was under the auspices of the order of 'American Knights,' (to which order the Society of the Illini belonged,) and was to begin operations by an attack on Camp Douglas on election-day."

The detective did not know the Commandant, but he soon made his acquaintance, and told him the story. "The young man," he says, "rested his head upon his hand, and looked as if he had lost his mother." And well he might! A mine had opened at his feet; with but eight hundred men in the garrison it was to be sprung upon him. Only seventy hours were left! What would he not give for twice as many? Then he might secure reinforcements. He walked the room for a time in silence, then, turning to the detective, said, "Do you know where the other leaders are?"—"I do not."—"Can't you find out from Marmaduke?"—"I think not. He said what he did say voluntarily. If I were to question him, he would suspect me." That was true, and Marmaduke was not of the stuff that betrays a comrade on compulsion. His arrest, there-

fore, would profit nothing, and might hasten the attack for which the Commandant was so poorly prepared. He sat down and wrote a hurried dispatch to his General. Troops! troops! for God's sake, troops! was its burden. Sending it off by a courier,—the telegraph told tales,—he rose, and again walked the room in silence. After a while, with a heavy heart, the detective said, "Good night," and left him.

What passed with the Commandant during the next two hours I do not know. He may have prayed,—he is a praying man,—and there was need of prayer, for the torch was ready to burn millions of property, the knife whetted to take thousands of lives. At the end of the two hours, a stranger was ushered into the apartment where the Commandant was still pacing the floor. From the lips and pen of this stranger I have what followed, and I think it may be relied on.

He was a slim, light-haired young man, with fine, regular features, and that indefinable air which denotes good breeding. Recognizing the Commandant by the eagle on his shoulder, he said, "Can I see you alone, Sir?"—"Certainly," answered the Union officer, motioning to his secretary to leave the room. "I am a Colonel in the Rebel army," said the stranger, "and have put my life into your hands, to warn you of the most hellish plot in history."—"Your life is safe, Sir," replied the other, "if your visit is an honest one. I shall be glad to hear what you have to say. Be seated."

The Rebel officer took the proffered chair, and sat there till far into the morning. In the limits of a magazine article I cannot attempt to recount all that passed between them. The written statement the Rebel Colonel has sent to me covers fourteen pages of closely written foolscap; and my interview with him on the subject lasted five hours, by a slow watch. He disclosed all that Judge Holt has made public, and a great deal more. Sixty days previously he had left Richmond with verbal dispatches from the Rebel Secretary of War

to Jacob Thompson, the Rebel agent in Canada. These dispatches had relation to a vast plot, designed to wrap the West in flames, sever it from the East, and secure the independence of the South. Months before, the plot had been concocted by Jeff Davis at Richmond; and in May previous, Thompson, supplied with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in sterling exchange, had been sent to Canada to superintend its execution. This money was lodged in a bank at Montreal, and had furnished the funds which fitted out the abortive expeditions against Johnson's Island and Camp Douglas. The plot embraced the order of "American Knights," which was spread all over the West, and numbered five hundred thousand men, three hundred and fifty thousand of whom were armed. A force of twelve hundred men—Canadian refugees, and bushwhackers from Southern Illinois and Missouri—was to attack Camp Douglas, on Tuesday night, the 8th of November, liberate and arm the prisoners, and sack Chicago. This was to be the signal for a general uprising throughout the West, and for a simultaneous advance by Hood upon Nashville, Buckner upon Louisville, and Price upon St. Louis. Vandalism was to head the movement in Ohio, Bowles in Indiana, and Walsh in Illinois. The forces were to rendezvous at Dayton and Cincinnati in Ohio, New Albany and Indianapolis in Indiana, and Rock Island, Chicago, and Springfield in Illinois; and those gathered at the last-named place, after seizing the arsenal, were to march to aid Price in taking St. Louis. Prominent Union citizens and officers were to be seized and sent South, and the more obnoxious of them were to be assassinated. All places taken were to be sacked and destroyed, and a band of a hundred desperate men was organized to burn the larger Northern cities not included in the field of operations. Two hundred Confederate officers, who were to direct the military movements, had been in Canada, but were then stationed throughout the West, at the various points to be attacked, waiting the out-

break at Chicago. Captain Hines, who had won the confidence of Thompson by his successful management of the escape of John Morgan, had control of the initial movement against Camp Douglas; but Colonel Grenfell, assisted by Colonel Marmaduke and a dozen other Rebel officers, was to manage the military part of the operations. All of these officers were at that moment in Chicago, waiting the arrival of the men, who were to come in small squads, over different railroads, during the following three days. The Rebel officer had known of the plot for months, but its atrocious details had come to his knowledge only within a fortnight. They had appalled him; and though he was betraying his friends, and the South which he loved, the humanity in him would not let him rest till he had washed his hands of the horrible crime.

The Commandant listened with nervous interest to the whole of this recital; but when the Southern officer made the last remark, he almost groaned out, —

“Why did you not come before?”

“I could not. I gave Thompson my opinion of this, and have been watched. I think they have tracked me here. My life on your streets to-night would n't be worth a bad half-dollar.”

“True; but what must be done?”

“Arrest the ‘Butternuts’ as they come into Chicago.”

“That I can do; but the leaders are here, with five thousand armed Illinois to back them. I must take them. Do you know them?”

“Yes; but I do not know where they are quartered.”

At two o'clock the Commandant showed the Rebel officer to his bed, but went back himself, and paced the floor until sunrise. In the morning his plan was formed. It was a desperate plan; but desperate circumstances require desperate expedients.

In the prison was a young Texan who had served on Bragg's staff, and under Morgan in Kentucky, and was, therefore, acquainted with Hines, Grenfell, and the other Rebel officers. He

fully believed in the theory of State Rights, — that is, that a part is greater than the whole, — but was an honest man, who, when his word was given, could be trusted. One glance at his open, resolute face showed that he feared nothing; that he had, too, that rare courage which delights in danger, and courts heroic enterprise from pure love of peril. Early in the war, he had encountered Colonel De Land, a former commandant of the post, on the battlefield, and taken him prisoner. A friendship then sprang up between the two, which, when the tables were turned, and the captor became the captive, was not forgotten. Colonel De Land made him chief clerk in the medical department, and gave him every possible freedom. At that time it was the custom to allow citizens free access to the camp; and among the many good men and women who came to visit and aid the prisoners was a young woman, the daughter of a well-known resident of Chicago. She met the Texan, and a result as natural as the union of hydrogen and oxygen followed. But since Adam courted Eve, who ever heard of wooing going on in a prison? “It is not exactly the thing,” said Colonel De Land; “had you not better pay your addresses at the lady's house, like a gentleman?” A guard accompanied the prisoner; but it was shrewdly guessed that he stayed outside, or paid court to the girls in the kitchen.

This was the state of things when the present Commandant took charge of the camp. He learned the facts, studied the prisoner's face, and remembered that he, too, once went a-courting. As he walked his room that Friday night, he thought him of the Texan. Did he love his State better than he loved his affianced wife? The Commandant would test him.

“But I shall betray my friends! Can I do that in honor?” asked the Texan.

“Did you ask that question when you betrayed your country?” answered the Commandant.

“Let me go from camp for an hour. Then I will give you my decision.”

"Very well."

And, unattended, the Texan left the prison.

What passed between the young man and the young woman during that hour I do not know, and could not tell, if I did know,—for I am not writing romance, but history. However, without lifting the veil on things sacred, I can say that her last words were, "Do your duty. Blot out your record of treason." God bless her for saying them! and let "Amen" be said by every American woman!

On his return to camp, the Texan merely said, "I will do it," and the details of the plan were talked over. He was to escape from the prison, ferret out and entrap the Rebel leaders. How to manage the first part of the dangerous programme was the query of the Texan. The Commandant's brain is fertile. An adopted citizen, in the scavenger line, makes periodical visits to the camp in the way of his business, and him the Commandant sends for.

"Arrah, yer Honor," the Irishman says, "I ha'n't a tr-raitor. Bless yer beautiful sowl! I love the kintry; and besides, it might damage me good name and me purty pfeession."

He is assured that his name will be all the better for dieting a few weeks in a dungeon, and — did not the same thing make Harvey Birch immortal?

Half an hour before sunset the scavenger comes into camp with his wagon. He fills it with dry bones, broken bottles, decayed food, and the rubbish of the prison; and down below, under a blanket, he stows away the Texan. A hundred comrades gather round to shut off the gaze of the guard; but outside is the real danger. He has to pass two gates, and run the gauntlet of half a dozen sentinels. His wagon is fuller than usual; and the late hour—it is now after sunset—will of itself excite suspicion. It might test the pluck of a braver man; for the sentries' bayonets are fixed, and their guns at the half-trigger; but he reaches the outer gate in safety. Now St. Patrick help him!

for he needs all the impudence of an Irishman. The gate rolls back; the Commandant stands nervously by, but a sentry cries out,—

"You can't pass; it's agin orders. No wagens kin go out arter drum-beat."

"Arrah, don't be a fool! Don't be aafter obstructin' a honest man's business," answers the Irishman, pushing on into the gateway.

The soldier is vigilant, for his officer's eye is on him.

"Halt!" he cries again, "or I'll fire!"

"Fire! Waste yer powder on yer friends, like the bloody-minded spalpeen ye are!" says the scavenger, cracking his whip, and moving forward.

It is well he does not look back. If he should, he might be melted to his own soap-grease. The sentry's musket is levelled; he is about to fire, but the Commandant roars out,—

"Don't shoot!" and the old man and the old horse trot off into the twilight.

Not an hour later, two men, in big boots, slouched hats, and brownish butternuts, come out of the Commandant's quarters. With muffled faces and hasty strides, they make their way over the dimly lighted road into the city. Pausing, after a while, before a large mansion, they crouch down among the shadows. It is the house of the Grand Treasurer of the Order of American Knights, and into it very soon they see the Texan enter. The good man knows him well, and there is great rejoicing. He orders up the fatted calf, and soon it is on the table, steaming hot, and done brown in the roasting. When the meal is over, they discuss a bottle of Champagne and the situation. The Texan cannot remain in Chicago, for there he will surely be detected. He must be off to Cincinnati by the first train; and he will arrive in the nick of time, for warm work is daily expected. Has he any money about him? No, he has left it behind, with his Sunday clothes, in the prison. He must have funds; but the worthy gentleman can lend him none, for he is a loyal man; of course he is! was he not the "people's candidate" for Governor? But no one ever heard

of a woman being hanged for treason. With this he nods to his wife, who opens her purse, and tosses the Texan a roll of greenbacks. They are honest notes, for an honest face is on them. At the end of an hour good-night is said, and the Texan goes out to find a hole to hide in. Down the street he hurries, the long, dark shadows following.

He enters the private door of a public house, speaks a magic word, and is shown to a room in the upper story. Three low, prolonged raps on the wall, and — he is among them. They are seated about a small table, on which is a plan of the prison. One is about forty-five,—a tall, thin man, with a wiry frame, a jovial face, and eyes which have the wild, roving look of the Arab's. He is dressed after the fashion of English sportsmen, and his dog—a fine gray bloodhound—is stretched on the hearth-rug near him. He looks a reckless, desperate character, and has an adventurous history.* In battle he is said to be a thunderbolt,—lightning harnessed and inspired with the will of a devil. He is just the character to lead the dark, desperate expedition on which they are entered. It is St. Leger Grenfell.

At his right sits another tall, erect man, of about thirty, with large, prominent eyes, and thin, black hair and moustache. He is of dark complexion, has a sharp, thin nose, a small, close mouth, a coarse, harsh voice, and a quick, boisterous manner. His face tells of dissipation, and his dress shows the dandy; but his deep, clear eye and pale, wrinkled forehead denote a cool, crafty intellect.† This is the notorious Captain Hines, the right-hand man of Morgan, and the soul and brains of the Conspiracy. The rest are the meaner sort of villains. I do not know how they looked, and if I did, they would not be worth describing.

Hines and Grenfell spring to their feet, and grasp the hand of the Texan.

He is a godsend,—sent to do what no man of them is brave enough to do,—lead the attack on the front gateway of the prison. So they affirm, with great oaths, as they sit down, spread out the map, and explain to him the plan of operations.

Two hundred Rebel refugees from Canada, they say, and a hundred "Butternuts" from Fayette and Christian Counties, have already arrived; many more from Kentucky and Missouri are coming; and by Tuesday they expect that a thousand or twelve hundred desperate men, armed to the teeth, will be in Chicago. Taking advantage of the excitement of election-night, they propose, with this force, to attack the camp and prison. It will be divided into five parties. One squad, under Grenfell, will be held in reserve a few hundred yards from the main body, and will guard the large number of guns already provided to arm the prisoners. Another—command of which is offered to the Texan—will assault the front gateway, and engage the attention of the eight hundred troops quartered in Garrison Square. The work of this squad will be dangerous, for it will encounter a force four times its strength, well armed and supplied with artillery; but it will be speedily relieved by the other divisions. Those, under Marmaduke, Colonel Robert Anderson of Kentucky, and Brigadier-General Charles Walsh of Chicago, Commander of the American Knights, will simultaneously assail three sides of Prison Square, break down the fence, liberate the prisoners, and, taking the garrison in rear, compel a general surrender. This accomplished, small parties will be dispatched to cut the telegraph-wires and seize the railway-stations; while the main body, reinforced by the eight thousand and more prisoners, will march into the city and rendezvous in Court-House Square, which will be the base of further operations.

The first blow struck, the insurgents will be joined by the five thousand Illini, (American Knights,) and, seizing the arms of the city,—six brass field-pieces and eight hundred Springfield muskets,

* See Fremantle's "Three Months in the Southern States," p. 148.

† Detective's description.

— and the arms and ammunition stored in private warehouses, will begin the work of destruction. The banks will be robbed, the stores gutted, the houses of loyal men plundered, and the railway-stations, grain-elevators, and other public buildings burned to the ground. To facilitate this latter design, the water-plugs have been marked, and a force detailed to set the water running. In brief, the war will be brought home to the North; Chicago will be dealt with like a city taken by assault, given over to the torch, the sword, and the brutal lust of a drunken soldiery. On it will be wreaked all the havoc, the agony, and the desolation which three years of war have heaped upon the South; and its upgoing flames will be the torch that shall light a score of other cities to the same destruction!

It was a diabolical plan, conceived far down in hell amid the thick blackness, and brought up by the arch-fiend himself, who sat there, toying with the hideous thing, and with his cloven foot beating a merry tune on the death's-head and cross-bones under the table.

As he concludes, Hines turns to the new comer, —

"Well, my boy, what do you say? Will you take the post of honor and of danger?"

The Texan draws a long breath, and then, through his barred teeth, blurts out, —

"I will!"

On those two words hang thousands of lives, millions of money!

"You are a trump!" shouts Grenfell, springing to his feet. "Give us your hand upon it!"

A general hand-shaking follows, and during it, Hines and another man announce that their time is up: —

"It is nearly twelve. Fielding and I never stay in this d—d town after midnight. You are fools, or you would n't."

Suddenly, as these words are uttered, a slouched hat, listening at the keyhole, pops up, moves softly through the hall, and steals down the stairway. Half an hour later the Texan opens the private

door of the Richmond House, looks cautiously around for a moment, and then stalks on towards the heart of the city. The moon is down, the lamps burn dimly, but after him glide the shadows.

In a room at the Tremont House, not far from this time, the Commandant is walking and waiting, when the door opens, and a man enters. His face is flushed, his teeth are clenched, his eyes flashing. He is stirred to the depths of his being. Can he be the Texan?

"What is the matter?" asks the Commandant.

The other sits down, and, as if only talking to himself, tells him. One hour has swept away the fallacies of his lifetime. He sees the Rebellion as it is, — the outbreak and outworking of that spirit which makes hell horrible. Hitherto, that night, he has acted from love, not duty. Now he bows only to the All-Right and the All-Beautiful, and in his heart is that psalm of work, sung by one of old, and by all true men since the dawn of creation: "Here am I, Lord! Send me!"

The first gray of morning is streaking the east, when he goes forth to find a hiding-place. The sun is not up, and the early light comes dimly through the misty clouds, but about him still hang the long, dark shadows. This is a world of shadows. Only in the atmosphere which soon inclosed him is there no night and no shadow.

Soon the Texan's escape is known at the camp, and a great hue-and-cry follows. Handbills are got out, a reward is offered, and by that Sunday noon his name is on every street-corner. Squads of soldiers and police ransack the city and invade every Rebel asylum. Strange things are brought to light, and strange gentry dragged out of dark closets; but nowhere is found the Texan. The search is well done, for the pursuers are in dead earnest; and, Captain Hines, if you don't trust him now, you are a fool, with all your astuteness!

So the day wears away and the night cometh. Just at dark a man enters the private door of the Tremont House, and goes up to a room where the Command-

ant is waiting. He sports a light rattan, wears a stove-pipe hat, a Sunday suit, and is shaven and shorn like unto Samson. What is the Commandant doing with such a dandy? Soon the gas is lighted; and lo, it is the Texan! But who in creation would know him? The plot, he says, thickens. More "Butternuts" have arrived, and the deed will be done on Tuesday night, as sure as Christmas is coming. He has seen his men, — two hundred, picked, and every one clamoring for pickings. Hines, who carries the bag, is to give him ten thousand greenbacks, to stop their mouths and stuff their pockets, at nine in the morning.

"And to-morrow night we 'll have them, sure! And, how say you, give *you* shackles and a dungeon?" asks the Commandant, his mouth wreathing with grim wrinkles.

"Anything you like. Anything to blot out my record of treason."

He has learned the words, — they are on his heart, not to be razed out forever.

When he is gone, up and down the room goes the Commandant, as is his fashion. He is playing a desperate game. The stake is awful. He holds the ace of trumps, — but shall he risk the game upon it? At half past eight he sits down and writes a dispatch to his General. In it he says: —

"My force is, as you know, too weak and much overworked, — only eight hundred men, all told, to guard between eight and nine thousand prisoners. I am certainly not justified in waiting to take risks, and mean to arrest these officers, if possible, before morning."

The dispatch goes off, but still the Commandant is undecided. If he strikes to-night, Hines may escape, for the fox has a hole out of town, and may keep under cover till morning. He is the king-devil, and much the Commandant wants to cage him. Besides, he holds the bag, and the Texan will go out of prison a penniless man among strangers. Those ten thousand greenbacks are lawful prize, and should be the country's dower with the maiden. But are not republics grateful? Did not one give

a mansion to General McClellan? Ah, Captain Hines, that was lucky for you, for, beyond a doubt, it saved your bacon!

The Commandant goes back to camp, sends for the police, and gets his blue-coats ready. At two o'clock they swoop to the prey, and before daybreak a hundred birds are in the talons of the eagle. Such another haul of buzzards and night-hawks never was made since Gabriel caged the Devil and the dark angels.*

* Since the foregoing was written the Commandant's official report has been published. In reference to these arrests, he says, in a dispatch to General Cook, dated Camp Douglas, Nov. 7, 4 o'clock, A. M.: —

"Have made during the night the following arrests of Rebel officers, escaped prisoners of war, and citizens in connection with them: —

"Morgan's Adjutant-General, Colonel G. St. Leger Grenfell, in company with J. T. Shanks, [the Texan,] an escaped prisoner of war, at Richmond House; Colonel Vincent Marmaduke, brother of General Marmaduke; Brigadier-General Charles Walsh, of the 'Sons of Liberty'; Captain Cantrill, of Morgan's command; Charles Traverse (Butternut). Cantrill and Traverse arrested in Walsh's house, in which were found two cart-loads of large size revolvers, loaded and capped, two hundred stands of muskets loaded, and ammunition. Also seized two boxes of guns concealed in a room in the city. Also arrested Buck Morris, Treasurer of 'Sons of Liberty,' having complete proof of his assisting Shanks to escape, and plotting to release prisoners at this camp.

"Most of these Rebel officers were in this city on the same errand in August last, their plan being to raise an insurrection and release prisoners of war at this camp. There are many strangers and suspicious persons in the city, believed to be guerrillas and Rebel soldiers. Their plan was to attack the camp on election-night. All prisoners arrested are in camp. Captain Nelson and A. C. Coventry, of the police, rendered very efficient service.

"B. J. SWEET, Col. Com."

In relation to the general operations I have detailed, the Commandant in this Report writes as follows: —

"Adopting measures which proved effective to detect the presence and identify the persons of the officers and leaders and ascertain their plans, it was manifest that they had the means of gathering a force considerably larger than the little garrison then guarding between eight and nine thousand prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, and that, taking advantage of the excitement and the large number of persons who would ordinarily fill the streets on election-night, they intended to make a night attack on and surprise this camp, release and arm the prisoners of war, cut the telegraph-wires, burn the railroad-depots, seize the banks and stores containing arms and ammunition, take possession of the city, and commence a campaign for the release of other prisoners of war in the States of Illinois and Indiana, thus organizing an army to effect and give success to the general uprising so long contemplated by the 'Sons of Liberty.'"

At the Richmond House Grenfell was taken in bed with the Texan. They were clapped into irons, and driven off to the prison together. A fortnight later, the Texan, relating these details to a stranger, while the Commandant was sitting by at his desk writing, said, —

“Words cannot describe my relief when those handcuffs were put upon us. At times before, the sense of responsibility almost overpowered me. Then I felt like a man who has just come into a fortune. The wonder to me now is, how the Colonel could have trusted so much to a Rebel.”

“Trusted!” echoed the Commandant, looking up from his writing. “I had faith in you; I thought you would n’t betray me; but I trusted your own life in your own hands, that was all. Too much was at stake to do more. Your every step was shadowed, from the moment you left this camp till you came back to it in irons. Two detectives were constantly at your back, sworn to take your life, if you wavered for half a second.”

“Is that true?” asked the Texan in a musing way, but without moving a muscle. “I did n’t know it, but I felt it in the air!”

In the room at the Richmond House, on the table around which were discussed their hellish plans, was found a slip of paper, and on it, in pencil, was scrawled the following: —

“COLONEL, — You *must* leave this house *to-night*. Go to the Briggs House.

“J. FIELDING.”

Fielding was the assumed name of the Rebel who burrowed with Hines out of town, where not even his fellow-fiends could find him. Did the old fox scent the danger? Beyond a doubt he did. Another day, and the Texan’s life might have been forfeit. Another day, and the camp might have been sprung upon a little too suddenly! So the Com-

mandant was none too soon; and who that reads this can doubt that through it all he was led and guided by the good Providence that guards his country?

But what said Chicago, when it awoke in the morning? Let one of its own organs answer.

“A shiver of genuine horror passed over Chicago yesterday. Thousands of citizens, who awoke to the peril hanging over their property and their heads in the form of a stupendous foray upon the city from Camp Douglas, led by Rebel officers in disguise and Rebel guerrillas without disguise, and concocted by home Copperheads, whose houses had been converted into Rebel arsenals, were appalled as though an earthquake had opened at their feet. . . . Who can picture the horrors to follow the letting loose of nine thousand Rebel prisoners upon a sleeping city, all unconscious of the coming avalanche? With arms and ammunition stored at convenient locations, with confederates distributed here and there, ready for the signal of conflagration, the horrors of the scene could scarcely be paralleled in savage history. One hour of such a catastrophe would destroy the creations of a quarter of a century, and expose the homes of nearly two hundred thousand souls to every conceivable form of desecration.”*

But the men of Chicago not only talked, they acted. They went to the polls and voted for the Union; and so told the world what honest Illinois thought of treason.

More arrests were made, more arms taken, but the great blow was struck and the great work over. Its head gone, the Conspiracy was dead, and it only remained to lay out its lifeless trunk for the burial. Yet, even as it lay in death, men shuddered to look on the hideous thing out of which had gone so many devils.

* Chicago Tribune, Nov. 8, 1864.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

1. *The Hillyars and the Burtons*. A Tale of Two Families. By HENRY KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
2. *Christian's Mistake*. By the Author of "John Halifax." New York: Harper & Brothers.
3. *Uncle Silas*. A Tale of Bartram-Haugh. By J. S. LE FANU. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WHILE the American popularity of Charles Kingsley has been rather declining, the credit of his brother Henry has been gradually rising. Those who have complained of something rather shallow and sketchy in some of his former books will find far more solid and faithful work in this. Indeed, he undertakes rather more than he can carry through, and the capacious plot, well handled at first, gets into some confusion and ends in a rather feeble result. To deal with two large families, distributing part of each in England and part in Australia, to interlink them in the most complicated way in all genealogical and topographical relations, demands a structural genius like that of Eugène Sue; and though Mr. Kingsley grapples stoutly with the load, he staggers under it. His descriptions of scenery are as vivid as his brother's, and he exhibits far less arrogance and no theology. There are in the book single scenes of great power, and there has never, perhaps, been a more vivid portraiture of lower-middle-class life in England, or of the manner in which it has been galvanized into a semi-American development in Australia. The results of that expatriation upon more cultivated classes, however, appear such as we should be sorry to call even demi-semi-American. Fancy discovering in California a young lady in book-muslin, the daughter of cultivated parents, who remarks under excitement,—"Well, if this don't bang wattle-gum, I wish I may be buried in the bush in a sheet of bark! Why, I feel all over centipedes and copper-lizards!" Still, there may be some confusion in the dialects used in the book, as there is hardly a person in it, patrician or plebeian, on either side of the equator, who does not address everybody else as "old man" or "old girl," whenever the occasion calls for tenderness. It may be very expressive, but it implies a

slight monotony in the language of British emotion.

There is rather a want of central unity to the book, but, so far as it has a main thread, it seems to be the self-devotion of a sister who prefers her brother to her lover. This furnishes a pleasant change from the recent favorite theme of ladies who prefer their lovers to their husbands.

To this latter class of novels, based on what may be called the centrifugal forces of wedlock, "*Christian's Mistake*" perhaps belongs. Its clear and practised style is refreshing, after the comparative crudeness of some other recent treatises on the same theme; the characters are human, not wooden, and the whole treatment healthful and noble.

"*Uncle Silas*" is the climax of the sensational, and goes as far beyond Mrs. Wood as she beyond Miss Braddon, or she beyond reason and comfortable daylight reading.

The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart. By WILLIAM L. STONE. Albany: J. Munsell.

WE well remember the interest with which, more than twenty years ago, we heard that Mr. William L. Stone was preparing a life of Sir William Johnson. His collection of material was very large, comprising several thousands of original letters, besides a great mass of other papers. He had written, however, but a small part of his work, when death put a period to his labors, and the documents which he had gathered with such enthusiastic industry seemed destined to remain a crude mass of undigested material. We think it fortunate for all students of American history, that a son, bearing his name and inheriting in the fullest measure his capacity for the work, has undertaken its completion, partly from affection and a sense of duty, and partly, it is evident, from a natural aptitude.

In the whole range of American history no other personage appears so remarkable in character and so important in influence, and at the same time so little known to general readers, as Sir William Johnson.

The reason is, that his great powers were exercised on a theatre which, though vast and wellnigh boundless, was exterior to the familiar field of political action. Yet on the single influence of this man depended at times the prosperity and growth of all the British American colonies. Could France have won his influence in her behalf, England could not have broken that rival power in America without an exhausting expenditure of men and treasure, and without leaders of a different stamp from the blockheads with whom she long continued to paralyze her Cisatlantic armies. At the darkest crisis of the last French War, the influence of Johnson alone saved the English colonies from the miseries which would have ensued from the enmity of the powerful confederacy of the Six Nations; and for many years after, in his capacity of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, he continued to exercise an unparalleled power over the tribes of the interior, soothing their jealousies, composing their quarrels, and protecting them with equal justice, benevolence, and ability from the fraud and outrage of encroaching whites.

Johnson settled on the Mohawk in his youth, and immediately fell into relations with his savage neighbors. He was accustomed to join their sports and assume their dress; and it is an evidence of the native force and dignity of his character, that, in thus taking a course which commonly provoked their contempt, he gained their affection, without diminishing their respect and admiration. He gained a military reputation—not unqualified—by the Battle of Lake George, in 1755, where he commanded the British force; and he won brighter laurels by the capture of Fort Niagara in 1759. His true fame rests, however, on his civic achievements,—on the tact, energy, and judgment, the humanity and breadth of views, with which he managed the important interest placed in his hands. It would be hard to say whether the Indians or the Colonists profited most by his influence; for while with a fearless adroitness he overthrew the schemes of hungry speculators, he averted from peaceful settlers many a peril of whose existence, perhaps, they were unaware. He gave peace to the borders, and sweetened, as far as lay in the power of man, that bitter cup which had fallen to the lot of the wretched races of the forest.

Mr. Stone's book covers a period extending from a few years before the French

War of 1745 to the death of Johnson in 1774. In accordance with its title, it is largely occupied with the "times" as well as with the "life" of its subject. In fact, it is a history of the period, relating with considerable detail contemporary events with which Johnson was connected only indirectly. This detracts from its character as a work of purely original research, to which, as far as regards the personal history of its subject, it is preëminently entitled.

Johnson's vast correspondence relates chiefly to matters of public interest, and supplies comparatively few of those details of private life which give liveliness to pictures of scenes and character. The book, in respect to execution, is perhaps necessarily unequal. The first seven chapters were written by the father of Mr. Stone, who endeavored to continue the work on its original plan. The attempt, always difficult, to carry out a design conceived in the mind of another, seems at the outset to have somewhat hampered the author; but as he proceeds with his work, his excellent qualification for it becomes more and more apparent. He is thorough and faithful in the use of his great store of material, and clear, vigorous, and often picturesque in his narrative. The period with which he deals is one of the most interesting and most important in American history, and the treatment is worthy of the theme. The hackneyed phrase, so often meaningless, is in the case of this book emphatically true,—that no library of American history can be said to be complete without it.

1. *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living.*
By JEREMY TAYLOR, D. D. Boston:
Little, Brown & Co.
2. *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying.*
By JEREMY TAYLOR, D. D. Boston:
Little, Brown & Co.

THE beautiful meditations of Jeremy Taylor, written in the intervals of the great English civil war, seem appropriate enough amidst these closing days of our own contest. While the English language remains, his delicious sentences will find readers and lovers; and the endless variety of choice learning with which his pages are gemmed would make them always delightful, were his own part valueless.

This copiousness of allusion makes no small work for his American editor, since even the latest English editions leave much

to be supplied. It is an enormous undertaking to verify and complete all these manifold citations, and yet the present editor has been content with nothing less. Editors so conscientious are not easily to be found; and it is to the honor of Little, Brown & Company that they habitually secure such services, and thus make their reprints almost as creditable to our literature as if they were original works.

History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By ABEL STEVENS, LL. D., Author of "The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism," etc. Volumes I. and II. New York: Carleton & Porter.

THE history of a religious denomination is in itself a matter of no small importance. Taken in connection with other ecclesiastical bodies as a portion of the data in estimating the national development, it is still more valuable. In the churches inhere almost exclusively the sources of influence available for the moral culture of the people. The pulpit, the pastorate, and the various other ecclesiastical appliances are potent in effects which cannot be produced by other causes. The higher educational institutions are under the direction of the religious bodies; while our common schools, though properly excluding sectarian influence, are yet indirectly and not improperly affected by the religious character of the community. Not only does the man who undertakes to write history, while ignoring the religious element, give us an incompetent and false representation, but no one can become a respectable student of history who does not carefully consider the religious development of society as proceeding under the guidance of the several denominational bodies.

Up to about the period of the Revolution the principal religious establishments in this country were the Puritans, occupying practically the whole field in New England, the Presbyterians preponderating in the Middle Colonies, and the Episcopalians in the South. There were other elements, as the Quakers and the Baptists. The former, though not without a considerable influence in shaping the national character, were less marked in their effect. The latter, though already an important body and destined to become still more so, and though in fervor

and aggressiveness subsequently approximating the Methodists, were as yet so little distinct from the Puritans that we may regard them as substantially one with the latter.

Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism were then, as they have been ever since, conservative in their character and tendencies. Puritanism was radical in its views and sentiments, yet lacking that diffusive propagandist power inhering in conventional bodies. Methodism, coming in, supplied this lack, and at the same time appealed to vast masses which had not before been reached by religious influences. An argument might be found here, were any needed, in support of the voluntary system of religious establishments, as more perfectly adapting themselves to the various wants and peculiarities of the different classes of people. Suggestions also arise concerning the equilibrium so necessary in a free government, for the proper settlement of moral, social, and political questions,—an equilibrium between the conservative and progressive tendencies, which is far more likely to be attained when left free from any direction by the state.

The present year completes a full century since the first Methodist societies were formed in this country. The name of a church was not assumed till some years later. It had been about thirty years since the commencement of the remarkable religious movement in England, under the Wesleys and Whitefield. It was introduced here by some Irish immigrants of German ancestry. Missionaries were very soon sent over from England, and in no long time native preachers were raised up. The time was propitious and the field promising for the success of the simple, cheap, and every way available appliances of the new religious agency. The rapidly increasing and widely scattering population could not be adequately supplied by any of the ecclesiastical bodies which operated only through settled pastorates. These new propagandists, confined to no locality, but going everywhere with their off-hand discourse, their eagerness "to preach the word" to congregations of any size, of any character, and in any place, with their rude, but vigorous style of oratory, and direct, outspoken address, attracted and affected whole communities to an extraordinary degree. It is true, they were not always treated with much deference, and sometimes they were the objects of abuse and violence, in which their

lives were imperilled. But still they pursued their way through the wilderness, seeking the lost sheep. An anecdote illustrates the persistency of this class of preachers, and also the grim humor with which, in spite of themselves, they sometimes invested their rather startling announcements. In those early days there was one Richmond Nolley, a preacher in the new Southern country. He was a man of great zeal, energy, and courage, and omitted no opportunity of doing good to persons of any color or condition in whatever obscure corner he could find them. On one occasion, while traveling, he came upon a fresh wagon-track, and following it, he discovered an emigrant family, who had just reached the spot where they intended to make their home. The man, who was putting out his team, saw at once by the bearing and costume of the stranger what his calling was, and exclaimed, —

“What! another Methodist preacher! I quit Virginia to get out of the way of them, and went to a new settlement in Georgia, where I thought I should be quite beyond their reach; but they got my wife and daughter into the church. Then, in this late purchase, Choctaw Corner, I found a piece of good land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers; but here is one before my wagon is unloaded.”

“My friend,” said Nolley, “if you go to heaven, you ’ll find Methodist preachers there; and if to hell, I ’m afraid you ’ll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. So you had better make terms with us and be at peace.”

Dr. Stevens, who has acquired some celebrity by his excellent history of the Wesleyan movement in England, has displayed in the present volume the same marked abilities which made his previous work so popular. There is not only evidence of laborious and conscientious diligence in gathering up, sometimes from almost inaccessible sources, the requisite materials, but the skill displayed in their arrangement and treatment, so as to make the narrative an absorbingly attractive one, is eminently praiseworthy. As a history, the work is not only creditable in a denominational and ecclesiastical point of view, but it is a valuable contribution to our national literature.

Much of this success doubtless may be attributable to the nature of the subject; for it is not easy to conceive of any movement, and especially a religious one, in which the

melodramatic, mingled here and there with both the tragic and comic, forms so large a natural element. There was a new country, a rude society, daring adventures, great perils, marvellous escapes, terrible hardships, the stern, harsh realities of pioneer life, grand and unexpected successes, all which, seen from the distance of the present, have a romantic coloring, and produce an exhilarating effect. Any ordinary ability would have made a readable story out of such materials; but to make a history worthy of the name required the hand of a master.

There is something, perhaps, rather fanciful in the coincidence or parallel which the author would make out between the enterprise of John Wesley and that of James Watt. Yet it is not devoid of interest. While the one, toiling in poverty and obscurity, was preparing an invention which should incalculably multiply industrial productiveness and give a mightier impulse to modern civilization than any other material element, the other, incurring the opprobrium of his ecclesiastical order, and regarded as a reprehensible agitator and fanatic, was inaugurating a movement which should prove one of the most extraordinary and far-reaching of any in modern times; and both these agencies — the one employing a mighty material force in the interest of society, the other setting in operation vast moral energies for the uplifting of the masses — were to have their grandest results in the New World.

Dr. Stevens is especially happy in his sketches of character; only, possibly, in indulging too much his inclination for this sort of writing, he repeats himself, and in the recurrence of pet phrases wearies the reader. Yet some of these are very good. The description of Francis Asbury, the “Pioneer Bishop,” is one not often excelled. He was one of the early missionaries sent over by Wesley, and became the great leader in the work and the principal organizer of the ecclesiastical machinery. He was the first bishop ordained in the country, — and a very unique and remarkable bishop he was. There was for him no splendid palace, no magnificent cathedral, no princely income. His salary was sixty-four dollars a year, his diocese a whole continent, to visit which he must find his way without roads, through almost illimitable woods, over nearly inaccessible mountains, floundering through swamps, wading or swimming vast rivers, scorched by hot suns, bit-

ten by winter frosts, drenched with pitiless rains, smothered by driving snows, and often in divers dangers of death. His travelling equipage was not a chariot and four, but saddlebags and one. Often sick and suffering, he seldom allowed himself to be detained from his appointments. He went wherever he sent his preachers, and shared with them all the toils and privations incident to the work. He annually made the tour of the States, travelling never less than five thousand, and often more than six thousand, miles a year. He usually preached once every day, and three times on Sunday. A man, of course, of little literary culture, yet he possessed great good sense, a genial spirit, and large ability as an organizer. To him more than other men the denomination owes its early efficiency and extraordinary success.

The two volumes before us embrace a period of scarcely twenty-five years,—the period, as the author terms it, of the “Planting and Training” of the church. Several other volumes will be required to complete the history. But the future volumes can hardly be of so much general interest as these already published.

Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux; being the Narrative of an Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin in the Years 1860, 1861, and 1862. By CHARLES FRANCIS HALL. With Maps and One Hundred Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THIS book, with the Preface written on board the bark Monticello, June 30, 1864, when the writer was again bound for the Arctic regions, is in some respects the most remarkable account yet rendered to us of life and experiences near the North Pole. The purpose of the undertaking was to find something yet more satisfactory with regard to the fate of the hundred and five men who accompanied Sir John Franklin. Mr. Hall was convinced that life among the Esquimaux was possible, and that in no other way could trustworthy information be obtained from them. His indomitable spirit in pursuing this object is beyond praise. He could not be daunted. The result of this three-years' sojourn was the discovery of relics of the Frobisher expedition, by which the possibility of discovering news, at least, of the men of Franklin's expedition was made clear. The unfortunate loss of his expedi-

tion-boat made the journey to Boothia and King William's Land impossible; but Mr. Hall's prolonged existence during nearly three years among the “Innuits” determined his immediate departure again for those regions as soon as he could return and be properly fitted out for a second trip from the “States.”

In this naïve history we learn to look at life from the Esquimaux point of view. Mr. Hall's sympathetic nature fitted him for this difficult task; and having accomplished it well, he is enabled, by his vivid descriptions, to invite the reader to see what he saw, and to sit by the “Innuît” fireside. We must confess, however, it is looking at the world from a very *blubber-y* point of view; but since it is in the cause of science and humanity, we rise from the reading, which is extremely interesting, with a high respect for Mr. Hall and renewed faith in the result of his undertaking.

In so short a space there is no room for extracts, yet without them we can give little idea of the simple, picturesque character of the narrative. Mr. Hall took the Innuits by the hand as brothers, not as savages, and the result is large because of his wisdom.

1. *La Fiera*. Commedia in Cinque Atti. Di ALBERTO NOTA. Con Note Inglesi. Boston: De Vries, Ibarra e Compagnia.
2. *La Rosa dell' Alpi*. Novella di FRANCESCO DALL' ONGARO. Con Note Inglesi. Boston: De Vries, Ibarra e Compagnia.

THE author of an agreeable article in the “North American Review,” entitled “Recent Italian Comedy,” says that the plays of Alberto Nota are no longer acted or reprinted. The American press straightway refutes him by a neat edition of the comedy of “The Fair,” with notes for English readers. It is an entertaining little production, in spite of the above critic, having rather effective incidents and situations, and easy, if not brilliant, dialogue. The plot may be described as being French, and the moral as English; that is, the jealous wife outwits the faithless husband, instead of the opposite result.

The “Collection De Vries” also introduces to us the more familiar and contemporary name of Dall' Ongaro, to whom the critics attribute more dramatic genius than is conceded to any other living poet of Italy. The story of “La Rosa dell' Alpi” is sim-

ply and beautifully written, and paints the innocent career of a poor servant-maiden with something of the grace of George Sand.

It will be a good thing for students to read these specimens of easy colloquial Italian; so that they need not, when they visit the beloved land, do their shopping exclusively in Dantean phrases, as Mrs. Siddons shopped in Shakspeare.

A Treatise on Ordnance and Armor, with an Appendix relating to Gun-Cotton, Hooped Guns, etc. By ALEXANDER L. HOLLEY, B. P. New York: Van Nostrand.

KING JAMES I. is reported to have said of iron armor, that it was an excellent thing: one could get no harm in it, nor do any. Yet armor has had but a brief respite from service; banished temporarily from human backs, it is being restored for more wholesale service: it is extended over ships and fortifications, and so thickened as to resist shot and shell. The very title of this book marks the progress in the history of war. Hereafter ordnance and armor are two correlatives, never to be considered apart. The progress in offensive and defensive improvements keeps the balance of fighting humanity pretty nearly even thus far; as in the development of a young lobster the claws and cuirass grow simultaneously.

Will ships or guns prove the stronger at last? No one can foresee. A single fifteen-inch ball from the Monitor Weehawken disabled the iron-clad Atlanta at three hundred yards, where eleven-inch balls had fallen powerless from the armor. A similar missile shattered the sides of the Tennessee, penetrating five inches of iron and two feet of oak, against which all other shot had failed. What can resist such balls? A mere pile of sand can resist them, if there are spades enough to carve it into a fort; but as sand cannot be carved into a ship, we must resort to new devices there. The larger the ship, the greater the danger; so suppose we try making it smaller. Let us concentrate our ordnance and our armor: put thicker plating on our Monitor of eight hundred tons than the Warrior of six thousand can support, and place near the centre of motion of the little vessel two heavier guns than the weighty one can carry in broadside out upon her capacious ribs. This game of giants is growing formidable; and

with such a concentration of skill and power, the fate of nations may be determined by a single blow.

Other novel questions come up, as we carry our researches farther. Try your strength by throwing a small cannon-ball at a thin board-partition; you will find that the missile will split or crush the board, but not penetrate it. Fire a bullet at the same target, and it will penetrate, but neither crush nor split. Balance a plank on its edge, so that a pistol-ball thrown from the hand will knock it down; you may yet riddle it through and through by the same balls from a revolver, and leave it standing. Bring this commonplace fact to bear upon the question, how to destroy an iron-clad; shall we destroy it by punching holes through it, or by splitting and crushing? It is a difficult problem, and many pages of Mr. Holley's book are devoted to the discussion of the light-shot and the heavy-shot systems.

For these problems, and such as these, we need a new military literature, embodying the vast results which a few years of foreign experiment and home experience have furnished. We need a scientific treatise on the whole subject of ordnance, regarding, for instance, the strains of different charges and projectiles in large and small bores, and the work done by projectiles and by cannon-metals having different properties, under statical and sudden strains. This want Mr. Holley's book does not undertake to fill, being in its structure somewhat diffuse, and, as it were, of unequal expansion: the object being rather to furnish the maximum of material for a systematic treatise, than to write the treatise itself.

It has therefore the inestimable merits, and also some of the defects, of a pioneer compilation. On many subordinate points, the details are multiplied almost to weariness, while on some points more important there are hardly any details at all. But this is simply because the author could obtain the one class of facts and not the other. It is a faithful registration, and the only one, of a vast multitude of experiments and observations, which were absolutely inaccessible in any other form. It is said to cause much wonder in England how its English facts and statistics were obtained at all; and it is certain that Mr. Holley must have used his opportunities of personal observation in a manner worthy of the curiosity attributed to his race. We have in this book the substantial results of the vast and costly English experiments; while the more moment-

ous results of our own practice, so familiar to us, seem still unfamiliar across the water. This gives our nation a great advantage, and renders it impossible to produce, at present, in Europe, a work so encyclopædic as this. It is not merely the best book, but the only book, on the theme it treats: there is no other account of the structure and results of modern standard ordnance. That it is the work of a civil engineer, and not of a military or naval man, gives it an additional interest; and the author may have owed to his position some foreign opportunities which would have been refused to an officer. The book is printed in the usual superb style of Van Nostrand, and is in all respects an honor to the literature of the country.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

EITHER of the two objects which Mr. Greene aimed to accomplish in preparing the materials of this volume demanded on his part the possession of large historical knowledge, and the best abilities for its judicious use. The contents of the volume were made to do service, first, as a series of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute, addressed to a large and mixed audience, possessing generally a high average of intelligence, and exhibiting, by their voluntary presence, an interest on which a lecturer may largely rely. The second object of the author, in the present publication of his Lectures, was to contribute to the best form of our popular literature a volume which may be regarded either as introductory to, or as a substitute for, an extended course of reading on its subject-matter, according to the leisure and capacity of those who may possess themselves of it. We must congratulate alike the lecturer and the author for very marked success in the adaptation of his materials and in the treatment of his subject so as to answer equally well the wants of good listeners and of sympathetic readers.

The great perplexity of a lecturer, who has given him an hour on twelve evenings, two in a week, for dealing before a mixed audience with such a subject as the American War of Independence, must be in deciding for himself, without consultation with his hearers, how much previous knowledge he may take for granted in them. He cannot name his authorities, much less quote them

to any great extent. On some vexed points the simple fact that sharp and dividing issues of controverted opinions have been agitated about them must virtually compel him almost to pass them wholly by, seeing that he cannot adequately discuss them, and that any brief and positive utterance upon them would seem to be lacking in judicial fairness. The exigencies and temptations of a lecture-room are also sadly provocative of that rhetorical bombast and exaggeration which, having been so lavishly and offensively indulged on our Fourth of July and other commemorative occasions in the supposed interests of popular patriotism, have brought our whole national literature under a reproach hardly deserved. Mr. Greene, from his long residence abroad, has heard and known too much of this reproach to have risked getting even under the shadow of it.

We believe it is a well-established fact, that both in oral and in literary dealings with historical subjects, the more thorough and comprehensive the knowledge possessed by any one who proposes to instruct others, the more concisely as well as the more correctly will he present his matter. He knows how to adjust the proportions of interest in his main and incidental themes. By this test we should judge Mr. Greene to be most faithfully conversant with his subject, and to have had his knowledge stored up in his mind, uncommunicated, long enough to have well digested and assimilated it. The admirable division of his theme for treatment under twelve distinct, though closely related topics, shows something better than ingenuity, or a skilful arrangement of a bill of fare for twelve entertainments. These topics are,—The Causes of the Revolution; Its Phases; The Congress; Congress and the State Governments; Finances of the Revolution; Its Diplomacy; Its Army; Its Campaigns; The Foreign Element of the Revolution; Its Martyrs; Its Literature, in Prose; and in Poetry. An Appendix gives us a Chronological Outline of Historical Events; Statistical Tables; and an Address of Officers of the Southern Army to General Greene.

For completeness' sake, we could have wished that the author, if not the lecturer, might have indulged himself, and pleased and instructed his readers, by presenting under one more topic, or under a miscellaneous category, the resources of the American Colonies at the date of the Revolution, what they had besides land and water; the characteris-

tics of the diverse elements of the population; the manufacturing interests, which had begun to be ingeniously and effectively pursued here, notwithstanding the repressive hostility of England to their introduction; and the distinctive qualities of our farmers, seamen, professional men, and village politicians. But it is ungracious to ask for more than there is in this compact and most admirable volume. It is written with a severely good taste, in a spirit of candor and generosity, with stern fidelity to truth in relating things honorable and humiliating; and it will surely excite to wide and diligent reading those who through its pages make their first acquaintance with its subject. There are in it many finely drawn and artistic portraits of men of mark, especially of Franklin, Lafayette, Steuben, James Otis, and Josiah Quincy. In no single volume can foreign readers find what is here told so fully, so simply, and so well.

Lectures on the Science of Language. By MAX MÜLLER, M. A. Second Series. New York: Charles Scribner.

VOLTAIRE defined Etymology as a science where vowels signify nothing and consonants very little. This is so far true that even the wisest books on Language affect one, after all, like a series of brilliant puns. More important merits than this must, no doubt, be attributed to Max Müller; but, after all, so wayward is he and so whimsical, such a lover of paradox and of digression, that he must perpetually exasperate that sedate race of men whom Philology is supposed to have peculiarly chosen for its own. In this second series of Lectures, especially, "we have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps."

Beginning the volume mildly with a demure introduction, we suddenly are over head and ears in "dialectic regeneration," which seems like theology, only that it introduces us to a mild baby-talk in that wonderful language, the Annamitic, where the sentence "ba bà bâ bá" means, "Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the prince." Then comes Bishop Wilkins's "universal language," then a discussion of Locke, then the theory of harmonics, and then many pages of anatomical plates. Then phonetic changes; followed by a chapter on "Grimm's Law," which would give work enough for a lifetime. We next plunge into

botany, and have a whole chapter on the "words for fir, oak, and beech," which shows that the author, like our own Mr. Marsh, has studied the literal roots as well as the symbolic. Later, we come to astronomy, whence one of our author's favorite theories conducts us into the Greek mythology, to which two whole lectures are given. Then comes another chapter, tracing the "myths of the dawn" still farther back toward the dim origin of the Aryan race; and the book closes with a chapter on Modern Mythology, of which some twenty pages are given to an exhaustive treatise, anatomical and historical, on the Barnacle Goose. This brings us round handsomely to Locke and Sir William Hamilton once more, and there leaves us.

What change has come over the accomplished and eloquent man who was wisely transplanted to England to teach us Anglo-Saxons what scholarship meant, and who made his first series of Lectures a model of clever and effective statement? He congratulates himself, in the introduction to this volume, on having left out all that was merely elementary. This is true in respect to philology, perhaps, but he has certainly contrived to introduce the elements of a great many other sciences. No matter; he stated in the first volume all the principal points with which his reputation is identified; and it is very entertaining, though somewhat unexpected, to find the new one filled with all manner of spicy prolusions—mingled with a few delusions—from his commonplace book. Certainly the learning of these Lectures is unequalled, even by his former exhibitions in that line; and our Cisatlantic standard of attainment seems rather scanty beside this vast affluence.

There is also a certain wayward, heroic, Ruskin-like self-contradiction about Müller, which one learns rather to enjoy. He claims that "all phonetic corruption proceeds from degeneracy," and yet has presently to shield himself behind the paradoxical proverb, that "lazy people take the most trouble," and so the corrupted vocables are often harder to speak. He says repeatedly that "sound etymology has nothing to do with sound"; yet he approves phonography, holding that spelling signifies even less than sound,—which is contrary to the usual opinion of philologists. Nevertheless his book is "full of the seeds of things"; no one else could have written it, and no one can afford not to read it.

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AMONG THE HONEY-MAKERS.

THE luxury of all summer's sweet sensation is to be found when one lies at length in the warm, fragrant grass, soaked with sunshine, aware of regions of blossoming clover and of a high heaven filled with the hum of innumerable bees.

It is that happy hum — which seems to the closed eyes as if the silent sunbeams themselves had found a voice and were brimming the bending blue with music as they went about their busy chemistry — that gives the chief charm to the moment; for it tunes the mind to its own key, the murmuring expression of all pleasant things, the chord of sunshine and perfume and flowers.

And it is, indeed, the sound of a process scarcely less subtle than the sunbeams' own, of that alchemy by which the limpid drop of sweet insipidity at the root of any petal is transformed to the pungent flavor and viscid drip of honey. A beautiful woman, weary of her frivolities, once half in just envied the fate of Io, dwelling all day in the sun, all night in the starshine and dew, and fed on pasturage of violets; but there is the morning beam, the evening ray, the breeze, the dew, the spirit of the violet and of the cow-

slip, all gathered like a distillation and sealed into the combs, and this is the tune to which it is harvested. Beyond doubt there is no such eminent sound of gladness in all the world. The cricket seems to speak of more spiritual things than those of this sphere. As to bird-song, poets differ.

"O nightingale, what doth she ail,
And is she sad or jolly?
Sure ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy,"

exclaims one in compromise with all the others. Every echo is full of a lonesome sadness. The musical baying of a distant dog by night accentuates the depth and darkness and stillness; the crowing of cocks from farm to farm, in their cordon of sentinels against the invasion of the dawn, tells the hearer how all too well the world is getting on without him; the lowing of kine through the clear noon air comes robbed of roughness, in its deep, mellow sonority, like the oboe and bassoon, full of a penetrating pathos. Let Nature but interpose a sheet of water or a bit of wood, and the merriest joy-bells that ever rang are infused with that melancholy which is the overplus of rapture. But there is no distance to lend that

enchantment to the buzzing of a bee: it is close about us, a universal sibilation; the air is made of it; it sings of work, that joy and privilege,—of a home, of plenty, of a world whose color and odor make one giddy with good cheer; it may have many varying elements, but its constant is content.

“When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.”

And although this burly rover is not our little bee of the hive, but his saucy, sonsy country-cousin, the song of the one is scarcely sweeter than that of the other, while they blend into rarest unison. And well may both be sweet, it is such a pleasant thing to live; there is the hive to furnish, there is the dear nest underground; they forget yesterday's rain, to-morrow's frost is but a dim phantasm,—the sun is so warm to-day on their little brown backs, and here is such store of honey. It is true, the humble-bee is much the most dazzling,—he has the prestige of size, moreover; but the other may find some favor in his new bronze and gold armor and his coarse velvet mantle,—there are few creatures that can afford to labor in half such array as that, but when the work is so nice one's dress must correspond: it would never do to rumple round among the rose-leaves, black as a beetle, and expect not only to be heaped with delicacies, but to be intrusted with love-tokens. One cannot be so splendid as the moths and sphinxes, who have nothing to do all summer but to lay eggs among the petals that their offspring may devour them; no, there is work to be done. But though one toils, one has a dignity to maintain; one remembers it readily when he has been made the insignia of royalty, when kings have worn his effigy, when popes have put him in their coats-of-arms; one

cannot forget that he has himself been called the Winged Pontiff of the Flowers. See him now, as he hovers over the clover, not the red kind,—for him each floret of that is deep as those shafts of the hashish-eater's dream, where the broken tubes of the honeysuckle being planted in the sand, their mouths level with the floor of the desert, they became wells, and the Arab women dropped their buckets therein and drew them up dripping with honey,—it is the small white clover on which he alights, whose sweets are within reach of his little proboscis; or, lost in that great blue-bell, he swings it with his motion and his melody; or he burrows deep in the heart of a rose, never rolling there, as it has erroneously been said, but, collecting the pollen with his pincers, swims over the flower while brushing it into the baskets of his hinder legs, and then lights again for a fresh fare, till, laden and regaled, he loudly issues forth, dusty with treasure; and *les rois fainéans*, the Merovingian kings, who powdered their heads and their beards with gold, were no finer fellows than he. But a few months' wear and tear will suffice to tarnish him; by-and-by the little body will be battered and rusty, the wings will be ragged and worn; one day as he goes home heavily burdened, if no sailing blue-winged swallow have skimmed him up long ago, the flagging flight will fail, a breeze will be too much for him, a rain-drop will dash him down, he will fall, and some garden-toad, the focal length of whose vision is exactly the distance to which he can dart his tongue, will see a tired bee blundering across his sky, and will make a morsel of him, honey-bag, pollen, and all. Yet that is in the future, far outside the focal length of any bee's vision, that fortunate vision which finds creation so fair and himself the centre of it, each rose made for him to rifle, and welcome everywhere. “The docile flower inclines and lends itself to the unquiet movements of the insect. The sanctuary that she had shut from the winds, from the sight, she opens to her dear bee, who, all impregnated with her

sweetness, goes carrying off her messages. The delicious precautions that Nature has taken to veil her mysteries from the profane do not for a single moment arrest this venturesome explorer, who makes himself one of the household, and is never afraid of being the third. This flower, for instance, is protected by two petals which join each other in a dome above; it is thus that the flag-flower shelters her delicate little lovers from the rain. Another, such as the pea, coifs itself in a kind of casque, whose visor must be raised. The bee establishes himself at the bottom of these retreats fit for fairies, laid with softest carpets, under fantastical pavilions, with walls of topaz and ceilings of sapphire. But poor comparisons borrowed from dead stones! These things live and they feel, they desire and they await. And if the joyous conqueror of their little hidden kingdom, if the imperious violator of their innocent barriers, mingles and confounds everything there, they give him thanks, heap him with their perfumes, and load him with their honey," says M. Michelet, in a brochure upon the insect, which, however uncertain its statements, would be perfectly charming in tone and spirit but for the inevitable sentimentalisms.

It is a brave companionship to which our tiny adventurer comes, likewise, — a world of opening blossoms, a crowd of shining intimates. There is the *Chrysopa*, a bright-green thing, with filmy transparent wings wrought like the rarest point-lace, and with eyes redder than rubies are; there is the *Rose-Chaffer*, the little *Cetonia* of the white rose, with an emerald shield upon its back, and carrying underneath a breastplate of carbuncle; there are the butterflies, — the silver-washed *Fritillaries* of June, — the *Painted Lady*, found in every clime, and sometimes out at sea, — the *Admiral* of the White, peerless in his lofty flight, — the *Vanessa Atalanta* of August, — the *Purple Emperor* of the Woods, — the *Peacock-tailed butterfly* of the autumn; and there are the beautiful, savage dragon-flies, with their gauzy wings of silvery green and blue, — all flying flakes of liv-

ing splendor, which seem to be only flowers endowed with wings. And in truth the analogies between flowers and insects are noticeable enough, between the egg and the seed, the chrysalis and the bud, the wide-spread wings and the expanded corolla; there is a vital principle enjoyed by both, individuals of both have the power of emitting light, there are ephemeræ of both; as certain buds always bloom at fixed hours, so certain moths break their coverings to the minute; as there are flowers that part their petals only at dark, so there are insects that fly only by night; there are plants that are miniature barometers, there are insects equally sensitive to every variation of the atmosphere; for fragrance there is the musk-beetle, the tiger-beetle, which affords a scent like that of the attar-of-roses; and whereas some blossoms have fetid odors, there is the little golden-eyed, lace-winged fly to offset them. It is easy to detect the rudimentary flower in the folded bud, thus the lovely little aerial butterfly with its ocellated wings may be found all ready for flight wrapped in the caterpillar that feeds on the wild strawberry, — the one has the freedom of heaven, the other seems bound by the spells of some beautiful enchantment; these *Libellulæ* are sporting in the air, these sweet-peas are just about to depart; there are locusts which appear to be walking leaves, and finally there is the bee-orchis, which deceives even the bees themselves.

It must fairly seem to this busy, bustling fellow, culling nectar and ambrosia, that all outside is shadow, that the earth is made for him and his kind, and that, let him cull never so tirelessly, he cannot hive half its honey, — so that there will always be a drop or two left over for his little poor relations, the violet-carpenter, the roseleaf-cutter, and the poppy-bee. They have need of it, that drop or two, to sweeten all the anxieties of their solitary lives the span of a summer long, vagabonds at best, and not always allowed what domesticities they have in peace. The pitiful fortunes of a mason-bee, as told in "A Tour round

my Garden," are liable to befall one as another.

"Look at her," says the author, "returning home with her provisions; her hind feet are loaded with a yellow dust, which she has taken from the stamens of flowers: she goes into the hole; when she comes out again, there will be no pollen on her feet; with honey which she has brought, she will make a savory paste of it at the bottom of her nest. This is, perhaps, her tenth journey to-day, and she shows no inclination to rest.

"All these cares are for one egg which she has laid,—for a single egg which she will never see hatched; besides, that which will issue from that egg will not be a fly like herself, but a worm, which will not be metamorphosed into a fly for some time afterwards. She has, however, hidden it in that hole, and knows precisely how much nourishment it will require before it arrives at the state which ushers in its transformation into a fly. This nourishment she goes to seek, and she seasons and prepares it. There, she is gone again!

"But what is this other brilliant little fly which is walking up the house-wall? Her breast is green, and her abdomen is of a purple red; but these two colors are so brilliant that I am really at a loss to find words splendid enough to express them, but the names of an emerald and a ruby joined together.

"That pretty fly—that living jewel—is the 'Chrysis.' I scarcely dare breathe, for fear of making it fly away. I should like to take it in my hands, that I might have sufficient time to examine it more closely. This likewise is the mother of a family; she also has an egg to lay, from which will issue a fly like herself, but which she will never see. She also knows how much nourishment her offspring will require; but, more richly clothed than the bee, she does not, like her, know how to gather the pollen from flowers or to make a paste of it with honey.

"She has but one resource, and that resource she is determined to employ; she will recoil neither from roguery nor theft to secure the subsistence of

her offspring; she has recognized the solitary bee, and she is going to lay her egg in her nest. It will hatch sooner than that of the true proprietor; then the intruder will eat the provisions so painfully collected for the legitimate child, who, when it is hatched in its turn, will have nothing to do but to die of hunger.

"There she is at the edge of the hole,—she hesitates,—she decides,—she enters.

"This insect interests me, she is so beautiful. The other likewise interests me, she is so industrious. But here she comes back through the air: one would think her a warrior covered with chased armor and a golden cuirass; she buzzes as she comes along. The Chrysis has heard the buzzing, which is for her the terrible sound of a war-trumpet. She wishes to fly; she comes out; but the other, justly irritated, pounces upon the daring intruder, beating it with her head. She bruises and tears the brilliant gauze of her wings, and beats her down to the dust, where she falls stupefied and inanimate.

"The bee then enters into her nest, and deposits and prepares her provisions; but still agitated with her combat and her victory, she sets out again through the air. I follow her with my eyes for a long time, and at last she disappears.

"The poor Chrysis is not, however, dead: she gets up again, shakes herself, flutters, and attempts to fly; but her lacerated wings will no longer support her. What can she do to escape the fury of her enemy? It is not her business to fly away; her business is to deposit her egg in the bee's nest, and to secure future provision for her offspring,—but the bee came back too soon. She ascends, climbing painfully; at times her strength seems to fail her; she is forced to stop, but at last she arrives,—she enters,—she is in! This time the interest is for her. Then she was only beautiful, now she is very unfortunate. I am aware that a long plea might be made for the other. I should not like to be appointed judge between

them. Ah! she is out again, — she flies away! But, oh, how happy she is to have succeeded! Now I begin to feel for the bee. The poor bee continues to bring provisions for its young, which, nevertheless, will die of hunger.”

Nor is the *Chrysis* her only tormentor; it may be remarked; there are some frivolous little vagabonds of her own kind that never think of building for themselves, but always appropriate the homes of others in this style, and they are known as cuckoo-bees.

It is no wonder that the happy bee of the community, escaping all such trial, makes blithe murmur to itself over its luscious labor. Perhaps all artisans would sing as cheerfully, were their task as sweet; it can be no such severe duty to fill one's basket with the bountiful store at hand, when one has just banqueted on the very dew of the morning. There are a few secondary products of Nature on which words cannot be wasted. It is pleasant to recall the poetical charms of wine, its tints, its aromas, and its sparkles; yet, with all that fire and fragrance, it seems but poor, thin stuff, when poured out beside the heavy flow of honey with sunbeams dissolved in every plash. The Hungarian huntsman may praise his rosy *Cotnar*, fine ladies sip cordial *Rosolio* and Levantine sirups, the fancy warm over African *Constantia*; but every peasant has honey in his garden, and they buy it of him to enrich their best *Muscats*. The great globes of the grape on which the wind and weather have breathed a bloom, pulped with rain, and sweetened with sun, the dew-drops slipping down among them as they stir beneath the weight of some bird that springs from the stem into the sky, — these lend their beauty and innocence as a kind of chrism to cover the profanities of wine, which, before it can be used at all, undergoes a kind of decomposition; but the wild wine of the bramble-rose has no need of its youth in apology for its age. It is stainless honey still; the sweet earth-juices stole up the tiny ducts of the flower to secrete it; showers and odors, warmth

and balm, distilled together into the nectary to give it wealth and savor; it yet preserves the essence of long summer days, of serene nights, of wandering winds, of mingled blossoms; it is the link between vegetable and animal productions; it has undergone the processes of a higher organization than that of the plant; it is, in fact, the bee himself, and not all the art of all the laboratories can reproduce it. Into all these other secondary products some stain of humanity enters; but little sinless sprites of greenwood and glen alone share the occult science of this with the blossoms. As light and heat are the generative forces of the world, honey seems to be their first result; it is lapped, indeed, in flowers, but it looks like candied sunshine. From the beginning, it has been regarded as a sacred substance; some have supposed it the earliest element of vegetation. The ancients made offering of it to the souls of the departed; they preserved their dead in its incorruptible medium; they sacrificed it to the gods. “With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee,” said the Psalmist, as if earth had nothing more to give. Nor has it to our bee. Let him fill his honey-vesicle, he will regurgitate the deposit into a cell that he closes with a thin waxen pellicle, or into another already partially occupied by the farina of flowers, which he knows to be perishable, and therefore secludes from the air in the same fashion that the Romans used to seal their flasks of *Falernian*, — with a few drops of honey at the mouth. Give him a grain of pollen, a taste of stagnant water, a drop of honey, and kings could not enrich him. The honey is his food, in the stagnant water he finds salts requisite as remedies; but what the bee wants with the grain of pollen is still a doubtful matter among apiarists. He makes of it a confection for the brood, it is also an ingredient of the royal jelly, he eats it himself, and he elaborates it in scales of wax upon his body, say those who follow Huber; on the other hand, the brood receive no confection or food whatever, there is

no such thing as royal jelly, the insect will die sooner than partake of pollen, and there is no wax elaborated in scales upon the body of any bee, say those who oppose Huber. But if the brood are not fed, one may ask, why does the wild bee, the tapestry, or the carder bee, take such pains, before closing the nest where her egg is hidden, to store there the little drop of honey? and what is it that occasions the greater consumption of honey during the brooding period than during any other portion of the year? It is really a pity, when Huber has given us so many interesting relations, that people must needs go prying into their truth. How is it possible that Nature could improve upon them? Kirby, indeed, accepts them all, and hands them down to us; subsequent encyclopedists have profited by his example; and Michelet, who between a true story and a picturesque one never hesitates a moment,—who tells us that the down on the butterfly's wing is a collection of exquisitely minute balloons, and that the silkworm files its way out of the cocoon with its eyes,—leading us to think, that, if his great history partake of the nature of his lesser works, it must be an assemblage of splendid errors,—M. Michelet out-Hubers Huber himself. Contrary to these, Mr. Huish, a British author, declares that a rod ought to be pickled for the man who dared impose such sheer inventions upon the credulity of a weak-minded public; and although he does not say it in so many words, he has evidently pictured to himself the consternation with which Huber's wife and servant must have looked at one another when he announced to them his intention of publishing a book of the fairy stories with which they had amused him, and suffered him to amuse his friend Bonnet. Huber has novelty, romance, and interest, upon his side; Huish has certainly a little logic. The latter's book upon the subject is, nevertheless, as quarrelsome an affair as ever was published; he seems to be as choleric and adust of temperament as the bees themselves; he contradicts every

one who has dared to speak upon the matter, and, while insisting that they could by no possibility have seen what they pretend to have done, asserts opposing facts, which he could no more have seen than they.

There is a close classification in Huber's system, the results of which give us several ranks among bees,—those of the queen, the drone, the jelly-maker, the artists in wax, the nurse, the harvester, and a certain little useless black bee. Adversely to this, Mr. Huish, who would carry bee-craft back to a pre-Réaumurite period, reverts to the original observations, and declares there are but three sorts of bee in the hive,—queen, drone, and worker,—which obviously simplifies matters; while as for the little black bee, he regards it as existing nowhere but in the head of its discoverer, so that, if the worthy person had not the traditional maggot in his brain, he might at least be said to have a bee in his bonnet. The sociable caterpillars, we are told, work as each one pleases. John Hunter said that bees did, too; and here Mr. Huish is of the same opinion,—this or that worker scours the fields or fashions the cell according to the fancy that may overcome him. Him? That is exactly the question. Mademoiselle Jurine, following the anatomical researches of her father, promulgated the discovery that the common bee was a decided female, with its organs undeveloped. To counterbalance her statements, M. Epignes published a treatise in which he proved satisfactorily to himself that the common bee is a decided male. Mr. Huish insists that the common bee is a decided neuter. Discarding M. Epignes with a fillip, Mr. Huish stoutly argues, against Mademoiselle Jurine's theory, that the possession of organs destined to no use is an incident out of the course of Nature,—to which, even were the statement quite true, it might be added that the creation of a community of a thousand males and one female is equally out of the course of Nature. Mr. Huish insists, that, if these bees were all females, yet forbidden the func-

tions of their sex, it would be an anomaly; he forgets that the existence of a neuter is already an anomaly. Allowing that Mr. Huish is here in the wrong, as seems probable, it involves a slight trouble of its own; for there would then seem to be need of but two kinds of eggs in the hive, whereas it is well established that three kinds are laid, — that of the male, the female, and the worker, or imperfect female. Huber, however, in such dilemma, adopting the previous hints of Schirach, at once seized upon Mademoiselle Jurine's discovery, and assured us, not only that from the egg of a worker a queen could at any time be produced, but enlightened us as to the manner of conducting the experiment. The queen is dead? It is lamentable, but nothing so easy as to make another. There is only to tear down some dozen cells, to set the youngest embryo afloat in royal jelly, and a queen appears, who, if not in the legitimate line, is capable of performing perfectly all the office of a sovereign. There is a moment of intense despair, great riot, and agitation; work is suspended; the temperature of the hive mounts many degrees. All at once the old art is remembered, — the administration of that delicious medicament, of so astonishingly affluent nature that it can make a queen out of a commoner, the enlargement of the narrow cradle to that ampler space which forbids the atrophy of a single fibre of the body. The preparations are made; and, with tranquillity restored, the people await the event. One day there comes a singular piping sound, — it is the cry of the royal babe, — the hive is filled with rejoicing, — there is no longer any interregnum of the purple, — the queen is born! Perhaps the queen-makers have been too much in earnest, and at nearly the same moment the inmates of two royal cells issue together. Then is the time to try one's mettle, — no shrinking, no bias, nothing but pure patriotism. Let a ring be formed, and she who proves herself victor is worthy of homage. Is one of the two a coward? The impartial circle bring her back to

the encounter, bite her, tease her, tumble her, worry her, tell her plainly that life is possible to her on no terms but those of conquest. At length the matter decides itself; the brilliant and victorious Amazon bends her long, slender body, and with her royal poniard pierces the abject pretender through and through. Then these satisfied subjects surround her, load her with endearments, cleanse her, brush her, lick her, offer her honey on the end of their proboscides, and, if there are yet remaining other royal apartments whose tenants give notice of timely appearance, they conduct her on an Elizabethan progress, in which, filled with instinctive dismay, she pauses at every cell, and stabs her young rivals to death with her sting. As the story runs, there are still other conditions to be fulfilled by the aspiring princess, — she must give her people the assurance of a populous empire. Should she fail in this, they have recourse to their old manœuvres, becoming manifestly insubordinate and unruly. If, however, they at any time wax unbearable in their insolence, the young monarch has it in her power, by assuming a singular attitude, standing erect at a little distance, her wings crossed upon her back and slightly fluttering, while she utters a shrill, slender sound, to strike them dumb, so that they hang their heads for shame.

All this pretty story the later apiarists deem a tissue of fiction and fallacy. If, when a hive is deprived of its queen, there happen to be a royal egg remaining in it, they say, it will shortly produce a queen, as, if it had been a common egg, it would have produced a common bee. They insist that the organism of the creature to be produced is inherent in the egg, and do not believe it in the power of a bee to alter a law of Nature; they deny the statements of Schirach, Huber, Dunbar, Rennie, and others to this effect, — scout the idea of the existence of such a thing as royal jelly at all, with the supposed aristocracy of its compounders, — share with Huber the amazement he says he felt, when, in a time of disturbance, he dis-

tinctly heard a queen address her bees in the French language, saying, "*Je suis ici, je suis ici*," — entirely repudiate the royal duels, which the editor of the "Naturalist's Library" himself, an advocate as he is of the Huberian principles, confesses he has never, in all his experience, been able to witness, — and go to the extreme of declaring, that, far from being the truculent and jealous tyrant described, the queen is the most timid of all creatures, flying, at the first intimation of danger, into the depths of the hive, and never using her sting under any circumstances through the whole course of her life, while, should you get one in your hand, you may offer her indignities with impunity; she knows her value to her people, and that, should she sting and be unable to withdraw her barbed weapon, the effort would disembowel her, and prove her own death and the ruin of her kingdom. The royal larvæ, Huber tells us, in spinning their cocoons, leave the lower rings of the body unprotected by the gossamer envelope, that thus, — and it is certainly considerate on their part, — the head being too well shielded by the hard nature of its substances, and the cocoon endangering the safety of her sting by its entangling flimsy threads, their queenly assailant may destroy them without detriment to herself, by stinging that portion left exposed. On the contrary, we are informed by his refuters, that, even were the body destitute of this covering, which is not the case, it would present a horny, scaly surface, from which there would be infinitely greater difficulty in extracting the sting than from the silken meshes of any cocoon, — and that, as no sting could pierce the waxen wall of the cell, and as the royal cell is vertical, and the nymph lies with its head towards the orifice of it, unless the queen, with her sting of the eighth of an inch in length, had the power of darting it through the orifice to the distance of three fourths of an inch, the act would be otherwise an impossibility, — and that, to finish the affair, these infant princesses are destroyed by the bees themselves, who,

finding them unnecessary for further swarming, tear them from their cells, and despatch them, not by dart or venom, but, when they are in a sufficiently advanced stage, by an attack of the teeth at the root of the wings, in the same way that they despatch the drone, disabling and dragging them out of the hive, after they have become supernumeraries, where they drop to the ground, and, powerless to fly and escape, perish with cold, or become the prey of bird, mouse, and reptile. It is possible that none of the various tribes of all the tiny arm-bearing people make use of the *coup de grâce* in their power, except as a last resort. Still, when the bees find it necessary, they use it with Spartan cunning. Bruin can testify to that in his sensitive muzzle; and thus, when he takes a fancy to their conserve of blossoms, he carries off the hive in his hug, and plunges it into the nearest brook or pool till the bees are drowned, and all their riches made his undisturbed possession. The bee that is not irascible betrays a dismal home and a miserable mother; he has nothing worth fighting for. But far from him be malice; unmolested, he does not molest. For one who has lived in an old mansion, with bats' nests under the eaves and wasps' nests everywhere, waking in autumn mornings to count the customary inhabitants of the latter clustered on the cornices by threescores, while observing that they always made themselves sufficiently at home, not only to claim a place at table, but to walk across the cloth and help themselves, pausing sometimes midway to flirt out the purple enamel of a wing for admiration, and never giving offence to one of the house, — for one who has seen this fierce and fell fury so prettily and quietly behaved, it is pardonable to claim an equal amount of moderation for the sweeter and purer nature of the little honey-maker, who has learned his gentler manners of the flowers themselves. There are occasions, moreover, when the bees positively forget they have a sting at all, as when, in swarming, they are so entirely absorbed that

they may be lifted in handfuls. M. Lombard states the circumstance of a child's being cured of her fear of the sting by an experience of this season. "A swarm having left a hive, I observed the queen alight by herself, at a little distance from the apiary. I immediately called my little friend, that I might show her this important personage. She was anxious to have a nearer view of Her Majesty; and therefore, having first caused her to draw on her gloves, I gave the queen into her hand. Scarcely had I done so, when we were surrounded by all the bees of the swarm. In this emergency, I encouraged the trembling girl to be steady, and to fear nothing, remaining myself close by her, and covering her head and shoulders with a thin handkerchief. I then made her stretch out the hand that held the queen, and the bees instantly alighted on it, and hung from her fingers as from the branch of a tree. The little girl, experiencing no injury, was delighted above measure at the novel sight, and so entirely freed from all fear that she bade me uncover her face. The spectators were charmed at the interesting spectacle. I at length brought a hive, and, shaking the swarm from the child's hand, it was lodged in safety without inflicting a single sting."

But however greatly opinions may vary in this branch of natural history on one or another topic, the principal dispute is concerning the relations that may subsist between the queen and the drones. Huber had a complicated arrangement in reference to this, which his admirers accepted enthusiastically, while Latreille and other apiarists reject it as a cluster of prurient fancies. The opinion of Huish upon the subject, which would seem to have more probability to support it than others have, is that the queen commences to lay immediately on being established, and that the eggs being in their separate cells, it is the office of the drone to make them fruitful, after the custom of certain fish and of frogs.

When the population of the hive has been so increased by the opening of

the brood-cells that accommodation has become insufficient, and the heat so unendurable that every wing droops wet and flaccid with perspiration, as grand an emigration as those of the early Northern tribes is ordered, scouts are sent out to select the future place of abode, and in some propitious moment of perfect sunshine, honey-pouches full and nothing to delay, the great exodus takes place with a noise as if the whole hive were attacked by vertigo; and Homer himself could find nothing to which to compare his multitudinous Greeks thronging from their ships fitter than these nations of close-swarming bees. That the young queen should lead the departing swarm seems the natural occurrence, being desirous of fulfilling her own destiny and of hastening from a hive hostile to all but one mistress whom they already know and love. Huber, however, will have it that it is the old queen, who, outraged and indignant at her treatment when a rival is allowed to live, sounds the alarm and sallies forth with her adherents. In support of this Mr. Duncan mentions having deprived an old queen of one of her antennæ, and noticing her thereafter at the head of a swarm, although Huber previously makes it known that any bee deprived of one of its antennæ is rendered useless. And in opposition to it may be given the circumstance quoted by Mr. Huish, in which the German apiarian Scopoli asserts, that, having clipped the wings of a queen, he found her still in his hive after an interval of many months, during which two excellent swarms had been thrown, and rather plumes himself on the triumphant fact, as if by any possibility she could have gotten away. A hive will throw off from one to four swarms in a season, but the last two are generally worthless, and should be deprived of their queens and returned to the parent stock. We have an old adage to this purpose, —

A swarm in May
Is worth a load of hay,
A swarm in June
Is worth a silver spoon,
But the swarm of July
Is n't worth a fly," —

and any one may verify it who chooses to investigate the condition of such swarms at the conclusion of the harvest, when it will be seen that those which founded their colony at so late an hour have not collected sufficient honey even for their winter provision, and must be fed in order to be saved till spring.

They have dainty appetites, these little people. They will work away with their forceps at a bit of sweetmeat, but they can absorb only liquids through their proboscides. Being in a state of civilization, their food must be administered in a civilized way: it must be boiled for them. They fancy stimulants; and sugar dissolved in ale, old brown October, or, better still, made into a rich sirup with Port wine, they find very delectable. Those authors who regard pollen as a part of their subsistence deem that it is because they require nitrogenized substances; and in order to prove that it is used as food, they remark that the bees continue to harvest it so long as a single flower blows, and that entirely after the formation of the cells has ceased. This, however, may be owing simply to the instinct which prompted them in the first place to bring it home, as instinct is generally in all creatures stronger than reason and overloaded; and that it cannot be any portion of the food of bees seems evident from the fact that whole hives are known to have perished by hunger while still abundantly supplied with bee-bread, as the pollen is often called. It is more probable that pollen is really the chief constituent of wax, although Huber submits that honey has that honor; but that this wax is produced in the manner that Huber states is extremely doubtful. It is his opinion that the wax-workers, having first gorged themselves with honey, suspend themselves in festoons from the flowers, where they remain for twenty-four hours, — which in a chilly spring night would break many a link of the chain, — after which, one detaches herself from the festoon, enters the hive, and takes up her situation, with her forceps detaches

a scale of wax from her side where it has recently exuded, works it with her tongue, and fashions it to the required consistency, succeeded in turn by others, artisan and apprentice. But as honey is the normal and established food of bees, it would follow that these scales must be in a state of perpetual exudation, and thus before long the hive would become filled with them, unless bees have a control of their bodily secretions enjoyed by no other order of beings. Anatomical dissection has found pollen only in the second stomach of the bee, of which the mouth is the sole and single opening; it is therefore presumed, that, being taken in a crude condition, and having undergone its due elaboration there, it is disgorged again and becomes the wax of the cells. This was the opinion of Réaumur; and for additional proof, it is stated, that, though the workers are seen to collect large quantities of farina during the season in which the cells are being made, no particle of crude farina is meanwhile to be found in a single cell, the whole of it being used in their composition. All this, however, will long remain in uncertainty; for, till some one is born with eyes of his own, ready to devote his lifelong labor to such observations, and perhaps in the end be stung to death for his pains, — since there are rebellions even in heaven, we learn, — there will be general willingness to accept the most piquant little statements regarding this most peculiar little people.

Wax itself is a substance that has no similitude to any other known. It is now thought, that, as there are three orders of bee, so there are three substances merely in the hive, — honey, farina, and wax. Pliny enumerates three others, — *commosis*, *pissoceros*, and *propolis*. Of these many moderns still retain the last, calling it a resinous matter collected from alders and willows, and used for the more secure foundation of the comb. But upon subjecting a lump of propolis to the boiling process by which wax is purified, it turns out simple wax of nearly its former weight; and it is ac-

cordingly presumed to be only wax in a much more crude stage of elaboration. Dr. Bevan, in experimenting with his hives, says that he melted wax and spread it upon a certain place, and, while fluid, attached a slight guide-comb to it, which the bees immediately adopted, suspending their whole comb thereby; from which it is evident, that, wax being strong enough itself for a foundation, propolis is unnecessary, and Nature is not apt to afford superfluities in her economy of construction.

The beautiful geometry of the cells is, after all, the marvel of the whole. Koenig demonstrated, that, in the problem of space and material, the bee had at once arrived at the solution which he himself reached only after infinitesimal calculations; and it furnishes fresh proof of the great mathematical relations of the universe, when even instinct is found to take on the accuracy and method of crystals. This honey-comb, by the way, is a favorite figure in Nature. If one examines microscopically the beautiful and brilliant petal of a gladiolus, it will offer this cellular structure in loose and irregular outlines; but under the same lens, the eye of a dragon-fly, which displays by daylight a jewel-like transparency, will be seen a strict crowd of glittering hexagons, with every alveole so closely arranged and so symmetrically shaped as to afford instant testimony to the superiority of the animal organization. It is by no means the habit of all bees, however, to dispose their affairs with such precision, though many other methods may have an equal grace. Don Felix d'Azara tells us of South American bees which deposit their honey in small waxen cups, and are known as *Angelitos*, because never using the sting; while the little black stingless bee of Guadeloupe, which inhabits the clefts of hollow rocks by the seaside, stores its honey in cells the size of a pigeon's egg, each sacklet being filled only so far as it will hold without tearing from its fellow, and a pretty piece of color being effected by the amber honey in its receptacles of dark violet-colored wax which never blanches, as the whole

hangs together like a great cluster of grapes. This is a species of bee not greatly differing from that which makes the honey of *Estabentum*, that *Clavigero* says is taken every two months and is the finest in the world. The Mexicans are reported to attend with care to the culture of these bees, not so much for their rich honey as for the wax, of which large quantities are used in their common church ceremonials.

There are many singular incidents related by Huber, which, if they are not true, one may exclaim, "The more's the pity." When he notes, that, in a time of disorder in the hive, he beheld the queen ascend a royal cell and seat herself upon it as if it were a throne, and, having sympathized for a season, suddenly assume the awful attitude and strike her disloyal people motionless, it interests us like some recital of the haps and heroics of Boadicea and her Britons. It is remembered that in the early days of what are known as spiritual manifestations, while one wit thought our furniture made of Dodonean oak, another regarded the manifestations as a wise provision in aid of the customary May ramble of city families from their respective domiciles. It is from a similarly provident point of view, with the current price of coal, that we should look at Huber's statement concerning the heat of a hive, when he tells us that twenty hives will warm an apartment comfortably, and twenty-five, occasionally well shaken, will furnish the proper temperature for a conservatory,—which throws Count Rumford's feat of boiling water without the aid of fire far into the shade. But when Huber proceeds to say that the queen is followed on her rounds by a royal guard, who wait on her with obsequious reverence, although it seems to be a pretty custom enough, the actual custom may be found a far prettier one: for the queen attends to her affairs, as others are assured, quite unaccompanied; only as workers at all times cover the comb, when she passes from group to group, each bee for a moment leaves labor, bestows a caress upon its mother, offers her honey, refreshes her,

sees her pass to the next group, which hastens to do the same, while the first returns to the business of the moment. The elder Huber taxes the credulity, however, hardly more than his son does, in presenting a drawing of humble-bees hindering a toppling comb from falling by taking acrobatic postures, standing on their heads and supporting it with their hind legs till relieved, converting themselves, in fact, into a kind of flying-buttresses. Indeed, the trouble with all these things is, that naturalists persist in endowing the little creatures with human passions; and having once given the rein to imagination, it runs away with them. Now and then they find themselves in a quagmire; but sometimes the result is simply amusing, as in old Butler's most graphic and entertaining description of the pillage of a weak hive by its rich and powerful neighbor, in the "*Feminine Monarchie*." Yet these stories have been told ever since the Flood. Aristotle assures us, that, when a bee has a head-wind to encounter, he ballasts himself with a little pebble between his feet; and the Abbé della Rocca, who made observations on the bees of the Grecian Archipelago, had the pleasure of witnessing the circumstance in person,—which would cause one to conjecture that the Greek bees, ever since they made honey on Plato's lip, have had habits peculiar to themselves, were it not that the little solitary mason-bee comes to the rescue,—the mason-bee, that, loaded with gravel and material for her nest, both Aristotle and the Abbé della Rocca undoubtedly saw. It is Virgil, however, on whom, in practical matters, apiarists have not yet improved, who has told the most amazing stories about bees, certifying that the body of their people may be bred from decay, and particularizing the blossom on which the king of the bees is born; but Virgil lived, it is to be recollected, nearly two thousand years ago, and two hundred have not yet passed since Redi, sometimes called the father of experimental entomology, first brought discredit on the doctrine of spontaneous generation: having

tried the recipe for the manufacture of snakes, by his friend the learned Kircher, he could never witness, he says, "the generation of those blessed snake-lets made to hand." M. Michelet, having a kind word for everybody, has a graceful apology also for the errors of Virgil, avowing that this was not Horace, the elegant favorite of Rome, nor the light and indiscreet Ovid, but Virgil, the child of the soil, the noble and candid figure of the old Italian peasant, the religious interpreter of Nature; and though he may have been mistaken as to names, what he said he saw; he was simply deceived, as subsequently Réaumur was for a moment, by the rat-tailed larvæ or sewer-flies, which, having escaped from their cradle of corruption, now shining and adorned, are thereupon brevetted to the rank of noble Virgilian bees.

Certain superstitions seem to have prevailed in all countries ever since bees were first domesticated. In England they must not be bought, though they may be bartered; but there can be no haggling. In this country they are not even to be bartered. As their homeward flight is supposed to be westerly, it is necessary to obtain them from a place due east of their future residence; and their first swarm is to be hived and returned to the original owner, the bees relying on your good faith and working one summer on credit, so to say: they are not slaves, to be exchanged for silver. At this and all subsequent swarmings, it is requisite that they should be stunned by a confused clatter of bells, pans, pebbles, and cries, although it was long ago explained by Butler that this noise came into custom merely in signal of the ownership of a vagrant swarm. When a death occurs in the household, the hives are to be told of it and dressed in crape, in Switzerland turned topsy-turvy, as without such treatment the bees do not consider themselves used as a part of the family, and will fly away.

Among all the anecdotes given, perhaps the best instance in relation to the intelligence of the bee is that narrative

of its stratagems in warfare with the famous Death's-Head Moth. Mr. Huish, to be sure, leaning upon Buffon, laughs at it, believes it on a par with Jack's Beanstalk, and is grimly satisfied that no bees ever erected fortifications of any kind other than as against the effluvium of murdered mouse or snail when they wall up its source in a tomb of wax; but it is impossible to look at the benevolent, bland face in any picture of Huber, with its sweetness of expression, and its innocent, wide, wandering eyes, and not wish to believe every word he says. M. Michelet tells the story so pleasantly that it would be difficult not to quote it, especially as it is well to be credulous in good company.

"About the time of the American Revolution, a little before that of the French, there appeared and multiplied a thing unknown to our Europe, a being of frightful shape, a large and powerful moth, marked plainly enough in yellowish gray, with an ugly death's head. This sinister creature, that had never before been seen, alarmed the rural regions, and appeared to be an augury of the greatest misfortunes. In reality, those who were terrified by it had brought it upon themselves. It had entered the country as a caterpillar upon its natal plant, the American potato, the fashionable vegetable of the time, extolled by Parmentier, protected by Louis XVI., and spreading everywhere. The *savans* christened this stranger by a name not too reassuring, — the Sphinx Atropos.

"This animal was terrible indeed, — but only to honey. Of that it was glutinous, and capable of everything in order to obtain it. A hive of thirty thousand bees did not appall it. In the depth of midnight, the voracious monster, profiting by that hour when the outskirts of the city are weakly guarded, with a little dull lugubrious noise, muffled as if by the smooth down which covered him, invaded the hive, sought the combs, gorged himself, pillaged, spoiled, overthrew the stores and the brood. In vain might the attacked party awaken, assemble, and riot; stings

could not pierce the covering, — the species of soft, elastic mattress with which he was everywhere garnished, like the Mexicans of the time of Cortés in their cotton armor that no Spanish weapon could penetrate.

"Huber took counsel with himself for some means of protecting his bees from this daring robber. Should he make gratings? should he make doors? and how? That was his doubt.

best imagined closure possible had the inconvenience of hindering the great movement of exit and entrance always going on at the sill of the hive. Their impatience rendered these barriers, in which they would entangle themselves and break their wings, intolerable to the bees.

"One morning, the faithful servant who aided him in all his experiments informed him that the bees had already solved the problem for themselves. They had in various hives conceived and carried out divers systems of defence and fortification. Here they had constructed a waxen wall, with narrow windows, through which the huge enemy could not pass; and there, by a more ingenious invention, without stirring anything, they had placed at their gates intersecting arcades or little partitions, one behind another, but alternating, so that opposite the empty spaces between those of the first row stood the partitions of the second row. Thus were contrived numerous openings for the impatient crowd of bees, who could go out and come in as usual, and without any other obstacle than the slight one of going a little zigzag; but limits, absolute obstructions, for the great, clumsy enemy, who could not enter with his unfolded wings, nor even insinuate himself without bruises between the narrow corridors.

"This was the *coup d'état* of the lower orders, the revolution of insects, executed by the bees, not only against those that robbed them, but against those that denied their intelligence. The theorists who refuse that to them, the Malebranches and the Buffons, must consider themselves conquered. We

go back to the reserve of the great students of Nature, the Swammerdams, the Réaumurs, who, far from contesting the genius of insects, give us numberless facts to prove that it is flexible, that it can increase with dangers and with obstacles, that it can quit routine, and in certain circumstances make unexpected progress."

Intelligence among the inferior animals seems always more or less an affair of acute senses; the bee certainly ought to manifest much of it, for his senses are extraordinary. Not to speak of that singular sixth sense of the antennæ, by whose power alone he fashions his cell and seems to make and receive communication, nor of his wonderful eyesight, to which a double kind of eye contributes, one portion of it being for distance and another for vertical objects or for closer work, — although there are naturalists who consider these stemmata as a possible organ of hearing, — he has a sense of smell which must surpass that of any other creature on the wing: it is perhaps to this lively faculty that he owes his marvellous cleanliness. Féburier states that at one time the bees, attracted by the lemon-trees and flowers of Cuba, emigrated thither in a body from the mainland of Florida, a distance of twenty-five leagues, — the fact, however, being that their owners emigrated and took them with them. But they have been positively known to track heath a distance of four miles, and that across water, through an atmosphere in which the faint scent of the heath must have mingled with all the powerful salt odor of the sea. Strong little wings they must be, too, to travel these distances, and yet perform all the other labor allotted them; for every day, while some with their burdens are entering the black hive, and some are darting out again into the glaring sunlight full of business and on new errands, others may always be distinguished stationed by the door and fanning their bits of wings backward and forward in ventilation of the hive. Although disputatious to the last, Mr. Huish insists that this motion is nothing but the ex-

pression of intense satisfaction and joy. Either way, it would seem as if an answering rest must be required in order to repair such wear and tear; and on this point an old Spanish writer sets it down that bees sleep during every night and on all fast-days in addition, and a corroborating investigator remarks that he has seen them withdraw into the empty cells, and, composing themselves, their heads towards the bottom, enjoy the deepest slumber, the body gently heaving with the breath, and every little limb relaxed, — to which another person replies, that this is an outrageous statement, for it is a decided fact that sleep is as much a stranger to the eye of a bee as it is to the eye of a herring. Yet in the German countries much of the labor of flight is after all spared them, their owners collecting them into caravans, conducting them gypsy-wise, encamping here and encamping there, through whatever districts linger latest in bloom. They build bee-barges, too, in France, capacious enough for a hundred hives, and drift them down the rivers, so that the bees shall follow the summer as it flits southward. And in Lower Egypt, where the blossoming continues much longer than in the upper regions, Niebuhr saw an assemblage of four thousand hives upon the Nile, anchoring at places of plentiest pasturage: the bees thus float from one end of the land to the other before they return and enrich their proprietors with the honey they have harvested from the orange-flowers and jasmines of the Said and all the wealthy banks of the mighty river. The hunter in America takes advantage of this clear sight and of this strength of wing when he lines a bee to its nest, by alluring one to a bait of honey within a circle of wet white paint, watching the subsequent flight, letting off another, similarly secured, at right angles to that, and looking for the nest at the intersection of the two white lines. Nor is the hunter their only depredator. At the Cape of Good Hope there lives a bird known as the Honey-Guide, that enters into alliance with man, sounds its shrill note, and, flut-

tering from spray to spray, leads the way to the sweet resort: it would be sacrilege, if the Hottentot did not leave a portion of the honey to the informer. There, too, is the rattel, a little beast that at sunset shelters its eyes with a paw, for clearer view, spots a bee, and follows it: often these two make fellowship together, the one for the honey, the bird for the brood. But these are not the terrors of a temperate clime; the hives can despatch a field-mouse unassisted; the master who cannot rid them of the wax-moth they will desert without regrets; sounding the slogan for aid, no two bees will hesitate to grapple with the bold butchering wasp that invades them; the humble-bee, making her underground nest, the poppy-bee, fitting her splendid scarlet tapestry, however many each may have, reck of few enemies beyond the rain and storm. What should any one of them all remember about the tomtit that comes and taps outside and snaps each resident up as it appears inquiring at the gate? of the little feathered monster that tears bees to pieces, making shreds of heads and wings for his mere amusement? To them a briefer memory makes brief life blessed. The happy murmurer of our morning knows of little but peace and security, he does not even dream that *savans* infuriate

themselves about him, he buzzes from flower to flower, daringly puts aside the curtain of sacred shrines and makes himself luxurious hermitage in the snowy depths of the lilies, lets the south wind swing him a moment on the golden cradle of kingcups, pursues his pleasures in the purple recesses of the hyacinth, or, gliding into a labyrinth of petals, between the silken linings of perfumed chambers, the tinted sunlight softly sifting through, revels with the gracious nymphs that wait there, that hail him, caress him, and give him their confidence all under the rose; he goes his way, and his music spurns the trail of melancholy that never fails to follow the most delicious warble that ever trilled from throat of bobolink or throstle. As you lie and listen, in the golden tenor of the hive-bee's hum seems diffused the wide whisper of continuous gladness; and giving the innermost note of summer and of noon, the booming bass of the humble-bee blazons abroad all poetry and beauty and sumptuous delight.

" Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure."

COUNTESS LAURA.

IT was a dreary day in Padua.
The Countess Laura, for a single year
Fernando's wife, upon her bridal bed,
Like an uprooted lily on the snow,
The withered outcast of a festival,
Lay dead. She died of some uncertain ill,
That struck her almost on her wedding-day,
And clung to her, and dragged her slowly down,
Thinning her cheeks and pinching her full lips,
Till, in her chance, it seemed that with a year
Full half a century was overpast.

In vain had Paracelsus taxed his art,
And feigned a knowledge of her malady;
In vain had all the doctors, far and near,
Gathered around the mystery of her bed,
Draining her veins, her husband's treasury,
And physic's jargon, in a fruitless quest
For causes equal to the dread result.
The Countess only smiled, when they were gone,
Hugged her fair body with her little hands,
And turned upon her pillows wearily,
As if she fain would sleep, no common sleep,
But the long, breathless slumber of the grave.
She hinted nothing. Feeble as she was,
The rack could not have wrung her secret out.
The Bishop, when he shrived her, coming forth,
Cried, in a voice of heavenly ecstasy,
"O blessed soul! with nothing to confess,
Save virtues and good deeds, which she mistakes —
So humble is she — for our human sins!"
Praying for death, she tossed upon her bed,
Day after day, — as might a shipwrecked bark
That rocks upon one billow, and can make
No onward motion towards her port of hope.
At length, one morn, when those around her said,
"Surely the Countess mends, so fresh a light
Beams from her eyes and beautifies her face," —
One morn in spring, when every flower of earth
Was opening to the sun, and breathing up
Its votive incense, her impatient soul
Opened itself, and so exhaled to heaven.
When the Count heard it, he reeled back a pace;
Then turned with anger on the messenger;
Then craved his pardon, and wept out his heart
Before the menial: tears, ah, me! such tears
As Love sheds only, and Love only once.
Then he bethought him, "Shall this wonder die
And leave behind no shadow? not a trace
Of all the glory that environed her,
That mellow nimbus circling round my star?"
So, with his sorrow glooming in his face,
He paced along his gallery of Art,
And strode amongst the painters, where they stood,
With Carlo, the Venetian, at their head,
Studying the Masters by the dawning light
Of his transcendent genius. Through the groups
Of gayly vested artists moved the Count, —
As some lone cloud of thick and leaden hue,
Packed with the secret of a coming storm,
Moves through the gold and crimson evening mists,
Deadening their splendor. In a moment, still
Was Carlo's voice, and still the prattling crowd;
And a great shadow overran them all,

As their white faces and their anxious eyes
 Pursued Fernando in his moody walk.
 He paused, as one who balances a doubt,
 Weighing two courses, then burst out with this :
 "Ye all have seen the tidings in my face ;
 Or has the dial ceased to register
 The workings of my heart ? Then hear the bell,
 That almost cracks the frame in utterance :
 The Countess — she is dead !" — "Dead !" Carlo groaned.
 And if a bolt from middle heaven had struck
 His splendid features full upon the brow,
 He could not have appeared more scathed and blanched.
 "Dead ! — dead !" He staggered to his easel-frame,
 And clung around it, buffeting the air
 With one wild arm, as though a drowning man
 Hung to a spar and fought against the waves. —
 The Count resumed : "I came not here to grieve,
 Nor see my sorrow in another's eyes.
 Who 'll paint the Countess, as she lies to-night
 In state within the chapel ? Shall it be
 That earth must lose her wholly ? that no hint
 Of her gold tresses, beaming eyes, and lips
 That talked in silence, and the eager soul
 That ever seemed outbreaking through her clay,
 And scattering glory round it, — shall all these
 Be dull corruption's heritage, and we,
 Poor beggars, have no legacy to show
 The love she bore us ? That were shame to love,
 And shame to you, my masters." Carlo stalked
 Forth from his easel, stiffly as a thing
 Moved by mechanic impulse. His thin lips,
 And sharpened nostrils, and wan, sunken cheeks,
 And the cold glimmer in his dusky eyes,
 Made him a ghastly sight. The throng drew back,
 As if they let a spectre through. Then he,
 Fronting the Count, and speaking in a voice
 Sounding remote and hollow, made reply :
 "Count, I shall paint the Countess. 'T is my fate, —
 Not pleasure, — no, nor duty." But the Count,
 Astray in woe, but understood assent,
 Not the strange words that bore it ; and he flung
 His arm round Carlo, drew him to his breast,
 And kissed his forehead. At which Carlo shrank :
 Perhaps 't was at the honor. Then the Count,
 A little reddening at his public state, —
 Unseemly to his near and recent loss, —
 Withdrew in haste between the downcast eyes
 That did him reverence as he rustled by.

Night fell on Padua. In the chapel lay
 The Countess Laura at the altar's foot.
 Her coronet glittered on her pallid brows ;

A crimson pall, weighed down with golden work,
Sown thick with pearls, and heaped with early flowers,
Draped her still body almost to the chin ;
And over all a thousand candles flamed
Against the winking jewels, or streamed down
The marble aisle, and flashed along the guard
Of men-at-arms that slowly wove their turns,
Backward and forward, through the distant gloom.
When Carlo entered, his unsteady feet
Scarce bore him to the altar, and his head
Drooped down so low that all his shining curls
Poured on his breast, and veiled his countenance.
Upon his easel a half-finished work,
The secret labor of his studio,
Said from the canvas, so that none might err,
"I am the Countess Laura." Carlo kneeled,
And gazed upon the picture, — as if thus,
Through those clear eyes, he saw the way to heaven.
Then he arose ; and as a swimmer comes
Forth from the waves, he shook his locks aside,
Emerging from his dream, and standing firm
Upon a purpose with his sovereign will.
He took his palette, murmuring, "Not yet !"
Confidingly and softly to the corpse ;
And as the veriest drudge who plies his art
Against his fancy, he addressed himself
With stolid resolution to his task.
Turning his vision on his memory,
And shutting out the present, till the dead,
The gilded pall, the lights, the pacing guard,
And all the meaning of that solemn scene
Became as nothing, and creative Art
Resolved the whole to chaos, and reformed
The elements according to her law, —
So Carlo wrought, as though his eye and hand
Were Heaven's unconscious instruments, and worked
The settled purpose of Omnipotence.
And it was wondrous how the red, the white,
The ochre, and the umber, and the blue,
From mottled blotches, hazy and opaque,
Grew into rounded forms and sensuous lines ;
How just beneath the lucid skin the blood
Glimmered with warmth, the scarlet lips apart
Bloomed with the moisture of the dews of life ;
How the light glittered through and underneath
The golden tresses, and the deep, soft eyes
Became intelligent with conscious thought,
And somewhat troubled underneath the arch
Of eyebrows but a little too intense
For perfect beauty ; how the pose and poise
Of the lithe figure on its tiny foot
Suggested life just ceased from motion ; so

That any one might cry, in marvelling joy,
"That creature lives, — has senses, mind, a soul
To win God's love or dare hell's subtleties!"
The artist paused. The ratifying "Good"
Trembled upon his lips. He saw no touch
To give or soften. "It is done," he cried, —
"My task, my duty! Nothing now on earth
Can taunt me with a work left unfulfilled!"
The lofty flame which bore him up so long
Died in the ashes of humanity;
And the mere man rocked to and fro again
Upon the centre of his wavering heart.
He put aside his palette, as if thus
He stepped from sacred vestments, and assumed
A mortal function in the common world.
"Now for my rights!" he muttered, and approached
The noble body. "O lily of the world!
So withered, yet so lovely! what wast thou
To those who came thus near thee — for I stood
Without the pale of thy half-royal rank —
When thou wast budding, and the streams of life
Made eager struggles to maintain thy bloom,
And gladdened heaven dropped down in gracious dews
On its transplanted darling? Hear me now!
I say this but in justice, not in pride,
Not to insult thy high nobility,
But that the poise of things in God's own sight
May be adjusted, and hereafter I
May urge a claim that all the powers of heaven
Shall sanction, and with clarions blow abroad.
Laura, you loved me! Look not so severe,
With your cold brows, and deadly, close-drawn lips!
You proved it, Countess, when you died for it, —
Let it consume you in the wearing strife
It fought with duty in your ravaged heart.
I knew it ever since that summer-day
I painted Lila, the pale beggar's child,
At rest beside the fountain; when I felt —
Oh, heaven! — the warmth and moisture of your breath
Blow through my hair, as with your eager soul —
Forgetting soul and body go as one —
You leaned across my easel till our cheeks —
Ah, me! 't was not your purpose — touched, and clung!
Well, grant 't was genius; and is genius nought?
I ween it wears as proud a diadem —
Here, in this very world — as that you wear.
A king has held my palette, a grand-duke
Has picked my brush up, and a pope has begged
The favor of my presence in his Rome.
I did not go; I put my fortune by.
I need not ask you why: you knew too well.
It was but natural, it was no way strange,

That I should love you. Everything that saw,
Or had its other senses, loved you, sweet!
And I amongst them. Martyr, holy saint, —
I see the halo curving round your head, —
I loved you once; but now I worship you,
For the great deed that held my love aloof,
And killed you in the action! I absolve
Your soul from any taint. For from the day
Of that encounter by the fountain-side
Until this moment, never turned on me
Those tender eyes, unless they did a wrong
To Nature by the cold, defiant glare
With which they chilled me. Never heard I word
Of softness spoken by those gentle lips;
Never received a bounty from that hand
Which gave to all the world. I know the cause.
You did your duty, — not for honor's sake,
Nor to save sin or suffering or remorse,
Or all the ghosts that haunt a woman's shame,
But for the sake of that pure, loyal love
Your husband bore you. Queen, by grace of God,
I bow before the lustre of your throne!
I kiss the edges of your garment-hem,
And hold myself ennobled! Answer me, —
If I had wronged you, you would answer me
Out of the dusty porches of the tomb, —
Is this a dream, a falsehood? or have I
Spoken the very truth?" — "The very truth!"
A voice replied; and at his side he saw
A form, half shadow and half substance, stand,
Or, rather, rest; for on the solid earth
It had no footing, more than some dense mist
That wavers o'er the surface of the ground
It scarcely touches. With a reverent look,
The shadow's waste and wretched face was bent
Above the picture, — as if greater awe
Subdued its awful being, and appalled,
With memories of terrible delight
And fearful wonder, its devouring gaze.
"You make what God makes, — beauty," said the shape.
"And might not this, this second Eve, console
The emptiest heart? Will not this thing outlast
The fairest creature fashioned in the flesh?
Before that figure Time, and Death himself,
Stand baffled and disarmed. What would you ask
More than God's power, from nothing to create?"
The artist gazed upon the boding form,
And answered: "Goblin, if you had a heart,
That were an idle question. What to me
Is my creative power, bereft of love?
Or what to God would be that selfsame power,
If so bereaved?" — "And yet the love thus mourned

You calmly forfeited. For had you said
To living Laura — in her burning ears —
One half that you professed to Laura dead,
She would have been your own. These contraries
Sort not with my intelligence. But say,
Were Laura living, would the same stale play
Of raging passion, tearing out its heart
Upon the rock of duty, be performed ? ”
“ The same, O phantom, while the heart I bear
Trembled, but turned not its magnetic faith
From God’s fixed centre.” “ If I wake for you
This Laura, — give her all the bloom and glow
Of that midsummer day you hold so dear, —
The smile, the motion, the impulsive heart,
The love of genius, — yea, the very love,
The mortal, hungry, passionate, hot love,
She bore you, flesh to flesh, — would you receive
That gift, in all its glory, at my hands ? ”
A cruel smile arched the tempter’s scornful lips,
And glittered in the caverns of his eyes,
Mocking the answer. Carlo paled and shook ;
A woful spasm went shuddering through his frame,
Curdling his blood, and twisting his fair face
With nameless torture. But he cried aloud,
Out of the clouds of anguish, from the smoke
Of very martyrdom, “ O God, she is thine !
Do with her at thy pleasure ! ” Something grand,
And radiant as a sunbeam, touched the head
He bent in awful sorrow. “ Mortal, see ” —
“ Dare not ! As Christ was sinless, I abjure
These vile abominations ! Shall she bear
Life’s burden twice, and life’s temptations twice,
While God is justice ? ” “ Who has made you judge
Of what you call God’s good, and what you think
God’s evil ? One to Him, the Source of both,
The God of good and of permitted ill.
Have you no dream of days that might have been,
Had you and Laura filled another fate ?
Some cottage on the sloping Apennines,
Roses and lilies, and the rest all love ?
I tell you that this tranquil dream may be
Filled to repletion. Speak, and in the shade
Of my dark pinions I shall bear you hence,
And land you where the mountain goat himself
Struggles for footing.” He outspread his wings,
And all the chapel darkened, as if hell
Had swallowed up the tapers ; and the air
Grew thick, and, like a current sensible,
Flowed round the person, with a wash and dash,
As of the waters of a nether sea.
Slowly and calmly through the dense obscure,
Dove-like and gentle, rose the artist’s voice :

"I dare not bring her spirit to that shame!
Know my full meaning, — I that neither fear
Your mystic person nor your dreadful power.
Nor shall I now invoke God's potent name
For my deliverance from your toils. I stand
Upon the founded structure of His law,
Established from the first, and thence defy
Your arts, reposing all my trust in that!"
The darkness eddied off; and Carlo saw
The figure gathering, as from outer space,
Brightness on brightness; and his former shape
Fell from him, like the ashes that fall off,
And show a core of mellow fire within.
Adown his wings there poured a lambent flood,
That seemed as molten gold, which plashing fell
Upon the floor, enringing him with flame;
And o'er the tresses of his beaming head
Arose a stream of many-colored light,
Like that which crowns the morning. Carlo stood
Steadfast, for all the splendor, reaching up
The outstretched palms of his untainted soul
Towards heaven for strength. A moment thus; then asked,
With reverential wonder quivering through
His sinking voice, "Who, spirit, and what art thou?"
"I am that blessing which men fly from, — Death."
"Then take my hand, if so God orders it;
For Laura waits me." "But bethink thee, man,
What the world loses in the loss of thee!
What wondrous Art will suffer with eclipse!
What unwon glories are in store for thee!
What fame, outreaching time and temporal shocks,
Would shine upon the letters of thy name
Graven in marble, or the brazen height
Of columns wise with memories of thee!"
"Take me! If I outlived the Patriarchs,
I could but paint those features o'er and o'er;
Lo! that is done." A pitying smile o'erran
The seraph's features, as he looked to heaven,
With deep inquiry in his tender eyes.
The mandate came. He touched with downy wing
The sufferer lightly on his aching heart;
And gently, as the sky-lark settles down
Upon the clustered treasures of her nest,
So Carlo softly slid along the prop
Of his tall easel, nestling at the foot
As if he slumbered; and the morning broke
In silver whiteness over Padua.

STRATEGY AT THE FIRESIDE.

I.

WAS it the fault of poor Barbara Dinwiddie, that, when Sumter fell, and the gallant Anderson saw with anguish the old flag pulled down, she was the most desperate little Rebel in all Dixie? By no means! At school, at home, at church, she had been taught that Slavery was the divinest of all divine institutions; that all those outside barbarians, known as Yankees, who questioned its justice, its policy, its eternal fitness, were worse than infidels; that those favored individuals whose felicity it had been to be born and bred under the patriarchal benignity were the master race of this continent; and that one Southern man could, with perfect ease to himself, and without any risk whatever of any unpleasant consequences, whip and put *hors de combat* any five of the "homeless and traditionless race" that could be brought against him.

Had not Mr. Jefferson Davis so styled them? and had he not said that he would rather herd with hyenas than with Yankees? Had not Mr. Yancey declared that all the Yankees were cowards? Had not Mr. Walker, Secretary of State of the new Confederacy, predicted that the "stars and bars" would wave over Faneuil Hall in a twelvemonth? Had not the Richmond papers assured the high-born sons of the South, who of course included the whole white population, that it was an utter impossibility for the chivalry to exist under the same government with the mean, intolerable mudsills of the North? The wonder was, that the aforesaid chivalry could live under the same sun, breathe the same atmosphere, with such miscreants.

Was it, then, surprising that poor little Barbara, receiving in her narrow sphere no other political influences than these, should find herself at the age of seventeen the most eager of feminine sympathizers with Secession? She burned to

emulate Mrs. Greenhow, Belle Boyd, and other enterprising Amazons who early in the war distinguished themselves as spies or carriers for the Rebels. She almost blamed herself as recreant, because she read with a shudder the account of that Southern damsel who bade her lover bring back, as the most precious gift he could lay at her feet, a Yankee scalp. She tried to persuade herself that those little mementos, carved from Yankee bones, which were so fashionable at one time among the *élite* of the "Secesh" aristocracy, would not shock her own sensitive heart.

Barbara's mother had done much to encourage these sentiments in her daughter. A match between Barbara and Colonel Pegram of South Carolina was one of that mother's pet projects. Mrs. Dinwiddie was of "one of the first families of Virginia"; in which she was not singular. She had been brought up to regard the Old Dominion as the lawful dictatress of the legislation of the American continent; as sovereign, not only over her own borders, but over the Congress and especially the Treasury of the United States. The tobacco-lands of her father having given out through that sagacious system of culture which Slavery applies, and negro-raising for the supply of the slave-market farther south being in a temporary condition of paralysis, the lady had so far descended from her pedestal of ancestral pride as to encourage the addresses of Mr. Daniel Dinwiddie, a Baltimore merchant, and himself "of excellent family," though he had tarnished his hereditary honors by condescending to engage in trade. Two children were the fruits of the alliance which ensued,—our Barbara, and Mr. Culpepper Dinwiddie, who became eventually a major in the Rebel army.

What a *dies iræ* it was for poor Mrs. Dinwiddie, that day that "Beast Butler" rode at a slow walk through the streets of Baltimore, smoking his cigar, and swaying to and fro carelessly on

his horse ! The poor lady was ready to cuff Mr. Dinwiddie's ears, because that worthy citizen sat down to his mutton and claret that day at dinner as coolly as if nothing had happened. Barbara wept, and sang "My Maryland" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" till she made herself hoarse. She then glanced at a photograph of Colonel Pegram, and thought how well he looked the conquering hero.

Sunday came. It was a blessed satisfaction that at the Church of St. Fortunatus all the communicants were friends of the Rebellion. The Reverend Bogus de Bogus was himself an extremist in his advocacy of Slavery and the Slave Confederacy. But what was the consternation of the whole assembly, at hearing him, on that eventful Sabbath, pray for the President and other authorities of the United States ! Had he been tampered with by the Beast ? What was the world coming to ? How intolerable that the solar system should move on as regularly and indifferently as if nothing had happened !

The fomenters of Rebellion in the Monument City continued hopeful, notwithstanding the defection of the Reverend Bogus de Bogus. Mrs. Dinwiddie almost worried Dinwiddie's life out, teasing him for money with which to buy quinine and percussion-caps to smuggle into Rebeldom. Barbara worked till her taper little forefinger looked like a nutmeg-grater, making shirts and drawers for the "gallant Palmetto Tenth," in which certain sprigs of aristocracy from Baltimore had enlisted. The regiment was commanded by that splendid fellow, Charlie Pegram.

What was Barbara's despair, on learning that all the products of her labors had been intercepted by the "Beast," and were safely stored at "these headquarters" ! Mrs. Dinwiddie went into hysterics at the news, but was suddenly restored, on hearing Dinwiddie enter, and inquire in the most cold-blooded manner, "Why is n't dinner ready ?" Falling upon that monster in human shape, she crushed him so far into silence by her indignation, that he was

glad to make a meal of a few crackers and a glass of ale, and then retire for his afternoon cigar to the repose of his counting-room.

The war (the civil, not the domestic, we mean) went on. Battle succeeded battle, and skirmish skirmish, with alternating successes, when at last came the Emancipation Proclamation, not in the earthquake, nor in the whirlwind, but in the still small voice. "Well, what of it ? 'Tis a mere paper bomb !" said Belshazzar at Richmond, looking out on Libby and Belle Isle. Mrs. Dinwiddie read the "Richmond Enquirer," and thought, for the thousandth time, how intolerable life would be, if ever again Yankees were to be suffered to live within a thousand miles of a genuine descendant of the Cavaliers. "Spaniels must be whipped into subservience," said Mr. Jefferson Davis, alluding to the abhorred race north of Mason and Dixon's line.

"Yes, they must be whipped !" echoed Mrs. Dinwiddie ; and soon afterwards came news of the capture of New Orleans, of Vicksburg, of Port Hudson, and at last of Atlanta. "These horrid Yankees !" she shrieked. "Why don't we do something, Dinwiddie ? If one Southerner can whip five Yankees, why, in the name of common sense, don't we do something ? Speak, you stupid, provoking man !"

"Yes, yes, what was it you asked ?" meekly interrogated Dinwiddie, who was calculating how much he had made in the recent rise of United States fifties.

"What was it ? Oh, go to your tobacco-casks, your coupons, and your cotton, you soulless, huckstering old man ! You can look on and see Abolitionism getting rampant in this once proud city, and not lift a voice or a finger to save us from ruin ! You can see Maryland drifting into the horrible abyss of Yankeeism and Anti-slavery, and keep on doing business and minding the paltry affairs of your counting-room, as if all that gives grace and dignity to this wretched State were not on the verge of destruction ! If you'd had

the spirit of a hare, you 'd have been a brigadier-general in the Confederate army by this time."

Dinwiddie was not a man of words. He had a wholesome horror of strong-minded women; and to that class he discovered, too late for his peace, that his wife belonged. So he simply replied, slightly stuttering, as was his wont, except when excited,—

"If I had joined the army, Madam, I should have—have—ve"—

"I should have what?"

"I should have been deprived of your—ahem—agreeable society; and then you might have been a wid—wid—widow."

"I should have been proud, Sir, to have been your widow under such circumstances."

"Thank you, Mrs. Dinwiddie; but being a mod—mod—modest man myself, I 'd rather not make my wife proud."

"There 's no danger of your ever doing that, Sir," quoth Madam; "but I thank Heaven we 're not wholly disgraced. We have one representative of our family in the Confederate army. My son Culpepper may live to make amends for his sire's degeneracy."

Dinwiddie was beginning to get roused.

"My degeneracy, Madam? Confound it, Madam, where would you and yours have been, if I had n't saved you all from pau—pau—pauperism, Madam?"

It was rare that Dinwiddie made so long a speech, and the lady was astounded.

"Sir," said she, "do you know it is a Culpepper of whom you speak?"

"Devilish well I know it," said the excited Daniel; "and what you all had but your pride I never could find out; and what were you proud of? Of a dozen or two old family nig—nig—niggers, that were only a bill of expense to that pompous old cove, your father."

Mrs. Dinwiddie began to grow livid with exasperation. Her husband had touched her on a tender point.

"Go on, Sir," said she; "I see your drift. I have suspected for some time

that you were going to play the renegade; to desert your order; to prove false to the South; to coöperate with miscreant Yankees in overturning our sacred institutions."

"Confound your sacred institutions, Madam! Slavery is played out."

"Played out, you monstrous blasphemer? An institution for which Scripture vouches; an institution which the Reverend Dr. Palmer says comes right down to us from heaven! Played out? Monster! I thank the Lord my two children have not been corrupted by these detestable Yankee notions that are upsetting all our old landmarks in this once noble city of Baltimore."

"Noble? Ah, yes,—noble, I suppose, when it allowed its ruffians to shoot down a band of Northern soldiers who were marching to the support of Government!"

"You yourself said at the time, Mr. Dinwiddie, that it served them right."

Dinwiddie winced, for this was a blow square on his forehead between his two eyes. He paused, and then, without knowing it, translated the words of a Latin moralist, and replied,—

"Times change, and we change with them."

"You will find, Sir, that a Culpepper does n't change," said Madam; and, with a gesture of queenly scorn, she swept with expansive crinoline out of the room.

"So the ice is broken at last," muttered Dinwiddie. "I would n't have believed I could have faced her so well. After all, I 'm not sure that the military is not my true sphere."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the ring of muskets on the sidewalk in front of his house, and he jumped with a nervous horror. Looking from the window, he saw a file of soldiers, and an officer in the United States uniform, with one arm in a sling, and the hand of the other holding a drawn sword. He was a pale, but handsome youth, and looked up as if to read the name on the door. Then, followed by a sergeant, he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"What the Deuse is all this for, I won—

der?" exclaimed Dinwiddie; and in his curiosity he opened the outside door, anticipating the negro footman, Nero, who exchanged a glance of intelligence with the military man.

"I am Captain Penrose, Sir," said the officer; "this is Sergeant MacFuse; you, I believe, bear the name on the door-plate before us."

Dinwiddie bowed an affirmative.

"I have orders, Sir," resumed the officer, "to search your house; and I will thank you to give me the opportunity with as little delay as possible, and without communicating with any member of your family."

"But, Captain, does anybody doubt my loyalty?"

"No one, Sir, that I am aware of," replied the Captain, with a suavity that reassured and captivated Dinwiddie. "We have n't the slightest doubt, Sir, of your thoroughly loyal and honorable conduct and intentions; but, Sir, there is, nevertheless, a Rebel mail in your house at this moment. I'll thank you to conduct us quietly to the little bathing-room communicating with your wife's apartment on the second story."

Dinwiddie saw through it all. He said not a word, but led the way up stairs.

"We shall have to pass through Madam's room to get at the place," he remarked; "for the door is locked on the inside."

"Yes, but the key is out, and I have a duplicate," replied the officer. "We will enter by the door that opens on this passage-way. I will just give a gentle knock, to learn whether any one is in the bathing-room."

He knocked, and there was no reply.

"I think we may venture in," he said.

He unlocked the door, and they entered,—Captain Penrose, Sergeant MacFuse, Dinwiddie, and Nero. The Captain pointed to a chest of drawers let into the wall, and said,—

"Now, Sir, if you will open that lowest drawer, I think you will find what I am in search of."

Dinwiddie opened the drawer, and a strong smell of tobacco, in which some

furs were packed, made him sneeze; but the Captain proved to be correct in his surmise. Nero displayed his ivory in a broad grin, and Dinwiddie lifted a small, but well-stuffed leather mail-bag.

At that moment the door leading into Mrs. Dinwiddie's apartment opened, and that lady, followed by Barbara, made her appearance. Nero's grin was at once transformed into a look of intense solemnity, and the whites of his eyes were lifted in sympathetic amazement.

Madam's first effort was to snatch the mail-bag from her husband; but he handed it to Sergeant MacFuse, who, receiving it, shouldered his musket with military formality.

"But this is an outrage, Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Dinwiddie, finding words at length for her rage.

"Madam," said Captain Penrose, "a carriage ought to be by this time at the door. Have the goodness, you and your daughter, to make the necessary preparations and accompany me and Sergeant MacFuse to the office of the Provost Marshal."

"I shall do no such thing!" said Madam, with set teeth, trembling with exasperation.

"You will relieve me, I am sure, Madam," said the Captain, "of anything so painful as the exercise of force."

"Force!" cried Madam; "yes, that would be all in the line of you mean and dastardly Yankees, to use force to unprotected women!"

"Oh, mother!" said Barbara, shocked, in spite of her Secession sympathies, at the maternal rudeness, and somewhat touched withal by the pale face and the slung arm of the handsome young officer; "I am sure the gentleman has"—

"Gentleman! Ha, ha, ha! You call him a gentleman, do you?" gasped Mrs. Dinwiddie, as, quite beside herself with passion, she sank into a chair.

"Yes, mother," said Barbara, her heart moved by a thrill as natural as that which stirs the leaves of the embryo bud in May; "yes, mother, I call him a gentleman; and I hope you will do nothing to prevent his calling you a lady."

Captain Penrose looked with a sudden interest on the maiden. Strange that he had n't noticed it before, but truly she was very, very pretty! Light, not too light, hair; blue eyes; a charming figure; a face radiant with sentiment and with intelligence; verily, in all Baltimore, so justly famed for beautiful women, he had not seen her peer! Barbara dropped her eyes. Decidedly the young officer's admiration was too emphatically expressed in his glance.

Mrs. Dinwiddie began to grow hysterical.

"Madam," said Captain Penrose, "I fear your strength will not be equal to the task it is my painful duty to put you to; and I will venture to break through my instructions so far as to say, that, if you will give me your promise—you and your daughter—to remain at home till you receive permission through me to quit the house, I will waive all further action at present."

"There, mother," quoth Barbara, "what could be more reasonable,—more gentlemanly? Say you consent to his terms."

Mrs. Dinwiddie motioned a negative with her handkerchief, and stamped her feet, as if no power on earth should extort from her the slightest concession.

"There, Sir, she consents, she consents, you see," said Barbara.

"Um—um—um!" shrieked Mrs. Dinwiddie, shaking her head, and stamping her feet with renewed vigor.

"I see," said Captain Penrose; "and I need not ask if you, Miss Dinwiddie, also consent."

"I do, Sir; and I thank you for your consideration," said Barbara.

"I don't—don't—don't!" stormed the elderly lady, quivering in every limb, like a blown ribbon.

It was strange that Captain Penrose did not hear the exclamation, loud and emphatic as it was; but he simply bowed and quitted the room, followed by Dinwiddie, Nero, and Sergeant Mac-Fuse.

No sooner had the military men quitted the house than the dinner-bell rang.

Madam refused to make her appearance. Barbara came down and presided. Boys in the street were crying the news of Sherman's capture of Savannah.

"Good for Sherman!" said Dinwiddie. "I'm devilish glad of it."

Little Barbara looked up with consternation. She loved her father, but never before had she heard from his lips a decided expression of sympathy with the loyal cause. True, for the last six months he had said little on either side; but, from the absence of any controversy between him and her mother, Barbara imagined that their political sentiments were harmonious.

She made no reply to her father's remark, but kept up in that little brain of hers an amount of thinking that took away all her appetite for the dessert. Mrs. Dinwiddie entered before the table was cleared. Then there was a ring of the door-bell. It was the postman. Nero brought in a letter. Dinwiddie looked at the address.

"T is a letter for Anjy," said he. "The handwriting looks like Culpepper's."

Anjy, or Angelina, was an old black cook, one of the few surviving representatives of the vanished glories of the old Culpepper estate. She had taken a lively interest in the course of Maryland towards freedom; and when at length that noble Commonwealth stripped off the last fetter from her limbs, and trampled it under her feet, Anjy was loudest among the colored people with her Hallelujahs. She was no longer a slave, thank the Lord! There was a future of justice, of self-respect, of freedom now dawning upon her abused race.

As Anjy could not read, Barbara had been duly authorized to open all her letters. She did so on this occasion, read, turned pale, and exclaimed,—

"Horrible! Oh, the villain!"

"What's the matter?" asked her father.

The letter was from his son, Culpepper, to the old family servant, and was in these words:—

"DEAR ANJY,—I have very unpleasant news to tell you. Your son Tony has been shot by his master, Colonel Pegram, for refusing to fight against the Yankees, and trying to run away. Tony was much to blame. He had been a good boy till some confounded Abolitionists put it into his head that the Yankee scum were fighting the battles of the black man; when, as you well know, Anjy, the true friends of the black man are those who mean to keep him in that state of slavery for which the Lord plainly intended him. But Tony got this foolish notion of the Abolitionists into his head, and one day frankly told the Colonel that he would n't fire a gun at the Yankees to save his own life; whereupon the Colonel very properly had him whipped, and pretty badly, too. The next day Tony was caught trying to make his escape into the Yankee lines. He was brought before the Colonel, who told him, that, for your sake, Anjy, he would forgive him, if he would swear on the Bible not to do so again. Tony refused to swear this, began to rave about his rights, and finally declared that he was free, first under God's law, next under the laws of the United States, and finally under the laws of Maryland. There were other negroes, slaves of officers, near by, listening to all this wicked stuff, and Pegram felt the importance of making an example; so he drew his revolver and shot Tony through the heart. How could he help it, Anjy? You must n't blame the Colonel. We all felt he could n't have done otherwise. I saw Tony the minute after he was shot. He died easy. I emptied his pockets. There was nothing in them but a photograph of you, Anjy, a printed proclamation by the wretched Yankee tyrant, Abe Lincoln, and a handkerchief printed as an American flag. I'm very sorry at this affair; but you must seek comfort in religion, and pray that your poor deluded boy may be forgiven for his unfaithfulness and bad conduct. Affectionately,

"CULPEPPER."

This letter was read aloud,—not by Barbara, nor by her father, but by Mrs. Dinwiddie, who exclaimed, as she finished it,—

"Here's the result of your Yankee teachings, Mr. Dinwiddie! There was n't a better boy than Tony in all Maryland, till the Abolitionists got hold of him. Pegram served him just right,—just as I would have done."

Dinwiddie rose, pale, trembling, and all his features convulsed. Barbara covered her face with her hands and groaned. Never before had she seen such an expression on her father's face. Turning to his wife, he said in a husky voice, which with a great effort he seemed to make audible,—

"Pegram was a murderer; and you, Madam, if you commend his act, have in you the stuff out of which murderers are made. Now hear me,—you and Miss Barbara here. Here I repudiate Slavery, and every man, woman, or child who helps by word or deed to uphold such deviltry as that you have just read of. Long enough, Madam, I've allowed my conscience to be juggled, fooled, and blinded by your imperious will and absurd family pride. 'T is ended. This day I subscribe ten thousand dollars to the relief of the Georgia freedmen, made free by Sherman. Utter one syllable against it, and, so help me God, I'll make it twenty thousand. Further: if either you or your daughter shall dare, after this warning, to lift a needle in behalf of this Rebellion,—if I hear of either one of you lending yourself to the smuggling of Rebel mails, or giving aid of any kind to Rebel emissaries,—that moment I give you up to the regular authorities and disown you forever. You know that I am a man of few threats; but you also know that what I say I mean."

Dinwiddie waited a full minute for some reply to this unparalleled outburst, and then left the room with an air of dignity which neither Barbara nor her mother had ever witnessed before.

The mother first broke silence. She began with an hysterical laugh, and then said,—

"If he thinks to involve me in his cowardly treason to the South, he 'll find himself mistaken. Don't look so pale and frightened, you foolish girl! Go and put on your things for the Bee."

The Bee was a society of fashionable ladies, of pronounced disloyalty, who met once a week to make up garments for Rebel officers.

"I shall go to the Bee no more, mother," said Barbara; "besides, I have given my promise to keep the house till I have permission to quit it."

"And do you venture to set your father's orders above mine, you presuming girl? Are you, too, going to desert the Southern cause?"

Barbara's reply was interrupted by the entrance of old Anjy. The scene which had just transpired had been faithfully transferred to the memory of the listening and observant Nero, who had communicated it all to the party chiefly interested.

Mrs. Dinwiddie quailed a little as she met Anjy's glance; but Barbara rose and threw her arms about the faithful old creature's neck, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, —

"Oh, Anjy! 't was the act of a devil! I hate him for it!"

"Mind what you say, Barbara!" said Mrs. Dinwiddie.

Barbara withdrew her arms, and, folding them, looked her mother straight in the face and said, —

"My father did not speak too harshly of it. 'T was a foul and cowardly murder."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Dinwiddie, again threatening a relapse into hysterics.

"My dear, dear Anjy," said Barbara, her tears flowing afresh, "come up to my room, and I will read you your letter."

With a face tearless and inflexible, Anjy allowed herself to be led out of the dining-hall, and up stairs into Barbara's apartment. The two stayed there a couple of hours, heedless of every summons for them to come forth.

II.

AT seventeen the process of conversion is apt to be rapid. Barbara lay awake nearly all that night, thinking, praying, and weeping. With her sudden detestation of Pegram mingled the personal consideration that he knew that Tony was the son of her own favorite Anjy, — the friend of her childhood.

"If he had had one spark of true regard for me," thought Barbara, "not to save the whole Southern Confederacy would he have shot the son of Anjy. Pegram is a brutal ruffian, and Slavery has made him that."

Anjy helped on the work of conversion by her anguish and her solemn adjurations. The old woman had picked up arguments, both moral and economical, enough to have posed even Mr. Alexander H. Stephens himself, the philosophical apostle of that new dispensation whose deity was born of the cotton-gin and sired by the devil Avarice.

Barbara rose and breakfasted late that morning. At eleven o'clock she took her music-lesson. Let us leave her for a few minutes, and fly to another part of the city, where, in one of the rooms of the Provost-Marshall's office, the Rebel mail was being examined. Captain Penrose entered, and Detective Wilkins handed him a letter he had just opened. It was addressed to Colonel Pegram, and was signed by Mrs. Daniel Dinwiddie. We will take the liberty of quoting a portion of it.

"I know, my dear Charlie, that you have been obliged to draw largely on your financial resources in aid of the great cause of Southern independence, and I am not surprised that you should find yourself so severely pushed for money. I sent you five hundred dollars in greenbacks in my last, the savings of Barbara and myself. I hope to send you as much more by the next mail. I regret to say that for the last six months my husband has utterly refused to allow me one cent for what he

calls disloyal purposes. I consequently have to practise some finesse in getting what I do. The money he gives us for dresses and for charity is all saved up for you; and then I manage to make our grocer's and butcher's bills appear twice as large as they really are, and thus add to our savings. It is mortifying to have to resort to these shifts; but when I reflect on what it is all for, I feel abundantly justified. Mr. Dinwiddie's income the last two years has been enormous. He is taxed for upwards of a million. A good part of this, my dear Charlie, shall be yours as soon as you change the title of friend for the nearer one of son-in-law. You complain that Barbara would n't engage herself the last time you met. Her refusal was merely an act of maiden coyness, and only meant, 'I want to be won, but not too easily.' She sees no young men, and I watch her closely; for I am resolved that your interests shall be as well looked after as if you were on the spot."

As Captain Penrose finished reading the letter, Mr. Dinwiddie walked in, and it was handed to him for perusal. That worthy merchant glanced through it rapidly, and a grim smile overspread his features. "We shall see, Madam," he said, folding up the letter, and handing it to Detective Wilkins for filing. Then, turning to the Captain, he remarked, —

"You are from Maine, I believe, Captain Penrose?"

"Yes, Mr. Dinwiddie,—from the very extremity of Yankeedom."

"Well, Captain, I have this morning seen a friend of your father's, who bade me say to you he is in the city for a day or two, and hopes to see you before he leaves."

"To whom do you refer?"

"To Mr. Calvin Carver, of Montreal."

"Oh, yes; I've often heard my father speak of him as one of the best men in the world."

"A man, Captain Penrose, of whom you may truly say, 'His word is as

good as his bond.' I never knew him to overstate a fact, and that is saying a great deal of an active business man. I have not seen him before to-day since my marriage."

"I shall take an early opportunity of calling on him, Mr. Dinwiddie."

"He told me, Captain, of your gallant conduct the other day at Nashville, during Hood's attack. He said I ought to give Stanton no peace till he has you promoted to a colonelcy."

"All in good time, Mr. Dinwiddie. There are hundreds of brave fellows who have a prior claim. And now, Sir, permit me to say, that I have consulted with the Provost-Marshal, and my official duty requires me to call on your wife and daughter, and notify them that they are at liberty to go where they please."

The Captain might have added, had he thought it discreet, that the police authorities had concluded they should learn more of the secrets of the Rebel plotters by allowing Madam to go at large than by keeping her shut up.

Dinwiddie stood nervously playing with his watch-key. An idea had occurred to him,—a glorious, a ravishing idea,—an idea which, if concreted successfully into action, would revenge him triumphantly on his wife for the tricks revealed in the letter he had just read.

"Captain," said he, "if you are going to my house, have you any objection to take a letter for my daughter?"

"I shall be pleased to do so," returned the Captain; but he would have put more warmth into his reply, had it not been for certain chilly misgivings in regard to the preoccupation of Barbara's heart.

Mr. Dinwiddie sat down at a table, and wrote these lines:—

"BARBARA,—Captain Arthur Penrose, of Maine, visits you in pursuance of his yesterday's promise. If you have any regard for your poor, distracted father,—if you would save me from the deepest, the direst mortification,— exert all your powers to conciliate Cap-

tain Penrose, and to detain him till I return home and relieve you. I will explain all to you hereafter. My peace of mind depends largely on your being able to do this. Urge him to call again. In haste, your father."

The Captain received this missive, bowed, and walked off in the direction of Dinwiddie's house.

Nero came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Dinwiddie in?"

"No, Cap'n, but Miss Barbara is in," said the conspiring Nero, in a tone of encouragement.

Madam, it should be remarked, was out making calls on a few leading feminine sympathizers; but she did not notice, that, wherever she went, a little man in black, with a postman's big pocket-book in his hands, followed, as if busily employed in delivering letters.

Captain Penrose sent up his card, together with the missive he was charged with. Nero returned the next minute, and ushered him into the drawing-room, assuring him, with overflowing suavity, that Miss Barbara would be down in a minute. It was with profound agitation that that young lady read her father's note. What could be the matter?

She looked in the glass, — combed back her profuse flaxen hair so as to expose her fair temples in the most approved fashion of the hour, — took a little tea-rose from the silver vase on her bureau, — and then, with a beating heart, stepped down the broad, low stairs into the drawing-room.

Captain Penrose was examining an exquisite painting of an iceberg, which hung on the wall over the piano. He turned to Barbara, bowed gravely, and said, —

"I merely came to say, Miss Dinwiddie, that there is no longer any restraint upon your movements. You are at liberty to go where you please. Your mother, I learn, has already anticipated the permission for herself. You may say to her, that, in her case also, the prohibition is removed. I will bid you a very good morning."

He bowed, and had almost reached the door before Barbara could recover her composure sufficiently to say, —

"Sir, — Captain Penrose, — I beg you not to leave me so abruptly. Pray be seated."

The Captain, arch-hypocrite that he was, looked at the clock as if he were closely pushed for time, and replied, —

"My official duties, Miss Dinwiddie, are so pressing — so" —

"But I've something particular to say to you," said Barbara, grown desperate.

"Indeed! Then I'm at your service."

Barbara pointed to an arm-chair; but the Captain wheeled it up to her, and at the same time pushed along an ottoman for himself. As soon as the lady was seated, he, too, sat.

There was a pause, and rather a long one.

"Now, Miss Dinwiddie, I shall be happy to hear your communication."

"Ahem! I noticed, Sir, as I came in, that you were looking at yonder painting."

"Yes; is it not most admirable? 'T is by a Boston artist, I see, — by Curtis."

"Indeed! 'T is a picture my father bought only last week. 'T was recommended to him by Mr. Carver; for father does not pretend to be a connoisseur. You think it good?"

"Good? 'T is exquisite! Look at the atmosphere over that water. You might feel a cool exhalation from it on a hot day. The misty freshness rolling off, and lit up by the cheery sunlight, is Nature itself. It carries me away — far away — once more to the coast of Labrador, where I spent a summer month in my youth. But, Miss Dinwiddie, how happens it that you condescend, in times like these, to patronize a Yankee artist? When Colonel Pegram comes, you must take down that picture and hide it."

Barbara started and blushed.

"What do you know, Sir, of Colonel Pegram?"

"Nothing, except that he is a fortunate man, unless Rumor belies him."

"If you refer, Sir, to that foolish report in regard to myself which was current last winter, I beg to assure you there is no truth in it."

"Not now, perhaps."

"Never shall it be true!" exclaimed Barbara, starting up and pacing the floor.

"Excuse me," said the Captain, also rising, — "excuse me, if I have been impertinent on so slight an acquaintance."

He had his hat in his hand, and walked towards the door.

"Deuse take the fellow! can't he stay patiently here five minutes?" thought Barbara. She dropped the rose she had been holding. The Captain picked it up and offered it.

"Keep it, Sir, if you think it worth while," said Barbara, — driven to this incipient impropriety by the vague apprehensions excited by her father's letter.

"Thank you," replied the Captain, so taken by surprise that he forgot his military laurels, and showed a faint heart by a blush.

Barbara esteemed it a very charming symptom; and as the Captain, with his one unwounded arm, tried rather awkwardly to put the flower in the button-hole of his waistcoat, she stepped up with a "Let me aid you"; and, taking from her own dress a pin, fastened the rose nicely as near as she could to the beating heart of the imperilled soldier. Alas! if his thoughts had been put into words, he would have soliloquized, "Look here, Captain, I'm afraid you are deporting yourself very much like a simpleton. Pluck up a spirit, man!"

"There! I'm sure 't is very becoming," quoth Barbara, mischievously.

"You see how convenient it is to have two hands," returned the Captain. "And your having two hands, Miss Dinwiddie, reminds me that your piano stands open, showing its teeth, as if it, smiling, wanted to say, 'Come, play on me.'"

"What a lucky idea!" thought Barbara. "Now I have him, and will hold him. He shall get enough of it. When

will pa come, I wonder?—Are you fond of music, Captain Penrose?"

"Yes; I used to be a performer before I was disabled."

"But your voice is not disabled. You sing?"

"A little; but I'm out of practice."

"No matter. Come! Here's a martial piece, suitable for the times: 'To Greece we give our shining blades.'"

It was one of the Captain's favorites; and as the two voices, resonant and penetrating, rose on the chorus in perfect accord, the singers thought they had never sung so well before, and each attributed it to the excellent time of the other. Nero and another person listened at the aperture of the folding-doors: Nero, who was musical, going through a show of vehement applause, and throwing himself about in a manner that would have made his fortune as an Ethiopian minstrel.

Other songs followed in rapid succession; and when the Captain sang "Annie Lawrie," *con espressione*, accompanying himself on the piano with one hand, Barbara exclaimed, with a frank burst of genuine admiration, —

"Oh, but you sang that superbly!"

She had quite forgotten her anxiety about her father's return.

Then they talked of the popular composers; and from music their conversation glanced on literature; and from literature the Captain ventured on the dangerous ground of politics.

"Are you incorrigibly a Rebel?" he asked.

Barbara looked down. She feared that any confession of change in her notions would seem too much like insincerity.

"Now I'm going to lecture you," he continued. "Are you not rejoiced that Maryland is a Free State? that no longer on this soil a man has power to rob a fellow-man of his labor, and to shoot him down, if he lifts a hand in opposition to brutal oppression? Does not your generous heart tell you that the system under which such injustice is organized is wrong, unchristian, devilish? Are we not well rid of the curse?"

Barbara looked up, and responded in a hearty, emphatic *Yes*.

"But," she added, "my conversion is recent. And who do you suppose converted me?"

"I cannot imagine."

Here a door was thrown open, and Mr. Dinwiddie entered. The perfidious man had been listening. Captain Penrose glanced guiltily at the clock, and saw, to his consternation, that two hours had somehow unaccountably slipped away.

"I have been a loiterer, you see, Mr. Dinwiddie," he said; "but the fault is your daughter's. I will now take my leave."

"We shall be happy to see you again," said Barbara, glancing assent to a nod from her father.

"Yes, Captain Penrose," said Dinwiddie, "I hope you'll not drop our acquaintance, notwithstanding the circumstances under which it was made."

"I shall esteem any circumstances fortunate," replied the Captain, "that have given me so agreeable a visit"; and, bowing, he left the room, and Barbara rang the bell for Nero to open the outer door.

"Saved! saved!" cried Dinwiddie, sinking into a chair, and covering his face with his handkerchief.

"Saved? How saved?" asked Barbara, alarmed.

"But no," exclaimed Dinwiddie, starting up with a very tragic expression. "Perhaps it was but a transient pow—pow—power you exerted over him. Barbara, should you meet again, put forth all your attractions to—to—to bind him as with a sp—sp—spell to keep my fatal secret."

"What secret, father?"

"Hush—sh—sh!" said Dinwiddie, stepping on tiptoe to one door and then to another, and then looking with a cautious air under the sofa. He beckoned to his daughter. She drew near. Once more he looked anxiously around the room, and then whispered, in a hoarse, low tone, in her ear, these words, "You shall know all in due time."

Little Barbara drew a long breath,

and resolved that it should not be her fault, if the Captain was not captivated.

At that moment there was a ring at the door-bell; and Mrs. Dinwiddie came in from high conference with a select conclave of fashionable ladies, who yet clung with pathetic tenacity to the declining fortunes of Slavery and Secession.

III.

FOR a fortnight matters seemed to go on swimmingly. Dinwiddie had, as he thought, so managed as to bring the young people repeatedly together without his wife's having a suspicion of what was in the wind; and when Captain Penrose called on him at his counting-room and asked whether he might pay his addresses to Barbara, Dinwiddie whirled round on his office-stool, jumped down, and gave the young soldier a cordial hug.

"Certainly, my dear boy! Win her. She likes you. I like you. Everybody likes you. Go ahead."

"It is proper to inform you, Sir," said the Captain, "that my income is only twelve hundred a year; but"—

"Pshaw! What do I care for your income? There! Go and settle it with Barbara. You'll find her alone, I think. Mrs. Dinwiddie, for the last week, has been as busy as—as—we'll not say who—in a gale of wind. Remember, 'Fortune favors the brave.' I'm obliged to go to Philadelphia this afternoon. Good bye."

In a transport of delight, the Captain darted from the office, took a carriage, and drove to Dinwiddie's.

"Yes, Miss Barbara is in. Walk up, Captain."

"What could be more propitious? Poets are not always in the right. Is n't my love true love, and does n't it run smooth?"

Wait awhile, my Captain! Perhaps Shakspeare was not so much in error, after all.

Barbara's eyes plainly spoke her pleasure at seeing him. Adjoining the drawing-room was a little boudoir filled with

sunshine and flowers. Into that she led him. They sat down on one of those snug contrivances for a *tête-à-tête*, formed like the capital letter S. A fragrance as of spring was shed through the room from the open door of a conservatory, and a canary-bird near by was tuning his voice for a song.

"Barbara, do you know it is a whole fortnight that we have known each other?"

She looked up at him inquiringly, for this was the third time he had called her by her first name. He continued,—

"Barbara, I had a pleasant interview with your father this morning, and what do you suppose I said to him?"

"Said it was a fine day, most like," returned Barbara, intent on spreading out the leaves of a half-blown rose.

"No, I said not a word about the weather. I asked him if he would have any objection to me for a son-in-law."

"And what did he reply?" asked Barbara, after a pause, during which her little heart beat wildly.

"He told me I could settle it all with you."

"Indeed!" said Barbara. "But I never had any genius for settlements. I always hated business."

"But this is a matter of pleasure, not of business," urged the Captain; and then coming round to her side, and falling on one knee, he took her reluctant little hand, put it to his lips, and said, "May I not have it for my own?"

Before she could reply, approaching steps were heard, and a youth of some nineteen years, wearing the coarse pea-jacket, red baize shirt, and glazed hat of a sailor, made his appearance.

"Culpepper!" exclaimed Barbara, while the Captain resumed his seat,— "is it you?"

"Yes," replied the youth. "Sister, I have a few words to say to this man privately. Please leave the room."

Master Culpepper was one of those nondescripts in social zoölogy, classed by some philosophers as "cubs," and by others as "hobbledehoy,"—"not a man, nor a boy, but a hobbledehoy." At school he had been set down as a

hopeless blockhead, and Barbara had severely tasked her patience, trying to insinuate into his brains the little knowledge of the ordinary branches of education which he possessed. Consequently, though she was two years his junior, she had been accustomed to regard herself as several years his senior, and to talk to him as to the inferior he really was in everything but brute strength. The cub's strong points, morally considered, were his family pride and his hatred of "Abolitionism": in these he bade fair to surpass even the maternal proficiency.

"Captain Penrose," said Barbara, "this is my brother Culpepper. Now, Cully, go and play in the stable, that's a good boy."

"Do you know, Miss Barbara, that you are addressing a Major in the Confederate army," replied Cully, folding his arms with a great effort at dignity. "You will accost me hereafter as Major Dinwiddie, if you please."

"Well, Major, this gentleman and myself are engaged, so"—

"Engaged!" howled Cully, with flashing eyes and vociferous speech. "Engaged! And you dare to confess it to me, your brother! Engaged! And to an Abolitionist,—a low-born Yankee! I cancel the engagement."

Barbara was too much roused by the cub's insolence to care to correct the misapprehension which he had blundered into so precipitately, and which she was now disposed to make a verity.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded the cub, "that you are engaged to be married to this man?"

"Yes, if he'll have me," said Barbara, putting forth her hand, which Penrose eagerly seized, exclaiming,—

"Will I *have* you, Barbara? Yes, as the best treasure life can offer."

And the first kiss was exchanged.

"Look here," said Cully, "this business must stop where it is. I demand, Sir, that you leave the house with me this instant."

And then, as an amused expression flitted over the Captain's face, the cub asked angrily,—

"Why do you smile, Sir?"

"Sir," said the Captain, "your sister and I have cause for smiling; we are happy."

The cub took from his side-pocket a revolver and cocked it. Penrose stood up, and Barbara threw herself between him and her brother.

"Coward!" cried the cub, "to allow yourself to be shielded by a woman!"

The cub, under the influence of Proslavery precedents, had really got it into his thick head, that he, under the circumstances, was the man of chivalry and valor, and that because the unarmed Penrose would not present a fair shot to his revolver, that gentleman was chargeable with an excess of poltroonery of which only a Yankee could be guilty.

The cub's heroics were ignominiously cut short. Suddenly his two arms were seized from behind, while his pistol was wrenched from his grasp. Two armed policemen, followed by Mr. Dinwiddie and Nero, had entered the room.

"Am I betrayed?" exclaimed the cub.

"Blockhead!" said his father, "Fort Warren shall henceforth be your school, till we knock a little common-sense into that obstinate skull of yours."

"Fort Warren!" cried Cully, gnashing his teeth. "But I'm here on a furlough, disguised as a sailor, you perceive. I promised to be back to my regiment by Friday. Fort Warren?"

"Never!" shrieked Mrs. Dinwiddie, entering the room from the conservatory, where she had been hiding. "Kill me, but don't compel my son to break his pledge to the Confederate authority."

"Bah!" said Dinwiddie. "Officers, take the booby away."

Nero almost sank into his boots with excess of enjoyment, but abruptly put on a very agonized face, and showed the whites of his eyes, as Mrs. Dinwiddie looked towards him.

Cully submitted, though with an ill grace, to what was plainly a case of necessity; but he turned, before crossing the threshold, and said to Penrose, —

"I take everybody to witness, Sir, that I prohibit your having anything further to do with my sister. The consequences be on your own head, if you disobey."

"And I, Captain Penrose," said Dinwiddie, "take everybody to witness, that, if, after having paid the court that you have to my daughter, you now refuse to take her as your wife, the consequences, Sir, must be on your own head."

"Sir," said the Captain, "that is the most agreeable threat that I can imagine. I have already committed myself to your daughter."

"Ah! disgraceful!" groaned Mrs. Dinwiddie.

"What do you say to that, Cully?" said the father, as, with no very gentle thrust, he replaced the glazed hat on the youth's head.

Cully kept silent. The recollection of certain debts which could be paid only from the paternal purse inspired a prudent reserve.

"Take him now," said Dinwiddie to the officers; "give him as much gingerbread as he wants, and charge it to me."

Cully and the officers disappeared.

"And now," resumed Dinwiddie, "it is time for me to drive to the cars. Mrs. Dinwiddie, this is Captain Penrose, your future son-in-law. Treat him kindly in my absence. Farewell."

The lady bowed not ungraciously, as Dinwiddie departed. She had been meditating, during the last minute, a new flank movement in favor of Colonel Pegram. She determined to change her base of operations. Barbara was amazed, but, in her inexperience, was wholly unsuspecting of strategy.

"Captain Penrose, you'll stop and take tea with us?" said the wily lady of the house.

"I shall be charmed to," replied the Captain.

"Mother, let me kiss you!" cried the innocent Barbara, delighted at what seemed the vanishing of the only obstacle to the betrothal of herself and the Yankee officer.

There was an ambush in preparation, of which these two did not dream.

IV.

Two days afterwards, Barbara and her mother were on their way to Montreal.

This was the flank movement, and it was thus accomplished. The second morning after her husband's departure, Mrs. Dinwiddie burst into Barbara's apartment with the intelligence that she had just received a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Dinwiddie, bidding her start at once for Montreal to procure certain funds in the hands of a certain party there, which funds were immediately wanted. Barbara, to whom all business matters were mysteries profound as the income-tax or the national debt, received it all without a question. She did not stop to ask, "Why does n't father send one of his clerks?" or "Why can't he do it all by letter?" She took it for granted that there was a great hurry about something that required an instant journey to Montreal. So she wrote a letter to Captain Penrose, (which Mrs. Dinwiddie took good care to intercept,) and, before another hour had slipped by, mother and daughter were at the Northern railway station.

The old lady had taken the precaution to send Nero on an errand out of the city, and had hired a public hack to convey her to the cars. But as she was attending to her trunk, an officious gentleman in black stepped up to Barbara, and asked for what place she wished to have the baggage checked. Before Mrs. Dinwiddie could interpose, Barbara had answered, "Montreal." Thereupon the gentleman had simply remarked, "I don't think they check baggage so far," and then had walked away in the direction of the telegraph-office, — for what purpose the sequel must suggest. Mrs. Dinwiddie thought nothing more of the matter. They passed through Philadelphia and New York the next day uninterrupted.

At Rutland, Vt., a very civil sort of

gentleman accosted them in the car, and, on learning that they were on their way to Canada, asked if they had passports. On Mrs. Dinwiddie's replying in the negative, he informed her, that, by a recent order of the United States Government, persons travelling to and from Canada were required to have passports; and he advised her to stop at Rutland, and he would telegraph to New York and procure them. After some hesitation, she consented to do this. The third day of her detention, her volunteer informant came with the necessary papers, and at the same time introduced Mr. Glide, an obsequious little gentleman, who said he was going to Montreal, and should be happy to render any service in his power to the ladies.

"Surely, Sir, I have seen you before," said Mrs. Dinwiddie. "Are you not from Baltimore?"

"Yes, Madam; and I will tell you where we last met: 't was at the secret gathering of ladies and gentlemen for purchasing a new outfit for Mrs. Jefferson Davis."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Dinwiddie, slightly alarmed.

"Oh, there 's no danger," returned Mr. Glide. "I 'm discreet. Your devotion to the Confederate cause, Madam, your noble efforts, your sacrifices, have long been known to me; and I rejoice at having this opportunity of expressing my thanks and my admiration. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Mrs. Dinwiddie looked significantly at him, nodded her head by way of warning, and glanced at her daughter.

"I see, Madam," murmured Mr. Glide, in a confidential tone.

"Barbara, go and pack my trunk," said she.

Barbara left the room.

"Now, Sir," resumed Mrs. Dinwiddie, "I will confide to you my troubles. That young girl has recently engaged herself, against my wishes, to a young man, — a captain in the Yankee army."

"Engaged herself to a Yankee? But, oh, Madam, what an affliction! what a humiliation!"

"Yes, Sir, 't is all that."

"I agree with Mr. Davis, Madam, that the Yankees are the scum of the world. Is there no way by which you can avert from your family the threatened disgrace?"

"Well, Sir, I have formed a plan, and, if you will lend me your aid, I think we may manage to put the infatuated girl for a time where she will have an opportunity of recovering her senses."

"My dear Madam, I shall be delighted to serve you in any such good work. To save youth and beauty from the polluting touch of a Yankee captain might well call forth the warmest zeal, the most devoted daring, of any native of the sunny South."

"Sir, your sentiments do you honor. This, then, is my scheme — Is there any chance of our being overheard?"

"By none except the invisibles," said Glide; "and they probably exist only in the imagination of Yankee fanatics."

"My plan," whispered the lady, "is to put my daughter in a convent until the gentleman to whom I have promised her, Colonel Pegram of the Confederate army, can have an opportunity of seeing her. Of course it would not take him five minutes to drive out of her head all thought of this Yankee lover."

"And has your daughter, Madam, no suspicion of this admirable scheme of yours?"

"Not the slightest. She supposes we are going to Montreal on business of her father's."

"Madam, you could n't have been more fortunate in your confidence. It happens that I am on most intimate terms with Father Basil, the confessor of the nuns, and who, by the rules of the convent, must interrogate your daughter before she can be admitted to its privileges."

"But," said Mrs. Dinwiddie, anxiously, "will Father Basil have the proper sympathy with my maternal motives and my Southern sentiments? Will he be disposed to strain his authority a little in order to put my daughter in durance?"

"I think I may venture to promise," answered Glide, "that, such is my influence with him, he will do in the matter whatever I may request."

"How fortunate!"

"And now, Madam, you must make preparations for your departure. The cars start in ten minutes."

Before seven o'clock that evening the whole party were comfortably disposed in one of the best of the Montreal hotels. The obliging Mr. Glide went forth immediately to make inquiries in Mrs. Dinwiddie's behalf.

After breakfast the next day he presented himself to her and asked, —

"You have said nothing as yet to your daughter?"

"Not a word," she replied.

"Then," said he, "our course will be to drive at once to Father Basil's residence, and get him to broach the whole matter to Miss Barbara. He has a very persuasive tongue, and I think she will at once yield to his exhortations. Should she, however, be disposed to resist forcibly our measures for her benefit, there will be the means at hand to carry them out."

Barbara entered the room, wholly unsuspecting of the plots against her liberty.

"The carriage will soon be at the door," said her mother. "Go and get ready." And after a whispered hint from Mr. Glide, she added, "Put on your pearl silk, Barbara. We shall have to call on certain persons of distinction."

Barbara was soon ready. They all three entered the carriage, and after a drive of about a mile, it stopped before a large and elegant house.

"Our father confessor lives in style," whispered Mrs. Dinwiddie.

"Yes," returned Glide; "one of his wealthy neophytes gives him a home here. If you will wait in this little basement room, Madam, I will conduct your daughter up to his library."

"Go with Mr. Glide, Barbara," said Mrs. Dinwiddie.

Supposing it was merely one of the mysterious forms of business, little Barbara at once took the gentleman's prof-

ferred arm and ascended the stairs with him.

Ten minutes, — twenty, — thirty, — Mrs. Dinwiddie waited, and nobody came. She looked at the furniture, the carpets, the paintings, till she had exhausted the curiosities of the apartment. Suddenly there was a sound of music from above, — not sacred music, — it sounded very much like the waltz from "Gustavus." What could it all mean?

At last Mr. Glide made his appearance.

"Now, Madam, 't is all arranged," said he. "I regret to say that we had to use the most stringent measures for reducing your daughter to terms. But she is so bound at last that she can have little hope of regaining her freedom."

"Bound, Sir? Did you have to bind her?" asked Mrs. Dinwiddie, with a throb of maternal solicitude.

"You shall see, Madam."

He threw open the door at the head of the landing, and they entered a state-ly room, where some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen seemed to be assembled. Mrs. Dinwiddie drew away her arm and almost swooned with amazement and consternation.

At the front end of the apartment, before a gorgeous mirror, stood Barbara and Captain Penrose. A veil and a bunch of orange-blossoms had been added to the young lady's coiffure. At her side stood a handsome old gentleman, with bright, affectionate eyes, (very much like the Captain's,) who seemed to regard her with a gratified look. On the side of Penrose stood — horrors! — Mr. Dinwiddie himself, a smile of fiendish exultation on his face; while a gentleman with a white cravat and a narrow collar to his coat, evidently an Episcopal clergyman, went up and shook hands with Barbara, and then mingled with the rest of the company.

A middle-aged gentleman, whom the guests accosted as Mr. Carver, drew near to Dinwiddie, and said, —

"Now introduce me to your wife."

Dinwiddie took his arm, and, leading him to where the lady stood, said, —

"Wife, this is my old friend Carver, of whom you have so often heard me speak. Yonder stands your daughter, Mrs. Penrose, waiting for your maternal kiss of congratulation."

Mrs. Dinwiddie debated with herself a moment whether to shriek, to fall into hysterics, to explode in a philippic, or to rush from observation. Her husband, seeing her hesitation, took her by the hand and led her into an unoccupied room. A veil must be dropped upon the connubial interview which then and there took place.

Suffice it to say, that, when she came forth leaning on the arm of Mr. Dinwiddie, it was with the air of one who has made up her mind to make the best of a case of necessity, — an air very much like that, I fancy, with which the South will yet take the arm of its consort, the North. She saw there was no longer any chance for another flank movement.

One vindictive glance she turned on the dapper Mr. Glide, as he stood guzzling Champagne, and looking the picture of meek fidelity; and then she courageously walked up, kissed her daughter, shook hands with the Captain, curtsied condescendingly to old Mr. Penrose, and smothered her astonishment as she best could, on being taken up to a lady of rare elegance of person and demeanor, whom she had set down as the wife of the Governor-General at least, but who, on presentation, she learned was the mother of her new son-in-law.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Carver, — and at his voice the buzz of conversation was hushed, — "I believe we have none here who will not readily comply with the request I have now to make. Since all 's well that ends well, I ask it as a favor, that no person of this company, who may happen to be acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of this marriage, will mention them outside of the circle here present. Will you all say *ay* to this proposition?"

Amid smiles there rose what sounded like a unanimous assent; but a close observer might have remarked that the

perfidious Mr. Glide, instead of moving his lips affirmatively, simply lifted his Champagne-glass, and in the act raised his forefinger so as to cover the side of his nose. To this individual, no doubt the boon companion of some rascally reporter, we probably owe the circum-

stance that a garbled and incorrect account of this affair appeared in the Baltimore and Washington papers. The present writer has consequently felt it incumbent on him to place on record a version which, whatever may be said of it, cannot be stigmatized as exaggerated.

AROUND MULL.

PART II.

THE island of Staffa being nearly a mile in length, we have already had a distant external view of the huge grassy mound which constitutes its surface, reared on a steep, craggy base, here and there exhibiting superb basaltic columns, and everywhere consisting of basaltic pillars more or less broken, irregular, and contorted, and in some instances forming the entrance to caves of great interest, though of less grandeur and magnificence than the giant temple of Nature which is the principal feature and pride of Staffa and the chief object of our visit. Ah, here comes the Bailie, looking as innocent as possible of the pipe! Christie, too, has crept up from the cabin, and, though professing inability to go ashore, is relieved by the sudden cessation of the steamer's motion, and is prepared to witness with cheerfulness the disembarkation of her more fortunate fellow-passengers. It is the office of boatmen from the neighboring island of Ulva, hardy and skilful men, accustomed to these boisterous seas, to row passengers ashore, and in case of calm weather, such as we are blest with, to conduct their boats within the noble archway and up the grand broad aisle of Fingal's Cave: for the floor of this glorious cathedral is the rolling sea, whose green waves surge with a grand swell and fall to the very extremity of the cave, echoing through its vault with a resonance which gave it its early Gaëlic name of Uaimh Bhinn, the Musical

Cave. How and when these boatmen approached unseen and surrounded our steamer as she lies here in the sun, I cannot imagine; so perfect are all the arrangements for our convenience, that they have probably been lying in wait for our approach, and had only to dash out from among the black rocks of the shore; but in view of the power of Nature in this locality, the wonderful architecture, of which we witness as yet the mere *débris*, and the noble palace of the sea which our imagination is already shadowing forth, it is not difficult to believe that these hardy mariners spring up from the depths at the voyager's bidding, and that they are neither more nor less than ocean genii, the servants of some ocean king, appointed to wait on and convoy his guests. The dexterity of these men and the strength of their boats inspire perfect confidence, however; for the latter are fast filling and putting off for the shore. The landing-place must be near at hand, though as yet out of sight; for "See!" I exclaim to the Bailie, "one or two of the boats have landed their parties and are already returning! Everybody is disappearing from the steamer; had we not better make haste and secure a passage?"

But the Bailie, who is something of a philosopher, has confidence that there is time and accommodation enough for us all; so he and I proceed very leisurely to the step-ladder, and, as everybody else is in a hurry, we fall to the very

last boat that leaves the steamer. A few unforeseen claimants and stragglers present themselves just as we are putting off, and, as often happens at the last chance to go ashore, our boat is somewhat overloaded, and I find myself separated from my companion, who is standing upright in the bows, while I am seated in the stern among the elderly Scotch folk, who seem so familiar with all the detail of the place and the proceedings that I am led to believe them faithful worshippers of Nature who come periodically to pay their vows in the national minster, as members of some parish church go up reverently to the cathedral convocations. An eager, excitable gude-wife next to me is especially anxious and officious, and seems disposed to question the efficiency and prudence of our Ulva boatmen.

"The boat is too full!" she cries, with the emphasis of certainty. "Tell them to put back; she is too full!" and the murmur of alarm echoes in our vicinity. "Don't be afraid, my dear," she adds, in a sort of stage-aside to me, who, though I have observed that the boat's edge is almost on a level with the water, have never dreamed of danger until she put it into my head. "Not a bit of danger," she continues, patting me encouragingly on the shoulder, while in the same breath she reiterates to those in authority her startling warning and her assurance that we shall presently sink by our own weight.

But the Bailie, standing in the bow, still maintains his philosophy, and the smile on his face reassures me. And now, with only just that sense of insecurity which adds to the awe of the occasion, I perceive that we are rounding a cliff, and that the entrance to Fingal's Cave is dawning on our view.

The magnificent proportions and perfect symmetry of the archway which forms the entrance to the cave will be seen to better advantage somewhat later, when the steamer, on leaving the island, sweeps directly past the vestibule purposely to afford her passengers this opportunity; but one is never more impressed with the hugeness and stability

of this gigantic structure than when measuring it by gradual approach, and looking up into its lofty Gothic vault as we glide under the enormous archway and out of the dazzling sunshine into the twilight of the deep interior. Those whose imaginations are aided by statistics may form a more real conception of this great natural structure by reflecting that the archway at the entrance is forty-two feet in width, and its height nearly seventy above the level of the sea, and that these vast proportions are preserved to the farther extremity of the cave, a distance of some two hundred and thirty feet. The imposing effect of the portico is still further enhanced by the massive entablature of thirty feet additional which it supports, and by the noble cluster of pillars grouped on each side of the entrance-way. These lofty pillars, or complication of basaltic columns, are in a general sense perpendicular, their departure from the stern lines and angles of human architecture serving only to proclaim them the workmanship of that Architect who alone is independent of artistic rules, and giving new force to what Goethe tells us is understood by genius, namely, "that Art is called Art because it is *not* Nature." Here, with the poet of Nature, we may offer

"Thanks for the lessons of this spot, — fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine,
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power."

And here, if anywhere, is the place to learn how vainly Art may seek to rival Nature. "How splendid," exclaims a learned prelate, "do the porticos of the ancients appear in our eyes from the ostentatious magnificence of the descriptions we have received of them! and with what admiration are we seized, on seeing the colonnades of our modern edifices! But when we behold the Cave of Fingal, formed by Nature in the Isle of Staffa, it is no longer possible to make a comparison; and we are forced to acknowledge that this piece of Nature's architecture far surpasses that of the Louvre, that of St. Peter's at

Rome, all that remains of Palmyra and Pæstum, and all that the genius, taste, and luxury of the Greeks were ever capable of inventing."

So much for a comparison of this ocean cathedral with buildings of human construction; and no less decisive is the verdict of the French author, M. de St. Fond, in contrasting Staffa with other natural edifices. "I have," he says, "seen many ancient volcanoes, and I have given descriptions of several basaltic causeways and delightful caverns in the midst of lavas; but I have never found anything which comes near to this, or can bear any comparison with it, for the admirable regularity of its columns, the height of the arch, the situation, the form, the elegance of this production of Nature or its resemblance to the masterpieces of Art, though Art has had no share in its construction. It is therefore not at all surprising that tradition should have made it the abode of a hero."

These are but general descriptions of this *chef d'œuvre*. Shall I attempt in my own words, or those of any other, to give even a feeble impression of the grandeur which overarches and surrounds us as our boat glides into the interior? Let Wilson speak; I dare not. Listen to his words while I vouch for their truth.

"How often have we since recalled to mind the regularity, magnitude, and loftiness of those columns, the fine o'erhanging cliff of small prismatic basalt to which they give support, worn by the murmuring waves of many thousand years into the semblance of some stupendous Gothic arch,

'Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,

the wild waters ever urge their way; and the receding sides of that great temple, running inwards in solemn perspective, yet ever and anon, as ocean heaves and falls, rendered visible in its far sanctuary by the broad and flashing light reflected by the foaming surges sweeping onwards from below! Then the broken and irregular gallery which overhangs that subterranean flood, and

from which, looking upwards and around, we behold the rich and varied hues of red, green, and gold, which give such splendid relief to the deep and sombre colored columns,—the clear bright tints which sparkle beneath our feet, from the wavering, yet translucent sea,—the whole accompanied by the wild, yet mellow and sonorous moan of each successive billow which rises up the sides or rolls over the finely formed crowns of the lowlier and disjointed pillars: these are a few of the features of this exquisite and most singular scene, which cannot fail to astonish the beholder."

Up this irregular gallery, which extends to the farther extremity of the cave, most of our steamer's party have already gone, having successively deserted the boats to take advantage of this natural pathway, whereby, stepping carefully along the wet slippery floor, and clinging for security to a rope attached to iron bolts riveted in the solid stone of the wall, they can penetrate to the innermost depths of the cavern. Through the dim religious light of the place we can discern their figures, diminished in the distant perspective, as in long procession they grope their way, the joyous laughter of the younger votaries mingling with the little shrieks of alarm or warning with which the more cautious or timid emphasize every misstep or uncertain footing,—the entire human murmur, fortunately for us, softened by distance, or returned to our ears only in the mellowed form of an echo, so that we are spared in some degree that mockery of mirth and discord, otherwise so inevitable, and always so uncongenial to the spirit of the place,—that tumult of voices, exclamations, and shouts so familiar to the tourist, and which drew from Wordsworth, on occasion of his visit to the spot, the half-bitter reflection,—

"We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not one of us has felt the far-famed sight:
How *could* we feel it, each the other's blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud?"

Thus the Baillie's philosophy has not proved in fault. There is an advantage in being the last comers, if it is merely

that our fellow-tourists have taken themselves out of our way. Only the harsh vituperations of our boatmen make dissonance with Nature, as, their long poles driven hard now against one side and now the other of the cave, they strive to keep the boat in middle position, and save a collision with the rocks. And even this discord is soon overborne. "Sing!" cried the gude-wife at my elbow, as we passed under the great archway, and her plastic soul, alive as readily to the spirit of praise as to that of fear, caught the inspiration of the place; "all of you, sing!"

There was an earnestness, a fervor, in this woman, which made her every word and thought contagious; and as either she, or some neighbor of hers who shared her emotion and purpose, struck the key-note, voice after voice joined in, until there swelled up from our little boat the almost universal song, — no common trivial melody, — not even a national air, — such would have been sacrilege, — but a grand old song of praise, one of those literal versions of the Psalmist familiar to the ear and lip of every kirk-loving Scot. And so, as the singing chorus went sailing up that broad aisle, heart and voice united in a spontaneous liturgy, an act of devout adoration, which seemed the only fit response to the spirit that whispered to our souls, "Praise ye the Lord!"

The psalm ended, our boat with most of its passengers retraces its course and is rowed back to the steamer, — the Bailie and I, however, having first disembarked and clambered up to the rough gallery, with a view of imitating the parties who are pursuing their explorations on foot. This gallery, or causeway, which runs along the eastern side of the cave, is about two feet in width, and consists of the bases of broken pillars, whose dark purple hexagons, cemented together by crystallizations or a white calcareous deposit, form a rough mosaic flooring. The inequality of its surface, and the fact that the stones are worn smooth and slippery by the action of the sea, render it a very precarious pathway; and as soon as we have proceeded

far enough to gratify our curiosity and obtain satisfactory points of view, we are content to abandon the enterprise of penetrating to the remotest depths, preferring to reserve our time for a ramble over the exterior surface of the island.

Emerging from the cavern and skirting its eastern side, we still find ourselves stepping from hexagon to hexagon over a massive bed of refuse material, and gazing upward at the columnar wall on our left which upholds the tableland of the island. No traveller, however ignorant or inappreciative of science, can fail to realize the immense interest which these evidences of some great natural convulsion must possess for the geologist; and a knowledge of the recent geological discoveries in this and other of the Western Islands is not needed to impress us with the conviction that treasures of truth are beneath and around us everywhere, waiting to be revealed. But we have not the key, nor can we pause to pick the lock.

Passing on, then, in our ignorance, but not without an awe of things unknown, we recognize as within the scope of our comprehension two broken pillars so lodged as to constitute the seat and back of a rude chair, which has received the name of Fingal's Chair, and beyond this the Clamshell Cave, so called from the curved form of the mass of basaltic pillars at its entrance; and at length we attain a point where, by scaling a rough staircase constructed for the convenience of tourists, we gain the grassy summit of the island. So perpendicular is the cliff at every point, that, these green slopes once reached, the previous singularity of formation and wildness of scenery at once give place to the pastoral. Rocks, columns, caves, and cliffs are all hid from our view; we have gained Nature's upper story, and around us is a perfect calm. Not even the steamer which brought us hither is visible, so effectually do the bold precipices conceal every near thing in their shadow. The great cavern through which ocean surges with a ceaseless swell lies far beneath us, and no echo of its roar

reaches this spot. A few sheep are nibbling the short grass; the golden star-flowers and the pink heather plumes at our feet are the lineal descendants, for aught we can conceive, of star-flowers and heather plumes that flourished here a thousand years ago,—so undisturbed a possession has Nature had in this realm of hers for ages. No change, improvement, growth, has added to or taken from Staffa. Storm-washed in winter, flower-crowned in summer, its history is forever the same. Sitting here among the heather tufts, and looking off on the limitless blue sea and the neighboring islands, it is not hard to dream one's self away into by-gone centuries, to imagine Bruce and his faithful islesmen sailing past as they go forth to rouse the clans, or, diving deeper into legendary days, to picture Fingal himself and his warlike allies bending their white sails towards the ocean-palace that still claims him as its traditional king.

“O Ossian, Carril, and Ullin! you know of heroes that are no more. Give us the song of other years. Raise, ye bards of other times, raise high the praise of heroes; that my soul may settle on their fame.”

“Soon shall my voice be heard no more, and my footsteps cease to be seen,” was the prophetic cry of the “first of a thousand heroes,” as he learned from “Ullin, the bard of song” that his young son Ryno was “with the awful forms of his fathers.” But “the bards will tell of Fingal's name, the stones will talk of me,” was the consolatory thought of him, who, grown old in fame, had a foreshadowing of the glory which would hang round his memory, when he exclaimed, “But before I go hence, one beam of fame shall rise. I will remain renowned; the departure of my soul shall be a stream of light.”

And who among ancient heroes could better deserve to have his memory embalmed than he whom an honorable foe thus eulogized?—“Blest be thy soul, thou king of shells! In peace thou art the gale of spring; in war, the mountain storm.” And what touching

interest to us of later times hangs round this legendary champion of the right, when we listen to his mingled strain of triumph, lament, and justification!—“When will Fingal cease to fight? I was born in the midst of battles, and my steps must move in blood to the tomb. But my hand did not injure the weak, my steel did not touch the feeble in arms. I behold thy tempests, O Morven! which will overturn my halls, when my children are dead in battle, and none remains to dwell in Selma. Then will the feeble come, but they will not know my tomb. My renown is only in song. My deeds shall be as a dream to future times!”

Yes, a dream,—and we are the dreamers. The songs of the bards are ringing in our ears, and though no stone marks the tomb of Fingal, the stones talk of him; the great basaltic columns are his memorial pillars, and the sea yet sounds his dirge as its wailing echo sweeps mournfully through Fingal's Cave.

But hark! The bell of the Pioneer is rousing us with the cry, “Wake up, ye dreamers! Come back from the clouds, ye visionaries!” The time for Staffa is up, and the steamer, like a cackling hen who is eager to call her brood together, commences a system of coaxing, warning, and threat, which soon results in the converging of her passengers from every quarter of the island. Most of them are by this time rambling over its upper surface, and all make for the rough stairway where the comparative difficulties of the “ascensus” and “descensus” are in complete contradiction to classical authority: the former having been accomplished with ease, while the latter proves a terrific experience. There is truly something maternal about the Pioneer; for here, as at every other point of difficulty on our excursion, faithful guides are stationed and strong hands outstretched for our assistance. Still it is with a plunge,—half a nightmare and half a miracle,—that we, who are among the earliest to make the experiment, arrive safely at the bottom, and, stepping on board

a boat, regain the steamer, where we sit at our leisure and laugh at the absurd figure made by later comers as they scramble down the cliff: Sir Thomas even forgetting his dignity in the difficulties of the operation, and the interjectional phrases of her Ladyship, as she now and then comes to a hopeless stand-still, tickling our ears at the distance where we sit watching them.

Our entire party fairly on board, the Pioneer, now panting to be off, sets her wheels in motion and starts on her further course, not, however, without first skirting the base of the island and affording us, as I have already intimated, one last view of Fingal's Cave, and that the finest. It is an impressive circumstance, that at this moment the attention of the tourist on the steamer's deck is divided between Nature's great cathedral and man's early efforts in the same direction, — that immediately opposite the pillared vestibule of the Staffa minster the Abbey tower of the Blessed Isle looms boldly on our view, the mimic architecture of man paying silent homage to the spot,

"Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone, prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard, — but witness mine!'"

And so, with a great lesson behind us and before, we sail away on that summer sea and bid farewell to Staffa. The timid seal whom we have disturbed creeps back to her cell, the wild-fowl returns to its nest, the sea-swell rolls in and out in waves unbroken by our keel, and the warm sun holds all in his soft embrace. The winter winds will roar through the cavern ere long, the ocean lash pillar and ceiling with its foam, tempests will beat and rage against its giant col-

umns, the stormy petrel will flap its wings in the archway, and the piercing cry of the sea-gull keep time to the diapason of the deep; but the massive structure whose corner-stone is hid beneath the waters, and which leans upon the Rock of Ages, will still defy the tempest and loom in lonely grandeur, alike in summer's smile and winter's frown the dwelling-place of the Almighty. Iona's walls, reared centuries ago, and dedicated to Him by human tribute, have crumbled or are fast crumbling to decay; but this mighty temple, whose foundations no man laid, has gazed calmly through all these ages at man's feeble work, and will gaze unchanged until He who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand shall uproot its columns.

III.

Now on to Iona, a distance of seven or eight miles, a formidable voyage, perhaps, for early pilgrims to this sacred shrine, to us barely affording time for dinner, a meal of which I have no remembrance of partaking on this eventful day, — though my recollections would doubtless have been more poignant, if I had failed to do so, — and of which I can at least certify that it was sumptuous and well-served, since the luxurious habits of life enjoyed on these floating hotels of the Hutchesons are proverbial, and the flavor of good cheer still clings to my palate, especially that of the daily "salmon so fresh as still to retain its creamy curd."

The approach to Iona, Icolmkill, or Colmeskill, as it is variously termed, has in it nothing imposing, if we except the ancient Abbey, already descried at a distance, and the neighboring ruins, the simple fact of whose presence in this lonely isle is suggestive of all that has given interest and sanctity to this cradle of Christianity in Britain. On landing at the rude pier, formed of masses of gneiss and granite boulders, we find ourselves opposite the modern village, a row of some forty cottages, running parallel with the shore,

and, as is the case in nearly all Scotch villages, including both an established and a free church. We have scarcely set foot on the beach before we have a verification of Wordsworth's experience : —

"How sad a welcome ! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer."

But I have no heart to find fault with this small fry of the modern fishing-town, whose trade in pressed sea-weeds, shells, and stones is now so extensive that near the ruins they have established rival counters, and are a most clamorous set of persecutors ; for I still have pleasure in looking on the really precious and suggestive mementos of the place which they thrust upon me, a willing victim.

A little to the rear of the village, though still nearly on a level with the beach, are the ruins, to which we are guided by Archibald Macdonald, chief boatman, and authorized to act as our cicerone. In setting forth on our explorations, we must premise that little now remains to mark the age of the Culdees and the simple life of St. Columba and those companions of his apostolic zeal who first settled in Iona, and thence, going forth in pilgrim fashion and with the endurance of pilgrim hardships, diffused Christianity through Britain. A huge mound, or cairn, yet marks the place where the missionaries first landed ; and there are still, in a remote part of the island, vestiges of the rude dwelling-place or cell in which the Culdees first made their abode and set up the cross as a luminary for the yet uncivilized nations. With the exception of these rude vestiges, the tradition of their virtues and the results of their self-sacrificing labors are their only memorial. But the standard which they planted followers of later ages have continued to maintain ; and the monastic buildings, now more or less ruinous, and marking successive eras of Church history, are all of great antiquity, many being of a date so remote that the rec-

ords of them are merely traditional. But wherever the pilgrim turns his eye or sets his foot, voices whisper to him that this is holy ground. The very silence and mystery which inwrap the place have a tendency to exalt the soul ; and although doubts may arise in regard to some of the traditions, and incredulity may condemn others as simply mythical, faith so often becomes sight, and the essence of faith is so triumphant everywhere, as to make us feel, with the great moralist, that "that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Our first visit is to the Nunnery, of which the chapel only remains standing. The style of its architecture is Norman, and it probably dates no farther back than the beginning of the thirteenth century. The tomb of the Princess Anna, the last prioress, is still preserved, though much defaced by the rude feet of soulless tourists. Her figure is sculptured in bas-relief on the stone, and the mirror and comb which are introduced as symbolic of the female sex suggest that instinct of decoration inherent in woman, and which, if superfluous anywhere, certainly would be so in a nunnery at Iona. There is a sad interest in the remains of this sanctuary, the only refuge for innocence and gentleness in a barbarous age, when many a votary was doubtless driven hither by motives similar to those which actuated the fair maid of Lorn, of whom Sir Walter Scott tells us, —

"The maid has given her maiden heart
To Ronald of the Isles ;
And, fearful lest her brother's word
Bestow her on that English lord,
She seeks Iona's piles ;
And wisely deems it best to dwell
A votress in the holy cell,
Until these feuds, so fierce and fell,
The abbot reconciles."

"The cemetery of the nunnery," as we learn on the authority of Dr. Johnson, and at the date of his visit, "was, till very lately, regarded with such reverence that only women were buried in it." And how the burly speech and rug-

ged bluntness characteristic of the old philosopher are softened and atoned for, to my thinking, when he adds, "These relics of veneration always produce some mournful pleasure. I could have forgiven a great injury more easily than the violation of this imaginary sanctity."

Next to its renown as an ancient seat of piety and learning, it is as a burial-place that Iona is chiefly known and venerated. Though it is difficult now to identify the tombs of kings, or to distinguish them from those of the humbler individuals who have found a last resting-place in Reilig Orain, the burial-place of St. Oran, it is unquestionably true that the sanctity of the island gave it a preference over any other spot as a place of sepulture, especially for royalty, — a preference, doubtless, partly due to the belief in an ancient Gaelic prophecy, which foretold that before the end of the world "the sea at one tide shall cover Ireland and the green-headed Islay, but Columba's Isle shall swim above the flood."

Forty Scottish kings are said to have been interred in Iona, among whom we have Shakspeare's authority for including King Duncan.

"*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmeskill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,

And guardian of their bones."

Among the monuments of Christianity in Iona, none are more conspicuous and eloquent than the numerous crosses, of which the original number is said to have been three hundred and sixty. Most of them have been ruthlessly carried away or demolished. For myself, much as I deplore the Vandalism which has mutilated nearly all these sacred memorials, I can well dispense with the other three hundred and fifty-nine crosses for the sake of the vivid recollection, I may almost say consciousness, I have of one, that of St. Martin, which stands upright and in good preservation just at the entrance of the cathedral inclosure, and produces a solemn effect upon the mind of every reverential beholder. It consists of a solid column of mica schist, fourteen feet in height, fixed in a mas-

sive pedestal of red granite, and is of substantial rather than graceful proportions. It is carved in high relief, and on one side is sculptured with emblematic devices, of which the Virgin and Child, surrounded by cherubs, occupy the central place. But its most characteristic feature is its antiquity, enhanced to the eye by the gray lichens and the rust of time, with which it is so incrustured that it presents a hoary and venerable aspect, and seems the embodiment of that ancient faith to which the whole island is consecrated. Here saints and abbots of distant ages have knelt and wept and prayed, and caught the inspiration for their labor of love; and here still, if we listen to the voices in our hearts, we may hear the Spirit's whisper, and he who runs may read the ever-living sermon written on the old gray stone.

We have now gained the Cathedral, by far the best preserved and most imposing of the ruined edifices of Iona, — a building which exhibits various styles of architecture, and which is probably of more recent construction than the other monastic or ecclesiastical monuments. It is cruciform, and the square tower at the intersection, about seventy feet in height, remains entire. The building is unroofed: for here, as in the case of every other ancient structure on the island, every particle of wood-work has been carried away, that material being too precious in Iona to escape being converted to utilitarian purposes. The dimensions of the cathedral or abbey church are spacious, and it boasted, even in recent centuries, a noble altar and many other decorations, of which it has been despoiled, — partly, no doubt, by the inhabitants of the island; but tourists and pilgrims to the place are in no slight degree responsible for these depredations, since, in their eagerness for mementos, they have mercilessly robbed and mutilated it, and it is prophesied, that, in spite of every possible precaution, many of the interesting memorials of antiquity in Iona will soon be unrecognizable or will have ceased to exist.

The tomb of Abbot Mackinnon, who died in 1500, though greatly defaced, still exhibits a sculptured figure of its occupant, thought to do much credit to the art of that period; and the largest monument in the island, that of Macleod of Macleod, is still preserved. It is in this church that the celebrated "Black Stones" of Iona were kept, on which the old Highland chieftains were accustomed to take oaths of contract or allegiance, and for which they entertained so sincere a reverence that oaths thus ratified were never broken. Dr. Johnson observes, — "In those days of violence and rapine, it was of great importance to impress upon savage minds the sanctity of an oath, by some particular and extraordinary circumstances. They would not have recourse to the black stones upon small or common occasions; and when they had established their faith by this tremendous sanction, inconstancy and treachery were no longer feared."

Though neither the ancient structures nor the modern village of Iona are situated much above the sea-level, and are so near to the shore as to constitute the foreground of the picture, as seen from the usual landing-place, the island is not without its highlands, which rise to a considerable elevation immediately behind the village, some bold cliffs even obtruding themselves upon our return pathway to the steamer: for I can recall the picturesque effect produced upon the landscape by the figure of one of the Baronet's daughters, seated at her ease upon the summit of a huge, precipitous rock, her sketch-book in her lap, and her pencil busily delineating the prospect in our direction. I scarcely think, however, that, like the travelling photographer, she dreamed of including her fellow-tourists in her sketch-book of reminiscences, any more than I then anticipated the day when I should be tempted to illustrate mine by her own and her sister's portraits.

I believe some rare ferns are to be found in Iona; it includes in its vegetable kingdom one hawthorn, and a species of dwarf-oak is said to occur

there sparingly; but I cannot remember seeing even the most inferior specimen of a tree upon the island. Bareness, desolation, is its one characteristic, — a feature from which the meanness and poverty of the row of village huts by no means detracts. As, once more embarked on our steamer, we take a final view of Iona, the external impression is meagre and poor indeed. So much the warmer and more animated, then, is the glow of enthusiasm and gratitude with which we dwell on the piety and self-sacrifice of those saints of old with whose memory the Blessed Isle is still fragrant. Nor are the piety and zeal of God's saints perpetuated chiefly by ecclesiastical monuments, or embalmed in human hearts alone; for,

"when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed piles
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
Iona's saints, forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise."

Is it the weariness of body entailed on us by our pilgrimages among the wonders of Staffa and the ruins of Iona, — is it the mind overtaken by the effort to grasp and comprehend so much of interest and novelty, — or is it the soul tuned to deeper thoughts and holier sympathies than are wont to engage it, which steeps us for the remainder of our voyage in the luxury of repose? A mingling of all, I suspect. And happily the sentiment seems universal. Christie, who, warned by her painful experience of the steamer's oscillations, as she swung like a pendulum on the sea-swell off Staffa, has been only too glad to accompany us on shore at Iona, is not only relieved of her sea-sickness, but insured for the rest of the trip. Somehow she, the Bailie, and I find ourselves among that large proportion of our company who have gradually migrated to the forward part of the boat, where, forgetful of the conventionalities which have hitherto restrained us, we are grouped on the fore-deck in whatever listless or indolent attitude the prevailing mood may suggest. The August afternoon is drawing to a close, and the sun is declining. Our share in the

day's labor — though it be but laborious pleasure — is done ; the remainder of the task devolves on the Pioneer, and, while she ploughs the waves, we have but to rest, meditate, and congratulate ourselves and one another. There is a hum of merry voices from the knot of gay young Scots, whose spirits are toned down, not damped, by the experiences of the day. Our English girls, with their young brother, are prettily grouped on the deck-floor, the latter stretched at the feet of the youngest girl, and exchanging with her those sweet confidences which always exist between a chivalrous boy and the sister nearest his own age. Their confiding parents have remained aft, as have a majority of the elders of the company ; but, though youth, freedom, and high natural spirits preponderate at our end of the boat, peace seems to be brooding over us with dove-like wings.

We are still skirting the bold, precipitous shores of Mull, the central loadstone which has kept us all day to our course, and now and then our attention is especially engrossed by the view of her rugged cliffs, terrible in winter's storms, and her natural arches of basalt, through which the sea washes at high-water, and which betray in every feature a family likeness to great Staffa. But for the most part our hearts and thoughts now are with the past, and gratitude and thanksgiving are welling up within us for a day on which sunshine, fair breezes, and a prosperous voyage have combined with Nature's most glorious revelations and humanity's holiest relics in opening up to us pleasures and privileges beyond compare. Or, if a thought of the future mingles with our medita-

tions, it is the rapturous thought that these gifts of Providence once ours are ours for a life-time.

At length, a softening of the majestic landscape, a contraction from the sea's wide expanse into comparatively still waters, and, bidding farewell to Mull, we have entered the Sound of Kerrera, and the great island is hid from us by its less imposing sister, Kerrera Island, the same that land-locks the Bay of Oban. We have but to make our way through the picturesque channel, whose scenery is already familiar to our eyes, and now Dunolly, the moss-crowned warder of the bay, greets us once more, her friendly face, as we sweep into our little harbor, seeming to hail us with a "Welcome Home !"

Home to the Caledonian, where a "towsy tea," as my Scotch friends would term it, awaits the tired and hungry travellers : a motley, substantial meal : fowls of the daintiest, — fresh herring, never eaten in such perfection as on the Hebridean coast, — honey-comb of the tint of burnt umber, — fragrant, ambrosial honey, the very juice of the heather, the crystallized sun and dew in which these unshadowed hills bask and bathe without let or hindrance.

Then a stroll round the bay and along the white sea-wall, now glistening in the moonlight, and then to bed, to dream perhaps of Ossian's heroes, of storm-swept castles, of old monkish rites, and of the ocean cathedral's eternal chant, — dreams which, however varied and strange, can lull the spirit into no softer illusions, can rouse it to no wilder ecstasies than the reality of our experience in our twelve hours' sail round Mull.

JOHN BRIGHT AND THE ENGLISH RADICALS.

IN the June number of this magazine a review of the career of Richard Cobden presented the lifelong activity and loftiness of purpose which distinguished that great man, whom we have so recently been called to mourn. It is our purpose to record something of his friend and ally, Mr. Bright, whose devotion to America has led him for once to raise his voice in vindication of war, as the only method of preserving liberty.

John Bright was born at Greenbank, near the thrifty town of Rochdale, on the 16th of November, 1811. His father was Mr. Jacob Bright, a gentleman who, by his own exertions, had risen from humble means to wealth, in the vocation of a cotton manufacturer. John was the second of eleven children, the oldest of whom died in infancy. The family were devoted members of the Society of Friends, and the subject of this sketch still adheres to the hereditary faith. John's health, during childhood, caused much solicitude to his parents. His constitution was apparently feeble, and it was found that study injured his already delicate system. At the age of fifteen he was taken from school, and placed in his father's counting-room. Mr. Jacob Bright was a shrewd, yet highly honorable man, entirely engrossed in the superintendence of his business, and an adept in the conduct of his manufactory. It was his ambition that his sons should follow in his footsteps, and should become, like himself, influential members of the commercial community. He doubtless underrated, as the class to which he belonged are apt to do in England, the value of a university education; and as soon as the boys reached the suitable age, they were set to work in the mills. Had John Bright received the culture which a residence at Oxford or Cambridge would have afforded him, he would doubtless have occupied a place in the first rank of that group

of accomplished statesmen who now grace either House of Parliament, and whose elegant erudition is as conspicuous as their enlightened statecraft. As it was, we find him spending his youth at the desk, learning how to buy and sell, and how to rule the miniature commonwealth which an English manufactory presents. In the discharge of these duties he proved himself skilful, prompt, and energetic.

As he grew to manhood, however, a new interest and a new ambition awoke within him. He had always been more of a thinker than the other members of his family. When scarcely twenty, he had addressed the people of Rochdale in favor of the great Reform of 1832, and with the effect of giving him at that early age a local popularity. He had seemingly thrown his vigorous mind into the study of the complex elements of the Constitution, with especial reference to those parts which affected commerce and manufactures. From such studies he had become the confirmed disciple of those doctrines which, with a narrower view to self-interest, the commercial class almost universally adopted. When the passage of the Reform Bill had quieted for a while the agitation on that score, Mr. Bright, his interest being now thoroughly awakened to the excitements of a public career, turned his attention to the Temperance question, then much mooted in the larger towns. The idea of total abstinence was at that time new to Englishmen, and Mr. Bright was one of the earliest champions of that principle, which has since attracted so many powerful orators, and which has reclaimed so many from the debasement of the cup. In the year 1835, Mr. Bright, with a view to extending his experience, and in order to observe the systems of other nations, made the tour of the Continent, extending his travels to Athens and Palestine. On his return, he was invited to lecture before the local Institute at

Rochdale, and he delivered a series of lectures, taking as his subjects the observations he had made abroad. These he followed by another series on questions more nearly connected with the practical interests of his auditors,—putting before them with admirable perspicuity the ideas he had formed on the commercial policy of England. About this time contentions arose respecting the Church Rates, and Mr. Bright took active ground for their abolition.

The sufferings of the manufacturing class now revived that agitation against the Corn-Laws which had once before engaged the earnest attention of the country. Mr. Bright had the patent evidence all around him of the misery which the inequitable adjustment of the tariff had created. The class over whom he had supervision were materially affected by this injustice. With that promptness which is one of his conspicuous qualities, he devoted himself to the study of the science which would open to him the causes, consequences, and remedies of the evils which a legalized monopoly had brought into existence. He found that the landed proprietors, whose influence in Parliament had long continued paramount through the protection of the Tory party, had secured laws which enabled them to enjoy the monopoly of the corn trade, to the practical exclusion of foreign competition. Prices were thus increased to such an extent as to put it beyond the power of factory hands, with the wages which their employers could afford to pay them, to buy bread.

The distress of the operatives from this cause was already great, and was constantly becoming more serious and more alarming. The lower classes of England have never been patient under unusual pressure. They are prone to take redress by violent resistance to law. Thus the agricultural ascendancy threatened to drive the rival element to desperation. The Tories, led by Wellington, already obnoxious from their long opposition to Reform, steadily maintained the existing laws, and continued

to be the devoted partisans of the landed interest. The aristocratic Whigs, who were in power under Viscount Melbourne, and who were reaping the fruit of a reform carried by the co-operation of popular leaders, were reluctant to do more than make slight modifications,—modifications which still left the evil great and dangerous. At this juncture, a new force sprang up, which from small beginnings finally effected a total revolution in the economical policy of the Government. This was the Anti-Corn-Law League. It was instituted by a number of liberal noblemen and gentlemen in Parliament, who had the sense to perceive, and the wisdom to provide for, the gloomy crisis which seemed to be impending. Charles Pelham Villiers, a son of the Earl of Clarendon, and one of the ablest of the younger generation of statesmen, was the most prominent leader. The object of the association was to organize a crusade against agricultural tyranny, and to effect the abrogation of the odious laws by which farmers grew rich by starving manufacturers. As usual with all organizations for reform, the League at first met with clamorous denunciation from all quarters, was sneered at in Parliament, and laughed at by the great proprietors. But it grew rapidly. Every day people awakened more and more to the increasing necessity. The champions of the League, spreading among the rural communities, eloquently and convincingly pointed out the great evils which they sought to eradicate. They were untiring in their exertions, and their success was beyond their best hopes.

The great advantage to be gained by keeping their cause in constant agitation before the public made the Leaguers desirous to employ active and eloquent orators. John Bright, in his twenty-seventh year, began to speak in advocacy of commercial reform in his own neighborhood. The League heard of him, called him to their assistance, and he became one of their authorized speakers. This was a triumph not a little flattering to a young mer-

chant whose training had been in a manufactory, and to whom the field of forensic eloquence was entirely new. He was thoroughly convinced, both from observation and from a naturally quick reason, that the principles of which he was now to be a public advocate were just and practical. His whole soul was in the effort to alleviate suffering, and to find a balance between interests which had been, but were not of necessity, conflicting. With that hearty zeal which has ever since marked his public career, he entered the political arena, turned over to his partners the affairs of the firm, and devoted himself to the study and exposition of the new commercial theories. Through the influence of the League, he obtained opportunities to speak in many considerable places; and he every day increased his reputation as a vigorous reasoner and a pleasing speaker. He went boldly into the agricultural districts, where the hard-headed old Tories who believed in Wellington formed his audiences, and put to them unwelcome truths which they found it hard to swallow. On one occasion he appeared before a large assemblage at Drury-Lane Theatre, when the effect of his eloquence was such that his name became immediately known throughout the kingdom. Copies of the speech were distributed by order of the League, and Bright found himself in demand from all quarters. Working in concert with Villiers, Morpeth, and the other leaders, he assisted in instituting branches of the League in the principal cities. Besides his unquestioned ability as an orator, he had one advantage which most of his co-workers did not possess, — he was emphatically a man of the people. He came out from the busy community in which he was born and reared, to labor for the people. Those who might distrust a Villiers or a Howard, — who might suspect that an agitation set on foot by noblemen was designed for selfish ends, — who might be indifferent to those whom they had been accustomed to regard as political schemers, — would trust and follow one who threw

aside his commercial vocation and came forward to sustain that commercial interest in which he himself was concerned. He could gain the ear and reason of many who would not listen to one whose profession was political agitation. Thus his influence became considerable; his origin reassuring his hearers, his eloquence charming them, and his honesty and earnestness commanding their sympathy and approval.

The rapid spread of Free-Trade principles, resulting from the organized efforts of the League, and from the demonstration, which actual occurrences confirmed, that the farming monopoly could not continue, gave the leaders of the League much importance in Parliament. The Whigs, nay, even the more moderate Tories, began to profess conversion to Free-Trade doctrines. When Parliament was dissolved in 1841, both parties went to the country on the issue of Free-Trade or Protection. Sir Robert Peel, who afterward became the patriotic instrument by which the Corn-Laws fell, represented those who adhered to Protection and the agricultural interest. Lord Melbourne came forward as the advocate of those principles which the League had been the first to avow, and which as Premier he had not been anxious to put in practice. Notwithstanding the Reform of 1832, the landed nobility still retained a large control in the composition of the House of Commons. Peel had organized the Conservatives with great tact, and the ministry of Melbourne was suffering from the weakness of internal dissension. The result of the election was, that Peel's candidates were so generally successful that he gained a clear working majority in the House, and he consequently became Prime-Minister.

It was soon after the Conservatives thus attained office that John Bright came forward as a candidate for Parliament in the northern city of Durham. The Free-Traders were wise enough to seek the assistance of the best men their ranks could furnish. Bright, it was universally thought, would be a valuable auxiliary, coming as he did from the

mercantile class, and possessing a clear mind and ready tongue. Durham was conservative by tradition. In 1843 the city rejected Bright; but in 1844, so rapid was the growth of Liberalism, that the same constituency returned him to the House of Commons by a handsome majority.

Meanwhile Sir Robert Peel, elected and supported by Protectionists, was gradually turning his steps toward the more liberal policy which his opponents had advocated. Soon after assuming office, he had proposed a modification of the tariff. The Duke of Buckingham, representing the extreme wing of the Protectionists, resigned in alarm. The Premier did not falter, but approached still nearer the Free-Trade standard. Lord Stanley, a stronger man than Buckingham, retired from the council-board. When John Bright entered Parliament, Peel was rapidly coming to the abolition of the Corn-Laws. Bright at once mingled in the debates, which now daily absorbed the attention of the House, on the one question before the country. The little band of Leaguers stood in the front rank of the opposition. They were pressing Sir Robert, by steady and oft-repeated appeals, to make the final concession. To the voices of Villiers, Morpeth, Russell, Gibson, were added the sonorous tones of the merchant-orator, and he maintained the debate with the best, whether of friends or foes. He reasoned with such clearness, he brought the evils of the corn monopoly so vividly before the minds of his auditors, he pressed the necessity and justice of its abrogation with such power of argument, that from that day he took rank as one of the first speakers and logicians in the lower House.

Sir Robert soon threw aside all party and selfish considerations, and did fearlessly what his judgment convinced him was urgently demanded by the interests of the country. He proposed the repeal of the Corn-Laws. He thus exhibited a rare spirit for an English statesman, — a spirit of self-sacrifice for the public good. His old associates

assailed him with bitter, powerful eloquence. The Whigs, whose thunder he had stolen, looked with the coldness of partisan selfishness upon his conversion to their views. But in spite of every discouragement, he carried that magnanimous measure through both Houses by his influence as First Lord of the Treasury. Hardly ever during the present century has Parliament been more electrified by stirring and splendid contests of forensic genius than during these debates on the repeal. And in these debates John Bright proved a worthy competitor to Disraeli, whose caustic oratory was justly feared, — and to Stanley, whose excellence in rejoinder made him to be regarded as the equal of Fox in extempore debate.

The fall of Sir Robert Peel, who could not retain power whilst Tories and Whigs were alike arrayed against him, was followed by the elevation of Lord John Russell and his Whig friends to the ministry. Several of the leaders of the League accepted office; but John Bright received no overtures from the new Premier. No thought of personal ambition, indeed, seems to have entered into his views. Possessing that independence and fearlessness which men of his origin are apt to exhibit, and deeply interested in the new field in which he found himself, his sole desire seems to have been to arrive at a knowledge of what would most benefit his country. In this search, he rejected all party creeds. He declined to put himself under a pledge to abide by the will of a caucus. He considered himself bound by no precedent which was unjust, committed to no policy which did not have a present reason. He was ready to act with the party that sustained, in each individual case, the measure which he considered right; nor would he hesitate to vote with those with whom he usually found himself at variance, if they brought forward measures which his judgment approved.

At the time Lord Russell came into power, Mr. Bright was regarded as opposed to the Established Church and

to the House of Lords, as favorable to a system of general suffrage, and as decidedly anti-monarchical in political theory. With opinions so radical the aristocratic Whigs were the last to have any sympathy. They were much less likely to encourage that class of politicians than their old antagonists, the Tories. The reason is evident. Radicalism, by startling the masses by the novelty of its doctrines, and thus driving a large majority to seek certain safety under the protection of the Tories, had kept the Whigs out of Whitehall for half a century. John Wilkes and Horne Tooke secured Pitt in his power. Francis Burdett and his confederates faithfully served Liverpool. If Lord Russell should recognize the later Radicals by calling one of their leaders to his counsels, he might well fear a defection far outweighing the acquisition. Thus Mr. Bright, an active participant in the contest for Free Trade, which had just resulted in a complete victory, cheerfully continued to be simply an independent commoner, representing the constituency of Durham,—free to judge, and to speak his honest thought,—at liberty to advocate reforms more thorough than ministers dared to propose,—ready to represent the feelings and wants of that great multitude of Englishmen to whom the timeworn restrictions of the franchise prohibited a voice in the Government,—anxious to keep ideas in agitation which needed stout hearts and steady heads to maintain them in existence.

In 1847, the ministers having caused his defeat as member for Durham, he became the successful contestant for the seat for Manchester. This metropolis of manufacture was then the centre, as it is now, of extreme liberal notions. The fame of Mr. Bright, who had gone forth into public life from its immediate neighborhood, was grateful to a district which sorely needed such an advocate. He continued to represent Manchester through the Parliament which sustained and finally ousted Lord John Russell. In 1852, when the Premier, joining issue with Lord

Derby, (formerly Lord Stanley,) went to the country, Mr. Bright again stood for Manchester, and was gratified by receiving a majority of eleven hundred. It was the just reward of labors incessant and courageous, to keep the interests of the constituency always before the legislature, and to bring about that system of equality to which they were thoroughly devoted. Mr. Bright continued to represent Manchester until 1857. During the session of that year, the late Mr. Cobden, the earnest co-worker with Mr. Bright, brought forward a motion condemnatory of the Chinese War, then transpiring under the conduct of Lord Palmerston's Government. The House divided against the minister. The Radicals and Conservatives were in a majority. Palmerston dissolved Parliament, and appealed to the nation. Bright once more went before his constituents, on the issue of war or peace with China. His notions respecting the iniquity of war in general, which resulted from his Quaker education, and his opinion that this attack on the Celestial Empire was especially unjustifiable, were not welcome to the electors of Manchester. His opponent, like himself a radical Whig, but an advocate of the war, was returned by five thousand votes. In 1859 Palmerston being again forced to the expedient of a new election, Mr. Bright was invited to stand as a candidate for the constituency of Birmingham, by whom he was returned to Parliament, where he has since continued to represent them. Here he has been very active in the advocacy of his own peculiar doctrines, some of which have within a few years gained much in public estimation. Independent of all parties, he votes usually with the ministry, but sometimes follows Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley below the bar on a division of the House.

This record of eighteen years in the House of Commons is certainly a remarkable one. While constantly opposing both of the great parties, Mr. Bright has won the respect of all. His ability as a logician and as an effective speaker, and his evident honesty

and earnestness of purpose, are conceded by every one. The courage and persistency with which he has upheld unpopular doctrines compel the admiration of those who recoil from the changes which he seeks to effect. It is not too much to say that his character has greatly enhanced the influence of those for whom he acts, and of whom he is the unquestioned leader. The Radicals were a mere handful when Bright entered Parliament. They are now beginning to be feared. Several of the largest and most prosperous cities regularly send Radical members to Westminster. Some of the profoundest thinkers in England are inclined to admit that the time is approaching when Radical ideas shall become practical. Many of them already declare these ideas to be abstractly just. The English are getting *accustomed* to Radical doctrines. In due time they will be ready to pass a fair judgment upon them.

The progressive party in a nation too often possesses leaders who, being low-born, are coarse and lawless, or who seek to foster discontent by an artful demagoguism. A good cause is often discountenanced and rendered futile by reason of the ignorance or wickedness of those who have been prominent in its advocacy. John Wilkes and Thomas Paine scandalized the cause of progress in their time by the profligacy of their lives and the badness of their motives. So did Robespierre and Danton by the cruel ambition which actuated them. The character of such men naturally frightened people of honest intentions from their leadership; while the extremities to which they carried their views deterred men of practical sense from upholding them. The reformers of the present generation, however, exhibit traits which command respect. They pursue a course which, if not altogether moderate or suited to the times, is evidently grounded upon deductions of thoughtful reason. •

If we were to compress the description of Mr. Bright's character into a few words, we should say he was honest, earnest, fearless, eloquent. He is

honest; for he casts aside the objects of personal ambition in a life devotion to an unpopular cause. He is earnest; for he is constant to his faith, untiring in the effort to instil it into the community. He is fearless, — morally fearless; for he permits no obstacle, no obloquy, no powerful antagonism, to check him in the expression of unwelcome thoughts. He is eloquent; inasmuch as he stands up amid the silence of the most critical and restless legislature in the world, and compels members to listen, without interruption, to ideas which in the opinion of the vast majority are hateful and destructive. His character, as it has been displayed by a consistent public record, bears the stamp of truth and ingenuousness. He is candid, almost to a fault. He has no subtle statecraft; he recognizes no code of expediency. He is impatient of that spirit which actuates statesmen as a class to sacrifice something of good for the practical attainment even of a worthy end, — a spirit which, for our own part, we cannot wholly disapprove. While as a business man his integrity is perfectly unimpeachable, as a legislator his opponents have only to fear his strong and indignant eloquence: they are safe from any thrust which is not open and manly. He was not destined to become a great statesman: he is too rash, too little tolerant of antagonistic opinion, too much inclined to absolute conclusions, too open by nature in giving expression to his thoughts. In the demolishing process which properly precedes, in a long-established polity, the constructing process, he has every quality which would fit him to be a leader. His Quaker blood is of little avail in making him sit in patience whilst deep social wrongs stare him in the face on every side. The uprising of the people, especially that peaceable uprising to which the English people are by nature and precedent inclined to resort, seeking to cure by prompt action what statesmanship has failed to mend, would give him the best of opportunities. Quaker though he is, he would revel in taking the van of a law-

ful reformation aimed at the abuses he hates so heartily. So far as the expunging of an iniquitous law from the statute-book goes, his work would be well done; but when the time came to fill up the page with a new and just enactment, it would be his part to yield to more deliberate and judicious counsels. Like Lord Brougham, he is great in opposition. He can defend well; he can attack far better. Aggressive warfare is his forte. He is as positive in his theological and social as in his political opinions. He is a practical philanthropist, leads a life of strict probity and temperance, and seeks his pleasure, as well as his duty, in benefiting the human race. He carries the nervousness and enthusiasm of his public displays into the amenities of private life. Hearty in his friendships, and affable in social intercourse, he is liked by most persons and respected by all. He possesses in a remarkable degree that faculty which is considered as the trait of an accomplished gentleman,—the faculty of putting you at once at your ease. In temperament impulsive, he is perhaps too little mindful of the feelings of others, and somewhat careless of his expressions when pursuing a subject in which his attention is engrossed. In his manner there is a blunt sincerity which one who is in his company for the first time is apt to mistake almost for ill-temper. It, however, results from his entirely candid disposition, his rigidly practical and business education, and his carelessness of forms,—by no means from a want of kindness or an intention to be discourteous.

A first glance gives one a very good impression of Mr. Bright's character. He is of medium height, a little inclined to corpulency, and quick and nervous in his movements. His eye is full of intelligence,—small, bright, and sharp, apparently powerful to read another through the countenance. Its expression is, perhaps, a little hard; it seems to search your thought, and to detect the bent of your mind. His face is a true British face,—round and full, with firmly set mouth, positive chin, and

that peculiar sort of *hauteur* which is a national characteristic. His hair, somewhat gray, is brushed off his forehead, which is broad and admirably proportioned; and he wears whiskers on the side of his face, like most middle-aged Englishmen. His voice is clear, his enunciation rapid, yet distinct, and his choice of words exact,—excellent, indeed, for one self-educated in the correct use of language.

Mr. Bright is very attractive as an orator. When it is known that he is to speak, the galleries are insufficient to hold the multitude which gathers to hear him. His delivery is prompt and easy. He has none of that hesitation and apparent timidity which mark the address of many English orators; but neither, on the other hand, does he possess that rich and fascinating intonation which forces us to concede the forensic palm to Mr. Gladstone of all contemporary Englishmen. He expresses himself with boldness, sometimes almost with rudeness. His declamation is fresh, vigorous, and almost always even. At times he is unable to preserve the moderation of language and manner which retains the mastery over impulse; his indignation carries him away; his denunciation becomes overwhelming; his full voice rings out, trembling with agitation, as he exposes some wrongful or defends some good measure: then his vigorous nature appears, unadorned by cultivated graces, but admirable for its manliness and strength. This impetuosity, which is so prominent a characteristic of his oratory, is in marked contrast with the manner of the late Mr. Cobden, his friend and coöperator. Mr. Cobden was always guarded, cautious, and studiously accurate, in his language. Mr. Bright often says things, in the excitement of controversy, which exaggerate his real sentiments, and which may be used to misrepresent his opinions. Mr. Cobden, whose temperament was more phlegmatic, was careful to avoid any undue heat of speech, and hence often passed, erroneously, for a more moderate thinker than Mr. Bright.

It is with pleasure that we turn for a moment to speak of Mr. Bright's course towards America, and especially while we were suffering under the plague of civil war. Ever since he entered public life, his admiration of our institutions and history has been frequently the subject of his discourse. He has not hesitated to declare that feeling when he must have been aware how unwelcome it was to the greater part of his countrymen. He has, indeed, recognized in our success the practical attainment of those views to which he has so long been devoted, and which his experience as a public man seems only to have confirmed. His magnanimous mind has scornfully rejected that too prevalent English characteristic, — envy at the growing power of a sister nation. He has only seen in our progress a benefit and an example to mankind. As such he has gloried in it, and not the less because we are a kindred race and an offshoot from British civilization. The fact that we have been the inheritors and partakers of the glories of the English nation, which seems to increase the asperity with which many English statesmen now regard us, is to Mr. Bright a greater reason why sympathy should be extended to us. His speeches on America manifest a thorough knowledge of our history and of the spirit of our Constitution. He has studied us in the earnest desire to know and believe the truth, and faithfully to present to others the results of his study. We do not think it extravagant to say that few of our own public men evince a more intelligent knowledge of our record than Mr. Bright: certainly in this respect he is far in advance of the leading English statesmen. When in 1861 the Rebellion broke out, Mr. Bright raised his voice boldly against the non-committal policy of England, in declaring herself neutral. He seemed to comprehend at once the causes of the war. He correctly regarded the North as really on the defensive, — defending the integrity of the nation. He saw the cause of republican liberty trembling in the balance. From that day to this, — at times when

public indignation ran so high in England that it was almost dangerous to justify the North, — at times when to avow Northern sentiments was to be met with a howl from Spithead to the Frith of Forth, — at times when his own supporters, the manufacturing and commercial classes, feeling sore over the want of cotton, bitterly complained and pleaded for intervention, — John Bright has been our constant, zealous, and fearless champion, braving all England in our cause, and never silent when we were to be vindicated. In the issue of the war Mr. Bright will see the fruition of the hopes of the lovers of liberty everywhere. He will rejoice in it as the successful assertion by national power of those principles which he has devoted his life to advocating. To his mind the assassination of Lincoln will appear as the legitimate fruit of Southern treason. We may be sure, that, whilst the press of England endeavors to divert the guilt of this atrocity from the heads which gave birth to it, there is one Englishman at least — that Englishman, John Bright — who will be bold to trace it to its proper source.

We can do no better than to close this notice by quoting the conclusion of a speech made by Mr. Bright in December, 1861, to which our attention has been called during the preparation of this article.

"Whether the Union will be restored or not, or the South will achieve an unhonored independence or not, I know not and I predict not. But this I think I know, that in a few years, a very few years, the twenty millions of freemen in the North will be thirty millions or fifty millions, — a population equal to or exceeding that of this kingdom. When that time comes, I pray it may not be said among them, that, in the darkest hour of their country's trials, England, the land of their fathers, looked on with icy coldness, and saw, unmoved, the perils and calamities of her children. As for me, I have but this to say: I am one in this audience, and but one in the citizenship of this country; but if all other tongues are silent, mine

shall speak for that policy which gives hope to the bondsmen of the South, and tends to generous thoughts and generous words and generous deeds between the two great nations who

speak the English language, and from their origin are alike entitled to the English name."

Let Americans honor the Englishman who spoke thus nobly!

NEEDLE AND GARDEN.

THE STORY OF A SEAMSTRESS WHO LAID DOWN HER NEEDLE AND BECAME
A STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT was a long and dreary winter which succeeded this beginning of my experimental life. The snow fell heavily, and so frequently that my plants were completely hidden from view during a great part of the season. But, so far from doing them an injury, the fleecy mantle protected them from the open exposure to cold under which the strawberry will sometimes perish. It was a privation to me to have them thus entirely shut up from observation; but more than once, when the snow had softened under the influence of an incipient thaw, I could not refrain from plunging my hands into it and uncovering a plant here and there, to see how they were faring. So far from perishing under the continued cold, I found them holding up their heads with wonderful erectness, their leaves crisp and fresh, with an intense greenness that contrasted strongly with the white blanket in which Nature had kindly wrapped them. Thus satisfied that they were well provided for, I endeavored to check my impatience for the coming spring: for really it seemed the longest winter I had ever known.

Both my sister and myself continued our labors at the factory, though we discovered evidences that even at machine-sewing there was likely to be some uncertainty as to continued employment

at the usual remunerative prices. We had learned to have entire confidence in its stability; but symptoms were appearing that the business, in some of its branches, was likely to be overdone. The makers of the first machines, having sold immense numbers at high prices, had acquired vast fortunes. This invited competition, and manufactories of rival machines having been established by those who had invented modifications of the original idea, the quantity thrown upon the market was very great, while prices were so reduced that additional thousands were now enabled to obtain machines and set them to work. The competition among the makers thus gave rise to competition among those who used the machines. Prices of work declined in consequence, and of course the sewing-girls were required to bear a large share of this decline, in the shape of a reduction of wages. We could do nothing but submit, for the needle was the only staff we had to lean upon. If we were to continue realizing as much per week as before, we could do so in no other way than by working longer and more industriously. This fell very hard upon us during that long winter. We could afford no holidays, no recreation, not even to be sick. As we felt we had no dependence but the needle, we still clung to the idea, that, if we could purchase machines of our own, we should do much better.

But though now reduced in price, yet the hope of getting them grew fainter and fainter under the reduction of wages, and hence my growing impatience to achieve some more remunerative employment.

The bright spring at last opened kindly and genially upon us. The snow disappeared, leaving my strawberries in the most healthy condition, and free from the unsightly fringe-work of dead foliage which encircles plants that have been compelled to go through a hard winter without protection. I was exultant at the promise which their vigorous appearance held forth. I even stole a view, through the cracks in the fence, at those of our disagreeable neighbors, to see if they were doing any better, and was gratified by finding that mine were equally thrifty. Fred and I, contrived to stir up the ground about them with heavy rakes, though a harrow would have been more effective. April covered the whole bed with a profusion of blossoms that even our experienced neighbors could not exceed. They came often to our gate, and with more impudence than I could muster when stealing an observation through their fence, there they stood, two or three together, inspecting my beautiful rows for an hour at a time. I wondered what they could find to interest them so greatly, as in their eyes the sight could have been no novelty; but I fear, that, if surprised at my success thus far, their wonder must have been tinged with a jealousy that rendered the display as unpleasant to them as it was encouraging to me.

No one ever watched the opening of the blossoms, their dropping off, and the formation of the fruit, more attentively than I did. Every spare hour was passed among them. The bees flew over the beds, dipping into one flower after another, and filling the air with a perpetual humming. Even at the earliest morning hour, when the sun had barely reached the garden, I found them at their honeyed labors. The poet who declared that many a flower was born to blush unseen, and waste

its sweetness on the desert air, must have believed that the winged denizens of the air had no inheritance in them, — that their sweets were wasted because no human eye was present to admire them. I cannot agree with him; for here, when our garden was a solitude, with no human eye to admire its wealth of blossoms, they were thick with bees, and surely upon them their sweets were far from being wasted. The flowers must have been created as much for the enjoyment of nameless insects as for the gratification of man.

As May advanced, I could see the fruit forming in clusters that gave token of an ample crop. But as the heat increased I found that other candidates for observation presented themselves in prodigious numbers, not near so interesting, but imperatively demanding attention. The weeds shot up all through and between the rows with a luxuriance that astonished me. The winter reading of my agricultural library had taught me that good strawberries cannot be expected when a rank growth of weeds is permitted to occupy the soil. My father's garden-tools were heavy and clumsy, made only for a strong man to use; but we plied the hoes vigorously in keeping down the interlopers. They were dull tools, with thick handles, unsuitable for women's use, so that the mere weight of the implements fatigued us more than the labor of hoeing. But all the family shared in this work until it was accomplished, and our ground was made as cleanly as that of our neighbors. Besides the extermination of a host of pests that sucked up the nutriment and moisture necessary to the plants, the operation kept the surface of the ground open and mellow, permitting the sun and air to penetrate, and thus stimulate the growing fruit into berries of superior size. I am sure that it is by attention to this single matter of permitting no weeds to grow that most of the success in strawberry-culture may be attributed.

As I watched my fruit-laden plants as attentively as if each one had been an infant, it should not be wondered at

that my ever-present eye detected the first tinge of redness that showed itself among them. No one can imagine with how absorbing an interest I hung over this pioneer evidence of complete success. I could tell which row contained it, and on which plant in the row a blushing cheek was held up to the sun. But in a day or two the identity of the ripening berry was lost, for a thousand of its fellows became equally ambitious of notice, changing their delicate green into a softened, but decided scarlet. The hot suns of early June were pouring down upon the sheltered spot where the plants were growing, and it was time for them to ripen their wealth of fruit. I presume that he who boasts the possession of a dozen acres of strawberries has never experienced sensations such as were now the ruling ones of my heart. Here was I—a sewing-girl—breaking through the ordinary routine of female occupations, and standing on the threshold of an enterprise considered by the world unsuited to my sex, unfeminine because uniformly undertaken by men, hazardous because untried by women, but practically within the power of all having taste and courage to venture upon it,—here was I about to realize the dream of a whole year, the reward of untold anxieties, the solution of the great problem whether the garden were better than the needle.

The very day I made the discovery that the first berry had begun to change color, I hastened to my friend the market-woman, intending to tell her how finely I was coming on, and that she must be prepared to sell my crop. As I had no acquaintance with other strawberry-growers, I had little opportunity of ascertaining by comparison with them whether my fruit would come earlier or later into market than that of others, but took it for granted that mine would be first. It was the mistake of an ignorance which subsequent reading and observation have corrected. Thus, when I came up to the widow's stand in the market, I was confounded at seeing her sitting beside a huge wooden tray heaped up with ripe berries. No doubt I

had seen the same thing as early in the season, years before, but, having no interest in the subject as a fruit-grower, I had never consulted dates. But now, being deeply interested, the effect of this prematurely early display of fruit was that of astonishment and disappointment. I knew that being early in the market was a vital point, and supposed that I was as early as the earliest; but here was evidence that I had been forestalled. I had hardly courage to inquire where these berries came from, or what price she was getting for them. But the crowd of purchasers around the stand was so great that no one would have noticed my appearance, even if my emotions had been written on my face. They were contending with each other to be served, and at seventy-five cents a quart! This much could be seen and heard without the trouble of inquiry. How I envied the grower of the precious fruit in which so many were indulging at this extravagant price! How the sight dismayed me,—I had been so completely anticipated by some more skilful cultivator! I did not even seek to catch the widow's eye, nor to ask a single question. The spectacle so discouraged me that I moved off with a heavy heart to my accustomed avocations.

It was but dull practice on my sewing-machine during the whole of that day. It is true I thought a thousand times of my own strawberries, but then those of my successful competitor were quite as often in my mind. How this thing could happen, and why one cultivator should thus anticipate all others, and command the market when prices were so enormous, I could not then understand. But I resolved to have the matter explained. Next morning I was up at daybreak and at the widow's stand. She was already there, and was engaged in putting the little fixtures in order on which her daily stock of fruits and vegetables was to be displayed. No customers were yet visible in this early gray of the morning, and there was an opportunity for me to make the momentous inquiries I desired. But there

was the same great wooden tray, again piled up with at least a bushel of strawberries. My first question was as to where they came from.

"From Baltimore, Miss," was the reply. "You know they ripen there two weeks earlier than here. It is farther south, the climate is warmer, and they come here on the railroad until the price falls so low as to make it unprofitable to send them. But they are a small, poor berry, not equal to yours, and will not be in your way. When yours come to market, these will be all gone. People buy these only because they can get no better ones."

Here was a mountain of discouragement removed at once. I had not been forestalled by a neighbor, but only anticipated by some one who had taken advantage of a warmer climate. Besides, the widow repeated her cheering assurance of the year before, that she could readily dispose of all I might have,—not, however, at the high prices she then was getting, because the same sun that was to ripen mine would ripen those of all others around me, and bring them into market at the same time; but if mine should be better than others, she would be able to secure better prices for them.

I went home to breakfast with a lighter heart, and that day at the factory made up for the deficiencies of the preceding. But since then, after the experience of an entire season, I have looked carefully into this matter of the importance of being first in the market, and I find it runs through and influences almost every department of horticulture which is pursued as a source of gain. The struggle everywhere appears to be for precedence. The horticultural world knows that there is a waiting community of consumers who stand impatient for the advent of the first ripened fruits. It knows that with these the price occasions no hesitancy in the purchase: they are able to pay. Hence no resource of art or skill is left unpractised to minister to a craving appetite that yields a reward so golden. One producer erects hot-houses, into

which he crowds the plants that otherwise would be hibernating, and, creating an artificial summer, stimulates the strawberry into bloom, then into fruit, until even in the depth of winter the ripened berries are seen at some of the most celebrated fruit-stores. They command fabulous prices, — a spoonful of them readily bringing a dollar, without the demand being supplied. The rich always have money to spend; and though the world is never without its poor, yet it seems also to be never without an abundance of those who have more than they can wisely dispose of. This branch of horticulture must be profitable, as it is rapidly extending in the neighborhood of all our large cities. These hot-house fruits are the earliest in the market.

Other growers move off to a warmer climate, within one of two days' ride of the great city by railroad, and, by help of hotter suns, crowd their half-ripened fruits into Northern markets nearly a month in advance of local cultivators. Only those varieties being grown which are naturally earlier than all others, they blush into redness while ours have scarcely reached their full size. Taken from the vines in an unripe condition, they are crisp and firm, and the fast express-train whirls them over hundreds of miles, the ripening process, as well as the decaying one, going on meanwhile. It is costly transportation to the growers, but the impatient public pay with readiness a price so extravagant as to make for these wholesale pioneers a stupendous profit. Thus the warm alluvial lands encircling Norfolk fill the markets from Baltimore to Boston with the earliest fruit. It is unripe, and deficient in the full flavor of the strawberry; but what care the wealthy public for that? It is the first in market,—they have been a year without it,—it has somewhat of the genuine aroma,—and, ripe or unripe, they cannot refrain. Great sums are annually realized by these earliest caterers for the public palate. The hot-house process is comparatively a retail operation; but this traffic reaches to the dignity of

a great industrial enterprise, employing hundreds of hands, pouring ample freightage into the coffers of express-companies, and enriching the men by whom it is conducted. It is exclusively the offspring of Northern shrewdness, the sluggish instincts of the Southerner unfitting him for an occupation requiring incessant activity and promptness, — while its apparent littleness, the peddling of strawberries, were unworthy a race whose inheritance is cotton or tobacco.

For a few weeks these cultivators have entire possession of the Northern market. In time, however, our suns become hotter, ripening the fruits of our own fields. Then comes the rivalry among ourselves, — who shall be earliest with the best fruit; — for herein lies an important element of general success.

My berries ripened rapidly, and I knew they must be ready for picking by hearing that our neighbors were about beginning. It was a momentous day when we began. My mother and myself undertook it: for that afternoon I stayed away from the factory, as it was impossible for me to be absent from so interesting a scene. I had no idea what quantity we were to expect, though I had ransacked my agricultural library in hopes of discovering some approximate solution of this question. Crops were found to vary as unaccountably as modes of culture. One grower would obtain more fruit from a few rods of ground than another from a whole acre. These prevailing contrarieties were well calculated to make me doubtful of what my luck was to be. Hence, when we had gone over the whole half-acre, and found that we had gathered ninety quarts, I was entirely satisfied, and the more so from noticing, on a survey of the bed, that there was no perceptible diminution of the quantity remaining on the vines.

The fruit was of very superior size, for perhaps few cultivators could have bestowed more labor in keeping the ground in order; and this labor of our own hands was nearly all that the ex-

periment had cost. As I was anxious to follow the directions given by my market friend, we had a great time that evening in assorting the berries, putting them in three lots, — the very largest in one, then the next best, and the smallest in a third. They were placed in nice new baskets as assorted, so as to be handled as little as possible. These were safely stowed in a wheelbarrow, and before daybreak the next morning Fred wheeled them to market. I was with him, of course. It was my first errand, — the first fruits of my long anxiety, — my first appearance as a strawberry-girl.

The streets at that early hour were deserted and silent, for the busy multitudes were not yet stirring. No pedestrians were about but those in some way connected with the markets, whither all were repairing; nor were any vehicles moving except the market carts and wagons coming in from the adjacent country, most of them driven by women, thus early forced from home to be at their daily stands. I confess this freedom from curious public observation was not unpleasant to me. Somehow I had felt no compunction, no pride, at bearing through the streets, even at noonday, the symbol of my calling as a sewing-girl, in the shape of an unsightly bundle; but here, notwithstanding long reflection had familiarized me with what my new duties would necessarily be, yet when I came to the performance of them I felt no ambition to be publicly recognized as a strawberry-girl. My mother, who had been up to see us off, had covered each basket with a cloth, so that really it was impossible for a stranger, seeing the load I had in charge, to know whether it was work for the tailor or fruit for the market-house. I cannot account for this weakness, — why I, who had been so strong and undismayed on occasions really trying, should have been so affected on one that afforded so much reason for exultation. I have sometimes blamed my sister as the cause of this unusual nervousness. She, too, was up to aid us in getting under way, for all hearts were in the

enterprise, — and knowing that I had a nervous apprehension of our neighbors, especially of Mrs. Tetchy, and that I would prefer going without any of them seeing me, she cried out suddenly, as we came through the gate, —

“Is that Mrs. Tetchy coming after you?”

It was the veriest trifle in the world; but I was so full of what I had in hand, and so really desirous of avoiding observation in that quarter, that Jane’s pleasantry had an unusual effect upon me. I did feel a little ashamed at any of the Tetchys watching my movements; yet somehow, as we went along to market, the feeling insensibly expanded so as to apply to all others. But I have long since mastered it.

The widow was already at her accustomed stand, and had what appeared to me a plentiful supply of strawberries. But I saw directly, for I now had a quick and practised eye, that they were far inferior to mine. All sizes were mixed up together, just as they came from the vines. When I uncovered my best baskets and handed them to her, she was loud in expressions of admiration at their superior excellence. No customers were about, so in a few moments I had handed over my whole stock of ninety quarts, and Fred and I were about departing homeward, when the widow’s first customer for the day came up to the stand. We had a natural curiosity to see what would be the result, so moved back a few paces, but were still near enough to see and hear whatever might occur.

The customer was a young man of probably three or four and twenty, dressed so genteelly as particularly to attract my attention, yet, while a model of outward neatness, with not a sign of fashionable glare about him. I think it probable that his really handsome face, and the pleasant smile that played around his mouth as he approached us, had something to do in establishing him thus suddenly in my favor, apart from my anticipating him as my first customer. He glanced a moment at the strawberries, then turned and looked at me so

intently, though not at all impertinently, that I felt myself abashed and blushing. All this, however, was the sensation of but a single moment. Immediately turning again to the widow, and courteously touching his hat as he spoke to her, — a civility which was in perfect keeping with his whole demeanor, — his eye fell on my choicest berries. He seemed struck with their superiority, and was so generous in his commendation of them, that, as I heard it all, I turned my face away, as I felt the blood rushing up from my heart and covering my cheeks with deepening crimson. I did not wish him to suspect that he was buying *my* berries. He inquired of the widow where this beautiful fruit was raised, and by whom. I was in terror lest she should point to me, and was moving out of hearing of the reply, when she answered that they were raised just below the city, by a young lady.

“You surprise me, Madam. By a young lady? They are the finest I have ever seen,” he replied. “She must understand her business. I am greatly interested in such pursuits, and would like to know more about her. Will you have her fruit all through the season?”

I had turned away before he had made these remarks, and did not observe whether the idea could have occurred to him of connecting me with the lady culturist; but Fred told me, on our way home, that he directed his attention strongly to me, and, as my face was averted, surveyed me with a long and scrutinizing gaze, then raising the cover of quite a large basket which he held in his hand, caused it to be filled with my finest berries.

I did not hear the price, as the strangest thoughts that ever occupied my mind came thronging in with impetuous vehemence. I was unaccountably confused. Here was I with my first little venture surprised by the presence of my first customer, and he a gentleman whose whole outward demeanor seemed to me the embodiment of whatever might be considered agreeable in the other sex. I shrank with instinctive diffidence from having my little secret un-

folded in such a presence. It may have been mortification of spirit,—I will not, cannot say,—but somehow I was terrified lest *he* should know that I was a strawberry-girl.

But Fred was subject to no such useless compunctions, and watched and listened with eager attention. His quick ear had caught the price,—for the purchaser had not ascertained it until after his basket had been filled.

“Did you hear that?” said Fred, in a voice intended for a whisper, but which in my confusion I was sure the young gentleman had overheard. “Half a dollar a quart!”

I moved away instantly toward home, never daring to look back at either the widow or her customer, lest my eyes should encounter those of the latter, as I was sure he must have heard my brother's exclamation, and been satisfied that it was I who raised the berries he had so much admired. It was unaccountable to me that I should be so foolish. But no one, unable to correctly analyze his feelings, can at the moment account for the strange impulses which an unlooked-for emergency will send hurrying through the heart. Time and a succession of events may sometimes unlock the mystery of their origin. I am sure that it required both to solve the problem for me.

Fred trundled his barrow at my side as we returned to breakfast. He was full of exultation at our success, and even began to count up what our profits would be. We had made so capital a beginning that he was sure they must be very large. Alas! he knew little of the world except its sanguine hopes. He reasoned only from the beginning, without knowing the stumbling-blocks that might be encountered before we reached the end. But then what would this world be, if hope were banished from it? Still, though fairly estimating all these contingent disappointments, my spirits were buoyant as his own. That was apparently a short walk to our distant home, for there was abundant conversation and debate to beguile the way. My mother stood in the door-

way as we approached the house; but when Fred told her the story of the young gentleman, how he looked and behaved,—I somehow felt unable to do it,—with the crowning incident of the great basketful of berries he had purchased at half a dollar a quart, and that without even asking the price, I think I never knew my dear mother to be so delighted at any event in the quiet history of our little family. “Ah, what a happy breakfast it was that we sat down to that morning! I could not repeat the exultations expressed on all hands over my success. My mother seemed so supremely gratified at the prospect now opening before us, that her delight was a bountiful reward for me. She had never manifested so much cheerfulness since we lost our father. Fred insisted on continuing his calculations of what our profits would be; but though he brought out great results on paper, for he was remarkably expert at figures, yet, even with my constitutional enthusiasm, I refused to be unduly set up by his extravagant anticipations. It seemed with him to be as great a happiness to merely calculate the profit as it was for me to produce it.

I know that all these are very trifling matters, at least to others, and that, if the gentler hearts are kind enough to become interested in them, there must be many others that will pass them by as uneventful and dull. Yet the life that all these are living is made up of incidents, which, if they would but reflect upon them, are not more exciting. But they were great affairs to us. They developed the prominent fact, that it was possible for a woman, when favorably situated, to become a successful fruit-grower, and that a new door could be opened through which she might be emancipated from perpetual bondage to the needle, without violating the conventional proprieties of the sex. This was the problem which my imperfect labors were solving for us. All aspirants may not be required to pass through the same experience, while some may be compelled to encounter even a greater diversity than I did.

Thus far my first day's picking had been very encouraging. As in a great city there are a thousand daily wants, so thousands are kept continually employed in ministering to them. When the supply of strawberries begins, the public require it to be maintained. The picking of the day is mostly eaten up before bedtime, and hence the grower must gather daily reinforcements from his vines to meet the public demand. The fruit ripens with a continuous rapidity. The hot sun of a cloudless day brings it to perfection with wonderful uniformity, while the wet and cloudy one retards and injures it. Besides, the price is gradually declining as neighboring growers crowd their products into market; hence it is imperative to pick daily while the price is up, so as to secure the highest return for the longest period. Perfect ripeness no one waits for. The consumer never secures it, because his impatient appetite stimulates the grower to furnish him with fruit which, though tinged with redness, is far from being ripe. Color alone, not flavor, is the guide; for the public taste is not yet sufficiently educated to detect the great difference between an unripe and a ripe strawberry.

I soon learned these peculiarities of my new calling, and hence picked over my beds with daily regularity. As color, not ripeness, was all the public cared for, we carried much immature fruit to market, — though no doubt we lost in bulk by thus picking before it had grown to its full size. The second day we took forty quarts to the widow, and received for the preceding day's consignment nearly forty dollars. It was less than Fred had figured up, but we were, all of us, satisfied. Our care in assorting the fruit had secured for it the highest market price, while the widow was so lavish in her commendation, as well as so full of encouragement to me for what I was doing, that the satisfaction of dealing with her was almost equal to that which attended my success: indeed, I think her kind words went far towards securing it. One day she spoke to me of the young gentleman, my first cus-

tommer, who, she reminded me, had praised my fruit so highly and bought so liberally. I am sure my cheeks colored as she recalled a circumstance which I had by no means forgotten; but as there were many buyers round her stand, I knew she would not notice it. Though I went at daybreak every morning with my brother to deliver fruit, yet I never met him there but once again. Still, she said, he was as punctual as myself, only coming a little later, buying my berries, always asking if they were the same young lady's fruit, and when told that they were, taking them without inquiring the price. But I never understood why she related these little incidents to me, unless it was to show me how quickly my works had become popular. It may be that her heart melted with sympathetic tenderness toward me; for I had told her all about my condition as a sewing-girl, my hopes, my efforts, my longing to be able to lay down the needle for something that would be less exacting while equally remunerative. She, too, had been a drudge of the slop-shops, and thus understanding all that I might feel, or suffer, or hope for, it was natural that she should enter with interest into my novel enterprise.

Thus my mother and I continued to gather fruit from our little half-acre during the whole of the strawberry-season. I was away from the factory for many afternoons to assist in picking and assorting. I think no miser could have counted his gold more lovingly than we did our gains, when summing up, day by day, the yield of our miniature plantation. There were several afternoons, at the height of the season, when the product ran up surprisingly. There seemed to be a general competition among the berries as to which should ripen first. They enlarged in size, putting on a crimson corpulency into which the sunbeams infused a sweetened juiciness which is the peculiar charm of the perfectly ripened fruit. This was in the hottest days of June, which, in spite of an ample sun-bonnet, tanned me into a perfect brunette. Af-

ter the general ripening, the quantity picked began to decline, and the remainder was of smaller size. The price, also, fell off; but then, while the fruit was abundant, we had secured the highest rates, so that the declining prices affected only a diminishing quantity. Hitherto we had treated ourselves to none of the best fruit, but had reserved for home consumption only such as we considered unfit for market. As in former times, we thought ourselves too poor now to eat even our own strawberries. Every quart that we should thus consume would be an average loss of thirty cents. I was sure they were not costing us anything like that, and it seemed a positive hardship to be thus kept to such rigorous self-denial. But we held out until the price declined as the quality depreciated, and then, when we knew the sacrifice was trifling, there was a unanimous and abundant indulgence in this delicious fruit. I think it tasted even sweeter than when it was selling at half a dollar. My mother was sure that not half the sugar was required to make it palatable, and we all agreed that in point of flavor it was quite unexceptionable. I feel certain that none of *that* crop was lost. Thus our domestic strawberry-season began only when that of the outer world had passed away; but though late in entering upon it, it may be set down as certain that none enjoyed it with a higher relish than ourselves.

As Fred was wonderfully exact in keeping accounts, he was ready to tell us, the moment our last picking had been made, how much our half-acre had produced. I sometimes thought it a sort of useless trouble, however, this keeping an account, because every one of the family seemed to have the figures

by heart from the very day when the first picking occurred. They were talked over so often at table, that we all remembered what they were, nor was there any difficulty in our carrying forward the sum-total from day to day, as the amount ran up after each successive picking. What had we to remember that was half so interesting as this? But as what the sum-total would be was gradually becoming manifest, Fred was compelled to come down from the magnificent calculations as to profit with which he had set out. He had insisted that we were to get the same high prices all through the season, not reflecting that we had many competitors, nor that, though our early pickings were really very superior, yet there must necessarily be many that would be quite otherwise. Still, his persistency had had its effect on all of us; nor was it until we got half way down the column of our daily receipts, and noticed the perceptibly diminishing figures, that we were thoroughly undeceived. As I had never been over-sanguine, I was not greatly disappointed. My study had been to ascertain whether it was possible for a family of inexperienced sewing-women to produce strawberries for market at a fair profit, the whole labor to be performed by themselves. If our first effort were tolerably successful, I was sure we could do better the next time, as successful horticulturists are not born, but made. Well, the result was, that we had produced a little over four hundred quarts, of which the widow had sold enough to bring us a hundred and thirty dollars, after deducting her commission. It was not much, I confess, but it was a beginning that fully satisfied me. Our half-acre had never before yielded so large a profit.

THE WILLOW.

O WILLOW, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome redbreast folds his wing
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest bluebirds sing,
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sparrow trills his wedding song
And trusts his tender brood to you;
Fair flowering vines, the summer long,
With clasp and kiss your beauty woo.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair,
The breeze makes love to you at night,—
Yet still you droop, and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers' lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.

But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or Summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or Autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

MY SECOND CAPTURE.

THE Adjutant T—and myself, not inexperienced in battles, though, perhaps, like most Americans, infants in warfare, were captured in September last, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Nature's noble art-gallery, on the west side of Opequan Creek, a stream that is a picture at almost any point. In one of the gallant charges which our eager cavalry, under General Sheridan, made before the great charge that captured Winchester and the Valley, our regiment had the right, and gained a fine position in the end. But two or three encounters were very close. The sea of battle surged back and forth, tormented only, however, by the mild breezes of a day like May; and as the waves of our army withdrew from the ridge on which the enemy rested, to gain greater impetus, my poor horse was shot under me, stranded, and left rolling upon the ground, midway between friend and foe. The orderly, my attendant, had another in the rear of the retreating column; but, inasmuch as that was now swept by the swift-receding current far beyond us, he could neither have me mounted nor command other present means whereby to get me off. I reclined, like Adonis, upon a soft bed of meadow-grass studded here and there with wild-flowers, an emerald velvet with silver spangles,—but suffering, unlike him, from bruises, and with my best soulless friend dead at my side. I was somewhat sprained by the fall the dying beast had given me. The enemy was close at hand, following with yells and chaotic eagerness upon our troops.

"We'll take a march to Libby," said my orderly, dropping on his knees to feel my bones.

He drew his arm through his rein, (having had no idea of deserting me in his sound health by the aid of his ready animal,) and continued his examination; whilst his sturdy favorite chopped the short grass within reach of his breathing

hitching-post as closely as his long bit would allow. In a very few moments the Rebel foam was surging like wild beyond us,—a private pausing at me for a second, to poke me in the ribs with his piece.

"There 's life there, Grayback," growled my attendant; and the Rebel ordered us to the rear.

Indeed, had we remained where we were, we would soon have been in the rear, so impetuously did the foe sweep by us. But private soldiers, the potent keystones of the Rebel arch, built to crush the voice of the many, command the Southern armies in every great engagement; and one of these important atoms had given us our hint to move. You never see anything but the rank and file in the heart of a Rebel corps. Our new commander mounted my orderly's horse, and soon was lost in the distance.

It is not, I have found, a very diverting entertainment to wander free a few moments (a free prisoner) in search of some authority, out of the myriads who have the opportunity, who shall choose to take charge of one. I felt peculiarly as I stood irresolute, now framing one thought, now another, casting about in my mind, weighing the odds with no light fancy-scales, which of the rushing demons on all sides would draw up before me with a curse, and command me to follow him. Our regiment, our corps, our whole army, (this last had not left its works for the little fight,) were far in the distance now; and the ground on which I stood, and which but a short time since was tramped by Northern troops, had, in the mutations of war, become a portion of the Rebel dominions. The September sun shone brightly through the white fleece of the cloud-swans swimming in the morning air; and the early spring breeze that I have mentioned—for Æolus had given freedom to but a tender dove-zephyr—played with the silk fringe of the meadow

grass, finding no olive-branch here, venturing its ripple, with the audacity of innocence, under the very heels of the contending forces. Possibly the feeling of loneliness which overwhelms a man at such a time as this is the most acute of all his feelings. I looked my orderly in the face as he supported me on his shoulder. He was gazing coolly before him.

"If we have to march soon, you had better rest," he said, deliberately. "There 's a tree you can sit under. And if you have money or a watch, you had better hide them in your arm-pits."

We went to the tree, and set ourselves against it.

The fresh air that brushed by us, like fine steel points, relieved me of my oozing faintness, and in the ease of my circumstances I could attend somewhat to my bruises. With the aid of my canteen, I relaxed the strained muscles. It was my desire to have my loins girt about and my limbs in good order for the foot-journey that I doubted not was before us. They would march us to Gordonsville, and thence to Libby, carrying us through in an incredibly short time, and without boots at that. I had two objects to labor for, as I began to get myself into condition: first, to be taken in charge by an officer; and then—to escape from him that night, whilst the train was in disorder. I was of opinion that my companion, a taciturn machine, who labored, like the miners, well with his little light, had some such plan of his own, as I saw him buckling his belt beneath his trousers. He was stowing away his watch and a photograph,—which every soldier must have, of some poor maid or other who toils in the shades of obscurity at home,—and making himself ready for a run at any favorable moment. I thought that I would sound him.

"You had better do it, orderly, soon in the day," I said; "since the enemy will march you between two files, and you will then have but little chance."

"So I think," he replied. "I thought no time better than now. But then"—

"But what?" I asked.

"Well, it 's rather hard to leave you here. What with your sprain, and your blow on the head, you 're pretty sure to halt at Libby."

I had no chance to answer, for the Rebel was before me who was to have the honor of my capture.

He was of the flabby white-flesh species of the genus Rebel, a Quaker scarecrow with matty locks, that many of my brethren in arms have met; harmless in units, but ponderous, as even scarecrows will be, if hurled back and forth in thousands, swarms; lank, cadaverous, and whining; snuff-chewing, and grossly filthy, even under the best of circumstances. His flesh was set dough, and his hair was long and yellow. He spoke through the dirty causeway of his nose. The road-dust and drab of his uniform, so called in satire, have often been described. These gentlemen's faces, to me, who incline to an intelligent expression on the human index, look like tallow-vats or nursery-suet, pliable and swill-fed; and their mien and carriage have never impressed me favorably. I had seen them rush with a wild yell, an army like the Paris mob of intoxicated rags, upon our Gibraltar at Gettysburg; and had myself charged upon their Attila-works (behind which they had their household gods piled up and ready for burning) at Fredericksburg. I had even taken a ball from one of them in the shoulder, whilst skirmishing, in the shiftings of my experience; and they had before had the honor of my capture, in sunny, grape-growing Maryland. Perhaps all these scenes passed in panorama before my mind's eye, as I rose to my captor and eyed his dirty linen. Here was an indignity, indeed. My soul revolted at the thought of a journey southward, and all my instincts warned me against so dire an undertaking. I stood before the Rebel with my determination in my eye.

"A couple of Yanks, lolling under a tree," he screamed to his companions, pointing the finger, and garnishing his speech, in Rebel manner, with an oath.

"P'rhaps you thought you were off," he chuckled.

He was "goin'" to take us to the "Gen'ral." He muttered more oaths with his orders, and directed us to be "right smart," and to "git."

I glanced at my orderly, who was inaugurating an onset upon the weaker side of this mean battery, or ditch-work, —and who evidently counted upon effecting a breach by rapid, electric charges, —by handing over his pistol. It was freely offered, before demanded, and the recipient took it in silence. He then drew out his tobacco, a treasure with which, I well knew, he would not willingly part, and which was the little ewe-lamb of his unjewelled life, —which, also, was taken quickly, but under a nod of acknowledgments from the Rebel. The battery was shaken, but, in truth, continued to draw fire. "Give me your boots," said the critical captor, and the orderly knocked off his leathers in the best good-humor in the world. When we had walked a little farther, the orderly, now marching as the Moslems do on holy ground, asked our guide if he had any grub about him; and accepted a piece of pork. There was a variety of viands in the haversack from which this fragment came, — both pork and bacon, —but the fire-eaters, I have noticed, always prefer the latter meat. I divined at once that my orderly was laying in stores for a solitary tramp, and making a raven in this, to him, strange desert, of the ill-omened bird that had pounced upon us. He would conciliate his enemy, and when the latter was growing careless he would spring into some woods. The pork, with the berries to be found there, would sustain him after he had broken leash, —and would be all that he would eat, no doubt, in the course of two or three suns.

We noticed a great stir on all sides of us, converging streams of stragglers, wounded men, and prisoners, as we made our way, scattering grasshoppers, over the fields, and soon mingled with the throng of troops on the open road to Winchester. It was about three miles

from this town that our capture had taken place; and from the immense wagon-trains rumbling along with us, and the excited manner of their officers, I augured not as well for the Rebel cause. Perhaps Fortune had altered her humor, and the white eagles of victory had settled with the opposite side. Other parties of Union prisoners journeyed with us, and through the urgent manner of their guards I thought I could discern a sunlit loop-hole to freedom. In five minutes' time I was assured that the Rebels were preparing to retreat. Their six-horse teams were rushing to the rear, and their outlying bodies of cavalry were being hurriedly dispatched the other way. My mind was very busy upon the new aspect of affairs.

The last I saw of my orderly was when he had divested himself of the workman's incumbrance, —his coat, —and was tramping, bootless, haltingly along in the dustiest part of the road. He had conciliated his watchman into almost indifference, and was spreading himself with the sand, (tossed knee-high in little clouds by his feet,) having then become quite a Rebel in looks. In five minutes I turned upon him; but he had fallen out of the squad. I have never seen him since.

My own plans would keep me in the Rebel lines some hours longer. It was my object to escape; but I had already decided upon the evening, when darkness, and, I hoped, rain, would settle down upon us. I indulged a hasty prayer in behalf of the vanished man, and durst not more than snatch a look at where he should have been, lest the guard should miss him also. At one mile beyond Winchester, which town we had avoided by a branching road, we came to the office of the provost marshal, a very humble shell-work; and those of us who wore shoulder-straps were hustled into his presence. He stood, the central figure in a dun picture, in an atmosphere of smoke, a dirty-looking Georgian in flying coat and high-boots. With hands in pocket he surveyed the objects brought before him, concisely delivering his orders over the

stem of his teeth-clasped pipe. His clerk was at a table near, on which lay the papers of his office; and the splintered rafters behind him made the background to a cabinet-picture that should have been done in chocolate.

We were placed in charge of a rather mild-looking officer, who wore his rank upon his sleeve in so elegantly twisted a knot that I could not make out his degree, and who had on a brand-new riding-jacket, of a dark blue, to which the sleeve was attached, adorned with the staff-buttons of our army. It was his duty to command the guard that drove the captives of the Rebel hosts, in which safe branch of the service, as I afterwards learned, he had been engaged since '62. No doubt his many opportunities for demanding what he wanted, and for seizing, like Ahab, what was denied him, had furnished alike the jacket and the buttons; and were it not for his placid countenance, I should have fathered his entire outfit upon the Yankees,—as having fallen to his shoulders by the same easy process. He was directed to drive us to the road at once, and to keep his herd in motion all the time. Hurried orders had come from head-quarters, that set all the small bees about this lesser hive in a whirl of confused labors, whereby our departure was delayed for some moments. The provost-marshal's clerk was even then packing up his rattling desk, pigeon-holing papers that would hatch knotty questions in the coop, and making due preparation for the departure of the Georgian magnate himself. I observed that their army-wagons kept trailing southward, like chalk vertebræ, in an unbroken string, and promised for a long while yet to obstruct the road. It was growing a little cloudy, too. It was now three hours after noon, and I hoped nervously for a sullen night.

Just before we set out on our melancholy march, I saw a man make a move towards me, and hastily clap one finger across his firm lips. It was the Adjutant T—, of whom I have spoken, and who did not wish me to recognize him. It was his object to approach me,

and to walk as a stranger at my side, so that the guards should not part us,—and, I knew at once, to speak of a project common to both. The old stories of our camp-fires had flitted across his mind, and had blanched his cheek since morning. His blood was just thawing as he signalled me. I took no notice of him till after we had started, a company of men with bent brows, and he had marched on my right some forty rods. I then muttered slowly, "Speak little, and to the point"; whereat he waved his hand. It was singular and sad to ignore thus an old companion in the very hour of need, when surely a bitterness hung upon our souls that more than ever required balm. We were, perforce, to play the stranger, when at no time in life did we more thirst for the tender friend. Doubtless, our hopes of escape depended much upon each other; and we could but communicate those plans in insufficient monosyllables, which, if misunderstood, would lead to disaster. If ever plentiful words, in great ear-measures, are pardonable, it is at such moments as this,—when even half-words—diamonds flashing betrayal—are imprudent. The Adjutant edged a little closer.

"Before dark, or after?" he asked.

To which I replied, —

"After."

He gradually glided away from me, and for some time marched at the other side of the column.

I had noticed that he was walking without his jacket. The guards were accosting the officers in their neighborhood, and had taken his among other vestments. Most of the party of sad victims were well peeled ere their melancholy was an hour older. A rough boor turned to me and demanded my gauntlets. A basilisk fire shone through his eyes, and the breath which he blew through the grating of his teeth, over his thin, livid lips, and into my face, was freighted heavily with the fumes of whiskey. When I made bold to refuse him, he was dumbfounded in astonishment, and was pleased to compress his jaws.

"You d—d Yankee!" he screamed,

profanely, red with the inspiration of his anger, "if you don't give me your gauntlets, I'll tear your hands from your body."

There was enough energy in his action to have guaranteed even a more vehement manoeuvre; and as he made his threat, he raised his arm above me. But I had it in my mind to see myself through the affair in the course that I had chosen; and having noticed our mild officer a few paces in the rear of us, mounted upon his horse, and placidly sitting with his hand upon the pommel, I turned to him at once.

"If you will do me the favor, Sir," I said, with some gravity of manner, "I would like you to accept my gauntlets,—a new pair from the box, that has only seen this day's work."

"They've had an unlucky birthday," he said, not inaptly, and rather courteously, as he took them.

"Yes, my gloves heretofore have all been spoiled by the sabre," I replied, keeping step with his charger. "I don't know but that you have to thank a drunken guard for the pair, Sir; since he threatened to kill me, if I kept them on my hands."

He gave a hasty look for his orderly.

"Point out the man, if you can, Sir," he said to me, and beckoned a trooper to his side.

"I am obliged to you for your interference," I answered. "The man marches third on the left there, and has his piece slung behind him. I hope that some day, Sir, I may do you a favor."

A sense of humor, for which I must be grateful, considering the sombre dejection of my marching mates, filled my breast as I thanked him for putting one under guard for attempting (drunk) what he himself so soberly accomplished,—the capture of my buckskins. He kept the gauntlets very willingly, and ordered a sergeant to accompany me. But there was generosity and magnificence in his action; the acquisition, per duress, of others' property was a daily habit with him,—and to have a sergeant for a guard was a considerable favor.

It was my desire to cultivate the Ser-

geant thus cast within my reach, who otherwise might be a marplot, and who had good of some sort in him, I judged from his appearance; although, as with his kind, it was evidently very barren winter in his purse, and his summer clothes were apparently too open. His butternut jacket, a poor tweed with a cotton filling, was clasped about his throat with a shred of twine, flying away thence loosely, showing a dirty cotton shirt beneath, and the rough edge of the waistband of his pantaloons. The material of which these last were made was a very impressible jean, and marked the number of his journeys, could one but decipher them, in stains and intricate creases. He had the same face of lifeless suet, and the yellow hair, that I have noticed as very prevalent in the Rebel armies,—but withal an elasticity of carriage that seemed too honest for the cause, an almost openness of countenance, a cast of features tending towards amiability, which imbued me with a trembling hope. I had designs upon the Sergeant, and intended opening upon him with rhetoric, after, perhaps, some amicable skirmishing. His detail to guard my person was a compliment to me which only the initiated—those who have made the same journey—can appreciate. The young provost-officer with the sleeve-knots desired to offer me a delicate attention in return for my hand-furniture, and, perhaps, to impress me in some sort with his sense of right, even though he was of so wrong-headed a company. What a dainty, dew-sipping bunch of violets would be to conscious beauty,—what a quaint volume of old matter, dust-breeding and crumbling, would be to the blinking scholar,—what refined gold, or gold ore, or gold stamped in the mint, would be to a Wall-Street broker,—was this sergeant to myself. He was the gift of a royal potentate who stood not upon little matters. There was no calculation in the largess. I was to have the entire sergeant as all my own. We fell a rod behind the officer, and trudged evenly along.

Although big with an evil design, I

did not intend to address my companion at once. The monotony of my walk, as I had at present nought else to think of, I allowed to engage a number of my thoughts. I hazarded conjectures upon many idle points, as my narrative will show. I fell to watching my feet, and to placing them, as far as practicable, directly in the footmarks of him who marched before me, instituting a sort of comparison between our soles, finding his smaller than mine, as, behind his back, I ventured upon his measure. I watched the ruts in the road, made by the wagons in advance of us, and wondered if those behind us had axletrees as wide to an inch,—as they would have, if made by the same contractor;—in which case, I mused, it is just possible the coming train may move in this same rut. It seemed, then, a comfortable sort of place. I saw the clouds of dust that had been provoked into rising in anger and rolling away sullenly many a day that weary summer, and that almost buried the wretched company in which we journeyed, hover heavily above the road-side, and choke the pretty weeds blooming there, by way of a mean revenge upon its human tormentors. Thereupon I envied the blue things, not their incubus, but their insignificance: for neither artillery, nor camp wagon, nor passing prisoner was aught to them. I wondered what each man here would say, if each man could tell his thoughts. Primarily, I was convinced, each captive would declare himself sick at heart: that is the only expression which will convey the sinking feeling. Once I heard a bird sing gayly a clear-throated song from a clump of trees; at which my heart grew sick also, to render me as miserable as the rest.

My mind reverted to the Adjutant T—, of the manner of whose capture I knew nothing, and whom I had left that morning in camp, as the regiment set out for the fight. I doubted not but that he would be with me in a moment, to throw another mild projectile, a half-sentence, at me. I had myself a catechism of one question with which

to greet him. As some little parley might be necessary between us, which could not go on without the consent of our guardian, I concluded that then was the time to throw a sop to my sergeant. I turned coolly upon him.

"We are marching rather briskly, are we not, Sergeant?" I said, endeavoring to insinuate the independence of unconcern in my bearing.

"Wal,—right smart," he replied.

"I cannot tell by your uniform," I continued, with a half-smile, for the fellow was all beggar's rags and patches, "whether you are in the cavalry or not; but a pair of spurs, at any rate, may not come amiss to you,—and I can have no use for mine for some time yet. They don't allow us, I believe, to kick one another in Libby?"

I took my long spurs from my boots, like fringe from my heart-strings, (of which the officer had directed my sergeant to allow no one to deprive me,—the boots, not the heart-strings, they being inaccessible: I would, possibly, not lose those till I arrived in Richmond,) and handed them over to him.

"I 'm of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry," he said, "but do right smart duty on horseback" (he liked the steel). "I 'm detailed to the provost marshal. They do treat a fellow rather hard down there."

I augured ever so much good from the Sergeant's "do," upon which there was an emphasis.

"Were you ever a prisoner, Sergeant?" I asked, always careful to bestow his title.

"Once," he said, laconically.

"Well! it 's all one in the end," I said, carelessly turning from him, to show that I had no desire for the conversation, if he did not relish it. "You have a chance now to give me the devil of a time, in revenge for your treatment among my friends. 'T is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

My sang-froid had the savor of a good pickle. It was a very peculiar turn to give the affair, I must own; but I saw that the Sergeant was struck by it. Possibly, that one was my best stroke

of the day. I have, at any rate, ever since deemed it so.

I walked along as before, speculating, not lightly, upon the dejected belongings about me, who marched, spectre-fashion, in the dust, like the unhappy (would-be) crew on the shores of the Styx, trying to appease Charon. They never would be at rest till he ferried them over to the shades of the world of death,—or (what to them seemed impossible) till they were remanded back to life among the loved ones of their race. I remember particularly one trifle of this momentous march, that threatened towards night to gnaw into my very brain-tissues. Soldiers, it is known, are not over-careful in their dress, when in daily action in the field, nor have they time to grow fastidious during the fighting summer months. They then, perforce, disregard tapes with a loftier indifference to appearances than that which distinguishes the noble cynic of the world. But officers generally use tapes about their ankles (perhaps to keep some garment in place immediately upon the stocking); and I have known them myself, for prudence' sake, to tie them in hard knots. A poor limping lieutenant, a little to the left, and some ten feet in advance of me, had not adopted this precaution, and now, consequently, more as a punishment to me than to him, one of his nursery ties had come undone, and was trailing after his foot in shadow-like persistency. I had here a world of torture in a nutshell. When, unluckily, my eyes fastened upon this appendage, I could not keep them from it. It fascinated me with more than the juggler's success upon the serpent. I fell to conjecturing how long the affair might be,—if four inches or five; and pondered the allowance to be made in the calculation by reason of the man's distance; merging this view of the matter in another, as I watched his heel touch the ground, and noted the time which elapsed between that and the jumping forward of the foot, with the string, ever faithful, behind it. I conjectured how much dust the tape took up at each step, and

wondered, if, in a long march, merely by accretion thereof, the end of it would not be a sort of dirt-coil, perhaps a tenth of an inch in diameter,—soaring higher, too, in my delirium of nervousness, till I could imagine the incalculable increase in size which would be insured, should the lieutenant step into a puddle, and get the thing all wet: he would wear a sand rope for ankle-fetter, upon entering Richmond.

But the most provoking of all the phases to which my humor was reduced, and which my dilapidated body had to submit to, by means of this tape, was the almost irresistible desire to spring lightly forward, and to catch the thing beneath my toe. It invoked me to all sorts of gymnastic efforts. The impulse racked my breast, and set up an argument against every reason in favor of a jog-trotting march for the balance of the daylight. I surveyed the poor lieutenant from head to foot, and pictured to myself his surprise, should he find himself hitched to the ground. He would turn, I thought, with open, questioning eyes, and perhaps look flushed by the accident. He might only hop a step farther on, and trust to my not again overreaching him. He might, impelled by the influence that tormented me, fall behind me. I had an unwavering conviction that that tape would never be removed,—and that, consequently, in some way, the lieutenant, who played guide to it, would be my haunting demon all the weary hours of my march.

Soon after I had conferred my tart speech upon the Sergeant, and had so sealed my failure to gain his grace in behalf of my friend and myself, the Adjutant was at my side. A hale, hearty, well-made man, unperturbed usually, he was now almost another person than himself. I thought I knew what causes produced the pallor on his face and the quiver about the loose-hanging underlip. The good fellow had had in his jacket (before it was stolen) the leave-of-absence which was to have carried him home to be married, and he was to have availed himself of it in a week.

Perhaps the thought of his lady gave him the woebegone expression. All sorts of sweet dreams, that had illumined his life for months, and filled up the wide chinks of camp monotony, were now quite bitterly ended, — capped by the reality worse than the dream which is called nightmare. His smiling eyes were hooded only a little sooner than were those milder ones at home, no doubt under traced eyebrows and with far finer lashes. The marriage, perforce, was put off. The view of home was put off. Perhaps the Adjutant's solemn quietus, like an extinguisher of the light of his and his sweetheart's hopes, would drop upon him in loathsome Libby, and cancel the leave forever. This, being the weightier thought, was evidently bearing upon his mind.

I had resolved, in a business way, upon two points, — perchance brought to my decision through some such tender passage as the above: first, that, as we could not escape from the lines together, he must take the earlier, because, as in mortgages, the better risk; and second, that if he did not answer in a satisfactory manner the one question that I had kept for some time uppermost in my brain to propound to him, he must pocket my North Star.

"Have you a compass?" I muttered, as he edged by me.

"No," he replied.

My second resolution, then, was, that he should carry my compass.

"I've been robbed of everything," he said.

"Take — my — compass — quick!"

I returned, and pressed it into his hand.

He was not as good an astronomer as I. He looked a hurried remonstrance at me; but was obliged to hide it at once, and could not, I knew, waste any eloquence now. Although, moreover, he was a lover, Nature had never endowed him with the art of speaking through the eye. There were stronger reasons in favor of his escape than of mine, — worldly, if not spiritual, — and he suffered from a dangerous nervous-

ness, in dwelling upon the magnitude of the issue before him, which was not in my way.

"It is now five," I said; "at seven, if in such woods as this, you must watch your chance and double."

"Which way?" he asked.

"Travel north-northeast, seven miles," I whispered.

Then, as if anxious to burst into a flood of eager words, he began, —

"But you" —

I looked at him fixedly, and moved off towards my Sergeant. That cursed tape before me now again made a twist in my brain.

I was astonished at my Sergeant's opening a conversation.

We were travelling (wearily enough) through a piece of woods, overarching and autumn-tinted, the road being cut down, and, consequently, either side of it walled in by upheaving embankments, green-covered and yellow-fringed, over which the declining sun could not dart its rays upon us. The heavy trains of the entire army were making the march along with us, disturbing the modest influences of the spot, — some trundling forward in the van, others toiling after in our rear, the tending angels of all being drowsy, in the shape of the lazy teamsters astride their beasts. Only that peculiar music, made up of the ponderous *thud* (the birds had all grown still) or tramp of the men for a bass, — of the clink and clatter of the canteens for a treble, — and of a little broken conversation, in the whining, drawling tones of the guard, on their own side of the lines, and so with no quieting weight upon their tongues, for a *viva-voce* accompaniment, — broke the sweet summer stillness. The shafts of sunlight bridging the road above our heads, making a golden ether-plank for the air-insects to cross upon, and lighting up the veins in the trembling leaves as the breeze put them to confusion, set me to thinking of the eyebrows that the Adjutant was engaged to, and, no doubt, of eyebrows in general. A cool air, smelling of mould and fallen leaves, perhaps a little damp, fell upon us here.

The charms of Nature may have loosened the Sergeant's tongue.

"I was captured in Mar'land," he began, looking straight before him, but of course honoring me with his address.

I was grateful to him, a little for companionship's sake, but chiefly for here giving me a chance that I had hoped for, as I deemed it of considerable value,—I mean, a chance to dig down to the mine of good feeling, to the heart of this gray-covered, slumbering crater, that, an hour since, had thrust out that "do"; and also, I was beholden to him for taking my thoughts from the tape.

"How did our boys treat you?" I asked.

"Very fair," he said quickly, with a faint Judas-start, as if it were a matter of conscience, and he had now twitched it out. "They done well by me."

Here was good fortune, indeed! The mine, with all its riches, mine without any digging.

"I am glad of it," I said, briefly; for I saw that laconics were his jewels, perhaps from a sense of expediency as well as of beauty. "We always try to treat you well, whenever we are not firing our guns at you."

This he acknowledged with a nod, but without turning from his look directly front.

"I lay two months in hosp't'l," he began again,— "in Fred'r'k, in Mar'land. I was wounded in the hip."

"In '62, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes,—at Boonsboro'."

Here the conversation ended as suddenly as it had opened. It was very clear that the Sergeant had said his last word for some time. But I was convinced in my own mind that at length more good would fall to my lot.

He pondered the matter some ten minutes, and then quite overwhelmed me with his story.

"One of your boys," he began, "lay wounded by me on the field,—of a ball in the lungs,—and wanted some water. Whenever he spoke, he threw out blood, and was n't likely to live, nohow. I said,—

"'Yank, will you take my tin?'—for there was a drop in it yet, and I rolled on my side and gave it him.

"'I am goin' to die,' he said.

"'Yes,' says I.

"'They 'll treat you well,' he said; 'they 'll carry you to the hosp't'l, and I hope you 'll live to git home.'

"'Thank you,' says I.

"He gave me some 'baccy and a roll of money.

"'The paymaster's been about, and he gave me more 'n I want now. You 'll want 'baccy in hosp't'l,—you 'll want it all,' he said.

"And he run over in blood and died. He gave me right smart of money. I rolled away from him when he died, and they took me to hosp't'l."

The Sergeant paused for my comment.

Under my peculiar circumstances, I was very much touched by this story.

"Poor fellow! many such a one has gone to his account," I said, sadly.

"And I want to give back some of the money to you," said the Sergeant.

I looked at him in astonishment.

"You 'll want it down there, as much as you can git. I have no need of it. It a'n't mine. It's his'n."

The Sergeant had evidently taken it in trust.

"What claim have I to it?" I asked.

"Any poor fellow's got a claim to it. It's meant to help poor fellows, that money is. It's a dead man's work."

I was more than ever touched now, in the presence of the wealth of this mine which I had tapped.

"I will take some of it, Sergeant," I replied; "and I shall do my best to use it as well as you have."

(This incident, strange to say, in its display of human purity, almost tempted me to abandon my scheme of escape, and to go with the Sergeant down to Richmond. But he was no measure of his fellows.)

After that we chatted easily off and on, and had a feeling of confidence in each other which a two or three days' march could not alone have created.

At about half after six that night, (I had made the Sergeant take my watch, which otherwise I should surely be robbed of, I told him; and he gave me the time,)—at about half after six, two officers came riding furiously up to our mild officer and kept along with him for a while, making three dim figures above our heads (they only were mounted) in the forest shades, in place of the one that, unlike the erl-king, had continued on his way harmlessly from our outset. Their consultation over, the two strangers dashed over snapping weeds and underbrush to the command on ahead, and our mild officer ordered our column (of prisoners) to halt. We were in the woods still, but we had emerged from between those sun-spanned embankments some time since. The ground was ill chosen by our gentle ruler, but he may have depended much upon his men, whose vigilance, no doubt, he had before tried in the fall of day. They seemed to me but a handful, and only a sieve for their charge to dribble through, the latter aided by the time and place in their work of dropping off. I drew closer to the Adjutant.

"Say what you have to say for home, in case we miss," I said,—and in the confusion of the halt I could talk rather freely. "Your time has come now."

"You will write, if I'm not heard from,—and—my love to my"—he gurgled.

"Yes, yes," I said, cheerily. "All right, old fellow,—we'll both laugh over this, some day."

I gave him a moment.

"You'll do me the same favor, if I don't happen to turn up," I said; and we seized each other's hands. "You have the compass,—you know the way. There is nothing more, I believe, Ned?" I said, hastily, and looked into his eyes.

"I shall watch my chance as the wagons pass; there is nothing more," he replied; and we parted immediately.

It was as if we had agreed to toss pennies for the guillotine. I had no time to think further of him, for my own plans were maturing.

It was soon whispered about that we were to let the trains get ahead of us, since it was necessary that they should move faster; and the Rebel authorities, I presume, had decided to save their transportation, at the risk even of their captives. One or other, then, it seemed likely, would be taken. The Yankees were driving us before them, having reversed the fortunes of the day, and, perhaps, might liberate the prisoners who so impeded this retreat. We stood, I presume, for half an hour, drawn up in a compressed mass upon the skirt of the highway, whilst, startled by fear, a powerful task-master over teamsters, the late drowsy drivers urged forward their toil-worn trains. It was seasonable, but I believed that my time had not yet come. The deep shades encouraged me, but I awaited the hour that I had hit upon. I thought for a moment of the Adjutant, perhaps then ducking his head beneath the bushes, and watching, with his heart beating time, the heavy mass by degrees moving on. I trusted that the wheel of Fortune, whilst these other wheels were moving Rebelward, had turned in his favor.

At a little after seven we again fell into line, not having allowed all the teams to pass us; and as the same Fortune would have it, we left the woods behind us, and marched between open meadows. It had now grown quite dark. My face wore a look of anxiety as I noted the wide stretch of open field beyond me.

But there were as anxious faces as mine among the groups of Rebel officers who rode slowly along the lines. This was the chill season of perturbation to the hot-blooded gentlemen. Some communications were passing rapidly between the commander of our detachment and the commander of the army. Things were not working satisfactorily to either. Orderlies were dispatched to the front and to the rear, and the air-blasting bugle was sounded on ahead, as if to chide the teamsters. When we had marched up an ascent, and were on the brow of a low ridge, we were halted,

and then turned into an open field. It was decided, apparently, that the rest of the train should pass us.

No doubt I should here have all the graces of a ready pen at my beck, honey-dipped, or Vulcan-forged, in accordance with my humor, whether sad or harsh, in making up the climax of my account; for at this spot the good writer would be most impressive in his language, and set the reader in a tremble. We waited for seventy minutes in this road-side field, the prisoners resignedly huddling together, with the callous guards making a circle about them. Let me enlarge upon our circumstances. The time, about eight o'clock; the atmosphere thick and murky; the sky overcast, promising a warm September night. I asked the Sergeant if it would rain, and said carelessly some other trifles. I feigned an excess of sleepiness. Our detachment lay some thirty yards from the highway, spread into a thin line of no evenness, running parallel with the road, which, in the gloom, our eyes could scarcely find. The exigencies of the service had proved the ruin of the fences; and only here and there in the vague darkness could one make out the black bunch of a shadowy tree. Just beyond us—for my Sergeant and myself stood at the rear extremity, the land's-end of this shoal of prisoners, outside of the ring of guards sparsely posted, on the very top of the ridge which we had ascended—was a low clump of bushes, (perhaps neck-high,) squat and opaque, with much the appearance of a ball of garden boxwood. The hill, I thought, rolled away on either side,—taking some comfort to myself in the conjecture; and the inky leaf-globe, only a little more sombre than its background, could not be seen in a hasty glance. This clump, in its innocent blackness, would cover my purposed guilt; and I resolved to confide to it alone the secret crime of my attempted escape.

But there were calculations to be made, which I set about with the eagerness which the occasion required, watching my Sergeant very closely as my head ran

over its prospectus. And, first, if he stood by my side, I revolved, I could not by any chance whisper my tale to the silent bushes; although, if, at the favorable moment, when the squad was ordered to march, he but stepped a feather's-throw in advance of me, the confession could be readily made. His presence would frustrate my plans. There was one expedient at my beck, but quite hazardous, by the adoption of which against odds I might compass his death and my freedom,—a thought which I dismissed on the instant, as it savored of murder and ingratitude. I must trust that he would give me his back, in spite of his sense of responsibility, for a breathing-space ere we "fell in." With his fellow watch-dogs my ruminations had nothing to do. The nearest of them, owing to their scarcity, (and they had grown trebly valuable this campaign, as they had grown rarer,) was not within twenty yards of me. My new world was scarce that distance in the rear. The moment of all moments, the crisis, the vision of a life-time, eddying through the brain in the flash of a powder-pan, and stamping red-hot impressions there, (which in some cases bleach men's hair-roots,) was finally upon me. My Sergeant turned from me, and I glided with tiger-tread to the bushes, and laid myself down.

I was, of course, between him and my new friends, and I pretended to sleep, so that, if he found me, he could scarce suppose that I meditated leaving him in so loose a manner; and, moreover, my being asleep would follow naturally upon my reiterated statement that I was sleepy. It would have been madness to have taken the other side, since, if there found, the case against me would have been clear. I depended, as is ever man's wont, upon mere shadows to do much for me where I was.

I have thought often since, however, (then other than the deliberate thought which every man in trying circumstances has experienced, and which centres upon one subject, being so severe a tension of all the faculties as to seem no thought

at all, was impossible,) that it would be unwise, and perhaps a stumbling-block to future Union captives in the custody of that horrid host, to ascribe my unbroken rest under those dry, dusty bush-branches simply to the heavy darkness of the evening, excluding all other causes from participation in my affairs. It was unusually cloudy, the sky resting overhead like a hanging pall, and threatening rain with thunder every moment, as is almost always the case after a hotly contested engagement. The fight that morning had been a grand one, (quite a Horace Vernet picture,) and hence the clouds that night. But I must own that I give my Sergeant a place in my memory now with a feeling of gratitude, induced thereto by the strong supposition that he did not allow himself to see me as I glided under cover. I count much upon his heart, as shown in his little proffered narrative. The other guards on the line might readily have failed to notice me, the more so as I had a special attendant to see to my wants; and I should have been very sorry, indeed, had one of them disturbed my rest. But my Sergeant was not three body-lengths from me when I slipped away from his protection; and although he had his back turned, I am inclined to think that he had only fewer eyes than Argus. His general reputation, to be read in his bearing, pronounced him vigilant, and his every act betokened circumspection. Far be it from me, however, to bespatter his character by avowing him negligent in performing his duty in this case, whilst lauding him for his honest devotion to his masters. Perhaps it may have been a part of his care to see the squad "fall in," and he could not abandon that line of his duty to search for a stray officer, smooth-spoken and amiable, to whom he had just shown a kindness. The bustle and unnatural darkness of the moment could not inspire one who was not a demon with a demoniacal desire to set a screeching and rash body of troopers upon my track. The detachment of melancholy mutes was moving off when I tried my fate; and he could have had but little time to think ere the miserable

men were in the distance. The farther my Sergeant journeyed, the more likely he was to keep quiet upon my subject.

I experienced very peculiar emotions as I lay there and found myself alone. I even seemed to hear the whine of the soldiery, the ringing of canteens and sabres, and the peculiar sound of the tramping feet, long after they had passed away,—chanting, in my soul's depths, my fluttering song of triumph to that imagined accompaniment. I had an almost accurate idea of where I was, having observed our course quite closely during the day, and proposed going over very nearly the same ground in the next twenty-four hours. I had already decided in my own mind that the Rebel general was making a retreat before the gallant General Sheridan, whose outposts I hoped soon to come upon. But dangers many, and some hidden, lay thick-strewn upon my path, which had not run over roses hither; and I deemed it best to encumber the cold earth for an hour, ere I sallied from my Moses-harbor.

The highway lay within a hundred feet of me; and as I intended taking up my lost stitches of the morning in a peculiar (and, I hoped, original) manner, having no knowledge of the country beyond the line of our late march, I was obliged to count upon keeping within sound of the troops and wagons travelling there, if I desired at all to gain my end. The Adjutant T—— had my compass, and was, I trusted, quite free from danger as I remained supinely within hail of men who would be delighted to shoot me. His image, as I fancied him, cumbersome and crouching, as he hurried along, dodging from tree to tree, reminded me of the hunts which the chivalry indulge in farther south, (near that very horrible Andersonville slaughter-house,) where the bay of the blood-hound rings over the marshes, and the pack is let loose in the clear morning air, crystal-bright and all aglow, to lap up the dew with overhanging tongues, and to run down escaped prisoners. There is no poetical charm attaching to that pack, although Pan

never played his reeds in a more poetical country; and its existence and employment are solemnly sober truths. They made me very grave, suggesting, as they did, some other dangers to which I was then liable. After working myself into a nervous state of body, I began pulling off my coat, leaving my shoulder-straps therewith, to play the part of asterisks, and explain who was within. My pantaloons the soil would soon make as white as a gray-back's; and my cap was to stay with the uniform, to grace some indigent discoverer of the other side.

When I had secreted my money in my waistband, (not deeming my orderly's suggestion feasible,) and had strapped my suspenders tightly about my body, I worked my way round the bushes to the other side of the clump. As I had expected, I found an even sweep downwards of meadow-land, stretching parallel with the road, and as far before me as I could see through the darkness.

I got myself flat upon the ground, with my feet, as in Christian burial, pointing towards the east,—for there the highway ran,—and with my handkerchief bound about my head. I then commenced rolling as gently as possible down the grassy declivity.

I should be unable to give any account of my thoughts during the first ten minutes of my novel evolutions. I moved at one time slowly, at another rapidly, as the ideas of prudence and danger by turns reigned in my bosom. I risked much in being obliged to keep in line with the current of life flowing so noisily the other way, the thought of which spurred me onward; and I had far to go, and not very great endurance to fall back upon,—a reflection which counselled a cautious expenditure of effort. I was anon anxious to fly over the hard lumps of earth and pricking straw-blades,—anon, eager to move gently, with deliberate hand upon the brake. I suffered much at my elbows, which were crushed as my body passed over them, (a pulverizing process,) and which, as I had clasped my arms across my breast, were most palpably in the way.

It seemed as if they would be unhinged. My feet, too, demonstrated to me the causes of the circular motion of a penholder or a ruler when started down a desk-lid, and had the same influence upon my course as the pin-point has upon the whole pin when in motion. My head and upper members inclined to swing in a circle about my feet. I spent much labor upon this defaulting portion of Æsop's body of sovereign independencies, which threatened the greatest difficulties. My neck, also, in the narrow space between the band of my low woollen shirt and my hair-roots, was harassed at every turn by the needle-bed of short grass that I passed over; and the loose stones, stubble, and gravel, that had irritated the skin, worked their way beneath the garment. I was quite a child's rattle, full of pebbles. I could have endured all this for a long while, however, the spirit then actuating me being one of those unreflecting forces which would (as a last resort) have carried me down the same slope in a *Regulus*-cask. But after travelling quite a distance, I began to revolve, not any complete remedy for these manifold ills, but some amelioration of the exaggerated violence of their sway. I tore one sleeve from my undershirt and wound that around my neck. I held my arms straight down my side and flat against my body. Nothing short of amputation could have crushed the rebellion in my lower members, and so (with the power to amputate not abandoned) I nursed them into insolence with a compromise.

A psychological history of the uneven progress of that billowy retreat would be as far beyond my reach as of the ten minutes of outset trial. I thought only vaguely of my home, of my regiment, of my moments of danger in past life. I listened during that night till my sense of hearing changed from a passive to an active sense. I got my neck sadly cramped in lifting my head from the ground every time my body rolled face upward to gain some knowledge of the enemy. My imagination started up all sorts of shapes about me.

The damp, heavy atmosphere sent a chill through my veins. I apprehended rain. I soon, also, began to think of daylight, (before which I had many hours,) and to wonder how I should secrete myself after sunrise. I did not feel hungry; but I had not gone far before I felt the faint longings of thirst.

The ground, too, over which I travelled, was not all meadow land, and had worse features than grass-swords and gravel bullets. I did not find many fences, but I crossed innumerable small streams and one heavy hedge.

I noticed that by degrees, judging from the sound, the Rebel troops were getting by, only dropping along finally in dish-water dribbles,—and that, at last, but scattering bodies of infantry, and at intervals some wagons, occupied the road, moving like dark lobsters in the midnight mists. I could not take to it myself, because of them; and I knew too well how full it would be of stragglers, those worthless gleanings of an army, even after the rear-guard had swept onwards. But I did not hesitate to erect my body from its voluntary abasement and to make walking a branch of my exercise, when convinced that only vagrants could chance to see me. They never capture prisoners on either side. Thus was I enabled for two hours before sun-rise to accomplish more than twice as much as my five hours' rolling labors had attained.

The long-expected rain began to fall in a heavy mist at about dawn, and shortly grew in importance, till the windows of heaven were wide open and it became a settled pour. Most fortunately, by that time I had entered some of the first woods we had passed through in the journey of the previous day, and had fair shelter (from Aurora, not Pluvius) within my reach. It was a colossal pepper-box lid, that could keep men from seeing through it, but not the rain from dropping in. My first impulse was to make a fire, so chilled to the very marrow was I in the early morning air, that chilliest of all atmospheres, and so wet was I also in my light summer garments. But of

course Prudence had no word in that matter, nor any countenance for a suggestion so reckless, and my soberer senses got to casting about for a fitting retreat ere broad day lay before me. I must reconnoitre, I thought, dripping at every point, like a convict in the marshes, before I continued a tramp here that might expose me to a scouting-party at any moment. That hunger, too, which had not troubled me in the night-hours, came upon me now and urged very suggestive hints. I had made a cup of my hands more than once, and slaked my thirst from the streams in my way, Narcissus-fashion; but nothing solid had passed my lips for seventeen hours. First, logs and leaves for a cover, then food, then a critical examination of my position, were my objects, as I hastily settled my plans. The thought of the intelligent contraband, so beyond ordinary human excellence in the richness of his heart, who might minister to all my wants, (as without question many such had done to my distressed brethren flying from Libby,) and whose homely traits become to us golden virtues in moments of suffering, crossed my brain as the depression of hunger increased. Very dim visions of clean and savory cooking haunted me as I took off my boots and shook the water from them. I could not imagine anything to equal in value a good steak or a hot hash; nor could I check my feeling of discontent, a hopeless feeling, at having many a time and oft partaken of like viands, perhaps, unappreciatively. The slimy dirt of my uppers soiled my hands, as I endeavored to make myself less uncomfortable, and I took the shirt-sleeve from my neck as the driest article about me upon which to wipe them. Near by lay the trunk of a large walnut-tree, water-logged and growing sponge-moss; and small bushes, like coral reefs in this sea of troubles, were on all sides of me. I had not accomplished much when I heard distinctly the sound of a bugle.

It was, I supposed, about half a mile distant; but there was no knowing how near the wet horsemen whom it sig-

nalled might be to my proposed hiding-place; and, accordingly, I got hastily down by the walnut, a good squirrel-cover, without shelter or head-piece. I lay along that side of it which was farthest from the road, and durst not move for fear of capture. The woods were quite thick at that place, and from the hidden pathway (now become scarce a highway) a body of the enemy might emerge at any moment. The unwelcome music of their bugle broke the Sabbath stillness of the morning, and interrupted the harmony of the falling rain-drops as they pattered through the great cathedral branches overhead. I spent, I presume, two hours in this lazy manner, without thought of any food, and scarce daring to look about me. During the first half of that period I heard the bugle thrice send its clear, ringing notes—for it is sometimes lark-throated—through the tree-aisles and under the half-arches above me, the tones lingering in waves on the air, and not failing to startle me. At the first commanding blast I got to watching for the troops that did not come forth at all. Being quite three grasshopper's flights from the road, I could reconnoitre the few rods of it passing near me with comparative ease and safety, and the intentness of my look-out drove thoughts of discomfort from my head. The silence grew oppressive to one who had been perforce so long alone. The thought that at times man has to avoid his fellow-beings in his misery, lest his misery be augmented, was productive of a tender feeling of self-pity in my bosom, which, perhaps, (strange to say,) was a source of some comfort to me. I had, I found, awakened a present sympathy in my case, the passive part of my nature having enlisted its kindly feelings in behalf of the bespattered, dripping gentleman who lay there before it, a sad mass of ooze, soaking on wet leaves. I was growing reflective over my woes, when the second blast broke upon my ear, and I started much as young ladies do at the sudden gun which, on the boards, sends the unholy Caspar to his account.

In a word, I was worn out, wet, and hungry; and had become so unstrung, in the accumulated discomforts of the roll from Rebeldom, and the rain of the last stages of my journey, that I could not control my growing nervousness. Having waited a full hour from the third signal-call of the bugle, I jumped desperately to my feet, with a mind made up to hazard everything. Many unlucky fellows, escaping from their captors, have toiled with a wonderful energy, and have failed, when worthy of immediate success, if we rate them by (the war standard) their bravery and coolness. They succumb to fever, and despair finally, but a few moments ere the the object of their toils would drop before them. It is ill-advised ever to cast one's hopes adrift as long as life is in us,—an imprudence of which I myself was guilty, and which might have carried me back to thralldom. The dragging anchor may fasten, spell-bound by some fluke-enamored reef, as the vessel seems on the point of striking. I jumped to my feet in desperation, and walked hastily a few rods nearer home. I allowed no after-thought in the premises, but decided to dodge from tree to tree, like the hunting Indian, as long as my present humor impelled me.

I know not how far I advanced thus, through the most desperate (but to the reader whom I commiserate, least interesting) stage of my adventure,—nor anything of my thoughts or emotions, after the hot resolve had taken hold of me. I was in a fever, a mad fever, the evidence of cold, and the handiwork of the past night's rolling-mill, and, I doubt not, was entirely unfitted to evade the enemy with presence of mind or skill. I did not pause till I heard the sound of axes, and the confused noises of a body of men.

I then again took the serpent's position upon the earth, after he, like myself, had lost his Eden, and summoned my oft-trusted counsellors, my ears, to their familiar duty of serving for all my senses in one. The sounds were very distinct indeed; I could even hear the men's voices, chopped up by their

active tools; and I knew, by the noise of their labors, that they were driving stakes into the ground. It could scarce be the Rebels, I thought, in camp this distance in the rear: it might be our men, I hoped, pushing our advance up the Valley. I drew carefully forward on hands and knees.

In a little while I saw a bending figure, with its back to me, holding something that I could not see over a smoking bundle of fagots. There was a poncho about the neck, that covered it down to the ground, and in the morning gray, the figure, the colonnade of tree-trunks, the lazy smoke, a cabinet picture, wore an India-rubber look.

Presently another came up to my first discovery, as if emerging from the bustle elsewhere, and stood erect before him, seeming almost as wet as myself. There was a tasselled bugle in his hand, covered with a corner of his poncho, under which he had a cavalry sabre. He wore, also, a dripping cavalry cord round his hat. After a few words, the two sat upon their heels before the fire, which they bent over, paternally, to protect, watching the thing that was cooking.

Having drawn myself cautiously nearer, I waited a long while for one of the men to display his colors.

The bugler was burnishing his instrument upon his blouse beneath his rubber, hazarding some chance notes under shelter, as he laughed and chatted with his friend. He would, apparently, consult with him of his performance; and he finally lifted himself upon his feet, with the instrument tight to his lips. He then blew a rasping, grating blast upon the air, ear-splitting and dissonant, that was his own rendition of a few bars of Yankee Doodle.

The blouse, being dark, had given me

much hope; the air gave me certainty; and before the bugler could wind his final note, I became one of the group.

My pantaloons showed that I was an officer, but in all other respects I appeared less than a highwayman. Accustomed to roughnesses, however, the men before me would not have divined that I was miserable, had not my appearance been by a few degrees more wretched than that of the most dilapidated of warriors. They gave over, the one his mess, the other his music, for a second, to inquire into my circumstances, and then conducted me to the Major who had command of the detachment some quarter of a mile in the rear.

The eight days' leave-of-absence that was given me, after a full report at headquarters, garnished with less ornament than the present record, afforded me an opportunity to reach my physician in time to have it extended by ten more; and in that period I learned from a letter, written in a thin, peaked hand, that the Adjutant T—— had escaped, but had been shot in the thigh. The compass, that had been his cloud by day and pillar of fire by night during his sad exodus, was returned to me, with his old lady-mother's thanks. Many simple, yet touching, speeches welled up from her rich heart, and shone on the thin white paper; and, no doubt, her great, manly son was tended by another, whilst, at her escritoire, the kindly epistle was made for me. In the subsequent hurry of camp-life, I received a second, that contained all those mournful expressions of resignation, and dependence upon the Higher Power, which broken-hearted Christians so sweetly utter. The Adjutant T——, indeed, had received his solemn quietus in running from the Libby Prison, and the extinguisher of his life was down.

DOCTOR JOHNS.

XXVIII.

"DOCTOR, we miss Reuby," said the Tew partners.

And the good old people said it with feeling, — though, over and over, at winter's dusk, the boy had given a sharp rattle to their shop-door, and the warning bell called them away from their snug fire only to see his light pair of heels whisking around the corner of the Eagle Tavern. The mischief in the lad was, indeed, of such elastic, irrepressible temper, that even the gravest of the parishioners were disposed to regard it with a frown in which a comic pardon was always lurking. Perhaps this may have been by reason of the tender recollections of the poor young mother Rachel, who had so suddenly yielded up her life, and taken away the charm of her smiles to another country; or it may have been that the pranks of the parson's boy found greater toleration by reason of their contrast with the sturdy and unyielding gravity of the Doctor; they made up a good average of mirth for the household of the parsonage, — a sort of average which the wicked world craves, and which, it is to be feared, will be craved until we take on a wholly new moral shape. Or, to put the reflection in other form, if the Doctor's immovable serenity was a type of the highest embodiment of good in this world, the playful humors of the boy were reckoned by the good-natured villagers as the most pardonable shape which the inevitable principle of evil that belongs to our heritage could possibly take on; and thus, while the father challenged their admiration, only the more, by reason of the contrast, the boy challenged all their tenderest sympathies.

Even the Tourtelots "quite missed the boy"; though over and over the brindled cow of the Deacon was found to have slipped the bars, (a thing the orderly creature was never known to do

of her own head,) and was reported at twilight by the sober-faced Reuben as strolling far down upon the Common.

It is but a small bit of canvas we have chosen for the painting in of these figures of ours; and returning to the old town of Ashfield, as we do now, where the central interest must lie, there is little of change to declare, still less of dramatic incident. A serene quietude, year after year, is the characteristic of most of the interior New England towns. The elections come and go with their fury of previous declamation. The Squire presides over the deliberations of his party, and some leading Adams man presides over the deliberations of the other; even the boys are all Jackson men or Adams men; but when the result is declared, there is an acquiescence on all hands that is beautiful to behold; and in process of time, Mr. Troop, the postmaster, yields up the mail pouches and locks and canvas bags to some active little Jackson partisan with the utmost suavity, and smokes off his discontent upon the porch of the Eagle Tavern, under the very shadow of the tall hickory pole, which for one third of its height is protected by old wagon-tire heavily spiked on, against the axes of zealous political opponents.

The old bleary-eyed Boody is not so cheery as we have seen him, although his party has won brilliant success. There is a sad story of domestic grief that has marked a new wrinkle in his forehead and given a droop to his eye, which, had all gone fairly, he might have weathered for ten years more. The glory of the ringleted Suke has indeed gone, as Phil had told; but it has not gone in the way of marriage. God only knows where those pink cheeks are showing their graces now, — not, surely, in any home of hers, — not in any home at all. God only knows what repinings have come, all too late, over the glitter and the triumph of an hour.

The elderly, grave ones shake their heads dismally over this fall, and talk of the terribly demoralizing associations amidst which the poor child has lived ; but do they ask themselves if they did their best to mend them ? Decoyed toward evil fast and frequently enough, without doubt ; but were there any decoys, such as kind hands and welcoming words, in the other direction ? The meeting-house doors have, indeed, been always open, for the just and for the unjust. But have not the starched, good women of the parish been a little disposed to count the pretty tavern-keeper's daughter as outside the fold — so far as all social influences were concerned — from the beginning ? That exuberant life in her which led to the dance at a tavern ball, was there any palliative for it, — any hope for it, except to go on in the way of destruction ?

But we would not judge unjustly. Certain it is, that Miss Johns indulged in such scathing condemnation of the poor sinner as made Adèle shiver ; with the spinster at least, there would be little hope for a Magdalen, or a child of a Magdalen. Nor could such as she fully understand the measured and subdued tone with which the good Doctor talked of a lapse from virtue which had so shocked the little community. But the parson lived so closely in that spiritual world where all his labor and love centred, that he saw under its ineffable light only two great ranks of people pressing toward the inevitable goal : a lesser rank, which had found favor of God ; and a greater, tumultuous one, toward whom his heart yearned, that with wavering and doubt and evil intention pressed on to destruction. What mattered to him the color of the sin, or who was he to judge it ? When the secret places of the heart were so full of wickedness, why anathematize above the rest those plague-spots which revealed themselves to mortals ? " Fearful above all others," he was wont to say, " will be those sins which, being kept cautiously smouldering through life, will, at the blast of the Archangel's trump, blaze out in inextinguishable fire ! "

The Doctor kept himself and his pulpit mostly free of that theological fermentation which in those years was going on throughout New England, — at least of all such forms of it as marked a division in the orthodox churches. If he had a leaning, it was certainly in favor of the utmost severity of Calvinism. He distrusted human philosophy, and would rather have accepted the theory of natural inability in all its harshness than see it explained away by any metaphysic subtleties that should seem to veil or place in doubt the paramount efficiency of the Spirit.

But though slow to accept theological reforms, the Doctor was not slow to advocate those which promised good influence upon public morals. Thus he had entered with zeal into the Temperance movement ; and after 1830, or 1832 at the latest, there was no private locker in the parsonage for any black bottle of choice Santa Cruz. His example had its bearing upon others of the parish ; and whether by dint of the Doctor's effective preaching, or whether it were by reason of the dilapidated state of the buildings and the leaky condition of the stills, it is certain that about this time Deacon Simmons, of whom casual mention has been made, abandoned his distillery, and invested such spare capital as he chose to keep afloat in the business of his son-in-law, Mr. Bowrigg of New York, who had up to this time sold the Deacon's gin upon commission.

Mr. Bowrigg was a thriving merchant, and continued his wholesale traffic with eminent success. In proof of this success, he astonished the good people of Ashfield by building, in the summer of 1833, at the instigation of his wife, an elegant country residence upon the main street of the town ; and the following year, the little Bowriggs — two daughters of blooming girl age — brought such a flutter of city ribbons and silks into the main aisle of the meeting-house as had not been seen in many a day. Anne and Sophia Bowrigg, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen, fell naturally into somewhat intimate associa-

tions with our little friends, Adèle and Rose : an association that was not much to the taste of the Doctor, who feared that under it Adèle might launch again into those old coquetries of dress against which Maverick had cautioned him, and which in their quiet country atmosphere had been subdued into a modest homeliness that was certainly very charming.

Miss Sophia, however, the elder of the two Bowrigg daughters, was a young lady not easily balked of her intent ; and conceiving a violent fondness for Adèle, whether by reason of the graces of her character, or by reason of her foreign speech, in which she could stammeringly join, to the great mystification of all others, she soon forced herself into a patronizing intimacy with Adèle, and was a frequent visitor at the parsonage. With a great fund of assurance, a rare and unappeasable glibness of tongue, and that lack of refined delicacy which invariably belongs to such noisy demonstrativeness, Miss Sophia had after only one or two interviews ferreted out from Adèle all that the little stranger herself knew respecting her history.

"And not to know your mother, Adèle ! that's so very queer !"

Adèle winces at this, but seems — to so coarse an observer — only preoccupied with her work.

"Is n't it queer ?" persists the garrulous creature. "I knew a girl in the city who did not see her mother after she was three, — think of that ! But then, you know, she was a bad woman."

The hot Provençal blood mounts to the cheek and brow of Adèle in an instant, and her eye flashes. But it is quite impossible to show anger in view of the stolid face of her companion, with nothing in it but an unthinking, girlish curiosity.

"We will talk of something else, Sophie."

"Oh ! then you don't like to speak of it ! Dear me ! I certainly won't, then."

Yet this rattle-brained girl has no real ill-nature ; and it is surprising what

a number of such well-meaning people go blundering about society, inflicting cheerful wounds in all directions by mere reason of their bluntness and lack of all delicacy of feeling.

But it is by no means the first time the sensibilities of Adèle have been touched to the quick. She is approaching that age when they ripen with marvellous rapidity. There is never an evening now at that cheerful home of the Elderkins — lighted up as it is with the beaming smiles of that Christian mother, Mrs. Elderkin — but there sweeps over the mind of the poor girl, at some interval in the games or the chat, a terrible sense of some great loss she has suffered, of which she knows not the limits, — a cruel sense of isolation in which she wanders, and on which comes sometimes the recollection of a father's kindly face, that in the growing distance makes her isolation seem even more appalling.

Rose, good soul, detects these humors by a keen, girlish instinct, and, gliding up to her, passes her arm around her, —

"What is it now, Adèle, dear ?"

And she, looking down at her, (for Adèle was the taller by half a head,) says, —

"What a good mother you have, Rose !"

"Only that !" — and Rose laughs gleefully for a moment, when, bethinking herself where the secret grief lay, her sweet face is overcast in an instant, and reaching up her two hands, she draws down the face of Adèle to hers, and kisses her on either cheek.

Phil, who is at a game of chess with Grace, pretends not to see this side demonstration ; but his next move is to sacrifice his only remaining castle in the most needless manner.

Dame Tourtelot, too, has pressed her womanly prerogative of knowing whatever could be known about the French girl who comes occasionally with Miss Eliza to her tea-drinkings, and who, with a native taste for music, is specially interested in the piano of Miss Almira.

"It must be very tedious," says the

Dame, "to be so long away from home and from those that love you. Almiry, now, hardly goes for a week to Cousin Jerushy's at Har'ford but she is a-frettin' to be back in her old home. Don't you feel it, Adeel?" (The Dame is not to be driven out of her own notions of pronunciation by any French accents.) "But don't be down-hearted, my child; it's God's providence that's brought you away from a Popish country."

And she pushes her inquiries regarding the previous life of Adèle with an earnestness and an authoritative air which at times do not fail to provoke a passionate retort. To this the old lady is wholly unused; and condemning her straightway as a hot-headed Romanist, it is to be feared that we must regard the Dame henceforth as one disposed to look upon the least favorable lights which may appear, whether in the past history of Adèle or in the developments to come.

The spinster, also, who is mistress of the parsonage, though never giving up her admiring patronage of Adèle, and governing her curiosity with far more tact than belongs to Dame Tourtelot, has yet shown a persistent zeal in pushing her investigations in regard to all that concerned the family history of her little *protégée*. She has lent an eager ear to all the communications which Maverick has addressed to the Doctor; and in moments of what seemed exceptional fondness, when she has toyed with the head-gear of Adèle, has plied the little brain with motherly questions that have somehow widely failed of their intent.

Under all this, Adèle ripens into a certain reserve and individuality of character which might never have belonged to her, had the earlier circumstances of her life been altogether familiar to the circle in which she was placed. The Doctor fastens, perhaps, an undue reliance upon this growing reserve of hers: sure it is that an increasing confidence is establishing itself between them, which it is to be hoped nothing will shake.

And as for Phil, when the Squire

teases him with his growing fondness for the little Jesuit of the parsonage, the boy, though past seventeen now, and "with views of his own," (as most young men have at that age,) blushes like a girl.

Rose, seeing it, and her eyes flashing with sisterly pride, says to herself, —

"Oh, I hope it may come true!"

XXIX.

FROM time to time Maverick had written in reply to the periodical reports of the Doctor, and always with unabating confidence in his discretion and kindness.

"I have remarked what you say" (he had written thus in a letter which had elicited the close attention of Miss Eliza) "in regard to the rosary found among the girlish treasures of Adèle. I am not aware how she can have come by such a trinket from the source named; but I must beg you to take as little notice as possible of the matter, and please allow her possession of it to remain entirely unremarked. I am specially anxious that no factitious importance be given to the relic by opposition to her wishes."

Heavy losses incident to the political changes of the year 1831 in France had kept him fastened at his post; and with the reviving trade under the peaceful *régime* of Louis Philippe, he had been more actively engaged even than before. Yet there was no interruption to his correspondence with Adèle, and no falling off in its expressions of earnest affection and devotion.

"I fancy you almost a woman grown now, dear Adèle. Those cheeks of yours have, I hope, not lost their roundness or their rosiness. But, however much you may have grown, I am sure that my heart would guide me so truly that I could single you out from a great crowd of the little Puritan people about you. I can fancy you in some simple New England dress, — in which I would rather see you, my child, than in the richest silks of those about me here, —

gliding up the pathway that leads to the door of the old parsonage; I can fancy you dropping a word of greeting to the good Doctor within his study (he must be wearing spectacles now); and at evening I seem to see you kneeling in the long back dining-room, as the parson leads in family prayer. Well, well, don't forget to pray for your old father, my child. I shall be all the safer for it, in what the Doctor calls 'this wicked land.' And what of Reuben, whose mischief, you told me, threatened such fearful results? Sobered down, I suppose, long before this, wearing a stout jacket of homespun, driving home the 'keow' at night, and singing in the choir of a Sunday. Don't lose your heart, Adèle, with any of the youngsters about you. I claim the whole of it; and every day and every night mine beats for you, my child."

And Adèle writes back:—

"My heart is all yours, papa,—only why do you never come and take it? So many, many years that I have not seen you!

"Yes, I like Ashfield still; it is almost a home to me now, you know. New Papa is very kind, but just as grave and stiff as at the first. I know he loves me, but he never tells me so. I don't believe he ever told Reuben so. But when I sing some song that he loves to hear, I see a little quirk by his temple, and a glistening in his eye, as he thanks me, that tells it plain enough; and most of all when he prays, as he sometimes does after talking to me very gravely, with his arm tight clasped around me, oh, I am sure that he loves me!—and indeed, and indeed, I love him back again!

"It was funny what you said of Reuben; for you must know that he is living in the city now, and happens upon us here sometimes with a very grand air,—as fine, I dare say, as the people about Marseilles. But I don't think I like him any better; I don't know if I like him as well. Miss Eliza is, of course, very proud of him, as she always was."

As the nicer observing faculties or

his child develop,—of which ample traces appear in her letters,—Maverick begs her to detail to him as fully as she can all the little events of her every-day life. He has an eagerness, which only an absent parent can feel, to know how his pet is received by those about her; and would supply himself, so far as he may, with a full picture of the scenes amid which his child is growing up. Sheet after sheet of this simple, girlish narrative of hers Maverick delights himself with, as he sits upon his balcony, after business hours, looking down upon the harbor of Marseilles.

"After morning prayers, which are very early, you know, Esther places the smoking dishes on the table, and New Papa asks a blessing,—always. Then he says, 'I hope Adaly has not forgotten her text of yesterday.' And I repeat it to him. Such a quantity of texts as I can repeat now! Then Aunt Eliza says, 'I hope, too, that Adèle will make no mistake in her "Paradise Lost" to-day. Are you sure you've not forgotten that lesson in the parsing, child?' Indeed, papa, I can parse almost any page in the book.

"'I think,' says New Papa, appealing to Miss Eliza, 'that Larkin may grease the wheels of the chaise this morning, and, if it should be fair, I will make a visit or two at the north end of the town; and I think Adaly would like to go with me.'

"'Yes, dearly, New Papa,' I say,—which is very true.

"And Miss Eliza says, very gravely, 'I am perfectly willing, Doctor.'

"After breakfast is over, Miss Eliza will sometimes walk with me a short way down the street, and will say to me, 'Hold yourself erect, Adèle; walk trimly.' *She* walks very trimly. Then we pass by the Hapgood house, which is one of the grand houses; and I know the old Miss Hapgoods are looking through the blinds at us, though they never show themselves until they have taken out their curl-papers in the afternoon.

"Dame Tourtelot is n't so shy; and

we see her great, gaunt figure in a broad sun-bonnet, stooping down with her trowel, at work among the flower-patches before her door; and Miss Almira is reading at an upper window, in pink muslin. And when the Dame hears us, she lifts herself straight, sets her old flapping bonnet as square as she can, and stares through her spectacles until she has made us out; then says, —

“‘Good mornin’, Miss Johns. You’re ‘arly this mornin’.’”

“‘Quite early,’ says Miss Eliza. ‘Your flowers are looking nicely, Mrs. Tourtelot.’”

“‘Well, the pi’nys is blowed pretty good. Would n’t Adeel like a pi’ny?’”

“‘It’s a great red monster of a flower, papa; but I thank her for it, and put it in my belt. Then the Dame goes on to tell how she has shifted the striped grass, and how the bouncing-Bets are spreading, and where she means to put her nasturtiums the next year, and brandishes her trowel, as the brigands in the story-books brandish their swords.’”

“‘And Miss Eliza says, ‘Almira is at her reading, I see.’”

“‘Dear me!’ says the Dame, glancing up; ‘she’s always a-readin’. What with novils and histories, she’s injurin’ her health, Miss Johns, as sure as you’re alive.’”

“‘Then, as we set off again, — the Dame calling out some last word, and brandishing her trowel over the fence, — old Squire Elderkin comes swinging up the street with the ‘Courant’ in his hand; and he lifts his hat, and says, ‘Good morning to you, Miss Johns; and how is the little French lady this morning? Bright as ever, I see,’ (for he does n’t wait to be answered,) — “a peony in her belt, and two roses in her cheeks.’ Yet my cheeks are not very red, papa; but it’s his way. . . .”

“‘After school, I go for the drive with the Doctor, which I enjoy very much. I ask him about all the flowers along the way, and he tells me everything, and I have learned the names of all the birds; and it is much better, I think, than learning at school. And he always says, ‘It’s God’s infinite love, my child,

that has given us all these beautiful things, and these songsters that choir His praises.’ When I hear him say it, I believe it, papa. I am very sure that the priest who came to see godmother was not a better man than he is.

“‘Then, very often, he lifts my hand in his, and says, ‘Adaly, my dear, God is very good to us, sinners though we are. We cannot tell His meaning always, but we may be very sure that He has only a good meaning. You do not know it, Adaly, but there was once a dear one, whom I loved perhaps too well; — she was the mother of my poor Reuben; God only knows how I loved her! But He took her from me.’ — Oh, how the hand of New Papa griped on mine, when he said this! — He took her from me, my child; He has carried her to His home. He is just. Learn to love Him, Adaly. The love we give to Him we can carry with us always. He does not die and leave us. He is everywhere. The birds are messengers of His, when they sing; the flowers you love come from His bounty: oh, Adaly, can you not, will you not, love Him?’”

“‘I do! I do!’ I said.

“‘He looked me full in the face, (I shall never forget how he looked,) ‘Ah, Adaly, is this a fantasy of yours,’ said he, ‘or is it true? Could you give up the world and all its charms, could you forego the admiration and the love of all others, if only He who is the Saviour of us all would smile upon you?’”

“‘I felt I could, — I felt I could, papa.

“‘But then, directly after, he repeated to me some of those dreary things I had been used to hear in the Catechism week after week. I was so sorry he repeated them, for they seemed to give a change to all my thought. I am sure I was trustful before, when he talked to me so earnestly; but when he repeated only what I had learned over and over, every Saturday night, then I am afraid my faith drooped.

“‘Don’t tell me that, New Papa,’ said I, ‘it is so old; talk to me as you were talking.’”

“‘And then the Doctor looked at me

with the keenest eyes I ever saw, and said,—

“My child, are you right, and are the Doctors wrong?”

“‘Is it the Catechism that you call the Doctors?’ said I.

“‘Yes,’ said he.

“‘But were they better men than you, New Papa?’

“‘All men alike, Adaly, all struggling toward the truth,—all wearying themselves to interpret it in such way that the world may accept it, and praise God who has given us His Son a sacrifice, by whom, and whom only, we may be saved.’ And at this he took my hand and said, ‘Adaly, trust Him!’

“By this time” (for Adèle’s letter is a true transcript of a day) “we have reached the door of some one of his people to whom he is to pay a visit. The blinds are all closed, and nothing seems to be stirring but a gray cat that is prowling about under the lilac bushes. Dobbins is hitched to the post, and the Doctor pounds away at the big knocker. Presently two or three white-headed children come peeping around the bushes, and rush away to tell who has come. After a little the stout mistress opens the door, and wipes her fingers on her apron, and shakes hands; and bounces into the keeping-room to throw up the window and open the blinds, and dusts off the great rocking-chair for the Doctor, and keeps saying all the while that they are ‘very back’ard with the spring work, and she really had no time to slick up,’ and asks after Miss Eliza and Reuben, and the Tourtelots, and all the people on the street, so fast that I wonder she can keep her breath; and the Doctor looks so calm, and has no time to say anything yet. Then she looks at me, ‘Sissy is looking well,’ says she, and dashes out to bring in a great plate of gingerbread, which I never like at all, and say, ‘No.’ But she says, ‘It won’t hurt ye; it a’n’t p’ison, child.’ So I find I must eat a little; and while I sit mumbling it, the Doctor and she talk on about a great deal I don’t understand, and I am glad when she bounces up again, and says, ‘Sis would like to

get some posies, p’raps,’ and leads me out of doors. ‘There ’s lalocs, child, and flower-de-luce: pick what you want.’

“So I go wandering among the beds along the garden, with the bees humming round me; and there are great tufts of blue-bell, and spider-wort, and moss-pink; and the white-haired grandchildren come and put their faces to the paling, looking at me through the bars like animals in a cage; and if I beckon to them, they glance at each other, and dash away.”

Thus much of Adèle’s account. But there are three or four more visits to complete the parson’s day. Possibly he comes upon some member of his flock in the field, when he draws up Dobbins to the fence, and his parishioner, spying the old chaise, leaves his team to blow a moment while he strides forward with his long ox-goad in hand, and, seating himself upon a stump within easy earshot, says,—

“Good mornin’, Doctor.”

And the parson, in his kindly way, “Good morning, Mr. Pettibone. Your family pretty well?”

“Waäl, middlin’, Doctor,—only middlin’. Miss Pettibone is a-havin’ faintish spells along back; complains o’ pain in her side.”

“Sorry, sorry,” says the good man; and then, “Your team is looking pretty well, Mr. Pettibone.”

“Waäl, only tol’able, Doctor. That nigh ox, what with spring work an’ grass feed is gittin’ kind o’ thin in the flesh. Any news abaout, Doctor?”

“Not that I learn, Mr. Pettibone. We ’re having fine growing weather for your crops.”

“Waäl, only tol’able, Doctor. You see, arter them heavy spring rains, the sun has kind o’ baked the graound; the seed don’t seem to start well. I don’t know as you remember, but in ’29, along in the spring, we had jist sich a spell o’ wet, an’ corn hung back that season amazin’ly.”

“Well, Mr. Pettibone, we must hope for the best: it ’s all in God’s hands.”

“Waäl, I s’pose it is, Doctor,—I s’pose it is.” And he makes a cut at a

clover-head with the lash upon his oxgoad; then—as if in recognition of the change of subject—he says,—

“Any more talk on the street about repairin’ the ruff o’ the meetin’-house, Doctor?”

At sundown, all visits being paid, they go jogging into town again,—the Doctor silent by this time, and thinking of his sermon. Dobbins is tied always at the same post,—always the hitch-rein buckled in the third hole from the end.

After tea, perhaps, Phil and Rose come sauntering by, and ask if Adèle will go up ‘to the house’? Which request, if Miss Eliza meet it with a nod of approval, puts Adèle by their side: Rose, with a beautiful recklessness common to New England girls of that day, wearing her hat drooping half down her neck, and baring her clear forehead to the falling night-dews. Phil, with a pebble in his hand, makes a feint of throwing into a flock of goslings that are waddling disturbedly after a pair of staid old geese, but is arrested by Rose’s prompt “Behave, Phil!”

The Squire is reading his paper by the evening lamp, but cannot forbear a greeting to Adèle:—

“Ah, here we are again! and how is *Madamòizel*?” (this is the Squire’s style of French,)—“and has she brought me the peony? Phil would have given his head for it,—eh, Phil?”

Rose is so bright, and glowing, and happy!

Mrs. Elderkin in her rocking-chair, with her gray hair carefully plaited under the white lace cap whose broad strings fall on either shoulder, is a picture of motherly dignity. Her pleasant “Good evening, Adèle,” would alone have paid the warm-hearted exile for her walk.

Then follow games, chat, and an occasional noisy joke from the Squire, until the nine o’clock town-bell gives warning, and Adèle wends homeward under convoy of the gallant Phil.

“Good night, Adèle!”

“Good night, Phil!”

Only this at the gate. Then the Doc-

tor’s evening prayer; and after it,—in the quiet chamber, where her sweet head lay upon the pillow,—dreams. With recollections more barren than those of most of her years, of any early home, Adèle still dreamed as hopefully as any of a home to come.

XXX.

IN the autumn of 1836, Maverick wrote to his friend, the Doctor, that, in view of the settled condition of business, he intended to visit America some time in the course of the following season. He preferred, however, that Adèle should not be made acquainted with his expected coming. He believed that it would be a pleasant surprise for his child; nor did he wish her anticipations of his arrival to divert her from the usual current of her study and every-day life.

“Above all,” he writes, “I wish to see her as she is, without any note of preparation. You will therefore, I beg, my dear Johns, keep from her scrupulously all knowledge of my present intentions, (which may possibly miscarry, after all,) and let me see, to the very finest touch, whether of a ribbon or of a ringlet, how far you have New-Englandized my dear girl. I form a hundred pictures in my fancy; but every new letter from her somehow disturbs the old image, and another is conjured up. The only *real* thing in my mind is, after all, a little child of eight, rosy and piquantly coquettish, who slaps my cheek when I tease her, and who, as I bid her adieu at last upon the ship’s deck, looks through her tears at me and waves her little kerchief.

“It is quite possible that I may manage for her return with me, (of this plan, too, I beg you to give no hint,) and in view of it I would suggest that any available occasion be seized upon to revive her knowledge of French, which, I fear, in your staid household she may almost have forgotten. Tell dear Adèle that I am sometimes at Le Pin, where her god-mother never fails to inquire after her and call down blessings on the dear child.”

Upon this the Doctor and Miss Johns take counsel. Both are not a little disturbed by the anticipation of Adèle's leave. The grave Doctor finds his heart wrapped about by the winning ways of the little stranger in a manner he could hardly have conceived possible on the day when he first greeted her. On the score of her religious beliefs, he is not, indeed, as yet thoroughly satisfied; but he feels sure that she is at least in a safe path. The old idols are broken: God, in His own time, will do the rest.

The spinster, though she has become unconsciously attached to Adèle to a degree of which she hardly believes herself capable, is yet not so much disconcerted by the thought of any violence to her affections, — for all violence of this kind she has schooled herself to regard with cool stoicism, — but the possible interruption of her ambitious schemes with respect to Reuben and Adèle discomposes her sadly. Such a scheme she has never given over for one moment. No plan of hers is ever given over lightly; and she has that persistent faith in her own sagacity and prudence which is not easily shaken. The growing intercourse with the Elderkins, in view of the evident devotion of Phil, has been, indeed, the source of a little uneasiness; but even this intimacy she has moderated to a certain degree by occasional judicious fears in regard to Adèle's exposure to the night air; and has made the most — in her quiet manner — of Phil's exceptional, but somewhat noisy, attentions to that dashing girl, Sophie Bowrigg.

"A very suitable match it would be," she says some evening, casually, to the Doctor; "and I really think that Phil, if there were any seriousness about the lad, would meet his father's wishes in the matter. Adèle, child," (she is sitting by at her worsted,) "are you sure you've the right shade of brown there?"

But, like most cool schemers in what concerns the affections, she makes her errors. Her assurance in regard to the improved habits and character of Reuben, and her iteration of the wonderful attachment which the Brindlocks bear

to the lad, have a somewhat strained air to the ear of Adèle. And when the spinster says, — folding up his last letter, — "Good fellow! always some tender little message for you, my dear," Adèle thinks — as most girls of her age would be apt to think — that she would like to see the tender message with her own eyes.

But what of the French? Where is there to be found a competent teacher? Not, surely, in Ashfield. Miss Eliza, with grave doubts, however, suggests a winter in New York with the Brindlocks. The Doctor shakes his head: —

"Not to be thought of, Eliza. It is enough that my boy should undergo the perils of such godless association: Adaly shall not."

The question, however, of the desired opportunity is not confined to the parsonage; it has currency up and down the street; and within a week the buoyant Miss Bowrigg comes to the rescue.

"Delighted above all things to hear it. They have a charming teacher in the city, Madame Arles, who has the best accent. And now, Adèle, dear, you must come down and pass the winter with us. It will be charming."

It is, indeed, a mere girlish proposal at first; but, much to the delight of Miss Eliza, it is abundantly confirmed by a formal invitation from Mrs. Bowrigg, a few weeks after, who, besides being attracted by the manners and character of Adèle, sees in it an admirable opportunity for the accomplishment of her daughters in French. Her demonstrative girls and a son of twenty comprise her family. For these reasons, she will regard it as a favor, if the Doctor will allow Miss Maverick to establish herself with them for the winter.

Miss Eliza is delighted with the scheme, but fears the cool judgment of the Doctor: and she has abundant reason.

"It cannot be," he said, and was quite inexorable.

The truth is, that Mrs. Bowrigg, like a good many educated with a narrow severity, had expanded her views under

the city influences in directions that were by no means approved by the good Doctor. Hers was not only a godless household, but given over to the lusts of the eye and the pride of life. It was quite impossible for him to entertain the idea of submitting Adèle to any such worldly associations.

Miss Eliza pleaded the exigencies of the case in vain; and even Adèle, attracted by the novelty of the proposed situation, urged her claim in the cheeriest little manner conceivable.

"Only for the winter, New Papa; please say 'Yes'!"

And the tender hands patted the grave face, as she seated herself with a childish coquetry upon the elbow of his chair.

"Impossible, quite impossible," says the Doctor. "You are too dear to me, Adaly."

"Oh, now, New Papa, you don't mean that,—not *positively*?"—and the winning fingers tap his cheek again.

But for this time, at least, Adèle is to lose her claim; the Doctor well knows that to suffer such endearments were to yield; so he rises brusquely;—

"I must be just, my child, to the charge your father has imposed upon me. It cannot be."

It will not be counted strange, if a little ill-disguised petulance appeared in the face of Adèle that day and the next.

The winter of 1836-7 was a very severe one throughout New England. Perhaps it was in view of its severity, that, on or about New Year's Day, there came to the parsonage a gift from Reuben for Adèle, in the shape of a fur tippet, very much to the gratification of Miss Eliza and to the pleasant surprise of the Doctor.

Rose and Phil, sitting by the fire next day, Rose says, in a timid voice, with less than her usual sprightliness, —

"Do you know who has sent a beautiful fur tippet to Adèle, Phil?"

"No," says Phil, briskly. "Who?"

"Reuben," says Rose, — in a tone as if a blush ran over her face at the utterance.

If there was one, however, Phil could not have seen it; he was looking steadfastly into the fire, and said only, —

"I don't care."

A little after, (nothing having been said, meantime,) he has occasion to rearrange the wood upon the hearth, and does it with such preposterous violence that the timid little voice beside him says, —

"Don't, Phil, be angry with the fire!"

It was a winter, as we have said, for fur tippets and for glowing cheeks; and Adèle had now been long enough under a Northern sky to partake of that exhilaration of spirits which belongs to every true-born New-Englander in presence of one of those old-fashioned snowstorms, which, all through the day and through the night, sifts out from the gray sky its fleecy crystals, — covering the frosted high-roads, covering the withered grasses, covering the whole summer's wreck in one glorious white burial; and after it, keen frosty mornings, the pleasant jingling of scores of bells, jets of white vapor from the nostrils of the prancing horses, and a quick electric tingle to the blood, that makes every pulse beat a thanksgiving. Squire Elderkin never made better jokes, the flame upon his hearth never danced more merrily, — the Doctor never preached better sermons, and the people never listened more patiently than in those weeks of the dead of winter.

But in the midst of them a black shadow fell upon the little town. News came overland, (the river being closed,) that Mrs. Bowrigg, after an illness of three days, was dead; and the body of the poor woman was to come home for burial. She had been reared, as we have said, under a harsh regimen, and had signalized her married escape from the somewhat oppressive formalities of home by a pretty free entertainment of all the indulgences accessible in her new life. Not that she offended against any of the larger or lesser proprieties of society, but she showed a zest for the pleasures of the world, and for a certain measure of display, which had been the occasion of many a sober shake of

the head along the streets of Ashfield, and the subject of particular commiseration on the part of the good Doctor.

Now that her brilliant career (as it seemed to many of the staid folk of Ashfield) was so suddenly closed, the Doctor could not forbear taking advantage of the opportunity to press home upon his people, under the influences of this sombre funeral procession, the vanities of the world and the fleeting character of its wealth and pride. "We may build palaces," said he, (and people thought of the elegant Bowrigg mansion,) "but God locks the door and assigns to us a narrower home; we may court the intoxicating air of cities, but its breath, in a day, may blast our strength, and, except He keep us, may blast our souls." Never had the Doctor been more eloquent, and never had he so moved his people. After the evening prayer, Adèle stole into the study of the Doctor, and said, —

"New Papa, it was well I stayed with you."

The old gentleman took her hand in his, —

"Right, I believe, Adaly; but vain, utterly vain, except you be counted among the elect."

The poor girl had no reply, save only to drop a kiss upon his forehead and pass out.

With the opening of the spring the townspeople were busy with the question, if the Bowriggs would come again to occupy their summer residence, that, with its closed doors and windows, was mournfully silent. But soon the gardeners were set to work; it was understood that a housekeeper had been engaged, and the family were to occupy it as usual. Sophie writes to Adèle, confirming it all, and adding, — "Madame Arles had proposed to make us a visit, which papa hearing, and wishing us to keep up our studies, has given her an invitation to pass the summer with us. She says she will. I am so glad! We had told her very much of you, and I know she will be delighted to have you as a scholar."

At this Adèle feels a thrill of satisfaction, and looks longingly forward to the time when she shall hear again from native lips the language of her childhood.

"Ma fille! ma fille!"

The voices of her early home seem to ring again in her ear. She basks once more in the delicious flow of the sunshine, and the perfume of the orange-blossoms regales her.

— *"Ma fille!"*

Is it the echo of your voice, good old godmother, that comes rocking over the great reach of sea, and so touches the heart of the exile?

LETTER TO A SILENT FRIEND.

WERE you, my friend, one of those who make a merit of their silence, I should have little occasion to write this letter. But as I know you, on the contrary, to have lamented your colloquial deficiencies as sincerely as any one, as I know that you have most earnestly coveted greater fluency of speech and admired most warmly those who possessed it, I venture to hope that I may say something to convince you that your case is not so bad as

you think. Yes, I am bold enough to believe that you may aspire to the character which now seems to you so utterly beyond reach, — the character of a talker! Before you smile incredulously, listen to me, a fellow-sufferer. I also have known the misery and weakness of an unready tongue. No poor man ever looked upon a heap of gold coin with more longing eyes than I have looked upon those who could so easily coin their thoughts into words. From

a boy I conceived myself doomed to taciturnity. The charge, to "talk more," was a well-meant appeal to awaken my powers of utterance, but its only effect was to shut my mouth closer than ever. Few persons can talk upon compulsion, and boys least of all. As I grew old enough, however, to recognize some responsibility for conversation, I was only the more distressed that I could not do what I knew I ought to do. I was beyond measure vexed with myself for this incapacity. It stood in the way of my usefulness, it did not make my company desirable, it drove me into morbid and depressing thoughts. And yet—to make a long story short—I have gradually come to be, not a "talker" certainly, but no longer afraid that I "can find nothing to say," no longer trammelled by a false reserve, but presuming, on the contrary, that with most persons whom I meet it will be quite possible to engage in easy and fluent conversation,—a presumption, by the way, always likely to justify itself by the event. I insist, therefore, from my own experience, that conversation is an art as well as a gift; and that where it is not a gift, the deficiency may be more surely supplemented by art than almost any other. You will tell me, perhaps, in common with others who are not talkers, that speech must be natural to be attractive, and that all appearance of effort will spoil its charm. Is not this rather the excuse of indolence than the valid objection of reason? It has been finely argued, that even with children "work" must precede "play." The proverb, too, says that "every beginning is hard." I know that the *appearance* of effort is not attractive; but after a while there is no such appearance, not merely because "the province of art is to conceal art," but because habit has become a second nature. When you think what a trained and educated thing our life is in its minutest particulars, and how not only the civilized, but the savage man has to *learn* the use of his senses, his muscles, and his brain, you must admit that it is frivolous to urge against the charm or value of conversation, that

it must be studied. It is hardly too much to say, that all the noblest things in the world are the result of study. Why not also study the noble and most desirable art of framing our thoughts, opinions, sentiments, tastes, into free, familiar, and appropriate speech?

But here I fancy you may meet me with the question,—Is it, after all, so desirable an art, and one well worth the learning? I have, it is true, given you credit for coveting earnestly a greater facility of speech; and yet you may have become more reconciled to your deficiency than you like to acknowledge, through the influence of certain popular maxims and fallacies. The one I wish especially to challenge now is expressed in that German proverb which Mr. Carlyle has taken under his peculiar patronage,—*"Speech is silver, silence is gold."* A great comfort, to be sure, to one who is either too lazy or too diffident to open his lips to get credit so cheaply for superior wisdom! When he does not talk, of course, it can only be because he keeps up such an incessant thinking! *"Too deep for utterance"* is the character of all his meditations! Do you remember Coleridge's amusing experience with one of these reputed sages? But for the appearance of the "dumplings,"—almost as historic now as King George's famous ones,—it might never have been suspected that this empty-headed fellow was not the profoundest of philosophers. Can you or anybody explain the reasons for this singular praise of silence and disparagement of speech? You do not expect to be commended for shutting your eyes instead of keeping them open. The feeble and unused hand is not preferred to the strong and cunning one. Nor is there any sense or faculty of our nature of which the simple non-use is better than the use. Why, then, account it a merit to refrain from using this wondrous faculty of speech? I may grant all that you will tell me of the deplorable amount of vapid, idle, bitter, malicious, foul, and profane talk. Silence is better than the *abuse* of words,—none of us will question that. I am only defending the nor-

mal and legitimate exercise of this faculty. And perhaps you will see the matter in still clearer light, if you should undertake to apply the principle of the Carlyle proverb to some other endowments and opportunities, to which in fact many do apply it. If one may say, "I am weary of all this talking, henceforth let there be silence," why may not another, improving upon this hint, say, "I am sick of these miserable daubs, there shall be no more painting," and another, "I am disgusted with politics, I will have nothing more to do with the science or the art of government"? Because there are infelicities of married life, is it so certain that "single blessedness" is the best estate? Because there are some timeservers and worldlings among the clergy, shall we join in denunciation of priests and churches everywhere? I see that you are prepared to answer, that speech is peculiarly liable to abuse. Exactly, and that is true of all the most excellent and valuable gifts of Providence. It is impossible to escape the condition of peril attached to everything under the sun that is most worthy of desire. Have we not learned by this time the folly of every form of asceticism, of every attempt to trample upon God's gifts as evil instead of using them for good?

Now I shall not attempt a dissertation, however tempting the theme, upon the uses of speech in general. I will only ask you to consider that single department of it which we call conversation. Did you ever think how great a power in the world this is? See how early it begins to shape our opinions, our plans, our studies, our tastes, our attachments, etc. I remember that a casual remark, dropped in conversation by a beloved and revered relative long before I had entered my teens, made me for years feel more kindly towards the much-abused natives of the Emerald Isle, though I have no doubt that she whose word I had listened to with so much deference was entirely unsuspecting of having lodged such a fruitful seed in my memory. If you can recall the formative periods of your own life,

I have no doubt you also will find hundreds of similar instances, where a new direction was given to your sentiments and purposes by some quite random words of friendly and domestic talk. Consider how large a part of the life of most human beings is spent in society of some sort, and then reflect how that society is bound together and constituted, as it were, by familiar speech, and you will begin to appreciate the extent of the power of conversation. Compare this power with that of written language, — as books, letters, etc., — or even with more formal spoken language, — such as orations, sermons, and the like, — and I think you will allow that it surpasses them all in its diffusion and its permanence. Were the question solely as to the amount of information imparted, books and deliberate addresses certainly stand higher. But you must not fall into the common error, that the chief object of conversation is or should be to instruct. It has manifold objects, and some of them, to say the least, are quite as desirable as instruction. We talk to keep up good feeling, to enliven the else dull hours, to give expression to our interest in one another, to throw off the burden of too much private care and thought. We have also, in special cases, more serious ends in view, when we talk to reprove or encourage, to console or arouse. Even this partial enumeration of the offices of familiar speech may suffice to show you how desirable it is to wield such a power. Conversation establishes a personal relation between yourself and another soul. It is the open door through which your spiritual treasures are interchanged. For the time, at least, it supposes some degree of equality, some power both to give and receive, in those who take part in the dialogue. I know very well how the cynics like to quote the diplomatist's sarcasm, that "speech is the art of hiding thought." Let this perversion have what force it may. I am speaking now of the higher uses and possibilities of conversation. You can hide your thoughts under your words, if you choose to be a hypocrite;

but I am taking for granted that you are a man of truth, — a “man of your word,” as the common phrase happily has it. I assume that you would be glad to talk, because you wish to form sincere and friendly relations with your fellow-men. When two or more human beings meet, the rule, the normal condition, is, that they give utterance to some thoughts, feelings, or sentiments in audible words. *Silence is unsocial*: there lies its condemnation. It is true that silence may often be justified, notwithstanding; for social claims must sometimes yield to higher considerations, or even to physical necessity. But most persons, I believe, feel instinctively that a persistent silence is an affront to them, — a denial, in some sort, of their right to be received into your company. “You won’t speak to me” is their resentful interpretation of your silence. You ought not to ask so much as “a penny for your thoughts.” They should, so far as practicable, be shared freely by those whom you call friends. The limitations and exceptions to this rule we will presently refer to, but the rule is important and clear. True social feeling, true warmth and cordiality, naturally expresses itself in words, and is strengthened by the expression. Will you not admit, that, if we are conscious of having anything to say which might please or profit a friend, it is a reproach to us to keep it back? Yes, it is desirable to talk, were it simply a mark of interest and confidence in those whom you come in contact with. I have noticed that a great deal of taciturnity comes from a very discreditable diffidence, by which I mean a distrust or suspicion that our words may be misconstrued, or that they may not be appreciated, or that they may chance to give serious offence. Now, in my opinion, one had better make innumerable *faux pas* than indulge such unworthy fears and suspicions. A little less vanity, and vastly more courage and self-forgetfulness, — such is the remedy to be administered to many of the taciturn. You are the best judge whether it would suit your own case.

As an illustration of the value of conversation in its more familiar forms and its daily requirements, consider its service at meal-times. General usage has determined that three times a day we shall assemble with our families for the common purpose of appeasing the demands of hunger and satisfying the fancies or whims of the palate. Moreover, to many men these are the only times of the day when they can have the opportunity to meet all the members of their family in free and unrestrained intercourse. Now to make this occasion something more than mere “feeding,” and to elevate it to the dignity of rational intercourse, conversation is indispensable. We must open our mouths for something more than the reception of food. As a mere hygienic rule, I wish that excellent old proverb could be circulated among our countrymen, — “Chatted food is half digested.” I would almost pledge myself by this single rule to cure or prevent nearly half the cases of dyspepsia. But for higher reasons chiefly I speak of it now. We ought to insist that everything shall be favorable at meal-times to the truest sociality. No clouded brows, no absent or preoccupied demeanor, should be permitted at our tables. Whoever is not ready to do his part in making it a cheerful hour should be made to feel that he does not belong there. Better the merest nonsense, better anything that is not scandal and detraction, than absolute and freezing silence then. I am sure that the usages of all the most civilized and refined people will bear me out in this, — that the only way to dignify our meals, and make them something better than the indulgence of mere animal appetites, is to intersperse them largely with social talk. There, if not elsewhere, we look for the *soluta lingua*. There all reserve and embarrassment of speech, we trust, will have vanished, and each will feel free to impart to the rest his brightest and most joyous moods. Shall we ever realize this ideal, as long as “bolting” usurps the place of eating?

And what, after all, constitutes the

charm and the power of conversation, and makes it so desirable an attainment? Not, certainly, the amount of knowledge one can bring into play; for, as I have already shown you, instruction is a secondary object of conversation; and it is well known also that some of the most learned and best-informed men have been very poor talkers. Indeed, the scholastic habits which learning usually engenders are almost a disqualification for fluent and eloquent speech. The student is one of the last persons who are expected to shine at a social reunion. But neither can you rely upon brilliant talents, or original genius, or even upon wit and humor, to make the most charming converser. The qualities more immediately in requisition for this end are moral and social. Truth, courage, deference, good-nature, cheerfulness, sympathy, courtesy, tact, charity, — these are ingredients of the best conversation, which it would seem that no one need despair of attaining, and without which, in large measure, the most brilliant wit, the liveliest imagination, must soon repel rather than attract. And observe also, in connection with this, that it is not so much the words a man utters as the tones of his voice which express these moral and social qualities. Harsh, rude, blunt, severe tones will spoil the greatest flow of ideas or the utmost elegance of language. But when we are listening to the low, sweet music in which a genial and joyous and tender soul will utter itself, what care we for the wit or genius which are so much envied elsewhere? We did not miss it here. We may have brought away with us from such company no great fund of new ideas, but you may be sure something deeper than thought has been awakened, — the well-spring of purest and tenderest sensibilities has been made to overflow, and our life will be the greener for it hereafter. Perhaps, if you think of this a little more, my friend, you will not find it in your heart to condemn so unsparingly the more ordinary staple of conversation. Some cynical or unsocial character, deeming

himself superior to the vulgar vacuity and insipidity, will take no part in the every-day talk which deals so largely in commonplace and truisms. "Absurd waste of time and breath!" he exclaims. "Of what use this incessant harping on the weather, or the renewed inquiries after one's health, or the utterly pointless, if not insincere, exchange of daily civilities? Who is the wiser for it? What possible good can it do anybody?" Let us look a little at this, Mr. Cynic. You think it a waste of breath to greet a friend with a "good morning," or to give your testimony to the beauty of the day? Of course you are right, if one should never open his mouth but to impart a new idea, or to announce some startling fact. But what would you substitute for the morning salutation? Nothing! And would you really have two friends or brothers meet on the threshold of a new day, and interchange — blank silence? I admit, there is no variety in the words, — they are stale, they have been repeated a thousand times over. But it is the heartiness we put into them which gives them their value, and I am sure that you, with all your objections to the form of greeting, would find the world many shades more dreary, were *no* such forms to welcome us with the rising sun. For myself I can truly say, that, many and many a time, this morning salutation, spoken out with a generous fulness, and not with that grudging curtness which sometimes distinguishes it, has touched my heart as with a happy prophecy which the day was sure to fulfil. As to the dreadfully threadbare topic of the weather, I must confess I often hear it to satiety; but that is when it ceases to be the mere prelude to the dialogue, and occupies one's whole talk. In itself you cannot deny that it is natural and proper enough to invite another's sympathy in a subject which so nearly concerns the physical, if not the moral well-being of most of us. "What a glorious day we have!" when interpreted rationally, means nothing less than this, — "Come, let us enjoy together the lavish bounty of the Creator!" We may be

sensible of a new and purer joy for such an appeal. Already we were glad to have the sun shine so brightly; but it seems doubly bright now that our friend has invited us to share his joy. Does it seem to you superfluous, perhaps, to give utterance to a thought which is obviously already in the mind of your companion? Well, let us try this by some familiar test. You have just gone among the mountains to spend a few weeks with an agreeable company. You wake in the morning and find yourself in the midst of a most majestic spectacle. At the very door of the farm-house where you have taken lodgings, your eyes travel upward five thousand feet to admire that cloud-piercing summit which stands there to give you the welcome of the morning. As you watch its coursing shadows and all its wondrous variety of beauty and grandeur, have you nothing to say to the friend who has come with you there to see it all? What would be more unnatural than to repress all words or tokens of admiration,—to meet your friend day after day and interchange no word of recognition amid such scenes? I know that he who feels most in the presence of these sublimities will often say least. But because it is impossible to give expression to one's deepest thoughts, shall one say nothing? You may reasonably be supposed to care something for the sympathy of those whom you have accompanied hither; and sympathy, though not entirely dependent on words, naturally seeks some words to express itself, and is injured when that expression is restrained.

But now I fancy you replying to all this,—“You do not hit my difficulty. I have no trouble in talking with a chosen companion. My friend ‘draws me out,’ because I am his friend. In his presence my tongue is easily loosed, I have no hesitation in saying exactly what I wish, and there are innumerable things that I wish to say. But the great majority of men ‘shut me up.’ All my fluency departs when they enter. There is an indescribable awkwardness in our interview. We belong to different

spheres, and it is mere pretence to affirm that we have anything to communicate to each other.”—Here I am willing to admit that you have touched upon a very important consideration, although it by no means justifies all that you would build upon it. I am myself conscious that with some persons it is an effort to talk, and with others a delight; nor can I always understand whence this difference. It is certainly not owing to the length or shortness of acquaintance. It has been no infrequent experience with me, to meet persons who at the first interview broke down all my natural reserve. And on the other hand, I have known men all my life with whom it is still a study what I shall say when we meet. Who shall tell us what this magic is? Who shall give us the “open sesame” to every heart? We name it “sphere,” “organization,” “sympathy,” or what not, to cover our ignorance: all I insist upon is, that you will not name it *fate*. Pride or indolence is always suggesting that these lines of demarcation are fixed and unalterable. Beware of entertaining that suggestion! Were two of the most uncongenial persons in the world to be thrown together on a desert island, would they have nothing to say to each other? Would they not learn by the necessities of the case to communicate more and more? Would it not probably be a constant discovery, that they had vastly more in common than either had ever dreamed? I think so, at least. Well, if mere external necessity can surmount these natural barriers, may not a determined will, backed by a strong sense of moral obligation, do the same? Let me tell you this also, as one of my experiences: that I have not seldom reversed my first judgments or impressions of men, and have found, that, after a very thin crust was once broken through, there was no further obstacle to easy conversation. You will observe that some persons, at the first encounter, bristle all over with uncongenial points; and yet, if you will quietly ignore these, or boldly rush upon them, you shall gain a true friend. Behind that formidable barrier is a field

all your own, and worth cultivating. This needs to be considered, especially under our northern skies, where cultivated society intrrenches itself behind a triple wall of reserve. The code of this society seems to assume, that no stranger has a right to our confidence, that every new person may be supposed to have little in common with us, till we learn the contrary. Hence conversation in the saloons is a dexterous tossing about of the most vapid generalities, or a series of desperate attempts at non-committal. I do not wonder that you, my friend, like many other sensible people, infinitely prefer saying nothing to talking on this wise. But, with a little more courage, may not one break boldly through these artificial restraints, and ignore these supposed claims of polite society? Do not call me Quixotic, because I exhort you to show something like independence. Why may you not establish your own claim to confidence by confiding in others? Why not, without affectation, have to some extent your own standard of polite usage, — not, indeed, rashly despising all conventionalisms, but conforming to whatever is essentially refined, courteous, and deferential, yet proving in your manners and language that such conformity does not require one to suppress all that is simple, natural, spontaneous, enthusiastic, and fresh? Do not be afraid, however, that I would have you addicted to superlatives, — though I might object to them for another reason than that given by our American Essayist. He complains of them, that “they put whole drawing-rooms to flight,” — a result which I am almost malicious enough to say might sometimes be by no means undesirable. I do not say it, however. I merely express my impatience at the extremely artificial barriers which society interposes to any genuine, unaffected intercourse of human souls.

To return to the question of spheres and sympathy. I frankly admit, that it is very unreasonable to suppose we can talk equally well and feel equally at ease with all kinds of persons. Not

only organization, but habits, occupations, and culture, make inevitable differences between men, such as render it less easy for them to converse together. The scholar and the mechanic, the sailor and the farmer, the mistress and the maid, in most cases will have little to interest each other. Their interview will probably be awkward and brief, their words few and constrained. This, perhaps, cannot be essentially remedied. But I trust you will agree with me, that the true remedy is to be sought in a more hearty recognition of that *common humanity* which underlies all the shades and diversities of human character. “*Nihil humani alienum*,” — we must go back to old Terence still, even to learn how to talk. You happen to be thrown into the same public conveyance with a man of no literary or intellectual tastes. “All his talk is of oxen,” or perchance of his speculations and profits in trade. Moreover, he offends your ear by a shocking disregard of grammar, and vulgarisms of pronunciation. Your first reflection is, — “What can I have to say to such a man? How unfortunate to be condemned to such company!” Yet is there not *aliquid humani* even here? Were it only as an intellectual exercise, why not try to find out the real man beneath all these wrappages? The gold-miner does not grumble at having to crush the quartz, that he may bring to light the few grains of precious metal hidden in it. Infinitely more is it worth all the labor it costs to break through that harder shell in which man hides his intrinsic gold. And besides, it will not reflect much credit on the largeness of your own culture, if you suffer a mere offence against taste and manners to keep you ignorant of your companion’s deeper nature. “But how to draw him out? What effectual method to break through this hard or coarse covering?” I have no infallible directions to give you. But you must first have a genuine interest in him as a new specimen of a *man*; and then you must be able to inspire him with confidence in you, confidence that you respect him for his human nature and hold

yourself to be on an equality with him, inasmuch as "man measures man the world over." Start some topic which will evidently not be remote from his familiar range, and by a little tact you will easily find other related topics, till at last, as the field continually widens, you will both be amazed to see how many common interests, desires, beliefs you had, and how much unexpected benefit each has received from the other. Were there no other advantage to be sought from the power of general conversation, this alone should be enough to induce us to cultivate it: that so many uncomfortable social distinctions would thereby be removed. Have you not heard it often said, that, if certain classes only "knew each other better," they would be better friends, no longer separated by mutual envies, jealousies, and contempt? Now conversation is the readiest way to this mutual acquaintance, and it specially behooves one of the educated class to make the first advances in conversation. I have in my mind an instance of a man of natural reserve and diffidence, and of scholastic habits, who greatly to his grief had the reputation among some uneducated people of being "proud." But having occasion to do some little service to a woman of this class, he entered her plain dwelling, seated himself at once as if at home, and had no sooner uttered a few words of sympathy, such as the occasion called for, than all that suspicion of pride was most thoroughly dissipated, leaving only the wonder that it could ever have been entertained. My friend, will you not, in this world of frequent misunderstanding, do your part, by *word* as well as deed, to show others, whom society classes below you, that you are not divided from them in respect to all those great interests which make the true dignity of human nature? Talk of the virtue of silence! I will tell you from my own experience of a thousand cases where the simple failure to speak has kept up a coolness and alienation which one little word would have dispersed forever. Among the many sins and weaknesses which I have to lay at

my own door, few give me greater compunction than the cowardice — or whatever else it was — which kept back the timely words that ought to have been uttered, but were not.

Can I make this letter more practically useful by a few rules? It would seem, that, if conversation is an art, like other arts, there must be rules and methods to attain to it. This is true; but I must first remind you that mere facility, propriety, or elegance of speech is but a small part of the discipline required to make an agreeable and profitable talker. You must have something to express, something that you long to utter, something that you feel it would be for the advantage of others to hear. For the furnishing of mind and heart comes before any special power to *bring out* of one's treasury things new or old. In other words, the power to converse well is not an isolated and independent power; it has a close relation to the entire character, moral and intellectual. An enlightened conscience would make many persons better talkers than they are now, for it would present the matter in the light of a duty. A consciousness of intellectual power or of ample learning makes one more ready to open his mouth before intelligent men; for, whether rightly or not, one does not like to talk before others of subjects on which he knows that they are better informed than he. And yet it is no good reason for maintaining silence in the company of some eminent scholar, that he *knows* so much more than you. You are naturally shy of expressing your opinion on the "origin of species," or the "antiquity of man," before some great naturalist. But why not come to him as a learner, then? The art of putting questions well is no small part of the art of conversation. You can derive information from him in the most direct and impressive manner, while at the same time you are showing a pleasing deference to his superior knowledge. Or suppose the case reversed, and that you are the more learned of the two, may you not benefit some young scholar by questioning him so skilfully that

he shall seem to have imparted all the information evolved, instead of receiving it? The "wisest of mankind" always declared that he merely drew out the sentiments of those he talked with. He assisted in the delivery of their thoughts. He simply helped them to that most valuable knowledge, — the knowledge of themselves. He was forever putting questions to them, with a result which often surprised and sometimes made them angry, but which, at any rate, effectually served the interests of truth. And, upon the whole, I do not know any rule for making a good talker which deserves a more prominent place than this: Put your questions properly, and ask many questions. Observe how naturally nearly all conversation begins with an inquiry. "When did you arrive?" "Are you a stranger here?" "How far did you walk to-day?" "Which view did you most enjoy?" "Did you hear any news from the seat of war?" The simple reason of this method, as already intimated, is, that it puts the questioner in a more modest position. He whom you question has the agreeable consciousness of being able to impart something which you have not. You put yourself in the background, and make him the important person. He is therefore at once amicably disposed towards you, and is not likely to let the conversation languish, so auspiciously begun. He in turn becomes the questioner, and so in not many moments you stand on the footing of equals. But remember, all this is true only on condition that the questions are *properly put*. If they manifest an impertinent curiosity, a mere disposition to pry into affairs which do not belong to one, — if they are of a nature to expose the ignorance of the questioned, even though not intended for such, — if they are incessant, and unrelieved by any affirmations, as though you were unwilling to commit yourself, or grudging to impart your knowledge, — and, finally, if the tone and voice of the questioner imply a feeling of superiority, — then, instead of promoting conversation, you

will have done your worst to check it. You will have made the breach wider than if you had said nothing. Again, before putting your questions, consider a little the character of the man or woman whom you would address; for, while some evidently delight in being the objects of interrogation, others are as plainly, beyond a very moderate amount, annoyed by it. You must, of course, take this into account. You will gain nothing by the rudeness of pressing your questions upon unwilling ears. If one obstinately (or not obstinately) refuses to be drawn out, there is no help for it but silence. Conversation implies *some* reciprocity, — not by any means an equal amount of words on both sides, but at any rate some sign of intelligence, some expression of interest, some listening ear and face to encourage you; else it were better to utter your monologue to the woods and flowers.

Another rule of conversation, as old at least as George Herbert, is, to talk with men on the subjects which belong to their peculiar calling or occupation, — with a farmer about his crops, with a merchant about the markets, with a sailor about the charms and perils of the sea, etc. Let it be only with considerable qualification that you accept this rule. I like Coleridge's comment on it: Talk with a man about his trade or business, if your object is to get information on such points; but if you wish to know the man himself, try him on all other topics sooner. The rule, however, is a convenient one; it is almost instinctively adopted in general society; and if judiciously applied, it may express a friendly feeling, which it is very desirable to commence with. It is not applied judiciously, when you seem to assume by it that your interlocutor is *limited* to these topics, and that "the cobbler must stick to his last," in word as well as deed. Or, again, if your questions shall have the air of "pumping" him, you will not make much progress towards friendly communication; for that seems an unfair advantage to take of your position,

besides that it is making of him a mere convenience, not treating him as an equal. No one likes to be catechized after he has grown to man's estate. I advise you, therefore, to use this rule simply as a convenient introduction to conversation where other methods fail, and to rely more upon a rule which is in some respects the reverse of this: Begin by talking about those things which interest yourself, assuming that your interlocutor is interested in them also. But I must warn you that here even more tact and discretion are required than in the other case. Follow such a rule literally and everywhere, and you would often have no hearer left. Fancy some student, fresh from his Greek or Sanscrit, endeavoring to impart his enthusiasm to a crowd of rustics! It is plain that I must add to my rule, *provided* your interest does not lie in things too remote from common apprehension and sympathy. Remember what I have already said about our "common humanity." Do not be so absorbed in your favorite study that you shall not also have an eye and a heart for matters pertaining to the general welfare. Then there will be no company in which you need be wholly silent, though there will always be preference for a company which sympathizes with your more decided tastes and pursuits. I cannot, indeed, understand how one should ever arrive at that state in which he has no preference for any particular class or society. Yet the more one cultivates acquaintance with a variety of characters, the more one will enjoy conversation in the favorite circle. Looking upon society simply as the means of developing the power of speech in man, the wider and more intimate our acquaintance with it, the more varied and attractive will be that power. I have somewhere read of two prisoners of state in Europe, who, entire strangers to each other before, were thrown into the same prison-cell to pass years together. One of them, after his release, relates, that, for the first year, they told each other all that they ever did, — every incident

that memory could possibly rake up out of their past lives. For the second year, they talked over all their interior life, confiding to each other every phase of thought and affection and spiritual experience. But in the third year, they were *utterly silent*. They had "talked out." And what could more strikingly picture the misery of such a confinement than this entire exhaustion of materials for mutual communication? Yet how could it be otherwise? With absolutely nothing new to flow in, how could anything new be drawn out?

The story impresses upon us the lesson, that, if we would enrich and enliven our conversation, we must always be supplying ourselves with new resources, new studies, new experiences. Let me lay it down, then, as a further rule to help one in the attainment of this valuable art: Make it a point to inform yourself on a variety of topics. One of the greatest hindrances, you will observe, to profitable or entertaining conversation is the extremely limited range of ideas with which most persons are familiar. Take any miscellaneous company, brought together in some public conveyance, or detained at some public house. The chances are, that very few out of the whole number will be conscious of any definite opinions to express on the higher departments of thought. They could doubtless tell you a great many *facts* which have interested them; but ask them for their *ideas* upon science, theology, politics, or morals, and they are dumb. They will talk with you of *persons* as long as you will listen, but of *principles* they seem to have only the remotest conception. Now I do not quite agree with the "Guesses at Truth," that "personality is the bane of conversation"; for persons come nearer to our every-day sympathies, and one need not, one does not, always bring them forward for gossip and scandal. But does it not denote extreme poverty of thought to introduce personalities into every conversation? Let them rather be illustrations, and thus stepping-stones to something higher and more edifying.

Come now and then, at least, fully prepared for something like intellectual gymnastics. Put your whole strength into the conflict. Gather up all your forces of thought and knowledge, and do your best as a man among men, contending not for victory or display,* but for the truth and the right. If you ever belonged to a literary club or debating-society of any kind, you will remember what healthy glow and freshness it gave to all your faculties to enter into this intellectual arena. You could read and study with a great deal more interest after that. You knew better what you really believed and thought concerning the great interests of humanity. Your ideas of art, of ethics, of history, of government, of philosophy, were set in clearer order, and made you conscious of greater power. Now I am not pretending that you can make a debating-club out of every mixed company you may chance to meet, but only that you should carry into all society a readiness to discuss the higher topics, whenever they come up naturally to mind. Here it is *tact* again, and evermore *tact*, which is required to make the rule efficient,—*tact* to prevent “lugging in” unseasonable topics,—*tact* to avoid too long a discussion,—*tact* to keep out offensive egotism,—*tact*, in general, to adapt one's self to one's surroundings.

I will not conclude this letter, however imperfectly it may meet your wants, without devoting a few words to the grave question, Shall we talk of a subject so sacred as *religion* in mixed society? For myself, I must confess to some change of opinion on this point. I have greater respect than I once had for that reserve which keeps one habitually silent on this highest of all themes. I protest against the assumption, that a religious man will feel it his duty to converse often about religion. His duty must be governed by the peculiar circumstances of each case. He certainly must not do violence to his own feelings of reverence; nor ought he to suppose that the mere introduction of religious themes into conversation, anyhow and anywhere, is sure to do good. On the

contrary, I believe that an injudicious treatment of this subject has done vastly more harm than good. And yet there is no power, in my opinion, within the whole range of the human faculties, more desirable than that of awakening religious life and thought by means of familiar speech. Whoever would wield such a power must know, as one of the chief requisites, how to seize the *molliæ temporis fandi*. The word in season,—the very word to reach and move this individual heart,—find *this*, and you have found the great secret of influence. And be sure there is such a key to every man. Somewhere and sometime, if you watch for it, you shall discover the tender place in the roughest and hardest character. Men arm themselves against you by a thousand assumptions of indifference, stoicism, and irreverence, put on for the occasion, that you may not invade their inner sanctuary. Do not therefore be led into the mistake that for them there is no sanctuary, no citadel to defend. Better take for granted the reverse, and use every lawful art and persuasion to find the entrance to it. Of multitudes it is indeed true, that they have “no religion to speak of”; but that with any intelligent man is no longer a reproach. To sound a trumpet before one has a disagreeable reminder of certain ancient pretenders. Some men, when the heart is fullest, cannot speak; and nothing would be more unjust than to charge with want of feeling for the deepest and highest subjects of thought those who cannot frame a sentence to convey their emotions. Yet, after all these considerations have been fairly weighed, it is still desirable that men should communicate with each other far oftener than they do, on the interests which concern all men alike,—the interests, not of a temporal, but of an eternal state. A wholly unnatural reserve, the result of false education, hedges in the subject of religion. Never,—let this be a sacred and inviolable rule to you,—never, by word, tone, or manner, falsify your own nature and experience, when referring to this subject; never affect in the slightest degree an interest you do not feel;

never dare to open your mouth merely because you are expected to do so,—and, my word for it, you will already possess important negative qualifications, to say the least, for conversing on the highest of all topics. I have exalted “tact” in conversation, but here I would exalt simplicity no less. Lay aside the *too many* folds. Learn the courage to “speak right out,” when you know that your heart is charged with no malice or vanity, that you should fear to speak. Have

you never envied the courage of children in this respect? I have. And it has seemed to me that to “become as little children” is nowhere more urgently required than here, and that no rule would sooner make talkers out of the silent ones,—you, my friend, included. So with this, my last and best word, I take leave of you, not despairing that you will yet be able to overcome your taciturnity, if you take to heart these counsels of

YOUR FRIEND.

THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

VIII.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

WHEN the first number of the Chimney-Corner appeared, the snow lay white on the ground, the buds on the trees were closed and frozen, and beneath the hard frost-bound soil lay buried the last year’s flower-roots, waiting for a resurrection.

So in our hearts it was winter,—a winter of patient suffering and expectancy,—a winter of suppressed sobs, of inward bleedings,—a cold, choked, compressed anguish of endurance, for how long and how much God only could tell us.

The first paper of the Chimney-Corner, as was most meet and fitting, was given to those homes made sacred and venerable by the cross of martyrdom,—by the chrism of a great sorrow. That Chimney-Corner made bright by home firelight seemed a fitting place for a solemn act of reverent sympathy for the homes by whose darkness our homes had been preserved bright, by whose emptiness our homes had been kept full, by whose losses our homes had been enriched; and so we ventured with trembling to utter these words of sympathy and cheer to those whom

God had chosen to this great sacrifice of sorrow.

The winter months passed with silent footsteps, spring returned, and the sun, with ever-waxing power, unsealed the snowy sepulchre of buds and leaves,—birds reappeared, brooks were unchained, flowers filled every desolate dell with blossoms and perfume. And with returning spring, in like manner, the chill frost of our fears and of our dangers melted before the breath of the Lord. The great war, which lay like a mountain of ice upon our hearts, suddenly dissolved and was gone. The fears of the past were as a dream when one awaketh, and now we scarce realize our deliverance. A thousand hopes are springing up everywhere, like spring-flowers in the forest. All is hopefulness, all is bewildering joy.

But this our joy has been ordained to be changed into a wail of sorrow. The kind hard hand, that held the helm so steadily in the desperate tossings of the storm, has been stricken down just as we entered port,—the fatherly heart that bore all our sorrows can take no earthly part in our joys. His were the cares,

the watchings, the toils, the agonies of a nation in mortal struggle; and God looking down was so well pleased with his humble faithfulness, his patient continuance in well-doing, that earthly rewards and honors seemed all too poor for him, so He reached down and took him to immortal glories. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Henceforth the place of Abraham Lincoln is first among that noble army of martyrs who have given their blood to the cause of human freedom. The eyes are yet too dim with tears that would seek calmly to trace out his place in history. He has been a marvel and a phenomenon among statesmen, a new kind of ruler in the earth. There has been something even unearthly about his extreme unselfishness, his utter want of personal ambition, personal self-valuation, personal feeling.

The most unsparing criticism, denunciation, and ridicule never moved him to a single bitter expression, never seemed to awaken in him a single bitter thought. The most exultant hour of party victory brought no exultation to him; he accepted power not as an honor, but as a responsibility; and when, after a severe struggle, that power came a second time into his hands, there was something preternatural in the calmness of his acceptance of it. The first impulse seemed to be a disclaimer of all triumph over the party that had strained their utmost to push him from his seat, and then a sober girding up of his loins to go on with the work to which he was appointed. His last inaugural was characterized by a tone so peculiarly solemn and free from earthly passion, that it seems to us now, who look back on it in the light of what has followed, as if his soul had already parted from earthly things, and felt the powers of the world to come. It was not the formal state-paper of the chief of a party in an hour of victory, so much as the solemn soliloquy of a great soul reviewing its course under a vast responsibility, and appealing from all earthly judgments to the tribunal of

Infinite Justice. It was the solemn clearing of his soul for the great sacrament of Death, and the words that he quoted in it with such thrilling power were those of the adoring spirits that veil their faces before the throne: "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!"

Among the rich treasures which this bitter struggle has brought to our country, not the least is the moral wealth which has come to us in the memory of our martyrs. Thousands of men, women, and children too, in this great conflict, have "endured tortures, not accepting deliverance," counting not their lives dear unto them in the holy cause; and they have done this as understandingly and thoughtfully as the first Christians who sealed their witness with their blood.

Let us in our hour of deliverance and victory record the solemn vow, that our right hand shall forget her cunning before we forget them and their sufferings,—that our tongue shall cleave to the roof of our mouth, if we remember them not above our chief joy.

Least suffering among that noble band were those who laid down their lives on the battle-field, to whom was given a brief and speedy passage to the victor's meed. The mourners who mourn for such as these must give place to another and more august band, who have sounded lower deeps of anguish, and drained bitterer drops out of our great cup of trembling.

The narrative of the lingering tortures, indignities, and sufferings of our soldiers in Rebel prisons has been something so harrowing that we have not dared to dwell upon it. We have been helplessly dumb before it, and have turned away our eyes from what we could not relieve, and therefore could not endure to look upon. But now, when the nation is called to strike the great and solemn balance of justice, and to decide measures of final retribution, it behooves us all that we should at least watch with our brethren for one hour, and take into our account what they have been made to suffer for us.

Sterne said he could realize the miseries of captivity only by setting before him the image of a miserable captive with hollow cheek and wasted eye, notching upon a stick, day after day, the weary record of the flight of time. So we can form a more vivid picture of the sufferings of our martyrs from one simple story than from any general description; and therefore we will speak right on, and tell one story which might stand as a specimen of what has been done and suffered by thousands.

In the town of Andover, Massachusetts, a boy of sixteen, named Walter Raymond, enlisted among our volunteers. He was under the prescribed age, but his eager zeal led him to follow the footsteps of an elder brother who had already enlisted; and the father of the boy, though these two were all the sons he had, instead of availing himself of his legal right to withdraw him, indorsed the act in the following letter addressed to his Captain.

“ANDOVER, MASS., August 15th, 1862.

“CAPTAIN HUNT, — My eldest son has enlisted in your company. I send you his younger brother. He is, and always has been, in perfect health, of more than the ordinary power of endurance, honest, truthful, and courageous. I doubt not you will find him on trial all you can ask, except his age, and that I am sorry to say is only sixteen; yet if our country needs his service, take him.

“Your obedient servant,

“SAMUEL RAYMOND.”

The boy went forth to real service, and to successive battles at Kingston, at Whitehall, and at Goldsborough; and in all did his duty bravely and faithfully. He met the temptations and dangers of a soldier's life with the pure-hearted firmness of a Christian child, neither afraid nor ashamed to remember his baptismal vows, his Sunday-school teachings, and his mother's wishes.

He had passed his promise to his mother against drinking and smoking, and held it with a simple, childlike

steadiness. When in the midst of malarious swamps, physicians and officers advised the use of tobacco. The boy writes to his mother, — “A great many have begun to smoke, but I shall not do it without your permission, though I think it does a great deal of good.”

In his leisure hours, he was found in his tent reading; and before battle he prepared his soul with the beautiful psalms and collects for the day, as appointed by his church, and writes with simplicity to his friends, —

“I prayed God that He would watch over me, and if I fell, receive my soul in heaven; and I also prayed that I might not forget the cause I was fighting for, and turn my back in fear.”

After nine months' service, he returned with a soldier's experience, though with a frame weakened by sickness in a malarious region. But no sooner did health and strength return than he again enlisted, in the Massachusetts cavalry service, and passed many months of constant activity and adventure, being in some severe skirmishes and battles with that portion of Sheridan's troops who approached nearest to Richmond, getting within a mile and a half of the city. At the close of this raid, so hard had been the service, that only thirty horses were left out of seventy-four in his company, and Walter and two others were the sole survivors among eight who occupied the same tent.

On the 16th of August, Walter was taken prisoner in a skirmish; and from the time that this news reached his parents, until the 18th of the following March, they could ascertain nothing of his fate. A general exchange of prisoners having been then effected, they learned that he had died on Christmas Day in Salisbury Prison, of hardship and privation.

What these hardships were is, alas! easy to be known from those too well authenticated accounts published by our Government of the treatment experienced by our soldiers in the Rebel prisons.

Robbed of clothing, of money, of the soldier's best friend, his sheltering blan-

ket,—herded in shivering nakedness on the bare ground,—deprived of every implement by which men of energy and spirit had soon bettered their lot,—forbidden to cut in adjacent forests branches for shelter, or fuel to cook their coarse food,—fed on a pint of corn-and-cob-meal per day, with some slight addition of molasses or rancid meat,—denied all mental resources, all letters from home, all writing to friends,—these men were cut off from the land of the living while yet they lived,—they were made to dwell in darkness as those that have been long dead.

By such slow, lingering tortures,—such weary, wasting anguish and sickness of body and soul,—it was the infernal policy of the Rebel government either to wring from them an abjuration of their country, or by slow and steady draining away of the vital forces to render them forever unfit to serve in her armies.

Walter's constitution bore four months of this usage, when death came to his release. A fellow-sufferer, who was with him in his last hours, brought the account to his parents.

Through all his terrible privations, even the lingering pains of slow starvation, Walter preserved his steady simplicity, his faith in God, and unswerving fidelity to the cause for which he was suffering.

When the Rebels had kept the prisoners fasting for days, and then brought in delicacies to tempt their appetite, hoping thereby to induce them to desert their flag, he only answered,—“I would rather be carried out in that dead-cart!”

When told by some that he must steal from his fellow-sufferers, as many did, in order to relieve the pangs of hunger, he answered,—“No, I was not brought up to that!” And so when his weakened system would no longer receive the cob-meal which was his principal allowance, he set his face calmly towards death.

He grew gradually weaker and weaker and fainter and fainter, and at last dis-

ease of the lungs set in, and it became apparent that the end was at hand.

On Christmas Day, while thousands among us were bowing in our garlanded churches or surrounding festive tables, this young martyr lay on the cold, damp ground, watched over by his destitute friends, who sought to soothe his last hours with such scanty comforts as their utter poverty afforded,—raising his head on the block of wood which was his only pillow, and moistening his brow and lips with water, while his life ebbed slowly away, until about two o'clock, when he suddenly roused himself, stretched out his hand, and, drawing to him his dearest friend among those around him, said, in a strong, clear voice,—

“I am going to die. Go tell my father I am ready to die, for I die for God and my country,”—and, looking up with a triumphant smile, he passed to the reward of the faithful.

And now, men and brethren, if this story were a single one, it were worthy to be had in remembrance; but Walter Raymond is not the only noble-hearted boy or man that has been slowly tortured and starved and done to death, by the fiendish policy of Jefferson Davis and Robert Edmund Lee.

No,—wherever this simple history shall be read, there will arise hundreds of men and women who will testify,—“Just so died my son!” “So died my brother!” “So died my husband!” “So died my father!”

The numbers who have died in these lingering tortures are to be counted, not by hundreds, or even by thousands, but by tens of thousands.

And is there to be no retribution for a cruelty so vast, so aggravated, so cowardly and base? And if there is retribution, on whose head should it fall? Shall we seize and hang the poor, ignorant, stupid, imbruted semi-barbarians who were set as jailors to keep these hells of torment and inflict these insults and cruelties? or shall we punish the educated, intelligent chiefs who were the head and brain of the iniquity?

If General Lee had been determined *not* to have prisoners starved or abused, does any one doubt that he could have prevented these things? Nobody doubts it. His raiment is red with the blood of his helpless captives. Does any one doubt that Jefferson Davis, living in ease and luxury in Richmond, knew that men were dying by inches in filth and squalor and privation in the Libby Prison, within bowshot of his own door? Nobody doubts it. It was his will, his deliberate policy, thus to destroy those who fell into his hands. The chief of a so-called Confederacy, who could calmly consider among his official documents incendiary plots for the secret destruction of ships, hotels, and cities full of peaceable people, is a chief well worthy to preside over such cruelties; but his only just title is President of Assassins, and the whole civilized world should make common cause against such a miscreant.

There has been, on both sides of the water, much weak, ill-advised talk of mercy and magnanimity to be extended to these men, whose crimes have produced a misery so vast and incalculable. The wretches who have tortured the weak and the helpless, who have secretly plotted to supplement, by dastardly schemes of murder and arson, that strength which failed them in fair fight, have been commiserated as brave generals and unfortunate patriots, and efforts are made to place them within the comities of war.

It is no feeling of personal vengeance, but a sense of the eternal fitness of things, that makes us rejoice, when criminals, who have so outraged every sentiment of humanity, are arrested and arraigned and awarded due retribution at the bar of their country's justice. There are crimes against God and human nature which it is treason alike to God and man not to punish; and such have been the crimes of the traitors who were banded together in Richmond.

If there be those whose hearts lean to pity, we can show them where all the pity of their hearts may be better bestowed than in deploring the woes of

assassins. Let them think of the thousands of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, whose lives will be forever haunted with memories of the slow tortures in which their best and bravest were done to death.

The sufferings of those brave men are ended. Nearly a hundred thousand are sleeping in those sad, nameless graves,—and may their rest be sweet! “There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest.—There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.” But, O ye who have pity to spare, spare it for the broken-hearted friends, who, to life's end, will suffer over and over all that their dear ones endured. Pity the mothers who hear their sons' faint calls in dreams, who in many a weary night-watch see them pining and wasting, and yearn with a life-long, unappeasable yearning to have been able to soothe those forsaken, lonely death-beds. Oh, man or woman, if you have pity to spare, spend it not on Lee or Davis,—spend it on their victims, on the thousands of living hearts which these men of sin have doomed to an anguish that will end only with life!

Blessed are the mothers whose sons passed in battle,—a quick, a painless, a glorious death! Blessed in comparison,—yet we weep for them. We rise up and give place at sight of their mourning-garments. We reverence the sanctity of their sorrow. But before this other sorrow we are dumb in awful silence. We find no words with which to console such grief. We feel that our peace, our liberties, have been bought at a fearful price, when we think of the sufferings of our martyred soldiers. Let us think of them. It was for *us* they bore hunger and cold and nakedness. They might have had food and raiment and comforts, if they would have deserted our cause,—and they did not. Cut off from all communication with home or friends or brethren,—dragging on the weary months, apparently forgotten,—still they would not yield, they would not fight against us; and so for us at last they died.

What return can we make them?

Peace has come, and we take up all our blessings restored and brightened ; but if we look, we shall see on every blessing a bloody cross.

When three brave men broke through the ranks of the enemy, to bring to King David a draught from the home-well, for which he longed, the generous-hearted prince would not drink it, but poured it out as an offering before the Lord ; for he said, " Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives ? "

Thousands of noble hearts have been slowly consumed to secure to us the blessings we are rejoicing in.

We owe a duty to these our martyrs, — the only one we can pay.

In every place, honored by such a history and example, let a monument be raised at the public expense, on which shall be inscribed the names of those who died for their country, and the manner of their death.

Such monuments will educate our young men in heroic virtue, and keep alive to future ages the flame of patriotism. And thus, too, to the aching heart of bereaved love shall be given the only consolation of which its sorrows admit, in the reverence which is paid to its lost loved ones.

RECONSTRUCTION AND NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

PEACE.

DAYBREAK upon the hills !

Slowly, behind the midnight murk and trail
Of the long storm, light brightens, pure and pale,
And the horizon fills.

Not bearing swift release, —
Not with quick feet of triumph, but with tread
August and solemn, following her dead,
Cometh, at last, our Peace.

Over thick graves grown green,
Over pale bones that graveless lie and bleach,
Over torn human hearts her path doth reach,
And Heaven's dear pity lean.

O angel sweet and grand !
White-footed, from beside the throne of God,
Thou movest, with the palm and olive-rod,
And day bespreads the land !

His Day we waited for !
With faces to the East, we prayed and fought ;
And a faint music of the dawning caught,
All through the sounds of War.

Our souls are still with praise !
It is the dawning ; there is work to do :
When we have borne the long hours' burden through,
Then we will pæans raise.

God give us, with the time,
His strength for His large purpose to the world!
To bear before Him, in its face unfurled,
His gonfalon sublime!

Ay, we *are* strong! Both sides
The misty river stretch His army's wings:
Heavenward, with glorious wheel, one flank He flings;
And one front still abides!

Strongest where most bereft!
His great ones He doth call to more command.
For whom He hath prepared it, they shall stand
On the Right Hand and Left!

RECONSTRUCTION AND NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

THE submission of the Rebel armies and the occupation of the Rebel territory by the forces of the United States are successes which have been purchased at the cost of the lives of half a million of loyal men and a debt of nearly three thousand millions of dollars; but, according to theories of State Rights now springing anew to life, victory has smitten us with impotence. The war, it seems, was waged for the purpose of forcing the sword out of the Rebel's hands, and forcing into them the ballot. At an enormous waste of treasure and blood, we have acquired the territory for which we fought; and lo! it is not ours, but belongs to the people we have been engaged in fighting, in virtue of the constitution we have been fighting for. The Federal government is now, it appears, what Wigfall elegantly styled it four years ago, — nothing but "the one-horse concern at Washington": the real power is in the States it has subdued. We are therefore expected to act like the savage, who, after thrashing his Fetich for disappointing his prayers, falls down again and worships it. Our Fetich is State Rights, as perversely misunderstood. The Rebellion would have been soon put down,

had it been merely an insurrectionary outbreak of masses of people without any political organization. Its tremendous force came from its being a revolt of States, with the capacity to employ those powers of taxation and conscription which place the persons and property of all residing in political communities at the service of their governments. And now that characteristic which gave strength to the Rebel communities in war is invoked to shield them from Federal regulation in defeat. We are required to substitute technicalities for facts; to consider the Rebellion — what it notoriously was not — a mere revolt of loose aggregations of men owing allegiance to the United States; and to hold the States, which endowed them with such a perfect organization and poisonous vitality, as innocent of the crime. The verbal dilemma in which this reasoning places us is this: that the Rebel States could not do what they did, and therefore we cannot do what we must. Among other things which it is said we cannot do, the prescribing of the qualifications of voters in the States occupies the most important place; and it is necessary to inquire whether the Rebel communities now held by our military power are

States, in the sense that word bears in the Federal Constitution. If they are, we have not only no right to say that negroes shall enjoy in them the privilege of voting, but no right to prescribe any qualifications for white voters.

In the American system, the process by which constitutions are made and governments instituted is by conventions of the people. The State constitutions were ordained by conventions of the people of the several States; the constitution of the United States was made the supreme law of the land by conventions of the people of all the States; and the only method by which a State could be released, with any show of legality, from its obligations to the United States, would be the assent of the same power which created the Federal constitution, — namely, conventions of the people of *all* the States. The course adopted by the so-called “seceding” States was separate State action by popular conventions in the States seceding. This was an appeal to the original authority from which State governments and constitutions derived their powers, but a violation of solemn faith towards the government and constitution decreed by the people of all the States, and which, by the assent of each State, formed a vital part of each State constitution. No State convention could be called for the purpose of separating from the Union, — of destroying what the officers calling it had sworn to support, — without making official perjury the preliminary condition of State sovereignty. Looked at from the point of view of the State seceding, the act was an assertion of State independence; looked at from the point of view of the constitution of the United States, it was an act of State suicide. The State so acting through a convention of its people was no longer a State, in the meaning that word bears in the Federal constitution; for, whatever it may have been before it was one of the United States, it was transformed into a different political society by making the Federal constitution a part of its own organic law.

In cutting that bond, it bled to death as a State, as far as the Federal constitution knows a State, to rise again as a Rebel community, holding a portion of the Federal territory by force of arms. A State, in the meaning of the Federal constitution, is a political community forbidden to exercise sovereign powers, and at once a part of the Federal government and owing allegiance to it. Is South Carolina, which has exercised sovereign powers, which has broken its allegiance to the Federal government, and which at present is certainly not a part of it, such a political society?

It is, we know, contended by some reasoners on the subject, that the Rebel States *could not* do what they palpably *did*. This course of argument is sustained only by confounding duties with powers. By the constitution a State cannot (that is, has no right to) secede, only as, by the moral law, a man cannot (that is, has no right to) commit murder; nevertheless, States have broken away from their obligations to the Union, as murderers have broken away from their obligations to the moral law. It is folly to claim that criminal acts are impossible because they are unjustifiable. The real question relates to the condition in which the criminal acts of the Rebel States left them as political societies. They cannot claim, as some of their Northern champions do for them, that, being *in* the Union in our view, and *out* of it in their own, the only result of defeating them as Rebels is to restore them as citizens. This would be playing a political game of “Heads I win, tails you lose,” which they must know can hardly succeed with a nation which has made such enormous sacrifices of treasure and blood in putting them down. After having, by a solemn act of their own, through conventions of the people, forsworn their duties to the constitution, they by that act forfeited its privileges. In our view they became Rebel enemies, against whom we had both the rights of sovereignty and the rights of war; in their own view, they became foreigners; and from that moment they had no more “constitutional” control of the area they

occupied, were no more "States," than if they had transferred their allegiance to a European power, and the war had been prosecuted to wrest the territory they occupied, and the people they ruled, from the clutch of England or France. Even if we consider the Union a mere partnership of States, the same principle will apply; for partnership implies mutual obligations, and no partner can steal the property of his firm, and abscond with it, and then, after he has been hunted down and arrested, claim the rights in the business he enjoyed before he turned rogue.

But it is sometimes asserted that the small minority of citizens in the Rebel States claiming to be, and to have been, loyal, constitute the States in the constitutional meaning of the term. Now without insisting on the fact that it is so plainly impossible to accurately distinguish these from the disloyal, that an oath, not required by State constitutions, has, in the recent attempt at reconstruction, been imposed by Federal authority on all voters alike, it is plain that no minority in a political society can claim exemption from political evils it had not power to prevent. Had we gone to war with Great Britain, the property of Cobden and Bright on the high seas would have been as liable to capture as that of Lindsay or Laird. No loyal citizens at the South could have been more bitterly opposed to Secession than some of our Northern Copperheads were to the war for the Union; and yet the persons of the Copperheads were as liable to conscription, and their property to taxation, as those of the most enthusiastic Republicans. There would be an end to political societies, if men should refuse to be held responsible for all public acts except those they personally approved. A member of a community whose people, in a convention, broke faith with the United States, and made war against it, the Southern Unionist was forced into complicity with the crime. By the pressure of a power he could not resist he was compelled to pay Confederate taxes, serve in Confederate armies, and become a portion of the Con-

federate strength. More than this: the property in human beings, which he held by local law, was confiscated by the Federal government's edict of emancipation, equally with the same kind of property held by the most disloyal. And now that the war is over, he and those who sympathized with him are not the State, which was extinguished by its own act when it rebelled. He and his friends may be the objects of sympathy, of honor, of reward; but in the work of reconstruction the interest and safety of the great body of loyal citizens of the United States, of the persons who have bought the territory at such a terrible price, are to be primarily consulted. And not simply because such a course is expedient, but because the Southern Unionists can advance no valid claim to be the political societies which were recognized by the Federal constitution as States before the Rebellion. If they were, they might proceed at once to assume the powers of the States, without any authority from Washington, and without calling any convention to form a *new* constitution. If, on the breaking out of the Rebellion, they had rallied in defence of the old constitutions within State limits, preserved the organization of the States in all departments, raised and equipped armies, and conducted a war against the Confederates as traitors to their respective States as well as to the United States, they might present some claims to be considered the States; but this they did not do, and they were not powerful enough to do it. The large proportion of them were compelled to form a part of the Rebel power. And this brings us directly to the heart of the matter. It is asserted that the Acts of Secession, being unconstitutional, were inoperative and void. But they were passed by the people of the several States which seceded, and the persons and property of the whole people were indiscriminately employed in making them effective. The States held by Rebel armies were Rebel States. All the population were necessarily, in the view of the Federal government, Rebel enemies. Consequently the ter-

ritory of the States was as "void" of citizens of the United States as the Acts of Secession were "void." The only things left, then, were the inoperative ideas of States.

Again, to put the argument in another form, it is asserted, that, though the people of a State may commit treason, the State itself remains unaffected by the crime. A distinction is here made between a State and the people who constitute it, — between the State and the persons who create its constitution and organize its government. The State constitution which existed while it was a State, in the Federal meaning of the word, was destroyed in an essential part by the same authority which created it, namely, a convention of the people of the State; and yet it is said that the State remained unaffected by the deed. By this course of reasoning, a State is defined an abstract essence which can comfortably exist in all its rights and privileges, *in potentia*, apart from all visible embodiment; a State which is the possibility of a State and not the actuality of one; a State which can be brought into the line of real vision only by some such contrivance as that employed by the German playwright, who, in a drama on the subject of the Creation, represented Adam crossing the stage *going* to be created.

There is, it is true, one method of getting a kind of body to this abstract State, but it is a method which may well frighten the hardest American reasoner. It was employed by Burke in one of the audacities of his logic directed against the governments established after the French Revolution of 1789. [He took the ground, that France was not in the French territory or in the French people, but in the persons who represented its old polity, and who had escaped into England and Germany. These constituted what he called "Moral France," in distinction from "Geographical France"; and Moral France, he said, had emigrated.

But as few or none will be inclined to take the ground that South Carolina and Georgia exist in the persons who

left their soil on the breaking out of the Rebellion, we are forced back to the conception of an invisible spiritual soul and essence of a State, surviving its bodily destruction. But even this abstraction must still, from the point of view of the Federal constitution, be conceived of as owing allegiance to the Federal government; and it can confessedly get a new body only by the exercise of Federal authority. Its leading institution has been destroyed by Federal power. Its old legislature and governor, who alone, on State principles, could call a convention of the people, are spotted all over with treason, and might be hanged as traitors, by the law of the United States, while engaged in measures to repair the broken unity of the State life, — a fact which is of itself sufficient to show that the old State is dead beyond all bodily resurrection. The white inhabitants who occupy its old geographical limits are defeated Rebels, and not one can exercise the privilege of voting without taking an oath which no real "State" prescribes. They are all born again into citizens by a Federal fiat; they are "pardoned" into voters; they derive their rights, not from their old charters, but from an act of amnesty. Far from any discrimination being made between loyal and disloyal, the great body of both classes are compelled to submit to Federal terms of citizenship or be disfranchised; and they are called upon, not to revive the old State, but to make a new one, within the old State lines. And all this would result from the necessity of the case, even if it were not made justifiable by the essential sovereignty of the United States, of which the war-power is but an incident. But if the Federal government can thus give the white inhabitants, or any portion of them, the right of suffrage, cannot it confer that right upon the black freedmen? It will not do, at this stage, to say that the Federal government has no right to prescribe the qualifications of voters in the States: because, in the case of the whites, it does and must prescribe them; and President

Johnson has just the same right to say that negroes shall vote as to say that pardoned Rebels shall vote. The right of States to decide on the qualifications of its electors applies only to loyal States; it cannot apply to political communities which have lost by Rebellion the Federal character of "States," which notoriously have no legitimate State authority to decide the question of qualification, and which are now taking the preparatory steps of forming themselves into States through the agency of provisional Federal governors, directing voters, constituted such by Federal authority, to elect delegates to a convention of the people. It is a misuse of constitutional language to call North Carolina and Mississippi "States," in the same sense in which we use the term in speaking of Ohio and Massachusetts. When their conventions have framed State constitutions, when their State governments are organized, and when their senators and representatives have been admitted into the Congress of the United States, then, indeed, they will be States, entitled to all the privileges of Ohio and Massachusetts; and woe be to us, if they are reconstructed on wrong principles!

It is often said, that, although the Federal government may have the right and power to decide who shall be considered "the people" of the Rebel States, in so important a matter as the conversion of them into States of the Federal Union, it is still politic and just to make the qualifications of voters as nearly as possible what they were before the Rebellion. Conceding this, we still have to face the fact, that a large body of men, held before the war as slaves, have been emancipated, and added to the body of the people. They are now as free as the white men. The old constitutions of the Slave States could have no application to the new condition of affairs. The change in the circumstances, by which four years have done the ordinary work of a century, demands a corresponding change in the application of old rules, even admitting

that we should take them as a guide. Having converted the loyal blacks from slaves into the condition of citizens of the United States, there can be no reason or justice or policy in allowing them to be made, in localities recently Rebel, the subjects of whites who have but just purged themselves from the guilt of treason.

The question of negro suffrage being thus reduced to a question of expediency, to be decided on its own merits, the first argument brought against it is based on the proposition, that it is inexpedient to give the privilege of voting to the ignorant and unintelligent. This sounds well; but a moment's reflection shows us that the objection is directed simply against deficiencies of education and intelligence which happen to be accompanied with a black skin. Three fifths or three fourths of the poor whites of the South cannot read or write; and they are cruelly belied, if they do not add to their ignorance that more important disqualification for good citizenship, — indisposition or incapacity for work. In general, the American system proceeds on the idea that the best way of qualifying men to vote is voting, as the best way of teaching boys to swim is to let them go into the water. "Our national experience," says Chief-Justice Chase, in a letter to the New Orleans freedmen, "has demonstrated that public order reposes most securely on the broad base of Universal Suffrage. It has proved, also, that universal suffrage is the surest guaranty and most powerful stimulus of individual, social, and political progress." But even if we take the ground, that education and suffrage, though not actually, should properly be, identical, the argument would not apply to the case of the freedmen. What we need primarily at the South is loyal citizens of the United States, and treason there is in inverse proportion to ignorance. If, in reconstructing the Rebel communities, we make suffrage depend on education, we inevitably put the local governments into the hands of a small minority of prominent Confederates whom we have recently defeated; of

men physically subdued, but morally rebellious; of men who have used their education simply to destroy the prosperity created by the industry of the ignorant and enslaved, and who, however skilful they may be as "architects of ruin," have shown no capacity for the nobler art which repairs and rebuilds. If, on the other hand, we make suffrage depend on color, we disfranchise the only portion of the population on whose allegiance we can thoroughly rely, and give the States over to white ignorance and idleness led by white intrigue and disloyalty. We are placed by events in that strange condition in which the safety of that "republican form of government" we desire to insure the Southern States has more safeguards in the instincts of the ignorant than in the intelligence of the educated. The right of the freedmen, not merely to the common privileges of citizens, but to *own themselves*, depends on the connection of the States in which they live with the United States being preserved. They must know that Secession and State Independence mean their reënslavement. Saulsbury of Delaware, and Willey of West Virginia, declared in the Senate, in 1862, that the Rebel States, when they came back into the Union, would have the legal power to reënslave any blacks whom the National government might emancipate; and it is only the plighted faith of the United States to the freedmen, which such a proceeding would violate, which can prevent the crime from being perpetrated. It is as citizens of the United States, and not as inhabitants of North Carolina or Mississippi, that their freedom is secure. Their instincts, their interests, and their position will thus be their teachers in the duties of citizenship. They are as sure to vote in accordance with the most advanced ideas of the time as most of the embittered aristocracy are to vote for the most retrograde. They will, though at first ignorant, necessarily be in political sympathy with the most educated voters of New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts; if they were as low in the scale of being as their bitterest revilers

assert, they would still be forced by their instincts into intuitions of their interests; and their interests are identical with those of civilization and progress. We suppose that those who think them most degraded would be willing to concede to them the possession of a little selfish cunning; and a little selfish cunning is enough to bring them into harmony with the purposes, if not the spirit, of the largest-minded philanthropy and statesmanship of the North.

It is claimed, we know, by some of the hardest dealers in assertion, that the freedmen will vote as their former masters shall direct; but as this argument is generally put forward by those whose sympathies are with the former masters rather than with the emancipated bondmen, one finds it difficult to understand why they should object to a policy which will increase the power of those whom they wish to be dominant. The circumstances, however, under which credulous ignorance becomes the prey of unscrupulous intelligence are familiar to all who have observed our elections. An ignorant Irish Catholic may be the victim of a pro-slavery demagogue, because the latter flatters his prejudices; but can he be deceived by a bigoted Know-Nothing, who is the object of them? The only demagogue who could control the negro would be an abolition demagogue, and he could control him to his harm only when the negro was deprived of his rights. The slave-masters were wont to pay considerable attention to zoölogy, — not because they were interested in science, but because in that science they thought they could obtain arguments for expelling blacks from the human species. In their zoölogical studies, did they ever learn that mice instinctively seek the protection of the cat, or that the deer speeds to, instead of from, the hunter? The persons whose votes the late masters would be most likely to control would palpably be those whose votes they always have controlled, namely, the poor whites; for, in the late Slave States, white aristocrat is still bound to white democrat by the strong tie of a common

contempt of "the nigger." Meanwhile it is not difficult to believe, that, among four millions of black people, there are enough plantation Hampdens and Adamses to give political organization to their brethren, and make their votes efficient for the protection of their interests.

We think, then, it may be taken for granted, that, while ignorant, the freedmen will vote right by the force of their instincts, and that the education they require will be the result of their possessing the political power to demand it. Free schools are not the creations of private benevolence, but of public taxation; it is useless to expect a system of universal education in a community which does not rest on universal suffrage; and the children of the poor freeman are educated at the public expense, not so much by the pleading of the children's needs as by the power of the father's ballot. To take the ground, that the "superior" race will educate the "inferior" race it has but just held in bondage, that it will humanely set to work to prepare and qualify the "niggers" to be voters, only escapes from being considered the artifice of the knave by charitably referring it to the credulity of the simpleton. We do not send, as Mr. Sumner has happily said, "the child to be nursed by the wolf"; and he might have added, that the only precedent for such a proceeding, the case of Romulus and Remus, has lost all the little force it may once have had by the criticism of Niebuhr.

If the negroes do not get the power of political self-protection in the conventions of the people which are now to be called, it is not reasonable to expect they will ever get it by the consent of the whites. Legal State conventions are called by previous law. There is no previous State law applicable to the Rebel communities, because, revolutionized by rebellion, the very persons who are qualified by the old State laws to call conventions are disqualified by the laws of the United States. The result is, that the people are an unorgan-

ized mass, to be reorganized under the lead of the Federal government; and of this mass of people — literally, in this case, "the masses" — the free blacks are as much a part as the free whites. As soon, however, as the machinery of State governments is set in motion by these conventions, — as soon as these governments are recognized by the President and Congress, — no conventions to alter the constitutions agreed upon can be called, except by previous State laws. If negro suffrage is not granted in the election of members to the present conventions, the power will pass permanently into the hands of the whites, and the only opportunity for a peaceful settlement of the question will be lost. At the very time when, abstractly, no party has legal rights, and only one party has claims, we propose to deliberately sacrifice the party that has claims to the party which will soon acquire legal rights to oppress the claimants. For, disguise it as we may, the United States government really holds and exercises the power which gives vitality to the preliminaries of reconstruction, and it is therefore responsible for all evils in the future which shall spring from its neglect or injustice in the present.

The addition, too, of four millions of persons to the people of the South, without any corresponding addition of voters, will increase the political power of the ruling whites to an alarming extent, while it will remove all checks on its mischievous exercise. The constitution declares that "representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included in this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons." The unanswerable argument presented at the time against the clause relating to the slaves did not prevent its adoption. "If," it was said, "the negroes are property, why is other property not

represented? if men, why three fifths?" Still the South has always enjoyed the double privilege of treating the negro as an article of merchandise and of using three fifths of him as political capital. He has thus added to the power by which he was enslaved, and has been represented in Congress by persons who regarded him either as a beast or as "a descendant of Ham." In 1860, when the ratio of representation was about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, the South had, by the three-fifths rule, the right to eighteen more representatives in Congress, and eighteen more electoral votes, than it would have had, if only free persons had been counted. The emancipation of the slaves will give it twelve more; for the blacks will now no longer be constitutional fractions, but constitutional units. The three-fifths arrangement was a monstrous anomaly; but the five-fifths will be worse, if negro suffrage be denied. Four millions of free people will, by the mere fact of being inhabitants of Southern territory, confer a political power equal to thirty members of Congress, and yet have no voice in their election. It has been computed by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in a paper on the subject, published in the New York "Tribune," that in some States, where the blacks and whites are about equal in number, and where two thirds of the whites shall "qualify" as voters, this new condition of things will give the Southern white voter, in a Presidential or Congressional election, three times as much political influence as a Northern voter. And on whom shall we, in many localities, confer this immense privilege? Here is Mr. Owen's description of a specimen of the class of Southern "poor whites" we propose thus to exalt.

"I have often encountered this class. I saw many of them last year, while visiting, as member of a Government commission, some of the Southern States. Labor degraded before their eyes has extinguished within them all respect for industry, all ambition, all honorable ex-

ertion to improve their condition. When last I had the pleasure of seeing you at Nashville, I met there, in the office of a gentleman charged with the duty of issuing transportation and rations to indigent persons, black and white, a notable example of this strange class. He was a Rebel deserter, — a rough, dirty, uncouth specimen of humanity, — tall, stout, and wiry-looking, rude and abrupt in speech and bearing, and clothed in tattered homespun. In no civil tone, he demanded rations. When informed that all rations applicable to such a purpose were exhausted, he broke forth, —

"What am I to do, then? How am I to get home?"

"You can have no difficulty," was the reply. 'It is but fifteen or eighteen hours down the river' (the Cumberland) 'by steamboat to where you live. I furnished you transportation; you can work your way.'

"Work my way!' (with a scowl of angry contempt.) 'I never did a stroke of work since I was born; and I never expect to, till my dying day.'

"The agent replied, quietly, —

"They will give you all you want to eat on board, if you help them to wood.'

"Carry wood!' he retorted, with an oath. 'Whenever they ask me to carry wood, I'll tell them they may set me on shore; I'd rather starve for a week than work for an hour; I don't want to live in a world that I can't make a living out of without work.'

"Is it for men like that, ignorant, illiterate, vicious, fit for no decent employment on earth except manual labor, and spurning *all* labor as degradation, — is it in favor of such insolent swaggers that we are to disfranchise the humble, quiet, hard-working negro? Are the votes of three such men as Stanton or Seward, Sumner or Garrison, Grant or Sherman, to be neutralized by the ballot of one such worthless barbarian?"

But this great power, wielded by a population imperfectly qualified to vote, in the name of a population which do

not vote at all, — a power equivalent to thirty members of Congress and thirty electoral votes, — will be directed as much against Northern interests as against negro interests. Added to the power which the South will derive from its voting population, it will enable that section to control one third of all the votes in the House of Representatives; and, says Professor Parsons, “if they stand together, and vote as a unit, they will need only about one sixth more to get and hold control of our national legislation and all our foreign and domestic policy.” Our political experience has unfortunately not been such as to justify us in believing it to be impossible for any party, under a resolute Southern lead, to obtain one sixth of the Northern strength in Congress. What would be the result of such a combination? Why, the National government would be substantially in the hands of those who have been engaged in a desperate struggle to overthrow it; and it would be a government converted into a great military and naval power by the war which resulted in their defeat, and fully competent to enforce its decisions at home and abroad by the strong hand. Nothing is purchased at such a frightful price as the indulgence of a prejudice; the cry against “nigger equality” is a prejudice of the most mischievous kind; and it may be we shall hereafter find cause to deplore, that, when we had to choose between “nigger equality” and Southern predominance, our choice was to keep the “nigger” down, even if we failed to keep ourselves up.

One result of Southern predominance everybody can appreciate. The national debt is so interwoven with every form of the business and industry of the loyal States that its repudiation would be the most appalling of evils. A tax to pay it at once would not produce half the financial derangement and moral disorder which repudiation would cause; for repudiation, as Mirabeau well observed, is nothing but taxation in its most cruel, unequal, iniquitous, and calamitous form. But what reason have we to think that a reconstructed South,

dominant in the Federal government, would regard the debt with feelings similar to ours? The negroes would associate it with their freedom, of which it was the price; their late masters would view it as the symbol of their humiliation, which it was incurred to effect. We must remember that the South loses the whole cost of Rebellion, and is at the same time required to pay its share of the cost of suppressing Rebellion. The cost of Rebellion is, in addition to the devastation of property caused by invasion, the whole Southern debt of some two or three thousand millions of dollars, and the market value of the slaves, which, estimating the slaves at five hundred dollars each, is two thousand millions of dollars more. The portion of the cost of suppressing Rebellion which the South will have to pay can be approximately reached by taking a recent calculation made in the Census Office of the Department of the Interior.

Estimating the national debt at twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, and apportioning it according to the number of the white male adults over twenty years of age in the different sections of the country, it has been found that the proportion of the New England States is \$308,689,352.07; of the Middle States, \$740,195,342.32; of the Western States, \$893,288,781.01; of the Southern States, \$461,929,846.85; and of the Pacific States, \$95,896,677.75. This calculation makes the South responsible for over four hundred and sixty millions of the debt. What amount have the Southerners invested in it? Where both interest and passion furiously impel men to repudiation, can they be trusted with the care of the public credit? “But,” the Northern people may exclaim, “in case of such an execrable violation of justice, we would revolt, — we would” — Ah! but in whose hands would then be “the war power”?

From every point of view, then, in which we can survey the subject, negro suffrage is, unless we are destitute of the commonest practical reason, the logical sequence of negro emancipation. It is not more necessary for the protec-

tion of the freedmen than for the safety and honor of the nation. Our interests are inextricably bound up with their rights. The highest requirements of abstract justice coincide with the lowest requirements of political prudence. And the largest justice to the loyal blacks is the real condition of the widest clemency to the Rebel whites. If the Southern communities are to be re-organized into Federal States, it is of the first importance that they should be States whose power rests on the proscription or degradation of no class of their population. It would be a great evil, if they were absolutely governed by a faction, even if that faction were a minority of the "loyal" people, whose

loyalty consisted in merely taking an oath which the most unscrupulous would be the readiest to take, because the readiest to break. We are bound either to give them a republican form of government, or to hold them in the grasp of the military power of the nation; and we cannot safely give them anything which approaches a republican form of government, unless we allow the great mass of the free people the right to vote. And least of all should we think of proscribing that particular class of the free people who most thoroughly represent in their localities the interests of the United States, and whose ballots would at once do the work and save the expense of an army of occupation.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Life of Horace Mann. By his Wife. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co.

THE American readers of Mr. Spencer's "Social Statics" have raised their eyes in wholesome wonderment at the condemnation which is there found of all systems of national education. It is unfortunate that a writer who has given effective presentation to many truths should have failed to scrutinize his inductions by the light of certain ascertainable facts. The presumed requirements of a system caused him to prejudge what should have been investigated; and hence, upon the great theme of state education his rare illuminating powers shed a few side-lights of suggestion, and nothing more. The rough common sense of our humblest citizen disperses the philosopher's subtleties of logic with some such decisive sentence as that with which Dr. Johnson cut the meshes of the Fate-argument, or President Lincoln carried the pious defences of man-stealing. "We know we're free, and there's an end on't." "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." If the state has no right to educate, it has no right to protect itself from the assaults of ignorance, and consequently no right to exist at all. This, to be sure, is dogmatism; but with loyal Americans to-day it comes

so near being a moral instinct that it may be provisionally assumed and tested at leisure by the experience to which it has conducted us. In the crisis through which the nation has just passed, education as a state expediency has received its fullest vindication. The people whom the state educated up to an appreciation of the republican idea arose to be its saviours. No magnetism of personal leadership was given them. It was the instructed sense of the community which overcame the perils of faction and the incompetence of chiefs. And now, while we gratefully recognize those who at the critical moment fell or suffered or wrought for the Republic, let us not forget the unapplauded heroism which in time past laboriously accumulated the force lately revealed in many manly acts. The Trent Catechism declares that a final judgment is necessary, in order that the bad may be punished for the evil which in future time results from their mortal acts. If it may be held, conversely, that the conduct of the good is entitled to ever-increasing honor, we think it well that the biography of Horace Mann, educator and statesman, has been withheld to this day. It is nobly prophetic of the perfected faith in popular government and universal liberty which fills our hearts. It is in deep accordance with the

psalm of victory which rises from loyal lips.

The present volume supplies materials for filling up the admirable outline of Mr. Mann's life which appeared in Livingston's "Law Journal," and was copied in other publications. For it must necessarily be materials for the study of a majestic character, rather than any critical *dicta* concerning it, that Mrs. Mann can offer us. And this is not to be regretted. The judgments of an impartial biographer would have been dearly purchased at the sacrifice of that sweetest testimony of household reverence which only the most intimate relation can supply. The little glimpses of Horace Mann, with his children about him, are worth many discriminating estimates of services and judicial investigations into the merits of forgotten controversies. We are made fully acquainted with the noble spirit in which he labored, and this is a better bequest to the American people than even the noble results it brought to pass. Poor enough seems any halting, sentimental interest in human well-being in the presence of that sturdy life, throbbing with executive energy, and dignified by thorough disinterestedness.

Horace Mann was born into the narrow circumstances of a small New England farm. His father died when he was still a boy. The educational opportunities offered by the poorest district of the little town of Franklin, Massachusetts, were meagre enough. Knowledge in the husk was thrown before the pupils, who were allowed the privilege of picking out what they might. The training which stimulates memory had not given place to that which encourages thought. In spite of all obstructions, Horace displayed an irrepressible love of learning, and obtained that sort of education which was probably the best possible for the work he had to do. For it was from vividly realizing the hindrances which he had the strength partially to surmount that he was able to adjust the means for their removal. His youth was far from being a happy one. The poverty of his parents subjected him to continual privation, and the remorseless logic of the current theology weighed upon his sensitive spirit. Having obtained the consent of his guardian to prepare for college, he entered Brown University in 1816. His graduating oration was upon the progressive character of the human race,—a subject prophetic of his subsequent mission. A tutorship of the Latin and Greek languages gave the oppor-

tunity to perfect himself in classical culture. Afterwards he studied law, and in 1823 was admitted to the Norfolk bar. From this time his life was devoted to the welfare of the ignorant and unfortunate. As a leading member of the State Legislature, both in the House and afterwards as President of the Senate, Mr. Mann took an active part in forwarding measures relating to public charities and education. The establishment of the State Insane Hospital at Worcester was wholly due to his vigorous advocacy. In 1837 he retired from the distinguished professional and political career that was opening before him, and devoted his rare abilities to the service of common schools. As Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, he effected a thorough reform in the school system of the State. Of the unexampled labor and self-denial of eleven successive years his Annual Reports and the "Common School Journal" are noble, though inadequate memorials. In 1848 Mr. Mann was sent to Congress as successor to John Quincy Adams. Here his powers were at once concentrated in resisting the usurpations of Slavery. Two years later came his memorable collision with Mr. Webster. In opposing the doctrines of the famous 7th of March speech, and in his subsequent criticism of its author, Mr. Mann well knew the bitter judgments he would provoke and the social position he must sacrifice. He counted the cost and accepted the duty. Insight lent him the fire with which foresight kindled the prophets. He saw in the slave system those inner depths of cruelty and baseness which Andersonville and Port Hudson have lately revealed. At the ensuing election in November, Mr. Mann's renomination was defeated in the Whig Convention. Appealing to the people as an independent candidate, he was re-elected to Congress, and there served until he was offered the Presidency of Antioch College in 1852. The toil, the perseverance, the self-renunciation which associate Mr. Mann with Antioch are too great for conventional phrases of eulogy. Whether judged by the mighty things he accomplished, or by the harmonious development of the moral, intellectual, and affectional nature which he displayed, there are few human records which show an appreciation of duty so exhaustive united to a performance so heroic.

The life of Horace Mann was full of severe work. Few men have had the grace to return so uncompromising an answer to the question whether their service was to

be rendered to God or Mammon. He had the gift of separating religion from its accidental trappings, and of recognizing in the simplest intuition of accountability for our neighbor's welfare the best working hypothesis. Like Theodore Parker, he excelled the common citizen, not in reach of skepticism, but in might of faith. His was never that gentlemanly sort of virtue which devotes unoccupied corners of the being, as it were in decorative fashion, to the interests of humanity. He would toil patiently at the humblest crank-work, content to move puppets who received whatever public credit was to be had. Mr. Mann abandoned a political career that was calculated to satisfy a generous ambition, to take the newly created office of Secretary of the Board of Education, unassociated with dignity or emolument. "If the position is not honorable now," he replied to the remonstrances of a friend, "then it is clearly for me to elevate it; and I would rather be creditor than debtor to the title." He combined in a rare degree the working powers of the enthusiast with the balance of the philosopher. He wrought at high-pressure, yet looked to no immediate or showy success. "If no seed were ever sown save that which would promise the requital of a full harvest, how soon would mankind revert to barbarism!" The exclamation was with him no disregarded truism.

Mr. Mann's views of the true ends to be sought in our systems of education receive daily confirmation. Burying the mind under a heap of ready-made generalizations may give a conceit of knowledge, amusing or dangerous as the case may be, but never gives the "power" promised in the aphorism. When Montaigne said that he would rather forge his mind than furnish it, he suggested the true principle of education. The problem is not to fill the mind from without, but to give the most efficient aid to its efforts to form itself from within. The energies that Mr. Mann put forth for the direction and government of Antioch College, his noble sacrifices far exceeding the requirements that could justly be demanded at his hands, not only show his lofty and resolute nature, but clearly exhibit the substantial *animus* of the scheme of instruction he had at heart. While fully recognizing the intimate connection between physical organization and mental phenomena, he never doubted our inherent ability to subdue the animal nature, and considered that a recognizable effort so to do should be an essen-

tial condition of intellectual culture. The great features of the institution for which he sacrificed his life were, an unsectarian basis, and instruction to woman as well as man. The touching narrative shows how broad and firm was the foundation upon which he built. The glory of Horace Mann the educator culminates in this; he proved that without dogma or formulary the tone of a large body of students might be unusually religious and their conduct unusually moral; and also, that the properly guarded intercourse of young men and young women engaged in the pursuit of knowledge might be elevating and beneficial to both.

The present volume furnishes a just conception of Mr. Mann's remarkable character. We see a human life consistently governed by the highest human instincts. Yet if shortcomings there were, they may be found, or inferred, by those who will look for them. Mr. S. J. May thinks it not judicious to publish certain letters that Mr. Mann addressed to him, lest they should injure their author's fame with some good men. But the controlling sincerity of the biographer will not permit her to withhold them. In the never-ending battle between the theoretically right and what to mortal vision seems the practically expedient, Horace Mann for a moment inclines to the latter. He fears that Mr. May will peril his usefulness as Principal of the Lexington Normal School by an open connection with the Abolitionists. He urges the duty of considering the consequences of our acts: as if we could weigh, or in any manner estimate, the eternal consequences of the least of them; as if all history did not show us that the temporary loss of influence, of usefulness, the sacrifice of life itself, was necessary to the incorporation of a higher truth with the existing intelligence of men, and the means of its final triumph in the world. But Mr. Mann's own brave career was never deflected by the sophistries of the timid. He never doubted that he best influenced the whole by fulfilling the highest law of his individual life. What other faith could sustain him, when his exhausting labors were not rewarded by a recognized success in any way commensurate with their desert? Yet no one ever saw him when the luminous quality of his spiritual nature was clouded, or the special stimulus to use his powers to the utmost was withdrawn.

Few recipes for comfortable living are to be gathered from such a story. Vainly we ask for a little repose upon our pilgrimage

along those sublime heights of holy exertion whither that example leads us. We examine the chronicle of labor and privation, if haply we may find some paragraph wherein the philanthropist dines out or goes to the theatre. But the solemn claims of humanity are always in his keeping, and we must get inured as we may to his rigorous stewardship. And it is by the grace of such exceptional men that our country is to become less the paradise of charlatanry, and better to deserve the title of Model Republic. They draw the poison from that current philosophy which maintains that the intellect of man has always led the way in social advancement, his moral nature being subordinate thereto. Not as the sum of past forces, but by his own inherent moral life, does Horace Mann fill these pages. It is a sterling biography, which no educated American can afford not to read. It is only partial praise to call the book deeply interesting. It vivifies and inspires.

The Gentle Life. Essays in Aid of the Formation of Character. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

THE title of this book constitutes its chief, we had almost said its sole, claim to consideration. We open its pleasant-looking pages with pleasant memories of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, and pleasant anticipations, not of brilliancy, indeed, nor trenchant truth, but of medicine for our weariness, a moment of quiet in the rush and whirl of things, a breath of repose from over the sea to cool and tranquillize these fervid days of ours. We are tranquillized, indeed! We find ourselves straightway in a desert, stuck full of flowers, it is true, from innumerable gardens, but a desert still: for the unhappy exotics have suffered so severely in the transportation as to be scarcely able to hold up their heads, and, where they still preserve their original beauty, only serve to throw into stronger relief the surrounding sterility. It is a medley of dismal platitudes; truths which have been truisms for at least a century, uttered with all the pomp and circumstance of newly discovered laws; quotations garbled, pointless, or dipped in a feeble venom; shreds of learning pieced together, with or without adaptation, in a nondescript patchwork; the fragments of a thousand feasts huddled into one pot, simmered over a slow fire, and served up as a pretty dish to set before a king.

The uniformity of the book is wonderful. It is always heavy. Its falsehood is insipid. Its very malice has no pungency. It is dull even where it hates. Now and then we stumble on a paragraph which starts up from the dead level around it, glowing with real fire; but at the end we are sure to find that it is translated from Victor Hugo or transferred from Emerson; and generally these borrowed plumes are so torn and bedraggled in their clumsy removal that the very bird they grew on would scarcely recognize them. There is no intentional, no malign maltreatment, to give us the relief of a real indignation; but we are kept in a state of constant irritation by a series of petty encroachments upon the integrities of literature. There is no law compelling a man to garnish his speech with floating verse; but if he choose to do so, he should make a point of presenting it in its true form. At the very least, if he must garble, let him garble rhythmically, and not add splay feet to spoiled force. One may not have a poetic taste or a musical ear; but if he has fingers and toes, he need not say,

"Yet I doubt not through ages one increasing purpose runs."

It is utter demoralization to write "pride in his port and fire in his eye." Indeed, the singular fatality which attends these quotations has something of the sublime. If a sentiment *can* be reproduced with all its sparkle extinguished, our Gentle Man is the one to do it. Diffuse everywhere else, he is compact in erring, and crowds more mistakes into a paragraph than are often met on a page. He says incidentally, "Lord Byron wrote a very pretty song, conveying the idea in its refrain 'that the day of my destiny is over, the star of my hope has declined.' Now it is not a song, as he uses the word; the idea, if it is an idea, is not in the refrain; there is no refrain in the piece; and there is nothing said in the piece about the star of his hope. Lord Burleigh's fulsome she-fool is euphemized into an irksome female fool, and Lord Byron *jumped up* one morning and found himself famous. We are informed that nothing

"Can ennoble slaves, or fools, or cowards"; and that

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and the fruit are gone";

Burton was pleasing himself with *phantasies* sweet; Addison wedded *misery* in a noble

wife; Wolsey had nothing more pathetic to say than "Had I served my God as I served my King, He would not now have deserted me"; and *King James*, contrary to all historic tradition and all the probabilities of the case, "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one."

Here is a bit of concentrated history:—"On one of the last Sundays in December, 1862, in the midst of a dispirited city, and with a perplexed Senate and a beaten army as that city's safeguards, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher asserted in the Puritan Church in New York, that 'Generals were of no use; that God fought against the North for upholding the slaves; that the time was come when wickedness was to be "rooted out"; and, finally, that it was not only the province of the preacher to condemn vice, but that he should "pluck it out by the root," should "slay" wickedness, and that slavery and alcohol should be put down by the arm of flesh and the sword of the preacher.'"

Now, frankly confessing that we have no knowledge whatever of the facts in question and cannot therefore authoritatively deny a single statement, we are yet willing, on "circumstantial evidence," to risk both our intelligence and veracity by declaring our belief, first, that Mr. Beecher did not say this in the Puritan Church, but in the Plymouth Church; secondly, that it was not in New York, but in Brooklyn; and, thirdly, that he never said it at all. We leave out of view the haze which evidently beclouds this Gentle Brain regarding the location of the Senate, and its prevailing impression that the Potomac flows nine times around New York before it empties itself into Lake Pontchartrain.

We do not claim to display any superior learning in pointing out these mistakes. We shall never set ourselves above our contemporaries for corrections which—we will not say every school-boy, but—every school-girl of ordinary literary aptitude is entirely competent to make. There are many things which it is no credit to know, but a serious discredit not to know; and when a man presumes to write a book, we have at least a right to expect that he shall not stumble in the primer. The Gentle Man claims to have been a student of English literature. He has certainly been a very stupid or a very careless one. Indications are not wanting that his proper seat is on both horns of the dilemma.

When he leaves other writers and has recourse to his own pen, matters are but indif-

ferently mended. The slovenliness of his style is extraordinary. "Ought a gentleman," he quotes from Thackeray, "to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life to be noble?" "Yes," responds the astute essayist, "he should be all these, and somewhat more; and these all men can be, and women, too." What is the English of this gibberish? "In Miss Thackeray's excellent novel, the 'Story of Elizabeth,' there is a somewhat new point in such books." He tells us that General Blücher "had his disappointments, no doubt, but turned them, like the oyster does the speck of sand which annoys it, to a pearl,"—that in every state people may be cheerful; the lambs skip, birds sing and fly *joyously*, puppies play, kittens are *full of joyance*, the whole air *full of careering and rejoicing* insects, *that everywhere* the good outbalances the bad, and *that every evil that there is* has its compensating balm." And in face of such slop-work he dares to speak of having "formed his style"!

And, stranger still, a book which indulges in these pranks has gone to a third edition in the land of Addison and Macaulay! Moreover, our copy belongs to this veritable third edition, whose preface informs us that "the Essays have undergone a careful revision." What must have been the glories of the first edition?

The style is not more hopelessly muddled than the sentiment. The man's skull seems to be undergoing a perpetual house-cleaning. His intellectual furniture is always at sixes and sevens. It would be very strange, if so wide a rover and so indefatigable a collector should never by any chance come back with some valuable specimens for his cabinet; but the few curiosities displayed as his own property have so very awkward an air in his wilderness of common pebbles, that we have a deep inward conviction that they are stolen, though the theft may be an unconscious one. Moreover, if he ever lights on a genuine gem, he cannot keep his hands off it, but paws it over and over till it is as lustreless as its companions. He seems to have an organic inaptitude for combination. He lays a fact down and straightway forgets where he put it, what it was for, or what manner of fact it was, and goes serenely on with his argument as if no such fact existed. Some of his facts are of such a nature that the pity is not that he occasionally forgets them,

but that he ever remembered them. To show that old truths are "now proved to have been lies," he quotes, —

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun does move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love,"

and adds this comment, — "Well, we know now that the sun does not move, and that the stars are not fire; that the voices of the learned, who held up these things as immutable truths, were unconsciously lying after all." Yet any astronomical horn-book would have told our philosopher, that, if one scientific theory is firmly founded on truth, it is that the sun does move; and for the matter of the stars, it is as likely to be fire as anything else. "William Penn," he says elsewhere, "is now tainted, and Washington suspected." By whom? and of what? — will this new historian inform us? "Great artists think differently, as witness wondrous Giotto, the shepherd boy, and our own clever, but mediocre Opie." A man may mistake a mediocre painter for a great artist and only err in judgment, but that he should in the same breath proclaim him to be both is a marvel of stultification. "All men are not born equal," he says, presumptuously dabbling in politics and drawing his feeble bow against the Declaration of Independence, — "all men are not equally wise, gifted, clever, strong, handsome, or tall. The brains of one nation and the brains of one man are superior in weight, form, and activity to the brains of another nation or another man." "The framers of the celebrated American Declaration knew just as well as we do that they were preaching a doctrine of romantic falsehood." A moment or two after this fine philosophical distinction and this courteous and eminently Gentle assertion, — but quite long enough for him to have forgotten both, — he makes another affirmation, that equality exists "in the grave and in the church." How, then? Are men equally wise, gifted, clever, strong, handsome, or tall in church? "A hundred years after death we may weigh the dust of the greatest hero, and it is no more than that of the poorest beggar; and the name that remains is as light and useless as the dust." But if the great hero were very strong and tall and the poor beggar a feeble dwarf, the dust of the one would be appreciably more than that of the other. And what means this Daniel come to judgment by teaching that a hero's name is light

and useless? We had supposed it was agreed among all civilized people that a nation's heroic memories are her most priceless possessions. We ask the question simply as a rhetorical one. We are perfectly aware that the author means nothing. He seldom does mean anything. And if he did, he is the last person to whom we should apply for any exact definition of his meaning. He uses words with very little comprehension of their ordinary meaning; of the delicacy or the force of language he has no sort of conception. He grasps at the skirts of any notion that flutters through his disorderly mind, fastens to it the word that comes first to hand, and sets it fluttering again. Juxtaposition is his all-sufficient substitute for connection, and "a moment's time, a point of space," between two statements is fatal to his arguments. "We all differ. *Therefore*," is his extraordinary inference, "every individual should live, not for himself, but to be valuable to others; *for*," and here we turn another of his inexplicable corners, "it would be sheer midsummer madness to preach up that all are equally valuable." Consequently we embark on his sentences, paragraphs, and chapters in entire ignorance of the point where they will land us. He takes Mr. Helps to task for bowing the knee to the Moloch of success in writing Mr. Stephenson's life, accuses Mr. Stephenson of borrowing and purloining ideas, yet himself constantly holds him up to admiration as a hero. The putting down of the Slaveholders' Rebellion is to him a mere "blundering into slaughter"; but the Crimean War "showed that heroism is not yet extinct in high life"; and in the Indian Mutinies, we, the English, "were attacked, undermined, betrayed," and that rebellion was quelled with "courage, skill in arms, anything you will, or all things combined, and God's blessing chief of all, which enabled us to preserve a mighty empire." Of these "high people" he advises us to "adopt the polish, suavity, and politeness, one towards another, which, with few exceptions, they all have," only two pages after he has illustrated "vulgar curiosity in high life" by telling us how, "at an entertainment given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, to which, of course, only the very cream of the cream of society was admitted, there was such a pushing and struggling to see the Princess . . . that a bust of the Princess Royal was thrown from its pedestal and damaged, and the pedestal upset; the ladies, in their eagerness to view the Princess, coolly took

advantage of the overthrown pillar by standing on it." In one place he testifies that "the majority of men's wives in the upper and middle classes fall far short of that which is required of a good wife. They are not made by love, but by the chance of a good match. They are the products of worldly prudence, not of a noble passion. . . . The consequence is, that after the first novelty has passed away, the chain begins to rub and the collar to gall." A little later in the same essay he gives an ideal wife, and says,—"It is not too much to say that the great majority of wives equal this ideal." "By far the larger portion of marriages are happy ones . . . and . . . of men's wives we still can write . . . 'her voice is sweet music, her smiles his brightest day,' &c., &c." "Women," he says, "differ from men in this respect. They all, very properly, look forward to marriage." So, we suppose, men do not look forward to marriage; or if they do, it is improperly. "Nay, the great majority [of women], even in our factitious state of society, are utterly dependent upon it." That is, if society were not factitious, every woman, without exception, would be utterly dependent upon marriage for a living. "The majority of girls are looking forward to be married at an early age, and are in despair of being left old maids when they are twenty-one." As usual, he means the contrary of what he says,—not that girls hope to be old maids till they are twenty-one and then settle down into the certainty that they must become wives, but that they hope to be wives and are in despair at being old maids by the time they are twenty-one. The difficult task of evolving his meaning from his words is, to be sure, entirely a work of supererogation on our part, as the statement he means and the statement he makes are usually alike baseless. But we choose to free him from the meshes in which he has entangled himself and give him a chance to run for his life.

The brilliancy and originality of his views on social questions appear in such startling announcements as "Woman should be true to herself." "Woman was created to be a wife and a mother." "The accomplished woman in these days of general education is, however, a grand mistake." "Why should lovely woman ever condescend to dabble in political economy? Can a gentleman be a gentleman when logic requires the truth? Will dry dissertation fill up the place of compliment and flowery talk? Will

agricultural measures,—Mill on Liberty,—Buckle on Civilization,—High, Low, or Middle Church,—Pleiocene periods,—Hind's new comet, and the division of labor, suffer us to enjoy life as we used, and to amuse ourselves with the innocent prattle of ladies' tongues?" Rosy, posy, pinky, honey, peppermint, and sugar-plummy! "One part of management in husbands lies in a judicious mixture of good-humor, attention, flattery, and compliments." Here, helping him to his meaning, which he flounders after in vain through a page of wish-wash, we may explain that he is not speaking, as would naturally be supposed, of the manner in which husbands manage wives, but, advancing in his usual crab-fashion, of the manner in which wives manage husbands; nor by flattery let it be imagined for a moment that he means flattery, but "an offered flower, a birth-day gift, a song when we are weary, a smile when we are sad, a look which no eye but our own will see," in which, if truth is, as has been said, "a fixed central sun," our comet must be considered in its perihelion. And having thus set him on his feet again, let us see whether he can stand by himself a tottering moment or two.

The preventive of these ill-assorted marriages (which for the greater part are never made) is, if the young men "only chose by sense or fancy, or because they saw some good quality in a girl,—if they were not all captivated by the face alone," (Query: What is being captivated by a face but choosing by fancy? and what is choosing by sense but choosing by some good quality?) "every Jill would have her Jack, and pair off happily, like the lovers in a comedy." At the same time he agrees with Swift that the reason why so many marriages are unhappy is because young ladies spend their "time in making nets and not in making cages."

We have said that the Gentle Man is dull even when he hates. It is true, so far as he has anything to do with expressing his hatred; yet the time for the publication of his dulness is so inaptly—or perhaps we should rather say so aptly—chosen, that the incongruity awakens our sense of the ridiculous, while a certain childlike confidingsness with which he credits any statement that makes against the objects of his dislike comes nearer to amusing us than anything else in the book. America is his *bête noir*. It points the moral of every sad tale. "Vulgarity, hoydenishness, coarseness, and the

contempt which accompanies these qualities, are the effects of bad manner and manners. It may pervade a whole nation, as it has done the Americans." What the particular "it" is which pervades us, we cannot, and the Gentle Man, also, "true to himself," cannot say; but there it is. A nation is exhorted to politeness; for, "sitting with their legs over the chair-back of another, carrying bowie-knives, cutting the furniture, and spitting in a circle around them, are not only national faults, but absolutely sins amongst Americans." Call a spade a spade, and speak not as in "America, where they talk of the 'stands' of the tables, not daring to say 'legs'; and a young lady will be highly offended, if you dare to ask her to take a leg of a fowl or a breast of a turkey. There the latter is called 'bosom'; and a mock modesty, which to us seems highly improper, has altered some round dozen of good, sound English words, which our best and purest girls use without so much as thinking upon them." Avoid exaggeration, for in America "it produces a general decay of truth and a boastful habit of exaggeration, for which the nation has grown famous, and at which its best friends are truly grieved." (Oh!) "They have asserted so long that they are the finest and best nation in the world, and they have come out so poorly under trial, that, what with a remembrance of the old story and the presence of the new, the English thinker is completely puzzled. . . . So general was the falsification, that the best men in the Northern States no longer credited a Government despatch or a general's 'order'; . . . and the sad state into which the great nation has fallen has arisen from the spread of that vile disease, a love of exaggeration." His profound political penetration is evinced by the sagacious remark, that "America, the disciple of Lafayette (!) and French doctrines, determined to propagate liberty by enslaving six millions of brothers." His opinion of the character and career of our late beloved President—a name almost too pure and now too sacred to be mentioned here—is for once succinctly given,—“A cunning attorney sits upon a chair he cannot fill, and is leading a party and country to destruction.” “With all his undoubted conceit and endurance, with his keenness for praise and for being talked about, we doubt whether there are many more miserable men in the world than President Abraham Lincoln. The bitter, bitter tears which

Louis XVI. . . . shed because of his own unfitness have been chronicled; but he, knowing his incompetence, was born to the estate of king; the American President wriggled himself forward into notoriety.” “To an American, all the world seemed bound up in his Boston or Philadelphia. . . . He could whip John Bull, and John Bull could whip all the world. As, since that, he has been 'whipped into a cocked hat' by his own relations, we hope some of the conceit has been taken out of him.” Yes, unhappy that we are, the secret is at last revealed. We carry bowie-knives in our breast-pockets (venturing to discard for once, under the protection of our Transatlantic Mentor, the usual term of *bosom-pocket*). We dine off the stands of fowl. We have come out poorly under trial, our finances are deranged, our country bankrupt, our confidence in Government lost, and we have no loyalty, because there is nothing to be loyal to. We are tossing on a sea of anarchy, we are rushing on to ruin, we have been braggart in peace and cowardly in war, and are at this moment whipped by our own relations into such a cocked hat as was never before seen. We do not credit the order to stop recruiting, and we have no belief in the evacuation of Richmond. We are confident that Sherman is gasping in the last ditch, that Jefferson Davis is dictator at Washington, and that General Grant is flying in his wife's gown before the victorious legions of Lee.

In his preface, the writer of this book repels the charge of being like Thackeray and Dickens. We can assure him, that, with an American public, he may spare himself that trouble. He is not in the smallest danger of being mistaken for either of those eminent writers. He is so entirely unlike them that we do not for a moment suspect him of having attempted to imitate them. We do not even reckon him their disciple, nor Bacon's, nor Montaigne's, nor Steele's, nor any other's whose plan he professes himself to have adopted; for a disciple is a learner, which the Gentle Man seems never capable of becoming. Good and bad alike, he is a feeble and confused echo of all men's notions, but the steadfast adherent of none. The snob's soul within him bows down to the authority of great men, yet he produces their great thoughts in disjointed and distorted shape. He does not scruple to sneer where sneers are safe, blind to the glaring fact that sneers are never safe for him. Bold behind his Tory bulwarks, he warns

boys against adopting Mr. Bright's opinions, and so becoming "selfish, calculating, cold; as careless of true nobility of purpose and of soul and as worshipful of material success as Mr. Bright himself;" and he has his little fling at Tupper, in common with many another literary drummer-boy who would earn a cheap reputation for valor by attacking what his superiors have already demolished. We should scorn to parry the puny thrust of this Liliputian at the noble name which America delights to honor, or to repel the charge of coldness against that great heart whose burst of anguish over the grave of his friend, and our friend, and humanity's, awoke an answering sob in a thousand homes of this Western World; but we beg to assure this fine old English Gentle Man and scholar, that, reading these essays, we are ready to pronounce Mr. Tupper a master of style and his philosophy a striking and valuable treatise.

We really beg pardon of our readers for covering so much space with this flummery. We intended to despatch it with a thrust or two; but when our pen was once caught in the flimsy stuff, it was difficult to withdraw it again without bringing away considerable portions of the tangle. Moreover, a book of so much pretension is not to be as lightly passed by as its humbler brethren. A book that comes to us in fair type and fine paper, bearing the imprint of a well-known and highly respected publishing house, — a book that invokes the first names in literature and meddles with the higher laws of life, that takes on the airs of a censor and pushes forward into the guild of genius, that by the assumption of its tone and the broadcast scatteration — depend upon it, that is the word — of its odds and ends of learning, or by what hocus-pocus we know not, has attained to a third edition in a country proud of the accuracy and elegance of its scholarship, and that now brings its brazen face to our doors, seeking a welcome at the hearthstones which it has insulted, is not to be dismissed with a simple "Not at home." We have chosen rather to pillory the pretender, pelting him only with such missiles as his own pockets furnished. We now discharge him from custody, bidding him and all his kind bear in mind the assurance, that, while for English genius, English wisdom, English truth, and English love, we have only admiration and gratitude, the time has gone by for English charlatany to expect from our hands anything but the scourging it deserves.

Essays in Criticism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A MORE satisfactory volume of English prose than this has not come into our hands since the first appearance of the famous "Essays and Reviews." Differing widely from that collection in kind and scope, it yet belongs in the main to the same school of liberal thought in which England has made of late such rapid strides.

As a poet, Matthew Arnold had been known among us for a decade or more of years, and, though not celebrated with the wide popularity of Tennyson, had been as cordially cherished as the Laureate himself by all who valued in poetry the indications of profound intellectual experience as well as the singer's native gift. Those who are most familiar with the verses of the Oxford Professor will be least surprised with the critical insight and judicial wisdom of these Essays. For, independently of any question of natural affinity or natural incompatibility between the functions of bard and critic, there is that in Mr. Arnold's poetry which makes the fortune of the essayist, — an intense subjectiveness united to an analytic subtilty, which would mar the beauty of his verse, as it certainly does that of Mr. Browning, were it not compensated by a depth and truth of poetic feeling, in which Arnold far excels Browning, and has no superior among recent English poets. Some of his poems are critical essays, without losing the distinctive character of poetry; and some of his best criticisms are done in verse. What better, for example, than the sentence on Byron in "Memorial Verses"?

"He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of Passion with Eternal Law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife."

Or that on Goethe in "Obermann"?

"For he pursued a lonely road,
His eye on Nature's plan, —
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man."

Of living Englishmen, it seems to us that Matthew Arnold combines in the highest degree great wealth of literary culture with the deepest thoughtfulness. This makes the charm of the present volume. Also, to his honor be it said, — and let due commendation be given to that trait, — he is of modern English essayists the least dogmatic. With

fixed principles of art and very decided views of his own he combines a tolerance and a flexibility of mind which are very un-English. He is the least insular of his countrymen. It cannot be said of him, as he himself has said of Carlyle, that, with all his genius, he "has for the functions of the critic a little too much of the self-will and eccentricities of a genuine son of Great Britain." And yet, un-British as he is in these respects, Arnold, in one thing, is more national far than Carlyle,—in the manner, namely, in which he chooses to express his thought. Though deeply conversant with German literature, (as he is with French,) he has not suffered himself to be bitten with the Teutomania which infects so unpleasantly the diction of his self-willed countryman,—making his sentences seem like translations from Jean Paul, rather than utterances conceived in an English mind. He unites cosmopolitan liberality with English self-possession.

As a stylist, he is singularly inartificial. Would that our American writers might take a lesson from Arnold's prose, and correct their ambitious rhetoric, affected quaintness, and other varieties of fine writing, by this pure, simple, honest English. The peculiarity of his style, we should say, is its freedom from peculiarity. It is the style of a cultivated, thoughtful man, without the pedantry and mannerism which thoughtful and cultivated men so often contract. Easy,

almost careless in its movement, but far from careless in its choice of words, it is neither bookish nor vulgarly colloquial, but maintains a just mean between elaborateness and rudeness. In our young days Macaulay was considered the model writer, and Ruskin has been thought to occupy that place in these latter years; but Macaulay is tumid, and even Ruskin stilted and stiff, in comparison with Matthew Arnold.

For the matter, here are fourteen essays, including the three lectures, "On translating Homer," and the "Last Words," not ponderously and oppressively learned, and not abstrusely and obtrusively philosophical, but as full of wisdom and intellectual stimulus and graceful humor as any we know, and more tolerant and liberal than most,—together with a preface as entertaining as any of the essays. So healthy and nourishing a book, in the way of literary essays, has not for a long while appeared among us. We are far from assenting to all of Professor Arnold's positions. We altogether repudiate the statement, that "on Heine, of all German authors who have survived Goethe, incomparably the largest portion of Goethe's mantle fell"; nor can we adopt all his criticisms and views on the Homeric question; nevertheless, we can with the utmost confidence recommend this volume to the literary men of America to whom the author is yet unknown, or known only by name.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

A Dictionary of Medical Science; containing a Concise Explanation of the Various Subjects and Terms of Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Hygiene, Therapeutics, Pharmacology, Pharmacy, Surgery, Obstetrics, Medical Jurisprudence, and Dentistry; Notices of Climate, and of Mineral Waters; Formulæ for Officinal, Empirical, and Dietetic Preparations; with the Accentuation and Etymology of the Terms, and the French and other Synonymes, so as to constitute a French as well as English Medical Lexicon. By Robley Dunglison, M. D., LL. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, etc., in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Thoroughly revised, and very greatly modified and augmented. Philadelphia. Blanchard and Lea. 8vo. pp. 1047. \$6.75.

The Handbook of Dining; or, Corpulency and Leanness Scientifically Considered. Comprising the Art of Dining on Correct Principles, Consistent with Easy Digestion, the Avoidance of Corpulency and Cure of Leanness; together with Special Remarks on these Subjects. By Brillat Savarin, Author of the "Physiologie du Goût." Translated by L. F. Simpson. New York. D. Appleton & Co. pp. 200. \$1.25.

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COUPON BONDS.

PART I.

ON a certain mild March evening, A. D. 1864, the Ducklow kitchen had a general air of waiting for somebody. Mrs. Ducklow sat knitting by the light of a kerosene lamp, but paused ever and anon, neglecting her stocking, and knitting her brows instead, with an aspect of anxious listening. The old gray cat, coiled up on a cushion at her side, purring in her sleep, purred and slept as if she knew perfectly well who was coming soon to occupy that chair, and meant to make the most of it. The old-fashioned clock, perched upon the high mantel-piece of the low-studded room, ticked away lonesomely, as clocks only tick when somebody is waited for who does not come. Even the tea-kettle on the stove seemed to be in the secret, for it simmered and sang after the manner of a wise old tea-kettle fully conscious of the importance of its mission. The side-table, which was simply a leaf on hinges fixed in the wall, and looked like an apron when it was down, giving to that side of the kitchen a curious resemblance to Mrs. Ducklow, and rested on one arm when it was up, in which position it reminded you more of

Mr. Ducklow leaning his chin on his hand,—the side-table was set with a single plate, knife and fork, and cup and saucer, indicating that the person waited for was expected to partake of refreshments. Behind the stairway-door was a small boy kicking off a very small pair of trousers with a degree of reluctance which showed that he also wished to sit up and wait for somebody.

"Say, ma, *need* I go to bed now!" he exclaimed rather than inquired, starting to pull on the trousers again after he had got one leg free. "He 'll want me to hold the lantern for him to take care of the hoss."

"No, no, Taddy," for that was the boy's name, (short for Thaddeus,) "you 'll only be in the way, if you set up. Besides, I want to mend your pants."

"You 're always wantin' to mend my pants!" complained the youngster, who seemed to think that it was by no means to do him a favor, but rather to afford herself a gloating pleasure, that Mrs. Ducklow, who had a mania for patching, required the garment to be delivered up to her. "I wish there was n't such a thing as pants in the world!"

"Don't talk that way, after all the trouble and expense we've been to to clothe ye!" said the good woman, reprovingly. "Where would you be now, if 't was n't for me and yer Pa Ducklow?"

"I should n't be goin' to bed when I don't want to!" he muttered, just loud enough to be heard.

"You ungrateful child!" said Mrs. Ducklow, not without reason, for Taddy knew very well—at least he was reminded of the fact often enough—that he owed to them his home and all its comforts. "Would n't be going to bed when you don't want to! You would n't be going to bed when you want to, more likely; for ten to one you would n't have a bed to go to. Think of the sitewation you was in when we adopted ye, and then talk that way!"

As this was an unanswerable argument, Taddy contented himself with thrusting a hand into his trousers and recklessly increasing the area of the forthcoming patch. "If she likes to mend so well, let her!" thought he.

"Taddy, are you tearing them pants?" cried Mrs. Ducklow sharply, hearing a sound alarmingly suggestive of cracking threads.

"I was pullin' 'em off," said Taddy. "I never see such mean cloth! can't touch it, but it has to tear.—Say, ma, do ye think he 'll bring me home a drum?"

"You 'll know in the morning."

"I want to know to-night. He said mabby he would. Say, *can't* I set up?"

"I 'll let ye know whether you can set up, after you 've been told so many times!"

So saying, Mrs. Ducklow rose from her chair, laid down her knitting-work, and started for the stairway-door with great energy and a rattan. But Taddy, who perceived retribution approaching, did not see fit to wait for it. He darted up the stairs and crept into his bunk with the lightness and agility of a squirrel.

"I'm a-bed! Say, ma, I'm a-bed!" he cried, eager to save the excellent lady the trouble of ascending the stairs. "I'm 'most asleep a'ready!"

"It's a good thing for you you be!" said Mrs. Ducklow, gathering up the garment he had left behind the door. "Why, Taddy, how you did tear it! I 've a good notion to give ye a smart trouncing now!"

Taddy began to snore, and Mrs. Ducklow concluded that she would not wake him.

"It *is* mean cloth, as he says!" she exclaimed, examining it by the kerosene lamp. "For my part, I consider it a great misfortin that shoddy was ever invented. Ye can't buy any sort of a ready-made garment for boys now-days but it comes to pieces at the least wear or strain, like so much brown paper."

She was shaping the necessary patch, when the sound of wheels coming into the yard told her that the person so long waited for had arrived.

"That you?" said she, opening the kitchen-door and looking out into the darkness.

"Yes," replied a man's voice.

"Ye want the lantern?"

"No: jest set the lamp in the winder, and I guess I can git along. Whoa!" And the man jumped to the ground.

"Had good luck?" the woman inquired in a low voice.

"I 'll tell ye when I come in," was the evasive answer.

"Has he bought me a drum?" bawled Taddy from the chamber-stairs.

"Do you want me to come up there and 'tend to ye?" demanded Mrs. Ducklow.

The boy was not particularly ambitious of enjoying that honor.

"You be still and go to sleep, then, or you 'll git *drummed*!"

And she latched the stairway-door, greatly to the dismay of Master Taddy, who felt that some vast and momentous secret was being kept from him. Overhearing whispered conferences between his adopted parents in the morning, noticing also the cautious glances they cast at him, and the persistency with which they repeatedly sent him away out of sight on slight and absurd pretences, he had gathered a fact and drawn an inference, namely, that a great

purchase was to be made by Mr. Ducklow that day in town, and that, on his return, he (Taddy) was to be surprised by the presentation of what he had long coveted and teased for,—a new drum.

To lie quietly in bed under such circumstances was an act that required more self-control than Master Taddy possessed. Accordingly he stole down stairs and listened, feeling sure, that, if the drum should come in, Mrs. Ducklow, and perhaps Mr. Ducklow himself, would be unable to resist the temptation of thumping it softly to try its sound.

Mrs. Ducklow was busy taking her husband's supper out of the oven, where it had been keeping warm for him, pouring hot water into the teapot, and giving the last touches to the table. Then came the familiar grating noise of a boot on the scraper. Mrs. Ducklow stepped quickly to open the door for Mr. Ducklow. Taddy, well aware that he was committing an indiscretion, but inspired by the wild hope of seeing a new drum come into the kitchen, ventured to unlatch the stairway-door, open it a crack, and peep.

Mr. Ducklow entered, bringing a number of parcels containing purchases from the stores, but no drum visible to Taddy.

"Did you buy?" whispered Mrs. Ducklow, relieving him of his load.

Mr. Ducklow pointed mysteriously at the stairway-door, lifting his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Taddy?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Oh, he's abed,—though I never in my life had such a time to git him off out of the way; for he'd somehow got possessed with the idee that you was to buy something, and he wanted to set up and see what it was."

"Strange how children will ketch things sometimes, best ye can do to prevent!" said Mr. Ducklow.

"But did ye buy?"

"You better jest take them matches and put 'em out o' the way, fust thing, 'fore ye forgit it. Matches are dangerous to have layin' around, and I never feel safe till *they* 're safe."

And Mr. Ducklow hung up his hat, and laid his overcoat across a chair in the next room, with a carefulness and deliberation exhausting to the patience of good Mrs. Ducklow, and no less trying to that of Master Taddy, who was waiting to hear the important question answered.

"Come!" said she, after hastily disposing of the matches, "what's the use of keeping me in suspense? *Did ye buy?*"

"Where did ye put 'em?" asked Mr. Ducklow, taking down the bootjack.

"In the little tin pail, where we always keep 'em, of course! Where should I put 'em?"

"You need n't be cross! I asked, 'cause I did n't hear ye put the cover on. I don't believe ye *did* put the cover on, either; and I sha'n't be easy till ye do."

Mrs. Ducklow returned to the pantry; and her husband, pausing a moment, leaning over a chair, heard the cover go on the tin pail with a click and a clatter which betrayed, that, if ever there was an angry and impatient cover, that was.

"Anybody been here to-day?" Mr. Ducklow inquired, pressing the heel of his right boot in the jack, and steadying the toe under a round of the chair.

"No!" replied Mrs. Ducklow.

"Ye been anywhere?"

"Yes!"

"Where?" mildly inquired Mr. Ducklow.

"No matter!" said Mrs. Ducklow, with decided ill-temper.

Mr. Ducklow drew a deep sigh, as he turned and looked upon her.

"Wal, you be about the most uncomfortable woman ever I see!" he said, with a dark and dissatisfied countenance.

"If you can't answer my question, I don't see why I need take the trouble to answer yours,"—and Mrs. Ducklow returned with compressed lips to her patching. "Yer supper is ready; ye can eat it when ye please."

"I was answerin' your question as fast as I could," said her husband, in a

tone of excessive mildness, full of sorrow and discouragement.

"I have n't seen any signs of your answering it!"

And the housewife's fingers stitched away energetically at the patch.

"Wal, wal! ye don't see every-thing!"

Mr. Ducklow, having already removed one boot, drew gently on the other. As it came off, something fell out on the floor. He picked it up, and handed it with a triumphant smile to Mrs. Ducklow.

"Oh, indeed! is this the" —

She was radiant. Her hands dropped their work, and opened the package, which consisted of a large, unsealed envelope and folded papers within. These she unfolded and examined with beaming satisfaction.

"But what made ye carry 'em in yer boot so?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Ducklow, in a suppressed voice, "I was afraid o' bein' robbed. I never was so afraid o' bein' robbed in my life! So, jest as I got clear o' the town, I took it out o' my pocket," (meaning, not the town, but the envelope containing the papers,) "an' tucked it down my boot-leg. Then, all the way home, I was scaret when I was ridin' alone, an' still more scaret when I heard anybody comin' after me. You see, it's jest like so much money."

And he arranged the window-curtain in a manner to prevent the sharpest-eyed burglar from peeping in and catching a glimpse of the papers.

He neglected to secure the stairway-door, however. There, in his hiding-place behind it, stood Taddy, shivering in his shirt, but peeping and listening in a fever of curiosity which nothing could chill. His position was such that he could not see Mr. Ducklow or the documents, and his mind was left free to revel in the most daring fancies regarding the wonderful purchase. He had not yet fully given up the idea of a new drum, although the image, which vaguely shaped itself in his mind, of Mr. Ducklow "tucking it down his boot-leg," presented difficulties.

"This is the bond, you see," Mr. Ducklow explained; "and all these little things that fill out the sheet are the cowpons. You have only to cut off one o' these, take it to the bank when it is due, and draw the interest on it in gold!"

"But suppose you lose the bonds?" queried Mrs. Ducklow, regarding, not without awe, the destructible paper representatives of so much property.

"That's what I've been thinkin' of; that's what's made me so narvous. I supposed 't would be like so much railroad stock, good for nothin' to nobody but the owner, and somethin' that could be replaced, if I lost it. But the man to the bank said no, — 't was like so much currency, and I must look out for it. That's what filled all the bushes with robbers as I come along the road. And I tell ye, 't was a relief to feel I'd got safe home at last; though I don't see now how we're to keep the plaguy things so we sha'n't feel uneasy about 'em."

"Nor I neither!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, turning pale. "Suppose the house should take fire! or burglars should break in! I don't wonder you was so particular about the matches! Dear me! I shall be frightened to death! I'd no idee 't was to be such dangerous property! I shall be thinking of fires and burglars! — O-h-h-h!"

The terrified woman uttered a wild scream; for just then a door flew suddenly open, and there burst into the room a frightful object, making a headlong plunge at the precious papers. Mr. Ducklow sprang back against the table set for his supper with a force that made everything jar. Then he sprang forward again, instinctively reaching to grasp and save from plunder the coupon bonds. But by this time both he and his wife had become aware of the nature of the intrusion.

"Thaddeus!" ejaculated the lady. "How came you here? Get up! Give an account of yourself!"

Taddy, whose abrupt appearance in the room had been altogether involuntary, was quite innocent of any preda-

tory designs. Leaning forward farther and farther, in the ardor of discovery, he had, when too late to save himself, experienced the phenomenon of losing his balance, and pitched from the stairway into the kitchen with a violence that threw the door back against the wall with a bang, and laid him out, a sprawling figure, in scanty, ghostly apparel, on the floor.

"What ye want? What ye here for?" sternly demanded Mr. Ducklow, snatching him up by one arm, and shaking him.

"Don't know," faltered the luckless youngster, speaking the truth for once in his life. "Fell."

"Fell! How did you come to fall? What are you out o' bed for?"

"Don't know,"—snivelling and rubbing his eyes. "Did n't know I was."

"Got up without knowing it! That's a likely story! How could that happen, you Sir?" said Mrs. Ducklow.

"Don't know, 'thout 't was I got up in my sleep," said Taddy, who had on rare occasions been known to indulge in moderate somnambulism.

"In your sleep!" said Mr. Ducklow, incredulously.

"I guess so. I was dreamin' you brought me home a new drum, — tucked down yer — boot-leg," faltered Taddy.

"Strange!" said Mr. Ducklow, with a glance at his wife. "But how could I bring a drum in my boot-leg?"

"Don't know, 'thout it's a new kind, one that 'll shet up."

Taddy looked eagerly round, but saw nothing new or interesting, except some curious-looking papers which Mrs. Ducklow was hastily tucking into an envelope.

"Say, did ye, pa?"

"Did I? Of course I did n't! What nonsense! But how came ye down here? Speak the truth!"

"I dreamt you was blowin' it-up, and I sprung to ketch it, when, fust I knowed, I was on the floor, like a thousan' o' brick! 'Mos' broke my knee-pans!" whimpered Taddy. "Say, did n't ye bring me home nothin'? What's them things?"

"Nothin' little boys know anything about. Now run back to bed again. I forgot to buy you a drum to-day, but I 'll git ye somethin' next time I go to town, — if I think on 't."

"So ye always say, but ye never think on't!" complained Taddy.

"There, there! Somebody's comin'! What a lookin' object you are, to be seen by visitors!"

There was a knock. Taddy disappeared. Mr. Ducklow turned anxiously to his wife, who was hastily hiding the bonds in her palpitating bosom.

"Who can it be this time o' night?"

"Sakes alive!" said Mrs. Ducklow, in whose mind burglars were uppermost, "I wish, whoever 't is, they 'd keep away! Go to the door," she whispered, resuming her work.

Mr. Ducklow complied; and, as the visitor entered, there she sat plying her needle as industriously and demurely as though neither bonds nor burglars had ever been heard of in that remote rural district.

"Ah, Miss Beswick, walk in!" said Mr. Ducklow.

A tall, spare, somewhat prim-looking female of middle age, with a shawl over her head, entered, nodding a curt and precise good-evening, first to Mr. Ducklow, then to his wife.

"What, that you?" said Mrs. Ducklow, with curiosity and surprise. "Where on 'arth did you come from? Set her a chair, why don't ye, father?"

Mr. Ducklow, who was busy slipping his feet into a pair of old shoes, hastened to comply with the hospitable suggestion.

"I 've only jest got home," said he, apologetically, as if fearful lest the fact of his being caught in his stocking-feet should create suspicions: so absurdly careful of appearances some people become, when they have anything to conceal. "Jest had time to kick my boots off, you see. Take a séat."

"Thank ye. I s'pose you 'll think I 'm wild, makin' calls at this hour!"

And Miss Beswick seated herself, with an angular movement, and held herself prim and erect in the chair.

"Why, no, I don't," said Mrs. Ducklow, civilly; while at the same time she did think it very extraordinary and unwarrantable conduct on the part of her neighbor to be walking the streets and entering the dwellings of honest people, alone, after eight o'clock, on a dark night.

"You're jest in time to set up and take a cup o' tea with my husband": an invitation she knew would not be accepted, and which she pressed accordingly. "Ye better, Miss Beswick, if only to keep him company. Take off yer things, won't ye?"

"No, I don't go a-visitin', to take off my things and drink tea, this time o' night!"

Miss Beswick condescended, however, to throw back the shawl from her head, exposing to view a long, sinewy neck, the strong lines of which ran up into her cheeks, and ramified into wrinkles, giving severity to her features. At the same time emerged from the fold of the garment, as it were, a knob, a high, bare poll, so lofty and narrow, and destitute of the usual ornament, natural or false, that you involuntarily looked twice, to assure yourself that it was really that lovely and adorable object, a female head.

"I've jest run over to tell you the news," said Miss Beswick.

"Nothing bad, I hope?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "No robbers in town? for massy sake!" And Mrs. Ducklow laid her hand on her bosom, to make sure that the bonds were still there.

"No, good news,—good for Sophrony, at any rate!"

"Ah! she has heard from Reuben?"

"No!" The severity of the features was modified by a grim smile. "No!" and the little, high knob of a head was shaken expressively.

"What then?" Ducklow inquired.

"Reuben has come home!" The words were spoken triumphantly, and the keen gray eyes of the elderly maiden twinkled.

"Come home! home!" echoed both Ducklows at once, in great astonishment.

Miss Beswick assured them of the fact.

"My! how you talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow. "I never dreamed of such a — When did he come?"

"About an hour 'n' a half ago. I happened to be in to Sophrony's. I had jest gone over to set a little while with her and keep her company,—as I've often done, she seemed so lonely, livin' there with her two children alone in the house, her husband away so. Her friends ha'n't been none too attentive to her in his absence, she thinks,—and so I think."

"I—I hope you don't mean that as a hint to us, Miss Beswick," said Mrs. Ducklow.

"You can take it as such, or not, jest as you please! I leave it to your own consciences. You know best whither you have done your duty to Sophrony and her family, whilst her husband has been off to the war; and I sha'n't set myself up for a judge. You never had any boys of your own, and so you adopted Reuben, jest as you have lately adopted Thaddeus; and I s'pose you think you've done well by him, jest as you think you will do by Thaddeus, if he's a good boy, and stays with you till he's twenty-one."

"I hope no one thinks or says the contrary, Miss Beswick!" said Mr. Ducklow, gravely, with flushed face.

"There may be two opinions on that subject!" said Miss Beswick, with a slight toss of the head, setting that small and irregular spheroid at a still loftier and more imposing altitude. "Reuben came to you when he was jest old enough to be of use about the house and on the farm; and if I recollect right, you did n't encourage idleness in him long. You did n't give his hands much chance to do 'some mischief still'! No, indeed! nobody can accuse you of that weakness!" And the skin of the wrinkled features tightened with a terrible grin.

"Nobody can say we ever overworked the boy, or ill used him in any way!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, excitedly.

"No! I don't say it! But this I'll say, for I've had it in my mind ever since Sophrony was left alone, — I could n't help seein' and feelin', and, now you've set me a-talkin', I may as well speak out. Reuben was always a good boy, and a willin' boy, as you yourselves must allow; and he paid his way from the first."

"I don't know about that!" interposed Mr. Ducklow, taking up his knife and fork, and dropping them again, in no little agitation. "He was a good and willin' boy, as you say; but the expense of clothin' him and keepin' him to school" —

"He paid his way from the first!" repeated Miss Beswick, sternly. "You kept him to school winters, when he did more work 'fore and after school than any other boy in town. He worked all the time summers; and soon he was as good as a hired man to you. He never went to school a day after he was fifteen; and from that time he was better 'n any hired man, for he was faithful, and took an interest, and looked after and took care of things, as no hired man ever would or could do, as I've heard you yourself say, Mr. Ducklow!"

"Reuben was a good, faithful boy: I never denied that! I never denied that!"

"Well, he stayed with you till he was twenty-one, — did ye a man's service for the last five or six years; then you giv' him what you called a settin' out, — a new suit o' clothes, a yoke of oxen, some farmin'-tools, and a hundred dollars in money! You, with yer thousands, Mr. Ducklow, giv' him a hundred dollars in money!"

"That was only a beginnin', only a beginnin', I've always said!" declared the red-flushed farmer.

"I know it; and I s'pose you'll continer to say so till the day of yer death! Then may-be you'll remember Reuben in yer will. That's the way! Keep puttin' him off as long as you can possibly hold on to your property yourself, — then, when you see you've got to go and leave it, give him what you ought to've gi'n him years before. There a'n't no merit in that kind o' justice, did ye

know it, Mr. Ducklow! I tell ye, what belongs to Reuben belongs to him *now*, — not ten or twenty year hence, when you've done with it, and he most likely won't need it. A few hundred dollars now 'll be more useful to him than all your thousands will be by-and-by. After he left you, he took the Moseley farm; everybody respected him, everybody trusted him; he was doin' well, everybody said; then he married Sophrony, and a good and faithful wife she's been to him; and finally he concluded to buy the farm, which you yourself said was a good idee, and encouraged him in 't."

"So it was; Reuben used judgment in that, and he'd have got along well enough, if 't had n't been for the war," said Mr. Ducklow; while his wife sat dumb, not daring to measure tongues with their vigorous-minded and plain-speaking neighbor.

"Jest so!" said Miss Beswick. "If it had n't been for the war! He had made his first payments, and would have met the rest as they came due, no doubt of it. But the war broke out, and he left all to sarve his country. Says he, 'I'm an able-bodied man, and I ought to go,' says he. His business was as important, and his wife and children was as dear to him, as anybody's; but he felt it his duty to go, and he went. They did n't give no such big bounties to volunteers then as they do now, and it was a sacrifice to him every way when he enlisted. But says he, 'I'll jest do my duty,' says he, 'and trust to Providence for the rest.' You did n't discourage his goin', — and you did n't incourage him, neither, the way you'd ought to."

"My! what on 'arth, Miss Beswick! — Seems to me you're takin' it upon yourself to say things that are uncalled for, to say the least! I can't understand what should have sent you here, to tell me what's my business, and what a'n't, this fashion! As if I did n't know my own duty and intentions!" And Mr. Ducklow poured his tea into his plate, and buttered his bread with a teaspoon.

"I s'pose she 's been talking with Sophrony, and she has sent her to interfere."

"Mrs. Ducklow, you don't s'pose no such thing! You know Sophrony would n't send anybody on such an arrant; and you know I a'n't a person to do such arrants, or be made a cat's-paw of by anybody. I a'n't handsome, not partic'larly; and I a'n't wuth my thousands, like some folks I know; and I never got married, for the best reason in the world,—them that offered themselves I would n't have, and them I would have had did n't offer themselves; and I a'n't so good a Christian as I might be, I 'm aware. I know my lacks as well as anybody; but bein' a spy and a cat's-paw a'n't one of 'em. I don't do things sly and underhand. If I 've anything to say to anybody, I go right to 'em, and say it to their face,—sometimes perty blunt, I allow. But I don't wait to be *sent* by other folks. I 've a mind o' my own, and my own way o' doin' things,—that you know as well as anybody. So, when you say you s'pose Sophrony or anybody else sent me here to interfere, I say you s'pose what a'n't true, and what you know a'n't true, Mrs. Ducklow!"

Mrs. Ducklow was annihilated; and the visitor went on.

"As for you, Mr. Ducklow, I have n't said you *don't* know your own duty and intentions. I 've no doubt you *think* you do, at any rate."

"Very well! then why can't you leave me to do what I think 's my duty? Everybody ought to have that privilege."

"You think so?"

"Sartin, Miss Beswick; don't you?"

"Why, then, I ought to have the same."

"Of course; nobody in this house 'll prevent your doin' what you 're satisfied 's your duty."

"Thank ye! much obleeged!" said Miss Beswick, with gleaming, gristly features. "That 's all I ask. Now I 'm satisfied it 's my duty to tell ye what I 've been tellin' ye, and what I 'm goin' to tell ye: that 's *my* duty. And then it 'll be *your* duty to do what

you think 's right. That 's plain, a'n't it?"

"Wal, wal!" said Mr. Ducklow, discomfited; "I can't hender yer talkin', I s'pose; though it seems a man ought to have a right to peace and quiet in his own house."

"Yes, and in his own conscience too!" said Miss Beswick. "And if you 'll hearken to me now, I promise you 'll have peace and quiet in your conscience, and in your house too, such as you never have had yit. I s'pose you know your great fault, don't ye? Graspin',—that 's your fault, that 's your besettin' sin, Mr. Ducklow. You used to give it as an excuse for not helpin' Reuben more, that you had your daughter to provide for. Well, your daughter has got married; she married a rich man,—you looked out for that,—and she 's provided for, fur as property can provide for any one. Now, without a child in the world to feel anxious about, you keep layin' up and layin' up, and 'll continner to lay up, I s'pose, till ye die, and leave a great fortin' to your daughter, that already has enough, and jest a pittance to Reuben and Thaddeus."

"No, no, Miss Beswick! you 're wrong, you 're wrong, Miss Beswick! I mean to do the handsome thing by both on 'em."

"Mean to! ye mean to! That 's the way ye flatter yer conscience, and cheat yer own soul. Why don't ye do what ye *mean* to do to once, and make sure on 't? That 's the way to git the good of your property. I tell ye, the time 's comin' when the recollection of havin' done a good action will be a greater comfort to ye than all the property in the world. Then you 'll look back, and say, 'Why *did* n't I do this and do that with my money, when 't was in my power, 'stead of hoardin' up and hoardin' up for others to spend after me?' Now, as I was goin' to say, ye did n't *discourage* Reuben's enlistin', and ye did n't *incourage* him the way ye might. You ought to 've said to him, 'Go, Reuben, if ye see it to be yer duty; and, as fur as money goes,

ye sha'n't suffer for 't. I've got enough for all on us; and I'll pay yer debts, if need be, and see 't yer fam'ly 's kep' comf'table while ye 're away.' But that 's jest what ye did n't say, and it 's jest what ye did n't do. All the time Reuben 's been sārvin' his country, he 's had his debts and his family expenses to worry him; and you know it 's been all Sophrony could do, by puttin' forth all her energies, and strainin' every narve, to keep herself and children from goin' hungry and ragged. You 've helped 'em a little, now and then, in driblets, it 's true; but, dear me!" exclaimed Miss Beswick; and she smote her hands, palms downwards, upon her lap, with a look and gesture which signified that words utterly failed to express her feelings on the subject.

Mrs. Ducklow, who, since her annihilation, had scarcely ventured to look up, sat biting her lips, drawing quick breaths of suppressed anger and impatience, and sewing the patch to the trousers and to her own apron under them. There was an awful silence, broken only by the clock ticking, and Mr. Ducklow lifting his knife and fork, and letting them fall again. At last he forced himself to speak.

"Wal, you 've read us a pretty smart lectur', Miss Beswick, I must say! I can't consaive what should make ye take such an interest in our affairs; but it 's very kind in ye, — very kind, to be sure!"

"Take an interest! Have n't I seen Sophrony's struggles with them children? And have n't I seen Reuben come home this very night, a sick man, with a broken constitution, and no prospect before him but to give up his farm, lose all he has paid, and be thrown upon the charities of the world with his wife and children? And if the charities of friends are so cold, what can he expect of the charities of the world? Take an interest! I wish you took half as much! Here I 've sot half an hour, and you have n't thought to ask how Reuben appeared, or anything about him!"

"May-be there 's a good reason for that, Miss Beswick. 'T was on my lips to ask half a dozen times; but you talked so fast, you would n't give me a chance."

"Well, I 'm glad you 've got some excuse, though a poor one!" said Miss Beswick.

"How is Reuben?" Mrs. Ducklow meekly inquired.

"All broken to pieces, — a mere shadder of what he was. He 's had his old wound troublin' him agin; then he 's had the fever, that came within one of takin' him out o' the world. He was in the hospitals, ye know, for two months or more; but finally the doctors see 't his only chance was to be sent home, weak as he was. A sergeant that was comin' on brought him all the way, and took him straight home; and that 's the reason he got along so sudden and unexpected, even to Sophrony. Oh, if you could seen their meetin', as I did! then you would n't sneer at my takin' an interest!" And Miss Beswick, strong-minded as she was, found it necessary to make use of her handkerchief. "I did n't stop only to help put him to bed, and fix things a little; then I left 'em alone, and run over to tell ye. It 's a pity you did n't know he was in town when you was there to-day, so as to bring him home with ye. But I s'pose you had your investments to look after. Come, now, Mr. Ducklow, how many thousan' dollars have you invested, since Reuben 's been off to the war, and his folks have been sufferin' to home? You may have been layin' up hundreds, or even thousands, that way, this very day, for aught I know. But let me tell ye, you won't git no good of such property, — it 'll only be a cuss to ye, — till you do the right thing by Reuben. Mark my word!"

There was another long silence.

"You a'n't going, be ye, Miss Beswick?" said Mrs. Ducklow, — for the visitor had arisen. "What 's yer hurry?"

"No hurry at all; but I 've done my arrant and said my say, and may as well

be goin'. Good night. Good night, Mr. Ducklow."

And Miss Beswick, pulling her shawl over her head, stalked out of the house like some tall, gaunt spectre, leaving the Ducklows to recover as best they could from the consternation into which they had been thrown by her coming.

"Did you ever?" said Mrs. Ducklow, gaining courage to speak after the visitor was out of hearing.

"She 's got a tongue!" said Mr. Ducklow.

"Strange she should speak of your investing money to-day! D' ye s'pose she knows?"

"I don't see how she *can* know." And Mr. Ducklow paced the room in deep trouble. "I've been careful not to give a hint on 't to anybody, for I knew jest what folks would say: 'If Ducklow has got so much money to dispose of, he 'd better give Reuben a lift.' I know how folks talk."

"Coming here to browbeat us!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow. "I wonder ye did n't be a little more plain with *her*, father! I would n't have sot and been dictated to as tamely as you did!"

"You would n't? Then why did ye? She dictated to you as much as she did to me; and you scurce opened your head; you did n't dars' to say yer soul was your own!"

"Yes, I did, I" —

"You ventur'd to speak once, and she shet ye up quicker 'n lightnin'! Now tell about you would n't have sot and been dictated to like a tame noodle, as I did!"

"I did n't say a *tame noodle*."

"Yes, ye did. I might have answered back sharp enough, but I was expectin' you to speak. *Men* don't like to dispute with *women*."

"That 's your git-off," said Mrs. Ducklow, trembling with vexation. "You was jest as much afraid of her as I was. I never see ye so cowed in all my life."

"Cowed! I was n't cowed, neither. How unreasonable, now, for you to cast all the blame on to me!"

And Mr. Ducklow, his features contracted into a black scowl, took his boots from the corner.

"Ye ha'n't got to go out, have ye?" said Mrs. Ducklow. "I should n't think you 'd put on yer boots jest to step to the barn and see to the hoss."

"I 'm goin' over to Reuben's."

"To Reuben's! Not to-night, father!"

"Yes, I think I better. He and Sophrony 'll know, we heard of his git-tin' home, and they 're enough inclined a'ready to feel we neglect 'em. Have n't ye got somethin' ye can send?"

"I don't know," — curtly. "I 've scurce ever been over to Sophrony's, but I 've carried her a pie or cake or something; and mighty little thanks I got for it, as it turns out!"

"Why did n't ye say that to Miss Beswick, when she was runnin' us so hard about our never doin' anything for 'em?"

"'T would n't have done no good; I knew jest what she 'd say. 'What 's a pie or a cake now and then?' — that 's jest the reply she 'd have made. — Dear me! what have I been doing?"

Mrs. Ducklow, rising, had but just discovered that she had stitched the patch and the trousers to her apron.

"So much for Miss Beswick!" she exclaimed, untying the apron-strings, and flinging the united garments spitefully down upon a chair. "I do wish such folks would mind their own business and stay to home!"

"You 've got the bonds safe?" said Mr. Ducklow, putting on his waistcoat.

"Yes; but I won't engage to keep 'em safe. They make me as narvous as can be. I 'm afraid to be left alone in the house with 'em. Here, you take 'em."

"Don't be foolish. What harm can possibly happen to them or you while I 'm away? You don't s'pose I want to lug them around with me wherever I go, do ye?"

"I 'm sure it 's no great lug. I s'pose you 're afraid to go across the fields alone with 'em in yer pocket. What in the world we 're going to do with 'em I don't see. If we go out, we can't take 'em with us, for fear of losing 'em, or of being robbed; and we sha'n't dare

to leave 'em to home, fear the house 'll burn up or git broke into."

"We can hide 'em where no burglar can find 'em," said Mr. Ducklow.

"Yes, and where nobody else can find 'em, neither, provided the house burns and neighbors come in to save things. I don't know but it 'll be about as Miss Beswick said: we sha'n't take no comfort with property we ought to make over to Reuben."

"Do *you* think it ought to be made over to Reuben? If you do, it's new to me!"

"No, I don't!" replied Mrs. Ducklow, decidedly. "I guess we better put 'em in the clock-case for to-night, had n't we?"

"Jest where they 'd be discovered, if the house is robbed! No: I 've an idee. Slip 'em under the settin'-room carpet. Let me take 'em: I can fix a place right here by the side of the door."

With great care and secrecy the bonds were deposited between the carpet and the floor, and a chair set over them.

"What noise was that?" said the farmer, starting.

"Thaddeus," cried Mrs. Ducklow, "is that you?"

It was Thaddeus, indeed, who, awaking from a real dream of the drum this time, and, hearing conversation in the room below, had once more descended the stairs to listen. What were the old people hiding there under the carpet? It must be those curious things in the envelope. And what *were* those things, about which so much mystery seemed necessary? Taddy was peeping and considering, when he heard his name called. He would have glided back to bed again, but Mrs. Ducklow, who sprang to the stairway-door, was too quick for him.

"What do you want now?" she demanded.

"I — I want you to scratch my back," said Taddy.

As he had often come to her with this innocent request, after undressing for bed, he did not see why the excuse would not pass as readily as the previous one of somnambulism. But Mrs.

Ducklow was in no mood to be trifled with.

"I 'll scratch your back for ye!" And seizing her rattan, she laid it smartly on the troublesome part, to the terror and pain of poor Taddy, who concluded that too much of a good thing was decidedly worse than nothing. "There, you Sir, that 's a scratching that 'll last ye for one while!"

And giving him two or three parting cuts, not confined to the region of the back, but falling upon the lower latitudes, which they marked like so many geographical parallels, she dismissed him with a sharp injunction not to let himself be seen or heard again that night.

Taddy obeyed, and, crying himself to sleep, dreamed that he was himself a drum, and that Mrs. Ducklow beat him.

"Father!" called Mrs. Ducklow to her husband, who was at the barn, "do you know what time it is? It 's nine o'clock! I would n't think of going over there to-night; they 'll be all locked up, and abed and asleep, like as not."

"Wal, I s'pose I must do as you say," replied Mr. Ducklow, glad of an excuse not to go, — Miss Beswick's visit having left him in extremely low spirits.

Accordingly, after bedding down the horse and fastening the barn, he returned to the kitchen; and soon the prosperous couple retired to rest.

"Why, how res'less you be!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, in the middle of the night. "What 's the reason ye can't sleep?"

"I don't know," groaned Mr. Ducklow. "I can't help thinkin' o' Miss Beswick. I never was so worked at any little thing."

"Well, well! forget it, father; and do go to sleep!"

"I feel I ought to have gone over to Reuben's! And I should have gone, if 't had n't been for you!"

"Now how unreasonable to blame me!" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Ye might have gone; I only reminded ye how late it was."

Mr. Ducklow groaned, and turned over. He tried to forget Miss Beswick,

Reuben, and the bonds, and at last he fell asleep.

"Father!" whispered Mrs. Ducklow, awaking him.

"What 's the matter?"

"I think—I 'm pretty sure—hark! I heard something sounded like somebody gitting into the kitchen winder!"

"It 's your narvouness." Yet Mr. Ducklow listened for further indications of burglary. "Why can't ye be quiet and go to sleep, as you said to me?"

"I 'm sure I heard something! Anybody might have looked through the blinds and seen us putting—you know—under the carpet."

"Nonsense! 't a'n't at all likely."

But Mr. Ducklow was more alarmed than he was willing to confess. He succeeded in quieting his wife's apprehensions; but at the same time the burden of solicitude and wakefulness seemed to pass from her mind only to rest upon his own. She soon after fell asleep; but he lay awake, hearing burglars in all parts of the house for an hour longer.

"What now?" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, starting up in bed.

"I thought I might as well git up and satisfy myself," replied her husband, in a low, agitated voice.

He had risen, and was groping his way to the kitchen.

"Is there anything?" she inquired, after listening long with chilling blood, expecting at each moment to hear him knocked down or throttled.

He made no reply, but presently came gliding softly back again.

"I can't find nothin'. But I never in all my life heard the floors creak so! I could have sworn there was somebody walkin' over 'em!"

"I guess you 're a little excited, a'n't ye?"

"No,—I got over that; but I *did* hear noises!"

Mr. Ducklow, returning to his pillow, dismissed his fears, and once more composed his mind for slumber. But the burden of which he had temporarily relieved his wife now returned with re-

doubled force to the bosom of that virtuous lady. It seemed as if there was only a certain amount of available sleep in the house, and that, when one had it, the other must go without; while at the same time a swarm of fears perpetually buzzed in and out of the mind, whose windows wakefulness left open.

"Father!" said Mrs. Ducklow, giving him a violent shake.

"Hey? what?"—arousing from his first sound sleep.

"Don't you smell something burnin'?"

Ducklow snuffed; Mrs. Ducklow snuffed; they sat up in bed, and snuffed vivaciously in concert.

"No,—I can't say I do. Did you?"

"Jest as plain 'as ever I smelt anything in my life! But I don't so"—snuff, snuff—"not quite so distinct now."

"Seems to me I *do* smell somethin'," said Mr. Ducklow, imagination coming to his aid. "It can't be the matches, can it?"

"I thought of the matches, but I certainly covered 'em up tight."

They snuffed again,—first one, then the other,—now a series of quick, short snuffs, then one long, deep snuff, then a snuff by both together, as if by uniting their energies, like two persons pulling at a rope, they might accomplish what neither was equal to singly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Ducklow.

"Why, what, father?"

"It 's Thaddeus! He 's been walkin' in his sleep. That 's what we heard. And now he 's got the matches and set the house afire!"

He bounded out of bed; he went stumbling over the chairs in the kitchen, and clattering among the tins in the pantry, and rushing blindly and wildly up the kitchen stairs, only to find the matches all right, Taddy fast asleep, and no indications anywhere, either to eye or nostril, of anything burning.

"'T was all your imagination, mother!"

"My imagination! You was jest as frightened as I was. I 'm sure I can't

tell what it was I smelt; I can't smell it now. Did you feel for the—you know what?"

Mrs. Ducklow seemed to think there were evil ones listening, and it was dangerous to mention by name what was uppermost in the minds of both.

"I wish you *would* jest put your hand and see if they're all right; for I've thought several times I heard somebody taking on 'em out."

Mr. Ducklow had been troubled by similar fancies; so, getting down on his knees, he felt in the dark for the bonds.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated.

"What now?" cried Mrs. Ducklow. "They a'n't gone, be they? You don't say they're gone!"

"Sure 's the world!—No, here they be! I did n't feel in the right place."

"How you *did* frighten me! My heart almost hopped out of my mouth!" Indeed, the shock was sufficient to keep the good woman awake the rest of the night.

Daylight the next morning dissipated their doubts, and made both feel that they had been the victims of unnecessary and foolish alarms.

"I hope ye won't git so worked up another night," said Mr. Ducklow. "It's no use. We might live in the house a hundred years, and never hear of a robber or a fire. Ye only excite yerself, and keep me awake."

"I should like to know if you did n't git excited, and rob me of my sleep jest as much as I did you!" retorted the indignant housewife.

"You began it; you fust put it into my head. But never mind; it can't be helped now. Le' 's have breakfast as soon as ye can; then I'll run over and see Reuben."

"Why not harness up, and let me ride over with ye?"

"Very well; mabby that'll be the best way.—Come, Taddy! ye must wake up! Fly round! You'll have lots o' chöres to do this mornin'!"

"What's the matter 'th my breeches?" snarled Taddy. "Some plaguy thing 's stuck to 'em!"

It was Mrs. Ducklow's apron, trail-

ing behind him at half-mast,—at sight of which, and of Taddy turning round and round to look at it, like a kitten in pursuit of her own tail, Ducklow burst into a loud laugh.

"Wal, wal, mother! you've done it! You're dressed for meetin' now, Taddy!"

"I do declare!" said Mrs. Ducklow, mortified. "I can't, for the life of me, see what there is so very funny about it!" And she hastened to cut short Taddy's trail and her husband's laughter with a pair of scissors.

After breakfast the Ducklows set off in the one-horse wagon, leaving Taddy to take care of the house during their absence. That each felt secretly uneasy about the coupon bonds cannot be denied; but, after the experiences of the night and the recriminations of the morning, they were unwilling to acknowledge their fears even to themselves, and much less to each other; so the precious papers were left hidden under the carpet.

"Safe enough, in all conscience!" said Mr. Ducklow.

"Taddy! Taddy! now mind!" Mrs. Ducklow repeated for the twentieth time. "Don't you leave the house, and don't you touch the matches nor the fire, and don't go to ransacking the rooms neither. You won't, will ye?"

"No 'm," answered Taddy, also for the twentieth time,—secretly resolved, all the while, to take advantage of their absence, and discover, if possible, what Mr. Ducklow brought home last night in his boot-leg.

The Ducklows had intended to show their zeal and affection by making Reuben an early visit. They were somewhat chagrined, therefore, to find several neighbors already arrived to pay their respects to the returned soldier. The fact that Miss Beswick was among the number did not serve greatly to heighten their spirits.

"I've as good a notion to turn round and go straight home again as ever I had to eat!" muttered Mrs. Ducklow.

"It's too late now," said her husband, advancing with a show of confi-

dence and cordiality he did not feel. "Wal, Reuben! glad to see ye! glad to see ye! This is a joyful day I sourse ever expected to see! Why, ye don't look so sick as I thought ye would! Does he, mother?"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Ducklow, her woman's nature, and perhaps her old motherly feelings for their adopted son, deeply moved by the sight of his changed and wasted aspect. "I'd no idee he could be so very, so very pale and thin! Had you, Sophrony?"

"I don't know what I thought," said the young wife, standing by, watching her returned volunteer with features surcharged with emotion, — deep suffering and sympathy, suffused and lighted up by love and joy. "I only know I have him now! He has come home! He shall never leave me again, — never!"

"But was n't it terrible to see him brought home so?" whispered Mrs. Ducklow.

"Yes, it was! But, oh, I was so thankful! I felt the worst was over; and I had him again! I can nurse him now. He is no longer hundreds of miles away, among strangers, where I cannot go to him, — though I should have gone long ago, as you know, if I could have raised the means, and if it had n't been for the children."

"I — I — Mr. Ducklow would have tried to help you to the means, and I would have taken the children, if we had thought it best for you to go," said Mrs. Ducklow. "But you see now it was n't best, don't you?"

"Whether it was or not, I don't complain. I am too happy to-day to complain of anything. To see him home again! But I have dreamt so often that he came home, and woke up to find it was only a dream, I'm half afraid now to be as happy as I might be."

"Be as happy as you please, Sophrony!" spoke up Reuben, who had seemed to be listening to Mr. Ducklow's apologies for not coming over the night before, while he was in reality straining his ear to catch every word his wife

was saying. He was dressed in his uniform and lying on a lounge, supported by pillows. "I'm just where I want to be, of all places in this world, — or the next world either, I may say; for I can't conceive of any greater heaven than I'm in now. I'm going to get well, too, spite of the doctors. Coming home is the best medicine for a fellow in my condition. Not bad to take, either! Stand here, Ruby, my boy, and let yer daddy look at ye again! To think that 's *my* Ruby, Pa Ducklow! Why, he was a mere baby when I went away!"

"Reuben! Reuben!" entreated the young wife, leaning over him, "you are talking too much. You promised me you would n't, you know."

"Well, well, I won't. But when a fellow's heart is chock-full, it's hard to shut down on it sometimes. Don't look so, friends, as if ye pitied me! I a'n't to be pitied. I'll bet there is n't one of ye half as happy as I am at this minute!"

"Here 's Miss Beswick, Mother Ducklow," said Sophronia. "Have n't you noticed her?"

"Oh! how do you do, Miss Beswick?" said Mrs. Ducklow, appearing surprised.

"Tryin' to keep out o' the way, and make myself useful," replied Miss Beswick, stiffly.

"I don't know what I should do without her," said Sophronia, as the tall spinster disappeared. "She took right hold and helped me last night; then she came in again the first thing this morning. 'Go to your husband,' says she to me; 'don't leave him a minute. I know he don't want ye out of his sight, — and you don't want to be out of his sight, either; so you 'tend right to him, and I 'll do the work. There 'll be enough folks comin' in to hender, but I've come in to help,' says she. And here she's been ever since, hard at work; for when Miss Beswick says a thing, there 's no use opposing her, — that *you* know, Mother Ducklow."

"Yes, she likes to have her own

way," said Mrs. Ducklow, with a peculiar pucker.

"It seems she called at the door last night to tell you Reuben had come."

"Called at the door! Did n't she tell you she came in and made us a visit?"

"No, indeed! Did she?"

Mrs. Ducklow concluded, that, if nothing had been said on that subject, she might as well remain silent; so she merely remarked, —

"Oh, yes, a visit, — *for her*. She a'n't no great hand to make long stops, ye know."

"Only when she 's needed," said Sophronia; "then she never thinks of going as long as she sees anything to do. Reuben! you must n't talk, Reuben!"

"I was saying," remarked Neighbor Jepworth, "it 'll be too bad now, if you have to give up this place; but he" —

Sophronia, unseen by her husband, made anxious signs to the speaker to avoid so distressing a topic in the invalid's presence.

"We are not going to worry about that," she hastened to say. "After we have been favored by Providence so far, and in such extraordinary ways, we think we can afford to trust still further. We have all we can think of and attend to to-day; and the future will take care of itself."

"That 's right; that 's the way to talk!" said Mr. Ducklow. "Providence 'll take care of ye, you may be sure!"

"I should think you might get Ditson to renew the mortgage," observed Neighbor Ferring. "He can't be hard on you, under such circumstances. And he can't be so foolish as to want the money. There 's no security like real estate. If I had money to invest, I would n't put it into anything else."

"Nor I," said Mr. Ducklow; "nothin' like real estate!" — with an expression of profound conviction.

"What do you think of Gov'ment bonds?" asked Neighbor Jepworth.

"I don't know." Mr. Ducklow

scratched his cheek and wrinkled his brow with an expression of thoughtfulness and candor. "I have n't given much attention to the subject. It may be a patriotic duty to lend to Gov'ment, if one has the funds to spare."

"Yes," said Jepworth, warming. "When we consider that every dollar we lend to Government goes to carry on the war, and put down this cursed Rebellion, —"

"And to pay off the soldiers," put in Reuben, raising himself on his elbow. "Nobody knows the sufferings of soldiers and soldiers' families on account of the Government's inability to pay them off. If that subject was felt and understood as some I know feel and understand it, I 'm sure every right-minded man with fifty dollars to spare would make haste to lend it to Uncle Sam. I tell ye, I got a little excited on this subject, coming on in the cars. I heard a gentleman complaining of the Government for not paying off its creditors; he did n't say so much about the soldiers, but he thought contractors ought to have their claims settled at once. At the same time he said he had had twenty thousand dollars lying idle for two months, not knowing what to do with it, but had finally concluded to invest it in railroad stock. 'Have ye any Government stock?' said his friend. 'Not a dollar's worth,' said he; 'I 'm afraid of it.' Sick as I was, I could n't lie and hear that. 'And do you know the reason,' said I, 'why Government cannot pay off its creditors? I 'll tell ye,' said I. 'It is because it has n't the money. And it has n't the money, because such men as you, who have your thousands lying idle, refuse to lend to your country, because you are afraid. That 's the extent of your patriotism: you are afraid! What do you think of us who have gone into the war, and been willing to risk everything, — not only our business and our property, but life and limb? I 've ruined myself personally,' said I, 'lost my property and my health, to be of service to my country. I don't regret it, — though I should never recover, I shall not regret

it. I'm a tolerably patient, philosophical sort of fellow; but I have n't patience nor philosophy enough to hear such men as you abuse the Government for not doing what it's your duty to assist it in doing."

"Good for you, Reuben!" exclaimed Mr. Ducklow, who really felt obliged to the young soldier for placing the previous day's investment in such a strong patriotic light. ("I've only done *my* duty to Gov'ment, let Miss Beswick say what she will," thought he.) "You wound him up, I guess. Fact, you state the case so well, Reuben, I believe, if I had any funds to spare, I should n't hesitate a minute, but go right off and invest in Gov'ment bonds."

"That might be well enough, if you did it from a sense of duty," said Neighbor Ferring, who was something of a croaker, and not much of a patriot. "But as an investment, 't would be the wust ye could make."

"Ye think so?" said Mr. Ducklow, with quick alarm.

"Certainly," said Ferring. "Gov'ment 'll repudiate. It 'll *have* to repudiate. This enormous debt never can be paid. Your interest in gold is a temptation, jest now; but that won't be paid much longer, and then yer bonds won't be wuth any more 'n so much brown paper."

"I — I don't think so," said Mr. Ducklow, who nevertheless turned pale, — Ferring gave his opinion in such a positive, oracular way. "I don't believe I should be frightened, even if I *had* Gov'ment securities in my hands. I wish I had; I really wish I had a good lot o' them bonds! Don't you, Jepworth?"

"They're mighty resky things to have in the house, that's one objection to 'em," replied Jepworth, thus adding breath to Ducklow's already kindled alarm.

"That's so!" said Ferring, emphat-

ically. "I read in the papers almost every day about somebody's having his coupon bonds stole."

"I should be more afraid of fires," observed Jepworth.

"But there's this to be considered in favor of fires," said Reuben: "If the bonds burn up, they won't have to be paid. So what is your loss is the country's gain."

"But is n't there any — is n't there any remedy?" inquired Ducklow, scarce able to sit in his chair.

"There's no risk at all, if a man subscribes for registered bonds," said Reuben. "They're like railroad stock. But if you have the coupons, you must look out for them."

"Why did n't I buy registered bonds?" said Ducklow to himself. His chair was becoming like a keg of gunpowder with a lighted fuse inserted. The familiar style of expression, — "*Your* bonds," "*your* loss," "*you* must look out," — used by Ferring and Reuben, was not calculated to relieve his embarrassment. He fancied that he was suspected of owning Government securities, and that these careless phrases were based upon that surmise. He could keep his seat no longer.

"Wal, Reuben! I must be drivin' home, I s'pose. Left everything at loose ends. I was in such a hurry to see ye, and find out if there's anything I can do for ye."

"As for that," said Reuben, "I've got a trunk over in town which could n't be brought last night. If you will have that sent for, I'll be obliged to ye."

"Sartin! sartin!" And Mr. Ducklow drove away, greatly to the relief of Mrs. Ducklow, who, listening to the alarming conversation, and remembering the bonds under the carpet, and the matches in the pantry, and Taddy's propensity to mischief, felt herself (as she afterwards confessed) "jest ready to fly."

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP.

IT may be that I have never read to the core any one grand, representative book. How, indeed, amid the tumult and toss of our sea-sick life, is one to do so? How, again, while the presses of all literary capitals swarm with books that in one way or another demand attention, shall one do justice to books which are to be read as life is lived, — *not* in a minute? Only by some hardihood can one pronounce it possible. But if to any great book I have done this justice, it is to that above named.

At the first reading, "Wilhelm Meister," as a whole, was quite opaque to me, while some of the details were unpleasant, and the coolness of tone seemed to betoken coldness of heart; and it was only the observations and aphorisms, scattered like a profusion of pearls through the work, that drew me to it a second time. On a second reading, a year later, I began to see that the characters were representative of permanent classes, — that they were not only "samples to judge of," as Carlyle says, but samples by which to judge of human nature. At a third reading, after another interval, I began to get some glimpse of a total significance. And when, a year later, I took the book with me to the coast of Maine, and *lived* with it, in-doors and out, for a solid month, this significance came forth clearly, and made that month's reading almost equivalent to a great experience.

It is now nearly ten years, since, chiefly for my own behoof, but also not without an ultimate eye to publication, I drew up a formal statement of that which the book stood for to my mind. Time has added much to that material; for the work steadily grew upon me, and now and then extorted, as it were, notes, special dissertations, word-clutches at the meaning of the whole. And now, taking a hint from the handsome new edition, I propose to smelt this rough ore and send it forth, to fare as it may with the readers of the "Atlantic." The liberal

editor allows me two papers of not far from ten pages each, in which to make this statement, — not, one sees, without some tolerant wish that a smaller space had sufficed. But even now I cast aside half my material, and double my labor in seeking brevity for the rest.

The typical history of growth in a human spirit, — "Wilhelm Meister" is that. Can you conceive of a theme more enticing? And this, too, treated by one of the master minds of the world. Why do not we shut up our shops, and leave the streets deserted, till the import of this has been exhausted? Who can *afford* to pass it by? Precious, indeed, must be his time, who for this has none!

The history, I said, is typical. Botanists picture for us a plant which represents the *idea* of all vegetable form. Goethe, who led botanists to this central treatment, here takes up growth in a human soul, and proceeds with it in a similar way. He recognizes those spiritual forces which, obscurely or visibly, work in all; he recognizes equally the conditions, inward and outward, under which growth takes place; he depicts these in their advent, their collisions, their interplay, their result.

A spiritual physiology we may name it. He gives not merely the typical form, but also the working processes, and the *type* of these. Nor does he merely enumerate and describe these, after the manner of science, but pictures them in their total action and final unity. Of such a work, wrought out with so much of penetration and power, one can speak coolly enough only by effort.

But the whole is not yet said. Not only does he delineate the idea of growth in man, but he assumes this as the central use and meaning of the world. "Positive philosophy" will groan. Give it the smelling-bottle, and leave it. Goethe does not deign it even a denial; without pausing to say, he sovereignly assumes, that Nature, as

her supreme function, is the school-mistress of man. For the results enshrined in his spirit, suns shine, worlds wheel, and systems "move in mystic dance, not without song." Through the long toil out of chaos to orderly completion and green fertility, Nature bore in her heart one constant, inspiring hope,—at last to educate a man. To this end are all times and seasons; to this end are government, property, labor, rest, pain, and peace; the world of things and the world of events alike draw meekly near to the crescent soul, and tender to it their total result, saying,—“In thee, only in thee, do we come at length to use.”

This, then, is the task at which Goethe toiled for many an earnest year. He will read through world to man, and through all man's fortunes, inward and outward, to the complete constitution and perfect architectures of his spirit. Let him succeed in that, and the word of words for our century and for many centuries is spoken. “Positive philosophy,” with complacent sciolism, may still coldly asseverate that the world is a dead congeries of “laws,” into whose realm man is cast to take pot-luck in the universe; but we shall know better. The worldling may still find all good and all evil in the mere fortunes of man; we shall see beyond these. The fatalist may persist in regarding limits and conditions as the all in all of life; we shall see them as a foothold for growth. Once that the spirit of man appears as the final recipient and vessel of uses, the orderly emptiness of world-law is filled with a meaning, while the wild welter of man's fortunes and the rigid fixity of his conditions find alike sufficing centre around which their orbit is drawn.

Observe, however, that we have here no piece of system-making. Goethe does not attempt a final scientific theory of existence. He *pictures* life from this point of view. If you can feel the verity in this picture, you may then feel the same verity in that picture which Another has painted, namely, in life itself.

Observe, once more, that even here life is depicted only from *one* of its two poles, and that, perhaps, the lesser. The theme is Growth, and this growth is considered as proceeding from definite elements contained in man's being, and proceeding to definite results still contained in his being. “Faust” assumes the opposite pole. Its theme is Destiny. It regards man's life as sweeping down upon him from heights above his thought, and proceeding to ends beyond his imagination. His existence appears as fashioned in essence and end by predestinating power, and the Eternal “takes the responsibility.”

The artist must choose his point of view. It is impossible to paint the house at once from the inside and from the outside. “Faust” is properly an epic poem; “Wilhelm Meister” is a prose epic,—and prose, not from lack of metre, but precisely from its point of view. It treats life, not as proceeding from the bosom and moving to the ends of benign Destiny, but as contained in thought, will, character, aspiration, love, and as contingent, rather than eternally predestined, in its result. Much of religious grandeur, therefore,—to the great disgust of Novalis,—it loses; much of economic value it gains. A prose picture: yet even here we read through all else to man, and through all else in man himself to the upbuilding of his spirit. As Goethe reads life, let us see if we can read his book.

We assume, then, his point of view. Growth,—our eyes are given us that we may see this as the end, all else as material and means. Prices and kingdoms may rise or fall; we are not indifferent; but the immortal architectures of man's spirit are priceless, and here the sceptres are indeed held by divine right.

What, now,—every one will hasten to question,—what are the chief forces that induce or regulate growth? What is their typical order in appearance and combination? What is the complete result? To these questions *Wilhelm Meister* is Goethe's answer.

The first place in the list of produc-

ing forces is given by him to Imagination. He makes Wilhelm describe, with elaborate and lingering detail, a puppet-show which in childhood enchanted him, and whose mechanism he afterwards possessed and managed with enduring fascination. Mariana yawns in listening; the lounging novel-reader will yawn too. But under this tedious triviality, as the reader of stock-novels will deem it, lurks a meaning serious enough to entice all save those who are indeed trivial. It indicates the play-instinct in children as the first fountain of growth. Nature justifies Goethe. How grave and absorbed are children at their play! With what touching implicit faith do they assume this as something that pays for its costs! Crabtree scowls; Moneybags pooh-poohs; but Nature is too strong for them, and the children play on. It is significant. In truth, a child's faculty for play, that is, for imaginative engagement, is the prime measure of his capacity for growth. Follow his play, you who would know him, — follow it with studious, sympathetic eye; for in the range and depth of imaginative interest it displays you read the promise of his being. The child that is not fascinated by his fancies is of a meagre nature, and will come to nothing great.

Why is imagination so concerned in growth? That I call a delightful question, and could run with rejoicing to answer it; but here, not without effort, I must pass it by. There is more to be said upon it than we have space for now: some other day. Enough now that imagination *is* so concerned with growth; enough that Nature, by the being of every child born into the world, makes oath to the fact.

But there is a spice of devil in this angel. Of old, when the sons of God came together, Satan came with them; and still, when the primal powers of man's soul assemble to perform their grand act of worship, which is the complete upbuilding of a human spirit, Factitious Tendency, the father of mischief, is punctually at hand. So in young Wilhelm. He craves free *play* for the

divine energies of his being. But the hard actual world resists him; instead of offering itself humbly as a vehicle for his fine imaginings, it tries to make a mere tool of *him*. So he flies from it in scorn. The cold, spacious emptiness of his father's life, the shrivelled content of old Werner's, — these show him the quality of real life. Fie upon reality, then! He will away, and find a concocted play-world, where all shall suit his purpose, and where he shall have nothing to do but picture forth in beauty his inward being.

He finds this, poor boy, in the stage. There no reality will exist but such as is *made* for his purposes. There his fine imaginations may have it all their own way. There, in heroic costume and by gas-light, his sole business shall be to express sublime sentiments in the most effective manner, while all the surroundings are strictly accessory. How fine to discover an heroic situation dumbly begging him to appear and be its speaking lay-figure!

Making play, instead of ennobling work till through that the soul can play, — that is child's play. Finding spiritual deliverance in a *there*, in a "got-up" situation, — that is romanticism. And it is the representative error of nobly imagining youth.

But lay-figure heroics are not heroism; and the made-up situation proves more straitening than that situation which God has made for all, namely, the real world. The stage is found to be wooden as its own boards. It gives Wilhelm for companions a crew of spiritual incapables, who have excellent appetites at others' cost, who higgle, bicker, sneak away from duty, are good for nothing, and pretend everything; while, but for his escape, it would make his own life a mere cul-de-sac with a slough at the end.

Yet he is boy-wise as well as boy-foolish. His imaginations fertilize, though they mislead him. His impulse to live *over* the world, rather than under it, is the vital impulse of the human soul.

But long before imagination has proceeded to the results named, another

grand fructifying force has come to its aid, namely, Love. "The ever-womanly leadeth us on." Love,—it is, we may say, a chemical change in the man, like the conversion of starch into sugar, or grape-juice into wine. Full of sweetness and sweet intoxication, it belongs to the profoundest economies of Nature; and he who with his whole soul and body has once loved is another being henceforth. Acid or even putrid fermentations may set in; but what he was before he cannot be again. Goethe, therefore, follows Nature in placing this next to imagination as a producer of growth,—next in Nature and in Goethe's pages, because its alliance with imagination is so immediate and intimate. He who does not idealize does not love.

But here also is peril. Love, while filling Wilhelm's being with those precious heats which are the blind substance of all chivalry and nobility, clothes the stage with the added enchantment of Mariana's presence, and so bewitches the poor youth with still more of that "false tendency" which is his proper Satan. Moreover, by rushing headlong toward consummation, and overleaping the bounds of prudential morality, it brings both upon Mariana and himself sore retributions. Her, poor child, it hurries to the grave; him it pushes to the grave's brink, and stores even his recovered strength with anguish and a lifelong regret.

Goethe is accused of immorality. He does, indeed, depict grave errors without exclaiming over them, without holding up his hands, or playing any pantomime of horror. Moreover, a love pure in its essence, but heedless in its procedure, he persists in naming pure, though heedless. But he indicates, with a rigor that is even appalling, the retributions which pursue levity and precipitation, not to mention things worse. I have read many books which gave more moral *stimulation* than "Wilhelm Meister"; I have never read any which, while frankly acknowledging that Nature's blessing goes more with noble essence than with decorous form, yet

indicates with equal power the iron nerve of moral law that runs through and through the world.

And now, as third performer in this *real* drama of growth, comes forward a redoubtable figure, the Sense of Self. His reputation, indeed, is not of the best. All, it is true, embrace him privately; but most think it decorous to disavow him in public.

On the whole, *I* is a very serviceable pronoun; and equally its complement in consciousness is serviceable. Welcome, Ego, to your place! The feeling of Self is the nominative, the *naming* case, in the syntax of consciousness. But, as, by the rules of grammar, the nominative is to be made the *subject* of a verb, so in the grammar of growth this self-feeling is subjected to the grand *verbum*, the action and total significance of one's existence.

Bring it out, then, clearly, pronounce it with due distinctness and force, that it may be clearly and definitely subjected.

Nature attends to that. She secures the nominative in her spiritual syntax. And so there is a period in earlier life when this feeling of self is getting pronounced. *Very* pronounced it is sometimes, a little severe in its emphasis upon delicate ears. And, indeed, if it come without adjective, without gentle qualification, almost any hearer must confess that he has known sounds more musical.

In Wilhelm it is sweetly qualified with love and imagination. It appears in luxuriant dreams of the poet's life,—of him who is not merely a pen-poet, but a living lyric, a poet in heart and soul. "And this life of true glory," cries the heart of Wilhelm, "may be mine, *mine*!" A gentle and magnanimous egoism, but still an egoism. But the due subjection of this self-feeling will come duly; in the qualifications that even now make it lovely the sure promise of that is contained.

Fourth in order appears a much prettier figure, namely, Philanthropy, the loving desire to serve man. It is, indeed, at first, sufficiently sweeping and

ambitious. No half-way work, no boy's play here! He will regenerate the race; he will ennoble humanity, without sparing one caitiff of them all; he will establish it on some perpetual mount of transfiguration; and all by the magic of stage effect. No boy's play!

All this, too, is noble and vital. With exquisite appreciation Goethe depicts it, seeing well how vital it is in essence, — seeing, too, how vapory it is in form. Who knows better than he that to crave service, and to crave it in love, and to crave it without limit, is of the very substance of all that enriches man? To whomsoever this divine longing is foreign all the profound uses of life are foreign; he is barren as beach-sand.

Humanity, however, is not swung away from its mud-moorings so easily; probably would only go adrift and come to wreck, if it were: witness the French Revolution. Sing, bird, in the tree-tops! but when you fly, think not to make the pines fly with you! It is only by slow vital assimilations that man is ameliorated. We do our best in digging and fertilizing a little about the roots, or in bearing pollen, like bees, from flower to flower. We do our best by a little meek furtherance of Nature. And this meekness of labor is no less necessary for ourselves than for those we would serve. Ambitious world-mending is, on one side, self-flattery.

Meanwhile horrible tragedies of charlatanism, or terrible tragedies of disgust and despair await an incontinent enthusiasm for the rôle of Providence.

Wilhelm's nature has now been greatly enriched. But all that has enriched has also imperilled. Imagination, love, self-feeling, and philanthropy have stored his breast with golden wealth; but they are one and all making over that wealth to a false tendency. Long before this, however, Goethe has brought in chastening, tempering forces, by which these riches may be economized.

First, and in the person of Jarno, enters the Critical Understanding. True as steel, cold and keen as steel also, antipathetic to all sentiment, clear and decisive partly by what he has and

partly by what he has not, Jarno offers with unsparing rigor to shear away Wilhelm's illusions, not seeing that in these very illusions runs an artery rich in his reddest life-blood.

Critical understanding, the disenchanter, — light without heat or color, — begins at a certain period in nobly imagining and impassioned youth to break through the cloudy glories, and shame all with its cold glare. That sudden skeptic shame! Do you know it, reader? Do you remember moments when all that had glorified life seemed suddenly to stand before you a detected impostor, a beggar playing king, and now stripped to his rags? Ah, me! and how pathetically old and wise the neophyte becomes all at once! He will be fooled no longer, he! Love, friendship, philanthropy, — he has looked under the words, and found all they covered, namely, nothing. Henceforth he will hunt sentiment out of him, as it were a wolf. Henceforth he will measure out his life by hand, and be purely — and barrenly — “reasonable.”

Unhappy, could he succeed. A mere life of the understanding is just one degree better than idiocy. Sweep out imagination, and all the angels go with it. To freeze the heated geysers of the soul? It were to freeze the core of the world. Better to be nobly moon-struck than turned into a pillar of salt, even were it Attic salt. Better to be Don Quixote than a very archangel Sancho.

And yet unhappy is the nobly impassioned and imagining soul that can never discriminate, never distinguish between the central suggestions of the soul and the chance directions these may have taken. It is he of all men who needs just this, discrimination. Is there any tragedy like that of Don Quixote? A god blinded by his own light! An Olympian charging upon windmills, while a toad squats aside and grins at the spectacle! The ludicrousness is but the last sting of the tragedy. On the whole, critical understanding must have heed. The divine mania of the soul must listen even to this Sancho with his wise saws. Hard

it is for the higher to become pupil of the lower, to accept and use its very contempt, and yet forbear to learn contempt of itself, stooping only to conquer. Yet even this must be. Heat is divine, but cold also is necessary. The cloudy glories of rich impassioned spirits, the vapors that float, scarlet and gold, in their heavens, must strike against the icy mountain-tops of common-sense, that the cold may condense them into fruitful rain. Hence thunder, lightning, storm, and wild commotion in the soul; but hence harvest also. The first great inward struggle is this between heat and cold; and where the heats are tropical, the collision is violent. Yet these contraries *must* both work into the great economies of life.

Cold—cold prudence and choice—appears first in its embodiment, Jarno, who symbolizes its *secret* beginnings in Wilhelm. But then and there its beginnings are only symbolized. Soon, however, disappointment bitterer than death, with sickness, remorse, horror, enters and chills him to the core. Ah, and so these clouds of glory are only raw vapor and mist, after all! The rainy season has set in. "Let's into the house," says Prudence; "let's box ourselves up nicely, and get some comfort, since that is the whole of life." No, he will not do that; he will stand out, and be drenched, and realize the full extent of his illusion. Henceforth his one employment shall be to taunt his heart with its own hopes, to put all the summer blossom and beauty of his former imaginations beside this wintry death-in-life, and shame them by the contrast.

This period in Wilhelm's life is wrought out in Goethe's picture with extreme power.

But he recovers himself, slowly. And Goethe's great knowledge of human nature is shown in this, that Wilhelm does not regain his ennobling imaginations while holding fast to the cool suggestions of prudence. No, he reverts to the former, forsaking the latter. The cold season has passed over him, and seemingly left nothing behind. With

health and joy, his illusions, one by one, one and all, return. I find this true. Oscillation between opposite poles,—how long it lasts! A powerful experience comes, and all seems changed in one's being; it passes, and nothing seems changed. "Is there for me," one might cry, "only this aimless seesaw? To-day Don Quixote, to-morrow Sancho, next day Don Quixote again,—is that to go on forever?" Happy is he, provided his poverty be not his exemption, who has never wrung his hands in utter despair of finding centrality, unity, at last,—a centre where the divine passion and afflatus of the heart are reconciled with the hard-eyed perceptions of common-sense.

But life is not a mere pendulum. Nature works to her ends. There is oscillation, but also growth. And so, though Wilhelm recurs to his illusions, and even embodies them by going upon the stage, the seeds of discriminating judgment are sown in his heart, and are already germinating.

Travel, with observation of men, and the attempt to work with them, sobers him further. He begins to recognize limits and conditions, and to do so *without* surrendering his hopes and happy dreams. He perceives, little by little, that there are some men who can give and receive help, and some who can do neither,—some with whom one can nobly coöperate, others whose hands approach his own only to obstruct and entangle. He sees that he himself is limited, and that possibly the world might not fare so much better in his hands than in those of its Maker. It dawns upon him, that, on the whole, he is not here to make worlds, but to work in a limited sphere and for limited results. And yet his hopes and imaginations are not put to shame; for he feels, that, even amid these iron limits of labor and effect, a result of unlimited, *absolute* worth is also getting wrought.

And now, in this harmonizing of heat and cold into one tempered economy, in this recognition of limits and conditions, without surrender of inspiring imagination and hope, he approaches

the term of his wandering, and nears home.

This consummation is hastened in what may seem a singular way,—by reading Shakspeare. These matchless pictures of real life give him, as life itself had never given, the feeling of *real*. The sentiment of Reality, for the first time, awakens in power. It is much, almost infinitely much, he perceives, to be just this, real. The smallest reality—so with some astonishment he discovers—affords more scope to imagination itself than any conceivable magnificence of make-belief. Real,—rooted in eternal Nature, with a pedigree older than the stars! Is not any pebble, if we consider its advent into existence and its cosmic relations, enough, not only to occupy, but to beggar imagination? Existence,—is not that the one inexhaustible fact? He feels it so, and in that feeling the contending opposites of his being come to sudden reconciliation.

Reality,—the hard, cold, critical understanding has done no worse than to insist upon that. But it has insisted upon that after its own cold fashion, as a mere frozen surface, giving no warm and fruitful hospitality to the divine seeds of hope, love, and imagination. On the other hand, the angels of Wilhelm's heart have fled away from reality because they accepted this representation. Suddenly they find this their true home. Now, then, they will sow in the clouds no longer. Reality, beneath its hard, limited outside, opens to them its divine bosom, and says, "Ye also are real: sow here."

And now the boards feel thin under Wilhelm's feet. Enough of these. Enough of masquerading. Enough of make-belief heroics: belief, accepting limits and conditions, that on them and out of them it may build the spiritual architectures of life, is heroism. Enough of play-acting: work is the true play. Moral imagination has found its home and its freedom in the real; and therewith the first epoch of his life rounds into completion, passes over its virtue to another, and in his life there is an ending and a beginning.

In what consists this complete beginning? In this, that he now gets his eye on himself in a wholly new way. He sees his being as a spiritual whole, a complete design in the thought of Eternal Nature, which design he is religiously bound to divine and serve. To serve Creative Reality even in the regards he bestows upon himself,—in coming to that aim and action, he, for the first time, beholds his being with a pure eye. "To say it in a word," he writes to Werner, "the cultivation of my individual self, here as I am, has, from my youth upward, been constantly, though dimly, my wish and purpose. The same intention I still cherish, but the means of realizing it are now grown somewhat clearer."*

"Selfish" is that? It is not the goal, but it is not selfish. Only as the sense of self is subordinated, only as it not only resigns dominion, but becomes a loyal steward in the household of the soul, happy in obedience, can one arrive at real self-culture,—that is, accept his being at the hands of Formative Nature as a design to be *served*. While self-feeling holds one in close grip, he can never so much as see his being in this pure, objective way, any more than he can look back into his own eyes. The very act of receiving it as the farm which he is to till,—as a spiritual whole, to which all parts, all partial acts and interests, and the sense of self among them, are to be subordinated and made serviceable,—this implies not merely a liberation from egoism, but much more, namely, utilization of it. Real self-culture consists in the happy and obedient service of *uses* in one's own spirit. The uses of the world, we have said, are enshrined in the spirit of man; when one can freely and faithfully serve these, his life as a whole human being has begun.

Self-culture, in the Goethean sense, is, then, a much nobler and more religious affair than the popular notion makes it. But even this, I repeat, is, in Goethe's view, simply the complete beginning.

* The citations are from Carlyle's translation. It is of no use to do over again what is already thoroughly done.

True, the usual notion is different. Some, that suppose themselves his followers, rest finally in self-culture; many, who think this the goal of Goethe's own life, inveigh against him accordingly. Did men, however, always wait to understand ere condemning, much virtuous indignation would never come to use. Precious is virtuous indignation; nevertheless, here there is for it no suitable occasion. Wilhelm goes on toward spiritual ripeness; we follow his advance.

The next step is symbolized by that charming episode, "Confessions of a Fair Saint," whose relation to the whole work many critics profess themselves unable to see,—indeed, I know not whether any critic has seen clearly what, nevertheless, is clearly there to be seen. Religion is flowering in Wilhelm's soul. He rests softly in Absolute Reality, in That which eternally, infinitely is. It is a deepening to *infinitude* of his feeling for the Real. From superficial, he comes to divine Reality, and finds this not only sufficing, but inspiring, not only commanding obedience, but blessing, exalting, crowning, making it royal.

This is not directly shown in Wilhelm himself, but symbolized by his interest in the narrative of another. In Wilhelm it is hidden,—a-flowering, but secret. The very design is to suggest that his religion does not come *out* of him, and become formal, but remains *in* him, in vital, creative intimacy with his entire being. For it is one point of Goethe's art to hint at secret processes in the soul by some external representative,—and the appearance of principal personages in this work is *always* connected with some suggestion of that kind. They stand for what they are in themselves; they have also their direct influence on Wilhelm; and they also symbolize that which cannot be directly shown in his inward growth.

Wilhelm comes to his knees before Absolute Reality; kneeling, he accepts his being. Self-culture henceforth has got its baptism, freedom its law and its blessing of obedience, which leave it freedom still.

Has the reader some misgiving that

I foist this interpretation upon the book? There is not, indeed, a direct syllable to this effect. What assurance, then, that this interpretation is not gratuitous?

This, first,—the "Confessions" are *there*; hence are related to the import of the whole. But perhaps the reader thinks, with the redoubtable Mr. Lewes, that the work is not a *whole* at all, but a piece of patchwork. If so, this reason will not weigh with him.

But my interpretation is conclusively affirmed in another way. *The Wilhelm of the seventh book is no longer the Wilhelm of the fifth.* We leave him on one side this episode, we find him on the other, and he is not the same man. He has suffered a sea-change; for his keel has been wetted in the waters of Eternity. The Abbé recognizes him with difficulty.

It is the old secret. No man can look on Absolute Reality, and live in the antecedent quality of his life. He is a new man henceforth,—consumed and created.

And now we come to the consummate act and epoch of his life. He has found himself; he is now to give himself, and, in giving, is to find himself anew. He is to lose and find himself in social uses. In this sacred act of social immersion, by which, since it can now be done sanely, he is to be, not dissipated, but divinely assured to himself, his spirit and Goethe's work at last rest.

The key-note to this part of the work is struck in the cool tones of Jarno. "It is right," he says, "that a man, when he first enters upon life, should think highly of himself, should determine to attain many high distinctions, should endeavor to make all things possible; but when his education has proceeded to a certain pitch, it is advantageous for him that he learn to lose himself among a mass of men, that he learn to live for the sake of others, and to forget himself in an activity prescribed by duty."

Wilhelm approaches this higher act by degrees.

First, by an exalted and matured love of woman. It is not here a fume and sweet intoxication in the blood, but a true passion of the soul, a profound yearning to *ally* his spirit. By an inward necessity, he must give himself to one other, and from that other receive himself again, made sacred with Nature's baptism. The need of this reciprocity is stronger with him than even his election of a particular person with whom to establish it. So, when it becomes impossible for Theresa to accept his hand, he passes soon to Natalia, to whom, however, his attraction is subtler and older.

On this follows the deep self-devotion of fatherhood. The longing to bestow his soul pushes beyond the love of woman, and looks for another object, where the giving is more simple, because the visible return is less. But here again he does not wish to give himself officiously, — to thrust himself unbidden into the household of another life; he would do it in simple obedience to Nature. Therefore, when of those who seem to know everything he can ask one question and no more, there is just one question which his very soul asks: — "Is Felix indeed my son?"

"Hail to thee for the question!" cries the providential Abbé. "Hail to thee, my son! Thy apprenticeship is ended. Nature pronounces thee free."

Yes, when he craves of Nature, not aggrandizement, but a duty, — when he entreats her commands to bestow of all that is deepest and dearest in his spirit on another, and yet to do it so in simple response to her behest that in all he shall give only what is *due*, — then he is free. No self-flattery here; no feeling that he is performing some wonderful piece of self-sacrifice, which puts the universe under obligations to him. He would give all, but give where he owes all, not only in obedience, but in meek thankfulness.

This done, he can go farther. Established indestructibly in the unity of his own being, established also in these devout relationships, he is prepared to enter into ampler relations, carrying

into these the same obedience to Nature, the same sense of giving only what is due. Accordingly, he passes into noble mutualities of coöperation, service, and love with his equals, with those superior to himself, and with those to whom he is superior, not defrauded of his being, but secured in its possession, by that self-surrender.

Not at a leap, indeed, does he attain to this dignity of life. Causeless suspicions infest him; again and again he snatches himself back, and retreats into spiritual isolation. Like an uncertain swimmer, who, wading into deep water, draws back in sudden alarm as his feet begin to lift themselves buoyantly from the sands, so he is smitten with jealous fear, and hastens to regain his former foothold, just when his immersion in social use and fellowship was becoming complete. But ever as he grows surer of himself, and ever as he rests more trustfully in eternal Reality, he becomes more capable of yielding trust to those who deserve it, and yielding himself to those unto whom he rightly belongs.

And so lost and found, so self-given and self-contained, so abandoned to the high uses of life, and by that very act saved, by that act secured to himself in spiritual wholeness, Goethe leaves him at the close of the *Apprenticeship*: for of the *Travels*, which is another mine of suggestion, I do not speak here.

To sum all. The whole work climbs steadily to this consummate act of self-surrender without self-dissipation, without self-flattery, without officiousness, and without reserve. But in order that one may give himself nobly, he must nobly have himself to give. To this end there are prerequisites. First, fructification, a rich development of heats and fruitful powers; and of the nature and order of these Goethe aims to give account. Secondly, a due tempering of these by the cold, faithful severities of understanding and experience. Third, as resulting, a high repose in Reality, — high, because one reposes there, not in base compromise with it or with himself, but in hope, in duty, in imagining heroism of heart.

Fourthly and finally, comes a relation to one's own being, at once utterly religious and utterly sane, whereby one *commands himself in obedience to the total law and uses of his spirit.* Having achieved this, one may go forward, through further experience and deeper life, to that act of religious and sane self-bestowal, wherein he first becomes, in the full, majestic sense, a man.

TWILIGHT.

SEPTEMBER'S slender crescent grows again
 Distinct in yonder peaceful evening-red.
 Clearer the stars are sparkling overhead,
 And all the sky is pure, without a stain.

Cool blows the evening wind from out the west,
 And bows the flowers, the last sweet flowers that bloom, —
 Pale asters, many a heavy waving plume
 Of golden-rod, that bends as if opprest.

The summer's songs are hushed. Up the lone shore
 The weary waves wash sadly, and a grief
 Sounds in the wind, like farewells fond and brief.
 The cricket's chirp but makes the silence more.

Life's autumn comes ; the leaves begin to fall ;
 The moods of spring and summer pass away ;
 The glory and the rapture, day by day,
 Depart, and soon the quiet grave folds all.

O thoughtful sky, how many eyes in vain
 Are lifted to your beauty, full of tears !
 How many hearts go back through all the years,
 Heavy with loss, eager with questioning pain

To read the dim Hereafter, — to obtain
 One glimpse beyond the earthly curtain, where
 Their dearest dwell, where they may be or e'er
 September's slender crescent shines again !

NEEDLE AND GARDEN.

THE STORY OF A SEAMSTRESS WHO LAID DOWN HER NEEDLE AND BECAME
A STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

CHAPTER IX.

IT must be remembered that we were on the same street with our neighbors, the Tetchy family, and that multitudes of their customers passed our gate on their way to the old established strawberry-garden. When a company of new customers came along in search of the Tetchys, some of them would stop at our gate, and, looking through the open lattice-work, would see the strawberries, and, thinking this the right place, would often come into the house and call for a saucer of fruit. Some of these did so while I was engaged in picking, even pushing through into the garden where I was at work. This publicity was a great annoyance to me, especially as my mother increased it by insisting on supplying all the fruit thus called for. Hence the same parties made repeated visits. My mother thought it as important to cultivate customers as to cultivate strawberries. They called for cream, — as all people must have the best of everything; but having no cow, she bought milk as required, and though no doubt extensively diluted before it reached us, yet it seemed to go down with entire satisfaction.

Thus, without ever anticipating it, we fell heirs to a sprinkling of the profitable business which the Tetchys were carrying on: for, as part of the unintended legacy, my mother appropriated their high prices also. She took such interest in this mode of selling our fruit that I began to fear she would really convert our premises into another strawberry-garden. I confess the temptation was strong, because she thereby secured three times the profit that we could obtain at the market. As it was, she real-

ized thirty dollars during the season from these unexpected customers. But not one of us would listen to the project of a strawberry-garden. Jane was, in fact, too proud to entertain the idea of waiting on the crowd of impudent, loafing young men who frequent such places as openings for getting rid of their money; while Fred declared that his sisters should never come down to the condition of waiters at any table but their own. So my mother was overruled, though she insisted that her little experience with a few customers had fully satisfied her that our ill-natured neighbors were making great profits out of the immense retail trade they were doing.

But if our little household was thus harmonious on the strawberry question, the Tetchys were very far from being on good terms with us. They had as great a run that season as ever. Indeed, we heard that their customers had so increased as to oblige them to purchase fruit in order to supply the demand. How they managed about more cream I never learned, — whether they got a new cow, or whether that with the iron tail was required to do extra duty, was a mystery which the neighbors were never permitted to penetrate. Their customers must have been equally ignorant, as we never heard of their complaining; but I have little doubt that Mrs. Tetchy could tell, to a drop, how much water a quart of milk would bear without the cheat being detected.

It may seem uncharitable to speak thus of one's neighbors, but the Tetchys showed themselves unfriendly to us just in proportion as we gave evidence of beginning to succeed. They might have aided us materially, without injuring themselves in the least. But they had

become possessed with the absurd fear, that we, on a single acre and a half, were about raising strawberries enough to ruin their business. Then my mother's having entertained a dozen or two of transient customers was well known to them, for they watched us with un-sleeping jealousy; and they were sure we intended to set up another garden. So, although they saw they had a demand for more than their grounds produced, a demand, moreover, that was actually increasing, and this without any abatement in price, yet they preferred procuring their extra supplies from others a great way off to purchasing from us who were close at hand. Such purchases would be just so much encouragement to what they regarded as a rival establishment, which they desired to see suppressed. Hence all intercourse between the families ceased, and we heard nothing but the ill-natured remarks they made about our doings, which other neighbors were kind enough to repeat to us,—the carrying of such things to and fro being considered by some an indispensable part of true neighborly kindness. It is quite probable, however, that these were all pretty well amplified on their way, as I have often noticed that an ill-natured speech, like a bouncing lie, generally grows by repetition.

But vexatious as all this certainly was, these people were greatly to be pitied. As regarded intelligent horticulture they were altogether in the dark. They took no agricultural papers, and books on gardening were equally unknown upon their table,—the entire literature of the household consisting of the penny newspaper, with piles of sensation novels which the daughters had accumulated. How, from such a dearth of reading, suitable to their vocation, could they be expected to be better informed than they were? or, with the peculiar caustic temper that ran through the family, to make friends who might be instructive companions? In agricultural knowledge I was really their superior, having an exhaustless fund of information in the miscellaneous collec-

tion I had picked up at the grocer's, of the diversified contents of which there had never been a more painstaking student. By reference to such a source, they would have learned how absurd was their selfish idea that it was possible for me, or even a hundred like me, to overdo the business of raising strawberries, no matter where established, but especially when the fruit was consumed on the very spot where it was produced. I know that this apprehension of producing too much fruit is a mistake of many persons about embarking in the business. But further knowledge invariably corrects it; there is never an over-supply. If, at the beginning of my inquiries, the fear crossed my own mind, it was dissipated by a single conversation with the widow in the market-house.

The horticulturist of this progressive age must not rest satisfied with what he learns on his own ground. There is a vast outside world, full of busy, intelligent minds, not content with things as they find them, but searching, investigating, experimenting, and so successfully, that the horticultural art is largely indebted to them for the amazing progress it has of late years made toward perfection. These great unfolders of some of Nature's profoundest secrets do not hide their lights under a bushel. There is a perpetual interchange among them, by pen, by tongue, and through the press, of the experiences and discoveries of each, the common repositories of all which are the agricultural journals. There collected as in a reservoir, they become fountains of instruction, not only to the pioneer in horticulture, but even to the veteran, and those who refuse to drink thereat will ever continue in the rear of a great army whose march is unceasingly onward. No petty jealousy comes in to mar the harmony of the true votaries of horticulture. There is emulation, but not contention. The heart of such a man enlarges as he pursues his labors, his tastes become refined, his sympathies embrace all others having kindred aspirations; and the successes he may have achieved, with

the processes by which they are to be secured, become the common property of all who are wise enough to appreciate them. Our neighbors were born with no such tastes or impulses as these. That it was so proved almost as unfortunate for us as it was for themselves.

Our first season's profits did not make us rich, as the whole income was only a hundred and sixty dollars. But it showed conclusively that we were able to accomplish something handsome in an entirely new field. The cost of plants and of preparing the ground was a little rising thirty dollars. All that remained over these two items was so much in payment of our own labor, and for this we had never before had a market, as it was the contribution of odd times, except an occasional half-day lost from the factory; but as our earnings there were small, this loss was not of much account. Here, then, was more than a hundred dollars made out of almost nothing. This was equal to the wages of both Jane and myself for a quarter of the year. If a half-acre of strawberries, not yet in full bearing, could do this, it was clear that a whole acre of well-established plants would go very far toward enabling us to abandon our factory-life entirely. This was what we were aiming at: we were willing to work, but preferred working at home. Of course it was simply a question of how much we could make on an acre. My mother was sure there could be no doubt about the matter, if she could be allowed to open a strawberry-garden. She seemed to have given up her long-cherished preference for the needle, and now began to realize that there might be something better. Not one of us, however, would hear to the garden, though we now clearly understood how extremely profitable must be that mode of bringing the producer and the consumer together.

Practice in any art is a wonderful enlightener of the understanding. It thus became quite clear to us that the Tetchy family were living handsomely on the strawberries raised on one acre

of land, and cream manufactured principally at the kitchen pump. As usual on such occasions, Fred undertook to prove by his figures how much it was they were earning. I think he made it out about a thousand dollars a year; but as his previous calculations touching our own crop had proved rather deceptive, I did not trust implicitly to his conclusions. But he insisted that it must be so, as figures never lied. I suggested, that, though the figures themselves might not lie, yet that instances had been known of their leading to great lies by others, — not meaning, however, to refer to him.

These were among the new changes of the old topic that now formed the staple of our family-discussions. As we had done pretty well with a half-acre, we must have more ground planted. It may appear singular that so small a profit, realized only after a whole year of waiting, should prove so powerful a stimulus to further effort. But I well knew that wealth is not suddenly acquired by agriculture of any kind. The great element of value which distinguishes this over other occupations is that of safety, — slow, but sure. If our profit should appear small to others, it was a great affair to us, and we felt reasonably certain that we could make it four times as large. It was therefore determined to have the remaining half-acre broken up and set out with strawberries that fall.

But no one must suppose that our summer occupation was ended when our crop had been marketed and the profit ascertained. All this was accomplished as July was coming in. Immediately after the vines had borne their fruit, they developed new energies in the putting out of a multitude of runners. But meantime the ground had been taken possession of by a fresh crop of weeds, all of which must be removed, and the surface forked up into mellowness, before the runners would take hold and establish themselves into strong, vigorous plants. We therefore entered on a new campaign against these troublesome interlopers, though

our hoes were so heavy and clumsy that their unwieldiness fatigued us more than the work itself.

"There goes ten thousand at a pull!" said I to Fred, one day, as he caught hold of a huge thistle with his rake and dragged it out by the roots.

Fred was astounded at this piece of information. He had seen weeds in abundance, but had never gone over the pages of the "Country Gentleman" and the "New England Farmer" as carefully as I had, and hence the thought had never occurred to him that in pulling up a single thistle he was really saving some one else the trouble of getting rid of thousands more.

The subject of this astonishing increase from a single plant thus became a topic for subsequent conversation and research. It being in Fred's line, he looked up several articles about weeds, undertook to extend the calculation, and arrived at results that almost frightened me. A single thistle would produce twenty-four thousand the first year, and five hundred and seventy-six millions the second! and we found that botanists had discovered in all other weeds an approximation to the same amazing power of reproduction. It must not be supposed, however, that every seed will vegetate. Animals and birds consume myriads of them, and other myriads perish under the extreme heat of summer and the equally destructive cold of winter. To some extent Nature thus confines the multiplication of weeds within limits. Botanists assert that these limits are prescribed, and that they cannot be passed. If it were not so, the seed of a single thistle would reproduce itself so rapidly as in a few years to cover with its progeny the entire surface of our planet.

Our ground was singularly troubled with the rag-weed, which we found was immensely prolific. There were numerous other kinds also that came up all over the field, and it appeared to me that those which produced the most seeds threw up the rankest growth. What was greatly to their discredit, none of them produced a flower. So

far as I could discover, they performed no other office than that of perfecting a crop of seeds for the sole purpose of next year producing another that would be many thousand times larger. Their stalks and foliage were rejected by cattle, and never came to much as fertilizers. It is probable they have some medicinal virtues, however, as the herb-doctors use them pretty freely. But I could regard them in no other light than nuisances in a strawberry-bed.

So universally are weeds regarded as injurious to agriculture, that laws have been enacted to insure their destruction. In this country it has been made a finable offence to permit the Canada thistle to perfect its seeds. France imposes a heavy penalty on all who are in like manner neglectful of the common thistle. Every man in Denmark who fails to destroy the corn-marigold is severely punished. In the early history of Scotland, whoever "poisoned the king's lands with weeds, introducing thereby a host of enemies," was denounced as a traitor. Unhappily, with us there has been an abundant yield of both. As such instances show how these pests have been regarded by the agricultural world, one would think that it was now time for us to hear of their diminishing in number. But no such diminution can be asserted.

The history of the migration of seeds is full of the most curious statistics. The reviewer of a recent publication makes the following interesting statement.

"The lonely island of St. Helena, for example, at the time of its discovery in 1501, produced about sixty vegetable species. Its flora now comprises seven hundred and fifty species. The faculty of spontaneous reproduction supposes a greater power of accommodation than we find in most domesticated plants. Although every wild species affects a habitat of a particular character, it will grow under conditions extremely unlike those of its birthplace. The seven hundred new species which have found their way to St. Helena within three centuries and a half were probably not in very

large proportion designedly introduced there by human art. As a general rule, it may be assumed that man has intentionally transferred fewer plants than he has accidentally into countries foreign to them. Tares follow the wheat. The weeds that grow among the cereal grains, and form the pest of the kitchen-garden, are the same in America as in Europe. Some years ago, the author made a collection of weeds in the wheat-fields of Upper Egypt, and another in the gardens on the Bosphorus. Nearly all the plants were identical with those that grow under the same conditions in New England. The change from one locality to another is effected by a thousand casual circumstances. The upsetting of the wagon of an emigrant in his journey across the Western plains may scatter upon the ground the seeds he designed for his garden. The herbs which fill so important a place in the rustic *materia medica* of the Eastern States spring up along the prairie-paths just opened by the caravan of the settler. The *hortus siccus* of a botanist may accidentally sow seeds from the foot of the Himalayas on the plains that skirt the Alps. It is a fact frequently observed, that exotics transplanted to foreign climates suited to their growth escape from the flower-garden, and naturalize themselves among the spontaneous vegetation of the pastures. The straw and grass employed in packing the sculptures of Thorwaldsen were scattered in the court-yard of the museum in Copenhagen, where they are deposited, and the next season there sprang from the seeds no less than twenty-five species of plants belonging to the Roman Campagna. In the campaign of 1814, the Russian troops brought in the stuffing of their saddles seeds from the banks of the Dnieper to the valley of the Rhine, and even introduced the plants of the Steppes into the environs of Paris. The Turkish armies in their incursions into Europe brought Eastern vegetables in their train, and left the seeds of Oriental wall-plants to grow upon the ramparts of Buda and Vienna. The Canada thistle is said to have sprung up in

Europe two hundred years ago from a seed which dropped out of the stuffed skin of a bird."

As I had never studied the botanical peculiarities of weeds, and, indeed, had no time for scientific study, having both needle and garden on my hands, I regarded their luxuriant growth in my strawberry-ground only in a strictly practical light. The soil was full of nutriment, as my father had left it very rich. If this nutriment were appropriated by the weeds, it would obviously be so much taken from the strawberries. The latter, moreover, when the fruit was swelling to full size, preparatory to changing color, required all the moisture they could obtain. Now weeds are powerful leeches. Whatever they might suck up would consequently be robbery of the strawberries. Thus as nutriment and moisture would fail the strawberries in exact proportion to the growth of the weeds, the fruit would be small in size and inferior in quality, with a corresponding diminution of the market price. In a dry season these effects would be particularly disastrous. These conditions of successful strawberry-culture I had learned from books, from reflection, and from actual experience. Hence my beds were made scrupulously clean and mellow when the plants were beginning to put forth runners. It was a troublesome matter, for some weeks, to keep them in complete order, requiring an hour or two of hoeing daily; but then I found the labor of weeding lasted only during August, as after that month the growth had so fallen off as to be of little consequence. Scarcely any that started subsequently would find the season long enough to mature the seeds. I frequently managed to obtain a glimpse of what our neighbors were doing, to see how my strawberry-culture compared with theirs. Though the whole family had little else to do than to look after their acre, yet I was quite satisfied with the result of my survey. They had quite as many weeds as myself, with the important difference that they did not seem to mind much about getting rid of them.

I presume their uniform success had made them careless and lazy. Their hopes had been fulfilled, while the consummation of mine was yet in the future.

The runner of a strawberry, when projected a certain distance, develops at its extremity a tuft of leaves, and having done so, is impatient to throw out roots immediately below the newly formed tuft. To promote the formation of these, the surface of the ground should be made perfectly loose and mellow, so that the rootlets may enter and descend with facility, thenceforward to ramble in search of nourishment and moisture. Thus cared for, and especially if sunk a little below the surface, and held there with a spoonful of earth, the runners will put forth a mass of snow-white roots with incredible rapidity. In a moist soil, or after a shower of rain, they fasten themselves immediately; and thus ceasing to be drains upon the parent plant, by living and growing from their own daily enlarging roots, they will acquire a size and vigor to insure an abundant crop the following season. The first joint being securely rooted, the runner will go on lengthening into a succession of new ones; and if each be promptly anchored like the first, they will become contemporaneous bearers. As one plant will send forth many runners, the careful cultivator can thus cover his ground with a profusion of the thriftiest vines. But when the surface is permitted to remain hard and compact, baked under the sun or trodden under foot, the delicate rootlets are unable to penetrate the unfriendly mass. They are blown about by the wind, useless exhausters of the parent plant; they change color by exposure to the sun and air, and lose their power of extension. Even under the softening influence of rain, which may enable them to secure some feeble holding-ground, they rarely become vigorous plants, while their multiplication is materially limited. If the surface be overgrown with grass or weeds, the runners can gain no hold; and hence, there being no new plants established, the suc-

ceeding crop will be smaller than it might otherwise have been. The vigor of the plant thus created from a runner is altogether dependent on the condition of the surface over which it is first projected, and the promptness with which it is enabled to throw out and fasten its roots in a congenial soil. Nature performs wonders for the strawberry; but human care and skill can multiply its capabilities to an extent which even yet is undetermined.

Acting upon these hints, for which I was again indebted to my invaluable agricultural treasury, I took care that every runner, as soon as it threw out a perfect tuft of leaves, should be let down into a little cavity scooped out by a garden-trowel, and sprinkled with earth enough to keep it down. The instinct of the plant was so nice and active, that, as soon as it came in contact with the moist ground below, it threw out roots and took a fast hold. These nourished it into an independent plant, enabling it to project a new joint, which, being similarly covered, formed another plant. Thus attending to them every day, I not only obtained more than were needed for the yet unoccupied half-acre, but secured plants of so vigorous a growth as to insure a good crop the coming season. The ground was broken up and put in nice order in October. Then, after every rainy day, but especially in damp and drizzly weather, a man who understood the business was employed to transfer the young plants to their new location. It was too great an undertaking for me, though I assisted in the operation. My new bed I made an extension of the old one, and began with those plants which had grown from the runners nearest to the parent. As these had been longest in growing, they were the most thrifty and the best. Taking them up carefully on a trowel, with a ball of earth to each, I carried them one by one to the places previously prepared for them by the gardener, being simple excavations about a foot apart, into which we slipped them directly from the trowel, and then drew the loose earth up around the ball, so

as to leave no portion of the roots exposed. By making holes for them, the plants were let down quite level with the surface, just as they had stood before transplanting: for strawberries must never be set on a ridge; since, when thus set, the roots, having two surfaces laid open to the action of the sun and drying winds, become parched by exposure, and the plants will frequently perish in consequence. Moisture is the vital principle of the strawberry. Practically speaking, it may be said to be the only manure it ever requires.

This job cost me some ten dollars for hired help, but the gain was worth all that. Not a single plant showed the slightest sign of wilting. Indeed, there was clear evidence that the whole collection was quite unconscious of any change of place. The first rain closed up all cavities around them, thus effectually repairing damages, and their growth having experienced no check, many of them threw out new runners, as if thinking that I wanted them.

It was not an unfeminine occupation, this setting out a strawberry-bed. Neither did I consider it hard work. We could have done it ourselves, if we could have spared the time. So any family of girls can accomplish the same feat, or even a much greater one, when the masculine portion of the labor, putting the ground in order, has been performed for them. I know it soils one's hands to set out plants in the wet ground; but if one could make choice of the kind of dirt she is to handle, I am sure that this sort is preferable to that set free in washing a pile of greasy dishes, or in standing a whole day over a wash-tub. These being established feminine employments, no one thinks of objecting to them; in fact, the sex seems born to them. But strawberry-planting by a young girl like me is a novelty that some may think requires an apology. Yet so far no one had seemed to consider any apology necessary in my case, except our neighbors, the Tetchys.

Long before we had taken up half

the plants required for the new bed, I discovered that there were three or four times as many as we needed. My reading had taught me that one of the mistakes of strawberry-growing was that of crowding too many on the ground. The effect would be to make it impossible to get at the weeds and grass with a hoe. A bed in this condition could not be kept clean. In the end, the interlopers would take complete possession and smother out the strawberries, compelling the owner to plough all in together and start with a new planting. I was puzzled to know what was the best course to adopt. I thought at one time of hoeing up the greater portion of the multitude of plants we had so carefully propagated, treating them as so many weeds, so as to be sure of having a fair chance at the remainder. But they were all so vigorous and healthy that I could not bring my mind to have such extensive waste committed. Fred objected to it most strenuously. He said it was impossible for us to have too much of a good thing, and, as usual, came to the rescue with his arithmetic. He made it out that we had so many thousand fine plants that I wanted grubbed up. Then he showed that these, if allowed to produce fruit, would yield us so much money, and that this money would enable us to hire a man to keep the ground in the best order. Besides, he said there was no knowing but we might be able to sell a quantity of them. Fred's figuring—always done on paper—had often disappointed us. But it continued to have some weight with me, notwithstanding. It is probable my reluctance to parting with these fine plants was the real turning-point in this dilemma. I had no hope of finding purchasers for them, though it had once been so difficult for me to find sellers. Nevertheless I followed Fred's advice, thinking this time there might be something in it, and let the plants remain.

All these little matters are the result of personal experience: not, of course, acquired in a single season; for even after the strawberry-grower has planted

one bed and harvested one crop, he will discover that he is still only on the threshold of this branch of horticulture. Many of them are the fruit of subsequent experience, while much of all I ever learned is the result of careful study of as many authorities as I was able to consult. Study combined with practice and close observation, together with a passionate determination to learn, and hope ever stimulating to perseverance, has been with me the secret of success. I was now at the close of my first year's experiment. My whole acre was in the best condition. The plants set out the first year were certain to produce twice the former yield, such being the universal experience with the strawberry; while now, with double the extent of ground, and the first half-acre stocked with many times the number of

plants originally set, the promise was highly encouraging. I could think of no possible chance of disappointment but a pinching frost that might destroy the blossoms, or a parching drought that might blast the fruit. No work that I had been required to perform had been too hard for me. Most of it had been recreation, while all had been healthful to the body and grateful to the mind. It is true that now and then my hands had been a little roughened by wielding the heavy garden-tools; but we had already determined that our next year's profits should furnish us with new and lighter ones. Thus, satisfied with myself, and buoyant with hope, the winter came upon us; but I passed through it without impatience or anxiety, both my sister and myself continuing the while steadily at the factory.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

I WENT out one morning to build a barn. Not that I knew exactly how to build a barn, but I knew very well how to keep up a mighty clatter, till some one should come that did know, which amounts to the same thing. There was, indeed, already a barn on our plantation. It was there many years before we were. I ought to say, a part of it; for the barn is a conglomerate, the further end stretching far back into antiquity, and the hither end coming down to a period which is within the memory of men still living. Of course its ancient history is involved in obscurity; but as we read in the rocks somewhat of the earth's otherwise unwritten story, so in our barn are many marks which point out to the curious student the different eras of its creation. The main line of demarcation comes in the centre, and consists chiefly of a kind of bulge. That part of the front which dates back to the Lower Silurian epoch ran south-southwest, but at some

time during the Drift period it turned to the right about and drifted to the north-northeast. The result is a bold front, subtending an obtuse angle. People who have nothing else in the world to annoy them might afford to be annoyed by this departure from a right line; but unless one is reduced to such straits, he will do well to call it a bow-window, and be at rest,—which, indeed, it is, only the window is a little to the windward of the bow.

Viewed in certain aspects, an old barn is far superior to a new one. If you build a new barn, you have no resources. It is all finished, and you know where you are. There is a place for everything, and everything in its place. There is no use in looking for anything. If it is not where it belongs, it will not be anywhere. An old barn, on the contrary, is a mine of wealth. It has nooks and corners full of rubbish waiting to be turned to all manner of beautiful use. Do you want a shingle,

a board, a door, a window, a log, a screw, a wedge? There are heaps and piles of them somewhere, if you do not mind cobwebs. The old barn has a sort of sympathy with you, welcomes you to secret recesses, and never snubs you with primness when you are at a pinch: not to mention the dove-cotes, and the martins' nests, and the mouse-holes, and the lurking-places loved of laying hens.

I will tell you a very romantic story, too, about this old barn. — Once, a great many years before any of us were born, there lived on this plantation a charming young princess, beloved by all who knew her. One day the king sent word that he was coming down to sup with her. But it so happened that on the day the king was to come to supper, the princess and all her household were to be away on an excursion which was called in the somewhat homely language of that day a "clam-bake." However, the princess concluded to go to the clam-bake, and come home in season to sit with the king at supper. So they cooked mightily beforehand. For it was the fixed law of royal suppers in that day to have cream-toast, the cream flowing in rivers, cheese and jelly, pound-cake and plum-cake, and cranberry-tart, and three kinds of pie, mince, apple, and squash, or die! Whereat the people of other countries laughed; but they ate the suppers, for all that, — the starvelings, — and came again. So the pies were all made with elaborate scalloped edges, and the hoarfrost of the cake; and all was set carefully away, awaiting the eventful hour, and the princess and her household went forth and locked the door behind them, the princess taking the front-door key, and her chief steward the postern. And when the time was fully come, the princess left the clam-bake, and waited by the roadside till the king came by, and then they both went together to the princess' house. And as they went up the steps to the house, the charming young princess, who never drank tea herself, said seductively to the king, "Do you mind, if you don't have tea?

It is a great trouble every way, and the self-denial will do you good." And the king, lured into a wrong story by the music of her voice, suppressed a rising sigh, and said no, it was no matter. And then the princess unlocked the door, and essayed to go in; but though the door was unlocked, it refused to open. And suddenly the unhappy princess bethought herself that she had locked the door upon the inside, and bolted it, and herself passed out through the postern-gate, of which her lord high-steward still held the key. So there they were. Then, troubled, they marched hither and thither around the house with stately and majestic step, trying every door and window, and finding every avenue of approach barricaded except the sink-nose, which Libby prisoners might try, intent on getting out, but not a constitutional monarch, however anxious to get in. As two mice, lurking near the full cheese-safe, prowl around the crevices, braving cold and darkness in the middle of the night; safe on the shelf the cheese reposes, unmindful; they, fierce and heedless with anger, rave against it out of reach and emit a squeal; a rage for eating, collected from a long fast, and throats dry from curd, urge them on: not otherwise anger inflamed the king and princess surveying the walls, and anguish burned in their bones; by what way they might obtain access; in what manner they might dislodge the rations shut up in inaccessible places. *Nequicquam!* They could only look at each other with a wild surmise, and then, unfriended, melancholy, slow, betake themselves to the rude shelter and frugal fare of the barn. Then the scene was suddenly changed. The westering sun came serenely in. The dreamy mist of graceful cobwebs, festooning and fantastic, and many a tiny window all adust, softened his brilliancy to a dim, religious light. The brown old rafters shone, amber-hued, in that mellow glory. The rough floors were fretted gold. A hundred summer sunsets glowed in the yellow corn that lay massed in ridged and burnished splendor. Mounds of ap-

ples, ruddy and round, loaded the air with their rich fragrance. Innumerable clover-blossoms, succulent with evening dews and morning showers, impurpled in the dusky silence of June nights, and cut down with all their sweetness in them, treasured up their dense deliciousness for balm-breathed cows, but did not disdain to flood our human sphere with tides of pleasant perfume. Meeting and mingling with these dear home-scents came gales from far Spice Islands and Araby the Blest, breathing over wild Western seas, to be tangled in pungent grasses and freight with welcome burden our rustic gondolas. (I mean English hay and salt hay.) And there, soothed into exceeding peace by Nature's subtile lullaby, borne into ethereal realms on her clouds of unseen incense, all through the golden afternoon sat the king and princess, discoursing dreamily of the time

"when men

With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient date, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Our bodies may at last turn all to spirit."

While ever and anon a squat old hen or an elegant young rooster would hop up the steps and tread into the rooms, looking curiously at the unwonted sight, whereat the king would rise from his throne on an old cider-cask, and make a right royal speech, "Go to! Base intruder!" — emphasizing his peroration by hurling an ear of corn at his visitors, which, as our wayward sisters were wont to say, when our generals had done them a particularly bad turn, was just what they wanted. So the afternoon sang itself peacefully away; only the princess was of an evil mind, and would mar the king's pleasure, when he was solacing himself with a remainder-biscuit brought in the princess' basket from the clam-bake, by saying, "Do you see that window? There is the closet where the cake is kept. Just behind that clapboard stands the jar of jam. Two feet to the right, I should think, reposes a cranberry-tart, the crust flaky and fantastic as a January snow-wreath, the jelly rich and red as the curve of

Fantasma's lip"; and then the king would roll his eyes around at her in a fine frenzy, and gnaw his crust with a still more wrathful despair. — And that is the end of my romance of the barn.

Still, it must be confessed, an old barn is not without its disadvantages, which the impartial historian must not pass silently by. It shakes wonderfully in a high wind. You hardly dare drive a nail anywhere, for fear the whole edifice should rattle down over your head. We desired to set up in the loft one of Dr. Dio Lewis's jumping-machines; but, upon minute investigation, Hali-carnassus said no, — with the first antic we should find ourselves in the barn-cellar. In short, an old barn, in an advanced stage of disintegration, must be treated as tenderly as a loveress. (There seems to be a movement nowadays towards the introduction of feminine nouns; so I venture to make my contribution.)

When the seeds were to be sown, it became necessary to shut up the hens, — necessary, but difficult. I closed the door myself every night with unwearied assiduity, but bright and early every morning came the homely hens and the stately-stepping rooster, treading and pecking as innocently as if they had never suspected they were on forbidden ground. I instituted a search one day; and no wonder they got out. We might have barricaded the door to our heart's content, and they would have tossed their crests in scorn. For there, directly under their perch, was a great hole in the side of the edifice. Hole do I say? It was many holes run into one. Hole was the rule, and barn the exception. It was vacancy bounded by a rough, serrate-dentate coast of decayed boards. It is little to say chicken, — an elephant might have contemplated imprisonment there undismayed. Of course reparation must be made, or farewell, dream of early peas! At the same time, the evil to be remedied was so overgrown, and a monster evil to be disposed of is so much greater an undertaking than a mere new measure to be carried, that I think it no exaggera-

tion, but at worst only what we classic writers call synecdoche, to say, as I did at the beginning of this paper, that I went out to build a barn.

What brilliant success would have crowned heroic effort, if knowledge had been, as the old copy-books used to say it was, power! It was clear enough what needed to be done, and there was abundance of material to do it with, — plenty of boards, a little rough, to be sure, and plenty of nails, a little rusty. But boards are so uncommonly heavy! and a ladder affords a footing at once so contracted and so uncertain! and a hammer has such a will of its own, coming down with ill-timed fervor in the most unexpected places! And when a board has been lifted and pulled and balanced by main force into position, it takes both hands to hold it there; and then how are you going to drive in the nails to make it stay, I should like to know, especially with your ladder continually threatening a change of base? I am confident, moreover, that our boards were made of mahogany, or some other impenetrable substance; for when, by dexterous manipulation, by close crowding up against them, and holding them up with my elbows, I at length proceeded to strike an effective blow, do you think the nail went in? Not in the least. It did everything else. It skewed off to one side, it doubled up, it snapped short, it plunged about frantically whenever it was touched, to say nothing of the not innumerable occasions on which the stroke aimed at its unprincipled head fell with crushing force — elsewhere. Then my strength would begin to fail, and the board would slowly, slowly slide away from me, till I let it go, and it dashed with a crash to the ground.

Then, to use the language of the poet, —

“A man I know,
But shall not discover,
Since ears are dull,
And time discloses,”

was aroused to unwonted activity by the pounding, and sauntered out into the midst of the *mêlée*. I do not know

how long he had been watching me; for I was so absorbed in my architectural problem as to be dead to the outer world; but into the recesses of my complications penetrated a sound which seemed very much like what the world's people call a — a — a — snicker! I looked around, and there he was. Very sober, very blameless, having very much the air of being just arrived; but could my ears deceive me? Then up spake I, cheerily, “O Halicarnassus, you are just in time to hold this board steady while I hammer it on,” — as if I had that moment adjusted it for the first time. He took his stand under the ladder, and held on as I told him, with a beautiful docility. I did not hurry in selecting a nail; for he was strong, and I thought it would do him good to be in an uncomfortable position a little while, particularly as I was not quite satisfied about the — half-suppressed, broken laugh (definition of *snicker* given by “The Best”).

Carpentering was far easier after this, yet progress was not what you could call rapid. The ladder was short, and I had to reach up painfully; but I should not mind my arms aching, I informed my companion, if it were not, that, having to look up so, all the splinters and dust and *débris* that my hammer struck from the old boards marched straight into my eyes.

“You might keep your eyes shut,” suggested he.

“But then,” I responded, “I could not see how to strike.”

“Never mind,” said he, tenderly; “you would hit just as well.”

“Oh, that way madness lies!”

The upshot of it was, that H. bestirred himself, and turned that barn into a marvel of art. It had been a barn: it became a villa. An immense wooden sarcophagus, — only nobody had ever been deposited in it, — perhaps it was a horse-trough, — he set up “on end,” and made a three-story house of it. Fresh, sweet-smelling hay he piled on each floor, and scooped out such attractive little nests that a hen of a domestic turn of mind would go

there and lay, just for the fun of it; you might suppose. Then the porticos, and the palisades, and the sliding-doors, and the galleries, and the hospital, and the vistas, and the inner and outer courts, every arrangement that heart of hen could wish, both for seclusion and for society, — why, those fowls might have dreamt they dwelt in marble halls every night of their lives, and not have been very far out of the way. And the summer residences that he made for them, — little Gothic cottages built for a single family, with all the modern conveniences, and a good many more improvised on the spot, and with this signal advantage over similar structures at Newport and Nahant, — that you can take them under your arm, and carry them wherever you please.

Before finally leaving my hen-coop, will a generous public pardon me for recurring to the subject of crowing hens? It may possibly be remembered that in a late number of this magazine I hazarded a doubt as to the existence of any such *lusus naturæ*. Since that time proof has accumulated upon me from different quarters that crowing hens do exist. But let it be noted that the gist of my remarks was the inconsistency of the tyrant man. Now let us see whether an admission of the disputed fact relieves him from the guilt charged upon him.

Observe once more the couplet,

"A whistling girl and a crowing hen
Always come to some bad end," —

a couplet which, I affirm without fear of contradiction, endeavors to affix a stigma upon the character of crowing hens: for what sinister and ulterior purpose I scornfully refrain from designating. Fourteen crowing hens have reported themselves to me: one from Maine, two from New Hampshire, three from Massachusetts, one each from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina, and four from Pennsylvania. Of these fourteen,

Number One is "Bobby, an excellent Biddy. Lays nice, large eggs, and brings up her families well."

Number Two, named Queen Mab.

Always crows to the music of a sweet-voiced Steinway. Is in all other respects an amiable and exemplary hen.

Number Three is a black hen, now three years old. Has laid eggs.

Number Four crowed regularly every morning, when the cock did. When she was a little over a year old, she and her seven babes were stolen from a wild cherry-tree, where they went to bed, by a fox, who came up on an old log.

Number Five crowed irregularly. Raised several broods of chicks. Lived to be four or five years old.

Number Six crowed chiefly in the fall, when the young chicks were practising (no doubt to encourage them). Lived to the remarkable age of nine years, and was then decapitated.

Number Seven raised a large brood of chickens. Their papa was killed at about the time for them to begin to crow, and one morning she flew up on the fence and crowed with all her might. Continued it until they had learned, and then stopped. Was called Old Sam. Her end was the soup-pot.

Number Eight, an old speckled hen. Took to crowing after a raid on the poultry-yard had deprived it of every rooster. Crowed as well as anybody.

Number Nine lived twenty-five years ago. Witness has forgotten whether she ever did anything but crow. Had a wicked name, which I shall not give.

Number Ten laid eggs.

Number Eleven crowed repeatedly and often spunkily after the roosters had been killed, never while they were alive.

Number Twelve crows sometimes in the presence of the rooster, chiefly when alone. Most energetic in crowing.

Numbers Thirteen and Fourteen have simply the fact of their existence recorded.

Now, mere proverb-mongers, bear in mind: In the whole country only fourteen well-defined crowing hens, — at the worst, not a very crying evil.

Of the fourteen, only one is recorded as having come to a bad end, and that

end had no connection with the crowing, but occurred while she was engaged in the faithful discharge of her maternal duties.

Seven are reported as bearing an excellent domestic character, a blessing to the society which they adorned. Against the remaining seven not a syllable of reproach is breathed; but if there had been any evil thing in them, who believes it would not have been learned and conned by rote and cast into our teeth?

In the case of five, their crowing was not only innocent, but a preëminent virtue, a manly crown set upon every feminine excellence.

Inconsistency? It is a white and shining word for the black quality to which I applied it.

Men, the indictment is quashed. You are ruled out of court. Take your couplet and depart, giving thanks that you are not prosecuted for defamation of character.

While the architect and the hens were thus revelling in the halls of the Montezumas, I turned my attention to the more modest purpose of providing accommodations for the tomatoes. All our efforts in that line hitherto had been comparative failures. "It is a good thing to take time by the forelock," I had remarked to a subordinate, as early, I should think, as February, perhaps January, and begun planting a great many seeds in boxes, which were set in the sunshine under the kitchen windows. A great many plants came up, and then a great many flocks and herds of little green things oozed out of them and began to creep over them, evidently with the design of eating them up. This would never do. I borrowed a bound volume of the old "New England Farmer," from a young New England farmer, — the worst thing in the world to do, let me say to all amateur farmers. Use every lawful means of perfecting yourself in your profession, but on no account touch an agricultural journal. They bewilder an honest heart into despair. They show the importance and the feasibility of so

many things, every one of which is full of interest, profit, and pleasure, that you know not where to begin; and instead of doing one thing, you dream of a dozen. I sent the "New England Farmer" home, and, according to advice, bought a handful of tobacco, put it on a shovel and set fire to it, and smoked the young shoots thoroughly, — as well as the house and all that therein was. The experiment succeeded perfectly. Any way, it killed the tomatoes. I am not so sure about their colonists, but I do not believe they long survived the destruction of their Arcadia. "It is just as well," I said, to encourage one whose spirits depend upon me. "It is, indeed, far better. There are many kind people in cities, who will sow the seeds, and tend the plants, and take all our trouble, and give us as many plants as we want, for fifty cents. Which, indeed, they did, — and I set the plants out mathematically, in a square. But they are delicate, and need protection from untimely summer frosts. Thriftless people set up stakes, bushes, and such hand-to-mouth contrivances, and perhaps throw an old apron or a fragment of a table-cloth over them. Practical, but prosaic people, cover them with pots and pans during their fragile infancy; all of which makes an unsightly feature in a landscape. I built a conservatory. And here let me say to all my young friends who may design to devote themselves to rural pursuits, Do not be narrowly content with the utilities, nor count the hours spent upon the beautiful as time lost. For aught we know, the fields might be just as fruitful, if they put forth only a gray and dingy sedge. Instead of which, we have their green and velvet loveliness starred all over with violet and daisy and dandelion. A hen-house is no less serviceable because built in the Gothic style with suites of rooms. A rough nomadic tent of poles and rags gives no surer protection to your tender herbs than the stately and beautiful conservatory. That is why I built a conservatory. The walls were of brick: there was a pile of bricks in a corner of the barn. The roof was

of glass : there was a pile of *passées* windows, ditto, ditto. The edifice was not quite so firm as might be desired, owing to the circumstance of there being no underpinning nor cement. Nor did its sides not sometimes deviate from strictly right lines, as they were obliged to yield to the undulations of the soil ; but it was at least classical,—brick and windows. The only serious trouble with it was, that one fine morning it ceased to be conservative at all, but became revolutionary to the last degree,—utterly subversive, in fact, of the existing order of things. Why, the calves got in overnight and turned everything topsyturvy. Their hoofs crushed in the walls and roof, and the walls and roof between them crushed the tomatoes, so that architecture and horticulture were involved in a common ruin. We knew it was the calves, because their juvenile tracks were all about. Besides, there were the calves. It turned out to be of no account, for that proved to be a bad year for tomatoes, so we should have had none in any event, and were saved all the trouble of cultivating them, while the calves had a free frolic, poor things. To be sure, they have a fine court-yard for exercise, a vestibule for noon-day lounging, and snug quarters for sleep and shelter ; but, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,

“ Fredome is a noble thing !
 Fredome mayss man to haiff liking :
 Fredome all solace to man giffis :
 He levys at ess, that frely levys !
 A noble calf may haiff nane ess,
 Na ellys nocht that may him pless,
 Gyff fredome faillyhe : for fre liking
 Is yhamyt our all othir thing.
 Na he, that ay hass levyt fre,
 May nocht knaw weil the propyrte,
 The angry, na the wrechyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt ;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryss,
 Than all the gold in world that is.”

And if these wayward children of the earth could find any way of escape from their gilded fetters, and wander out under the beautiful star-sown heavens into the wilderness of night to taste the sweets of liberty, and, if you please, of license, who can find it in his heart to

blame them ? Farmers ought not to restrict their thoughts to human motives. We should endeavor sometimes to look at things with the eyes of a cow, an ox, a chicken, and so learn to have more consideration for and sympathy with these younger brethren of ours, these children of a common Father. The earth is theirs, as truly, if not as thoroughly, as it is ours. The good God makes grass to grow for the cattle, as well as herb for the service of man. All the beasts of the field are His. Undoubtedly He enjoys the happiness of every lamb frisking on the hill-side ; and not a blue-bird flashes through the morning, not a swallow twitters on his spray, but the Creator smiles on its glistening beauty and listens lovingly to its song. “ Doth God take care for oxen ? ” asks Paul, and looking into the Bible, as well as abroad over the fertile fields, we can but answer, yes ; though Paul himself seems to incline to the negative, and to consider the command not to muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn as given altogether for our sakes. Partly for our sakes, no doubt, but partly also for the comfort of the toiling patient oxen ; and so, probably, would Paul say, were the question fairly put to him from the bovine side. So, indeed, in effect he does say, when writing to Timothy with another end in view. Perhaps that “ Original Greek,” to whom commentators and expositors are so fond of appealing in an emergency, may yet be found to help us out of our difficulty by proving, past a cavil, that *no* means *yes*. At any rate, the Bible shows that God does take care of all dumb, uncomplaining lives, and all humble human creatures,—and shows it so conclusively, so minutely, and so practically, that we can hardly be said to need any supplementary revelation on that point, though the Reverend Edward C. Towne, evidently thinking otherwise, has written what he modestly terms “ a scripture ” about Timid Tom and Old Gurdy,—very tender and touching, yet he will pardon me for saying I still think Matthew rather better adapted to the rural districts.

So we will remember that to the birds our cherry-trees are a true Promised Land, where Nature herself invites them to enter in and take possession. We will ever bear in mind that Molly and Brindle have no forecast of full granaries to console them for present deprivation, and that the waving corn-field rustles for them, and for them the rich rye quivers, and they do but obey their highest law, when they pass through the carelessly swinging gate and feast on the fatness of the land.

In fact, our three little calves always wrought their mischief with such winsome grace as disarmed anger and amply repaid us in amusement what they cost us of trouble. They were a source of unfailing interest and wonder, —

“A phantom of delight,
When first they gleamed upon our sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.”

And every day heightened their charms.

Mr. Henry James, illustrating some false conception of the relation between God and man, somewhere says, “You simply need to recall the relation of irksome superintendence on the one hand, and of utter indifference on the other, which vivify the intercourse of a farmer and his calves.”

Now to Mr. Henry James, as a general rule, it would be difficult to award too much praise. The river of his speech, rippling through summer shadows, or rushing over rocky ways, still flows, like Siloa's brook, fast by the oracles of God. And though it winds sometimes through inaccessible places, and you tell its course only by its music, and not by its sparkle, and though it channels a path sometimes through murky valleys whose every vapor is laden with pestilence, yet you know that pure and purifying, singing through its leafy solitudes and shining heavenly clear in Tophet as in Tempe, the burden of its song is peace on earth, good-will to man, while it hastens on to mingle its crystal stream with the waters of the river of life.

But, Mr. Henry James, good and wise as you are, I am certain you never owned

a calf. At least, you never stood in confidential relations to one. “Irksome superintendence?” You did not witness the welcome we gave our poor little favorite, torn all trembling from its mother's side by the stern demand of some greedy purse. How we stroked him, and patted him, and — begging your pardon — scratched his head, and so soothed away his sorrow ere he was aware! how we stayed his staggering limbs! and because he was too young and knew not how to drink, but only stared at the basin and at us and vacancy, in an uncertain, moonstruck way, did I not put my own fingers into the milk and draw his mouth down to them, and, deceived by the pious fraud, did not the poor little hungry innocent, like Dido of old, drink large draughts of love, in happy ignorance that it was not Nature's own arrangement for such case made and provided? No, Mr. James, — where it is a question of absolute philosophy, ordinary cosmology, noumenal force, instinctual relegation, and the fundamental antithesis of Me and Not-Me, you shall have everything your own way; but when it comes to live-stock, you must ask me first!

Such a mistake, however, is not unaccountable. Farming, it must be conceded, is in some respects a hard-hearted business, little calculated to cherish the finer feelings. Separation of families is so common a thing among farmers that the sight of sorrow ceases to sadden. Calves are taken from their mothers at a tender age, to the great trial of both mother and child; and a sufficient excuse for this trampling upon Nature is supposed to be concentrated in the one word, *Veal*. All last night the air reverberated with the agonized moanings of a bereaved cow in a neighboring pasture, and with the earliest dawn there she stood forlorn, pressing her aching breast against the cold, dew-damp gate, and gazing with mournful longing up the road last trodden by her darling's lingering feet. But it is all right, because — *veal*! A hen may be suddenly wrested from her infant brood and brought back from her private nest into the dreary

phalanstery, because Mr. Worldly Wiseman thinks the laying of eggs a more important thing than the cultivation of domestic virtues. To the exigencies of "profit" everything else must give way. The result can but be deleterious. The peach-bloom of sensibility is presently rubbed off by constant trituration of harsh utilities. Only yesterday I received an invitation from a gentleman of standing and character to visit a famous farm, and one of the inducements expressly held out was the pleasure of seeing a hundred sheep from Canada, with a hundred little lambs, all their respective little tails cut off short. What a request was there, my countrymen! For why were those little tails cut off, in the first place? and if they were cut off, why should any humane person be invited to see such a spectacle of man's rapacity? It must have been sheer wantonness. You sometimes prune away sundry branches of a tree, to make the rest of it grow better; but will there be any more to a leg of mutton because it had no tail? No, Sir. When I go a-sheep-gazing, I want to see the sheep walking about with dignity and comfort, and coming home, as little Bo-Peep wanted hers, bringing their tails behind them.

What we can we do to stem this dreadful tide of demoralization. We have never set our hearts upon taking the first prize at any fair for anything. We do not count upon deriving great pecuniary strength from contact with our mother Earth. But upon this one thing we have determined, — that every creature on our plantation, which is allowed to live at all, shall live as far as possible in the enjoyment of every bounty which Nature bestowed upon him. No dumb life shall be the worse for falling into our hands. We do not disdain to study the nature of our calves, nor to gratify their innocent whims. One refuses milk and chooses water: water is always provided. Another exults in apples, bread, and fried potatoes, and eats them from your hand with most winsome confidence and gratitude. They dislike the confinement of their parade-

ground, yearning to roam over the grassy knolls, to snuff the scent of the clover-blossoms, to drink the dew from buttercups, to lie on the velvet turf and let the summer soak through their tough hides and penetrate their inmost hearts. How calm then are their beautiful mazarine blue eyes! What deep content relaxes every fibre of their breathing bodies! How happily the days of Thalaba go by! They seem to have attained to a premature tranquillity, the meditative mood of full-grown kine. But if sometimes the morning wine of June leaps through their veins with a strange vigor in its pulse, you shall see how bravely their latent youthfulness asserts itself. Frisking with many an ungainly gambol, they dash across the orchard, bending their backs into an angle, brandishing their tails aloft, jerking, butting, pushing, and jostling each other, in joy too intense for expression.

Driving in Natick one day, I observed, in some of the pleasant grounds which ornament that town, a very nice little contrivance; — a coil of fence you might call it, made of iron wire, capable of being rolled and unrolled, and so enabling you to make an inclosure when and where you chose. Set your fence down on one part of the lawn, turn in your lambs, and when they have cropped all the grass, remove the establishment to another place. I represented very ably and vividly to — the person mentioned before — the advantages of such a fence to our calves and to ourselves. It gives them at once the freedom of the turf, yet does not loose them beyond our control. And then it looks so picturesque!

"Yes," said he, briskly, "we must have one."

"That we must!" I responded with enthusiasm, delighted at his ready acquiescence. Not that a non-acquiescence would have made any difference in the result, but the process would have been more tedious.

The next morning he called me out, with great flourish of trumpets, to see The Iron Fence.

"It is not possible," I said, in aston-

ishment. "You have had no time to send."

"No, — I made it," he replied boldly.

"You!" I exclaimed, still more astonished. "I knew there was a tangle of iron wire in the barn, but it looked rusty."

He made no reply, only whistled me on as if I were his dog, — he often does that, — and I followed, musing. The iron fences that I had seen showed a fine tracery, delicate and graceful, seemingly, as the cobwebs on the morning grass: could they, like these, be woven in a single summer night? The sequel will show. I appeared upon the scene. A single, slender iron pole was driven into the ground: one end of a piece of rope was fastened to it; the other end encircled the neck of our little, black, woolly calf, Topsy, who was describing great circles around the pole, in her frenzy to escape.

"Sir," said I, after a somewhat prolonged silence, "it is the old crow-bar."

"No," said he, confidently, "it is an Iron Fence, — such as they have in Natick. Only," he added, after a short pause, and as if the thought had just occurred to him, "perhaps theirs is the old-fashioned centripetal kind. This is the New Centrifugal Iron Fence!" (?)

Kindness to animals is, like every other good thing, its own reward. It is homage to Nature, and Nature takes you into the circle of her sympathies and refreshes you with balsam and opiate. We, too, delight in green meadows and blue sky. Resting with our pets on the southern slope, the heavens lean tenderly over us, and star-flowers whisper to us the brown earth's secrets. Ever wonderful and beautiful is it to see the frozen, dingy sod springing into slender grass-blades, purple violets, and snow-white daisies. The lover deemed it a token of extraordinary devotion, that, when his mistress came by, his

"dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;

Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

But no foot so humble, so little loved, so seldom listened for, that the earth will not feel its tread and blossom up a hundred-fold to meet her child. And every dainty blossom shall be so distinctly wrought, so gracefully poised, so generously endowed, that you might suppose Nature had lavished all her love on that one fair flower.

As you lie on the grass, watching the ever-shifting billows of the sheeny sea, that dash with soundless surge against the rough old tree-trunks, marking how the tall grasses bend to every breeze and darken to every cloud, only to arise and shine again when breeze and cloud are passed by, there comes through your charmed silence — which is but the perfect blending of a thousand happy voices — one cold and bitter voice, —

"Golden to-day, to-morrow gray:

So fades young love from life away!"

O cold, false voice, die back again into your outer darkness! I know the reaper will come, and the golden grain will bow before him, for this is Nature's law; but in its death lies the highest work of its circling life. All was fair; but this is fairest of all. It dies, indeed, but only to continue its beneficence; and with fresh beauty and new vigor it shall blossom for other springs.

Fainter, but distinctly still, comes the chilling voice, —

"Though every summer green the plain,
This harvest cannot bloom again."

False still! This harvest shall bloom again in perpetual and ever-increasing loveliness. It shall leap in the grace of the lithe-limbed steed, it shall foam in the milk of gentle-hearted cows, it shall shine in the splendor of light-winged birds, it shall sleep in the baby's dimple, toss in the child's fair curls, and blush in the maiden's cheek. Nay, by some inward way, it shall spring again in the green pastures of the soul, blossoming in great thoughts, in kindly words, in Christian deeds, till the soil that cherished it shall seem to seeing eyes all consecrate, and the Earth that flowers such growths shall be Eden, the Garden of God.

DOCTOR JOHNS.

XXXI.

MADAME ARLES was a mild and quiet little woman, with a singular absence of that vivacity which most people are disposed to attribute to all of French blood. Her age — so far as one could judge from outward indications — might have been anywhere from twenty-eight to forty. There were no wrinkles in that smooth, calm forehead of hers ; and if there were lines of gray amid her hair, this indication of age was so contradicted by the youthfulness of her eye, that a keen observer would have been disposed to attribute it rather to some weight of past grief that had left its silvery imprint than to the mere dull burden of her years.

There are those who stolidly measure a twelve-month always by its count, and age by such token as a gray head ; but who has not had experience of months so piled with life that two or three or four of them count more upon the scale of mortality than a score of other and sunny ones ? Who cannot reckon such ? Who, looking back, cannot summon to his thought some passage of a week in which he seemed to stride toward the END with a crazy swiftness, and under which he felt that every outward indication of age was deepening its traces with a wondrous surety ? Ay, we slip, we are forged upon the anvil of Time, — God, who deals the blows, only knows how fast !

Yet in Madame Arles we have no notable character to bring forward ; if past griefs have belonged to her, they have become long since a part of her character ; they are in no way obtrusive. There was, indeed, a singular cast in one of her eyes, which in moments of excitement — such few as came over her — impressed the observer very strangely ; as if, while she looked straight upon you and calmly with one eye, the other were bent upon some scene far remote and out of range, some past

episode it might be of her own life, by over-dwelling upon which she had brought her organs of sight into this tortured condition. Nine out of ten observers, however, would never have remarked the peculiarity we have mentioned, and would only have commented upon Madame Arles — if they had commented at all — as a quiet person, in whom youth and age seemed just now to struggle for the mastery, and in whom no trace of French birth and rearing was apparent, save her speech, and a certain wonderful aptitude in the arrangement of her dress. The poor lady, moreover, who showed traces of a vanished beauty, was a sad invalid, and for this reason, perhaps, had readily accepted the relief afforded by this summer vacation with two of her city pupils. A violent palpitation of the heart, from time to time, after sudden or undue exertion or excitement, shook the poor woman's frail hold upon life. Possibly from this cause — as is the case with many who are compelled to listen to those premonitory raps of the grim visitor at the very seat of life — Madame Arles was a person of strong religious proclivities. Death is knocking at all hearts, indeed, pretty regularly, and his pace toward triumph is as formally certain as a pulse-beat ; but it is, after all, those disorderly summons of his, — when in a kind of splenetic rage he grips at our heart-strings, and then lets go, — which keep specially active the religious sentiment. Madame Arles had been educated in the Romish faith, and accepted all its tenets with the same unquestioning placidity with which she enjoyed the sunshine. Without any particular knowledge of the way in which this faith diverged from other Christian forms, she leaned upon it (as so many fainting spirits do and will) because the most available and accessible prop to that religious yearning in her which craved support. So instinctive and unreasoning a faith was not, however, such as to

provoke any proselytizing zeal or noisy demonstration. Had it been otherwise, indeed, it could hardly have disturbed her position with the Bowriggs or interrupted relations with her city patrons.

In Ashfield the case was far different.

Adèle, accompanied by her friend Rose, — who, notwithstanding the quiet remonstrances of the Doctor, had won her mother's permission for such equipment in French as she could gain from a summer's teaching, — went with early greeting to the Bowriggs. The curiosity of Adèle was intense to listen to the music of her native speech once more; and when Madame Arles slipped quietly into the room, Adèle darted toward her with warm, girlish impulse, and the poor woman, excited beyond bounds by this heartiness of greeting, and murmuring some tender words of endearment, had presently folded her to her bosom.

Adèle, blushing as much with pleasure as with a half-feeling of mortification at the wild show of feeling she had made, was stammering her apology, when she was arrested by a sudden change in the aspect of her new friend.

"My dear Madame, you are suffering?"

"A little, my child!"

It was too true, as the quick glance of her old pupils saw in an instant. Her lips were pinched and blue; that strange double look in her eyes, — one fastened upon Adèle, and the other upon vacancy; her hands clasped over her heart as if to stay its mad throbbings. While Sophie supported and conducted the sufferer to her own chamber, the younger sister explained to Adèle that such spasmodic attacks were of frequent occurrence, and their physician had assured them must, at a very early day, destroy her.

Nothing more was needed to enlist Adèle's sympathies to the full. She carried home the story of it to the Doctor, and detailed it in such an impassioned way, and with such interpretation of the kind lady's reception of herself, that the Doctor was touched, and abated no

small measure of the prejudice he had been disposed to entertain against the Frenchwoman.

But her heresies in the matter of religion remained, — it being no secret that Madame Arles was thoroughly Popish; and these disturbed the good Doctor the more, as he perceived the growing and tender intimacy which was establishing itself, week by week, between Adèle and her new teacher. Indeed, he has not sanctioned this without his own private conversation with Madame, in which he has set forth his responsibility respecting Adèle and the wishes of her father, and insisted upon entire reserve of Madame's religious opinions in her intercourse with his *protégée*. All which the poor lady had promised with a ready zeal that surprised the minister.

"Indeed, I know too little, Doctor; I could wish she might be better than I. May God make her so!"

"I do not judge you, Madame; it is not ours to judge; but I would keep Adaly securely, if God permit, in the faith which we reverence here, and which I much fear she could never learn in her own land or her own language."

"May-be, may-be, my good Doctor; her faith shall not be disturbed by me, I promise you."

Adèle, with her quick ear and eye, has no difficulty in discovering the ground of the Doctor's uneasiness and of Miss Eliza's frequent questionings in regard to her intercourse with the new teacher.

"I am sure they think you very bad," she said to Madame Arles, one day, in a spirit of mischief.

"Bad! bad! Adèle, why? how?" — and that strange tortuous look came to her eye, with a quick flush to her cheeks.

"Ah, now, dear Madame, don't be disturbed; 't is only your religion they think so bad, and fear you will mislead me. *Tenez!* this little rosary" (and she displays it to the eye of the wondering Madame Arles) "they would have taken from me."

Madame pressed the beads reverently to her lips, while her manner betrayed a deep religious emotion, (as it seemed to Adèle,) which she had rarely seen in her before.

"And you claimed it, my child?"

"Not for any faith I had in it; but it was my mother's."

The good woman kissed Adèle.

"You must long to see her, my child!"

A shade of sorrow and doubt ran over the face of the girl. This did not escape the notice of Madame Arles, who, with a terribly dejected and distracted air, replaced the rosary in her hands.

"*Mon ange!*" (in this winsome way she was accustomed at times to address Adèle) "we cannot talk of these things. I have promised as much to the Doctor; it is better so; he is a good man."

Adèle sat toying for a moment with the rosary upon her fingers, looking down; then, seeing that woe-begone expression that had fastened upon the face of her companion, she sprang up, kissed her forehead, and, restoring thus—as she knew she could do—a cheeriness to her manner, resumed her lesson.

But from this time forth she showed an eagerness to unriddle, so far as she might, the mystery of that faith which the Doctor clothed in his ponderous discourses,—weighed down and oppressed by his prolixity, and confounded by doctrines she could not comprehend, yet recognizing, under all, his serene trust, and gratefully conscious of his tender regard and constant watchfulness. But, more than all, it was a subject of confusion to her, that the prim and austere Miss Eliza, whose pride and selfishness her keen eye could not fail to see, should be possessed of a truer faith than the poor stranger whose gentleness, and suffering so patiently borne, seemed in a measure to Christianize and dignify character. And if she dropped a hint of these doubts, as she sometimes did, in the ear of the motherly Mrs. Elderkin, that good woman took her hand tenderly,—“My dear Adèle, we are all imperfect; but God

sees with other eyes than ours. Trust Him,—trust Him above all, Adèle!”

Yes, she trusts Him,—she knows she trusts Him. Why not? Whom else to trust? No tender motherly care and guidance; the father, by these years of absence, made almost a stranger. The low voice of her native land, that comes to her ear with a charming flow from the lips of her new teacher, never to speak of her doubts or questionings; the constrained love of the Doctor, her New Papa, framing itself, whenever it touches upon the deeper motives of her nature, in stark formulas of speech, that blind and confound her; the spinster sister talking kindly, but commending the tie of her hat-ribbons in the same tone with which she urges adherence to some cumbrous enunciation of doctrine. And Adèle cherishes her little friendships (most of all with Rose); not alive as yet to any tenderer and stronger passion that shall engross her, and make or mar her life; swinging her reticule, as in the days gone by, under the trees that embower the village street; loving the bloom, the verdure, the singing of the birds, but with every month now—as she begins to fathom the abyss of life with her own thought—grown more serious. It is always thus: the girl who toyed with yesterday with our inanities of speech is to-morrow, by some sudden reach of womanly thought, another creature,—out of range, and so alert, that, if we would conquer her, we must bring up our heaviest siege-trains.

XXXII.

IN the summer of 1837, Maverick, who had continued eminently successful, determined to sail for America, and to make good his promise of a visit to the Doctor and Adèle. It may appear somewhat inexplicable that a father should have deferred to so late a day the occasion of meeting and greeting an only child. That his attachment was strong, his letters, full of expressions of affection, had abundantly shown; but the engrossments of business had

been unceasing, and he had met them with that American abandonment of other thought, which, while it insures special success, is too apt to make shipwreck of all besides. He was living, moreover, without experience of those tender family ties which ripen a man's domestic affections, and make the absence of a child — most of all, an only child — a daily burden.

Maverick shows no more appearance of age than when we saw him ten years since, placing his little offering of flowers upon the breakfast-table of poor Rachel, — an excellently well-preserved man, — dressed always in that close conformity to the existing mode which of itself gives a young air, — brushing his hair sedulously so as to cover the growing spot of baldness, — regulating all his table indulgences with the same precision with which he governs his business, — using all the appliances of flesh-brushes and salt-baths to baffle any insidious ailment, — a strong, hale, cheery man, who would have ranked by a score (judging from his exterior) younger than the Doctor. In our time the clerical fraternity are putting a somewhat wiser valuation upon those aids to firm muscle and good digestion which forty years ago in New England their brethren gave over contemptuously to men of the world. What fearful, pinching dyspepsias, what weak, trembling knees and aching sides have been carried into pulpits, and have been strained to the propagation of spiritual doctrine, under the absurd belief that these bodies of ours were not given us to be cherished! As if a Gabriel would not need clean limbs and a firm hand in a grapple with the ministers of misrule!

Shall we look for a moment at the French home which Maverick is leaving? A compact country-house of yellow stone upon a niche of the hills that overlook the blue Bay of Lyons; a green arbor over the walk leading to the door; clumps of pittosporum and of jessamine, with two or three straggling fig-trees, within the inclosure; a billiard-room and *salle-à-manger* upon

the ground-floor, and *au premier* a *salon*, opening, by its long, heavily draped windows, upon a balcony shielded with striped awning. Here on many an evening, when the night wind comes in from the sea, Maverick lounges sipping at his *demi-tasse*, whiffing at a fragrant Havana, (imported to order,) and chatting with some friend he has driven out from the stifling streets of Marseilles about the business chances of the morrow. A tall, agile Alsatian woman, with a gilt crucifix about her neck, and a great deal of the peasant beauty still in her face, glides into the *salon* from time to time, acting apparently in the capacity of mistress of the establishment, — respectfully courteous to Maverick and his friend, yet showing something more than the usual familiarity of a dependent housekeeper.

The friend who sits with him enjoying the night breeze and those rare Havanas is an open-faced, middle-aged companion of the city, with whom Maverick has sometimes gone to a *bourgeois* home near to Montauban, where a wrinkle-faced old Frenchman in velvet skull-cap — the father of his friend — has received him with profound obeisance, brought out for him his best *cru* of St. Peray, and bored him with long stories of the times of 1798, in which he was a participant. Yet the home-scenes there, with the wrinkled old father and the stately mamma for partners at whist or boston, have been grateful to Maverick, as reminders of other home-scenes long passed out of reach; and he has opened his heart to this son of the house.

"Monsieur Papiol," (it is the Alsatian woman who is addressing the friend of Maverick,) "ask, then, why it is Monsieur Frank is going to America."

"Ah, Lucille, do you not know, then, there is a certain Puritan belle he goes to look after?"

"Pah!" says the Alsatian. "Monsieur is not so young!"

Maverick puffs at his cigar thoughtfully, — a thoughtfulness that does not encourage the Alsatian to other speech, — and in a moment more she is gone.

"Seriously, Maverick," says Papiol, when they are alone again, "what will you do with this Puritan daughter of yours?"

"Keep her from ways of wickedness," said Maverick, without losing his thoughtfulness.

"Excellent!" said the friend, laughing; "but you will hardly bring her to this home of yours, then?"

"Hardly to this country of yours, Pierre."

"Nonsense, Maverick! You will be too proud of her, *mon ami*. I'm sure of that. You'll never keep her cribbed yonder. We shall see you escorting her some day up and down the Prado, and all the fine young fellows hereabout paying court to the *belle Americaine*. My faith! I shall be wishing myself twenty years younger!"

Maverick is still very thoughtful.

"What is it, my good fellow? Is it—that the family question gives annoyance among your friends yonder?"

"On the contrary," says Maverick, — and reaching a file of letters in his cabinet, he lays before his companion that fragment of the Doctor's epistle which had spoken of the rosary, and of his discovery that it had been the gift of the mother, "so near, and he trusted dear a relative."

"*Mais, comme il est innocent*, your good old friend there!"

"I wish to God, Pierre, I were as innocent as he," said Maverick, and tossed his cigar over the edge of the balcony.

Upon his arrival at New York, Maverick did not communicate directly with the Doctor, enjoying the thought, very likely, of surprising his old friend by his visit, very much as he had surprised him many years before. He takes boat to a convenient point upon the shore of the Sound, and thence chooses to approach the town that holds what is most dear to him by an old, lumbering stage-coach, which still plies across the hills, as twenty years before, through the parish of Ashfield. The same patches of tasselled corn, (it is August,) the same

outlying bushy pastures, the same reeling walls of mossy cobble-stones meet his eye that he remembered on his previous visit. But he looks upon all way-side views carelessly, — as one seeing, and yet not seeing them.

His daughter Adèle, she who parted from him a toy-child eight years gone, whom a new ribbon would amuse in that day, must have changed. That she has not lost her love of him, those letters have told; that she has not lost her girlish buoyancy, he knows. She must be tall now, and womanly in stature, he thinks. She promised to be graceful. That he will love her, he feels; but will he be proud of her? A fine figure, a sweet, womanly voice, an arch look, a winning smile, a pretty coquetry of glance, — will he find these? And does he not build his pride on hope of these? Will she be clever? Will there be traces, ripened in these last years, of the mother, — offensive traces possibly?

But Maverick is what the world calls a philosopher; he hums, unconsciously, a snatch of a French song, by which he rouses the attention of the spectacled old lady, (the only other occupant of the coach,) with whom he has already made some conversational ventures, and who has just finished a lunch which she has drawn from her capacious work-bag. Reviving now under the influence of Maverick's chance fragment of song, and dusting the crumbs from her lap, she says, —

"We don't have very good singin' now in the Glostebury meetin'."

"Ah!" says Maverick.

"No: Squire Peter's darters have bin gittin' married, and the young girls ha'n't come on yit."

"You attend the Glostebury Church, then, Madam?" says Maverick, who enjoys the provincialisms of her speech, like a whiff of the lilac perfume which he once loved.

"In ginerel, Sir; but we come down odd spells to hear Dr. Johns, who preaches at the Ashfield meetin'-house. *He's* a real smart man."

"Ah! And this Dr. Johns has a family, I think?"

"Waäl, the Doctor lost his wife, you see, quite airy; and Miss Johns—that 's his sister—has bin a-keepin' house for him ever sence. I 'm not acquainted with her, but I 've heerd she 's a very smart woman. And there 's a French girl that came to live with 'em, goin' on now seven or eight year, who was a reg'lar Roman Catholic; but I kind o' guess the old folks has tamed her down afore now."

"Ah! I should think that a Roman Catholic would have but a poor chance in a New England village."

"Not much of a chance anywhere, I guess," said the old lady, wiping her spectacles, "if folks only preached the Gospel."

Even now the coach is creaking along through the outskirts of Ashfield; and presently the driver's horn wakes the echoes of the hills, while the horses plunge forward at a doubled pace. The eyes of Maverick are intent upon every house, every open window, every moving figure.

"It 's a most a beautiful town," said the old lady.

"Charming, charming, Madam!"—and even as he spoke, Maverick's eye fastens upon two figures before them with a strange yearning in his gaze,—two figures of almost equal height: a little, coquettish play of ribbons about the head of one, which in the other are absent; a girlish, elastic step to one, that does not belong to the other.

Is there something in the gait, something in the poise of the head, to which the memory of Maverick so cleaves? It is, indeed, Adèle, taking her noonday walk with Madame Arles. A lithe figure and a buoyant step, holding themselves tenderly in check for the slower pace of the companion. Maverick's gaze keeps fast upon them,—fast upon them, until the old coach is fairly abreast,—fast upon them, until by a glance back he has caught full sight of the faces.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaims, and throws himself back in the coach.

"Häow?" says the old lady.

"*Mon Dieu*, it is she!" continues Maverick, speaking under intense ex-

citement to himself, as if unconscious of any other presence.

"Häow?" urged the old lady, more persistently.

"Damn it, nothing, Madam!"

And the old lady drew the strings of her bag closely, and looked full out of the opposite window.

Within a half-hour the stage-coach arrived at the Eagle Tavern. Maverick demanded a chamber, and asked to see the landlord. The stout, bleared-eyed Boody presently made his appearance.

"How can I reach New York soonest, my friend?"

Mr. Boody consulted his watch.

"Well, by fast driving you might catch the night-boat on the river."

"Can you get me there in time?"

"Well, Sir," reflecting a moment, "I guess I can."

"Very good. Have your carriage ready as soon as possible."

And within an hour, Maverick, dejected, and with an anxious air, was on his return to the city.

Three days after, the Doctor summons Adèle into his study.

"Adaly, here is a letter from your father, which I wish you to read."

The girl takes it eagerly, and at the first line exclaims,—

"He is in New York! Why does n't he come here?"

"MY DEAR JOHNS," (so his letter runs,) "I had counted on surprising you completely by dropping in upon you at your parsonage, (so often in my thought,) at Ashfield; but circumstances have prevented. Can I ask so large a favor of you as to bring my dear Adèle to meet me here? If your parochial duties forbid this utterly, can you not see her safely on the river-boat, and I will meet her at the wharf in New York? But, above all, I hope you will come with her. I fancy her now so accomplished a young lady, that there will be needed some ceremony of presentation at your hands; besides which, I want a long talk with you. We are both many years older since we have met; you have had your trials, and I have escaped

with only a few rubs. Let us talk them over. Slip away quietly, if you can; beyond Adèle and your good sister, can't you conceal your errand to the city? Your country villages are so prone to gossip, that I would wish to clasp my little Adèle before your townsfolk shall have talked the matter over. Pray ask your good sister to prepare the wardrobe of Adèle for a month or two of absence, since I mean she shall be my attendant on a little jaunt through the country. I long to greet her; and your grave face, my dear Johns, is always a welcome sight."

Adèle is in a fever of excitement. In her happy glee she would have gone out to tell all the village what pleasure was before her. Even the caution she receives from the Doctor cannot control her spirits absolutely. She makes her little adieux, for a while, under a certain control that surprises herself. But when, in her light-hearted ramble, she comes to say good-bye to Madame Arles, toward whom her sympathies seem to flow in spite of herself, she cannot forbear saying, "What harm, pray, can there be in this?"

"Such a secret, *chère Madame!* I am going to New York, you know, with Dr. Johns, the good man! and—such a secret! don't whisper it!—Papa has come, and has sent for me, and we are to travel together!" And she sprang at Madame Arles, and, clasping her arms around her neck, kissed her with a vehemence that might have startled even a less excitable person.

"Is it possible, my child! I wish you all joy, with all my heart."

And as if the exuberance of the wish had started her old ailment into new vigor, she has clasped her hands wildly over that bosom, to stay, if it might be, those inordinate throbblings.

But the adieux are at last all spoken. Mrs. Elderkin had said, "My child, I rejoice with you; and if I never see you again,"—(for she had her suspicions that the sudden movement had some connection with the wishes of her father,)—"if I never see you again, I

hope you may keep always the simplicity and the love of truth I believe you have now."

Rose, almost bewildered by the gleeful excitement of her friend, enters eagerly into all her arrangements, trips into her chamber to assist in her packing, insists, over and over, that she must write *often*, and *long* letters.

Girls of sixteen or thereabout are prone to expectancies of this kind. Their friendships cover realms. Their promises of never-dying attachment are so full, so rich! But as the years drop these girl friends into their separate spheres, with a new world of interests, domestic buffetings, nursery clamor, growing up around them, the tender correspondence, before they know it, is gone by. And the budget of sweet and gushing school-day epistles is cut through and through with the ruthless family shears to kindle the family lamp or to light the cigar of some exacting and surly *pater-familias*.

"I suppose you will see Reuben in the city," Rose had said, in a chance way.

"Oh, I hope so!" said Adèle.

And of Reuben neither of them said anything more.

Then with what a great storm of embraces Adèle parted from Rose! A parting only for a month, perhaps: both knew that. But the friendship of young girls can build a week into a monstrous void. God bless their dear hearts, and, if the wish be not wicked, keep them always as fresh!

Phil, who is a sturdy and somewhat timid lover, without knowing it, affects an air of composure, and says,—

"I hope you 'll have a good time, Adèle; and I suppose you 'll forget us all here in Ashfield."

"No, you don't suppose any such thing, Mister Philip," says Adèle, roundly, and with a frank, full look at him that makes the color come to his face; and he laughs, but not easily.

"Well, good bye, Adèle."

She takes his hand, eagerly.

"Good bye, Phil; you 're a dear, good fellow; and you 've been very kind to me."

Possibly there may have been a little water gathering in her eye as she spoke. It is certain that the upper lip of Phil trembled as he strolled away. After walking a few paces out of sight and hearing, snapping his fingers nervously the while, he used some bad interjectional language, which we shall express more moderately.

"*Hang* it, I 'm sorry, *deused* sorry! I did n't think I liked her so."

— Walking, with head down, snapping those fingers of his,—past his own gate a long way, (though it is full dinner-hour,)—mumbling again,—

"By George! I believe I ought to have said something; but, *hang* it, what could a fellow say?"

He hears the coach driving off, and with a sudden thought rushes home, enters quietly, goes up the stairs, makes a feint as if he were entering his chamber, but passes on tiptoe into the garret, opens the roof-door, and from the house-top catches a last glimpse of the stage-coach rattling down the south road. A wood hides it presently.

"Confound it all!" he says, with great heartiness, and goes down to dinner.

"My son, you have n't a good appetite," says the kindly mother.

"I ate a big lunch," says Phil.

He knew it was a whopper.

XXXIII.

It is at Jennings's old City Hotel, far down Broadway, that Maverick has taken rooms and awaits the arrival of Adèle. That glimpse of her upon the street of Ashfield (ay, he knew it must be she!) has added pride to the instinctive love of the parent. The elastic step, the graceful figure, the beaming, sunny face,—they all haunt him; they put him in a fever of expectation. He reads over again the few last letters of hers under a new light; up and down along the page, that lithe, tall figure is always coming forward, and the words of endearment are coupled with that sunny face.

He even prepares his toilette to meet her, as a lover might do to meet his affianced. And the meeting, when it comes, only deepens the pride. Graceful? Yes! That bound toward him,—can anything be fuller of grace? Natural? The look and the speech of Adèle are to Maverick a new revelation of Nature. Loving? That clinging kiss of hers was worth his voyage over the sea.

And she, too, is so beautifully proud of her father! She has loved the Doctor for his serenity, his large justice, notwithstanding his stiffness and his awkward gravity; but she regards with new eyes the manly grace of her father, his easy self-possession, his pliability of talk, his tender attention to her comfort, his wistful gaze at her, so full of a yearning affection, which, if the Doctor had ever felt, he had counted it a duty to conceal. Nay, the daughter, with a womanly eye, took pride in the aptitude and becomingness of his dress,—so different from what she had been used to see in the clumsy toilette of the Doctor, or of the good-natured Squire Elderkin. Henceforth she will have a new standard of comparison, to which her lovers, if they ever declare themselves, must submit.

Adèle, enjoying this easy familiarity with such a pattern of manhood,—as she fondly imagines her father to be,—indulges in full, hearty story of her experiences, at school, with Miss Johns, with the Elderkins, with all those whom she has learned to call friends. And Maverick listens, as he never listened to a grand opera in the theatre of Marseilles.

"And so you have stolen a march upon them all, Adèle? I suppose they have n't a hint of the person you were to meet?"

"All,—at least nearly all, dear papa; there was only good Madame Arles, to whom I could not help saying that I was coming to see you."

A shade passed over the face of Maverick, which it required all his self-possession to conceal from the quick eye of his daughter.

"And who, pray, is this Madame Arles, Adèle?"

"Oh, a good creature! She has taught me French; no proper teaching, to be sure; but in my talk with her, all the old idioms have come back to me: at least, I hope so."

And she rattles on in French speech, explaining how it was, — how they walked together in those sunny noontides at Ashfield; and taking a girlish pride in the easy adaptation of her language to forms which her father must know so well, she rounds off a little torrent of swift narrative with a piquant, coquettish look, and says, —

"*N'est ce pas, que j'y suis, mon père?*"

"*Parfaitement, ma chère,*" says the father, and drops an admiring kiss upon the glowing cheeks of Adèle.

But the shade of anxiety has not passed from the face of Maverick.

"This Madame Arles, Adèle, — has she been long in the country?"

"I don't know, papa; yet it must be some years; she speaks English passably well."

"And she has told you, I suppose, very much about the people among whom you were born, Adèle?"

"Not much, papa, — and never anything about herself or her history; yet I have been so curious!"

"Don't be too curious, *petite*; you might learn only of badness."

"Not badness, I am very, very sure, papa!"

Adèle is sitting on the arm of his chair, fondling those sparse locks of his, sprinkled with gray. It is a wholly new sensation for him; charming, doubtless; but even under the caresses of this daughter, of whom he has reason to be proud, anxious thoughts crowd upon him. Are not our deepest loves measured, after all, by the depth of the accompanying solicitude?

The Doctor is met very warmly by Maverick, and feels something like a revival of the glow of his youthful days as he takes his hand; and yet they are wider apart by far than when they met in the lifetime of Rachel. Both feel it;

they have travelled widely divergent roads, these last twenty years. The Doctor is satisfied by the bearing and talk of Maverick (whatever kindness may lie in it) that his worldliness is more engrossing and decided than ever. And Maverick, on his part, scrutinizing, carelessly, but unerringly, that embarrassed country manner of the parson's, that stark linen in which he is arrayed by the foresight of the spinster sister, and the constraint of his speech, is sure that his old friend more than ever bounds his thought by the duties of his sacred office.

The Doctor is, moreover, sadly out of place in that little parlor of the hotel, looking out upon Broadway; there is no adaptiveness in his nature; he comes out from the little world of his study, where Tillotson and Poole and Newton have been his companions, athwart the roar of the city street which sounds in his ear like an echo of the murmurs of Pandemonium. Under these circumstances he scarce dares to expostulate so boldly as he would wish with Maverick upon the worldliness of his career; it would seem like bearding the lion in his own den. Nor, indeed, does Maverick provoke such expostulation; he is so considerate of the Doctor's feelings, so grateful for his attentions to Adèle, so religiously disposed (it must be said) in all that concerns the daughter's education and future, and waives the Doctor's personal advices with so kind and easy a grace, that the poor parson despairs of reaching him with the point of the sword of Divine truth.

"My good friend," says Maverick, "you have been a father to my child, — a better one than I have made, — I wish I could repay you."

The Doctor bows stiffly; he has lost the familiarity which at their last interview had lingered from their boyish days at college.

"I suppose that under your teaching," continues Maverick, "she is so fixed in the New England faith of our fathers, that she might be trusted now even to my bad guidance."

"I have tried to do my duty, Maver-

ick. I could have wished to see more of self-abasement in her, and a clearer acceptance of the doctrine we are called upon to teach."

"But she has been constant in the performance of all the duties you have enjoined, has n't she, Doctor?"

"Entirely so, — entirely; but, my friend, our poor worldly efforts at duty do not always call down the gift of Grace."

"By Jove, Doctor, but that seems hard doctrine."

"Hard to carnal minds, Maverick; but the evidences are abundant that justification" —

"Nay, nay," said Maverick, interrupting him; "you know I'm not strong in theology; I don't want to be put *hors du combat* by you; I know I should be. But about that little affair of the rosary, — no harm came of it, I hope?"

"None, I believe," said the Doctor, "but I must not conceal from you, Maverick, that a late teacher of hers, to whom unfortunately she seems very much attached, is strongly wedded to the iniquities of the Romish Church."

"That would seem a very awkward risk to take, Doctor," said Maverick, with more of seriousness than he had yet shown.

"A risk, certainly; but I took the precaution of warning Madame Arles, who is the party in question, against any conversation with Adaly upon religious subjects."

"And you ventured to trust her? Upon my word, Johns, you give me a lesson in faith. I should have been more severe than you. I would n't have admitted such intercourse; and, my good friend, if I should ask permission to reinstate Adèle in your household for a time, promise me that all intercourse with Madame Arles shall be cut off. I know Frenchwomen better than you, my friend."

The Doctor assured him that he would do as he desired, and would be glad to have the father's authority for the interruption of an intercourse which had almost the proportions of a tender friendship.

Maverick was thoughtful for a moment.

"Well, yes, Doctor, be gentle — I know you are always — with the dear girl; but if there be any demur on her part, pray give her to understand that what you will ask in this respect has my express sanction. If I know myself, Johns, there is no object I have so near at heart as the happiness of my child; not alone now; but in her future, I hope to God (I speak reverently, Doctor) that she may have immunity from suffering of whatever kind. I wish wealth could buy it; but it can't. Mind the promise, Johns; keep her away from this Frenchwoman."

The Brindlocks, of course, with whom the Doctor was quartered during his stay, took an early occasion to show civilities to Mr. Maverick and his daughter; and Mrs. Brindlock kindly offered her services to Adèle in negotiating such additions to her wardrobe as the proud father insisted upon her making; and in the necessary excursions up and down the city, Reuben, by the pleasant devices of Mrs. Brindlock, was an almost constant out-of-door attendant.

He was no longer the shy boy Adèle had at first encountered. Nay, grown bold by his city experiences, he was disposed to assume a somewhat patronizing air toward the bright-eyed country-girl who was just now equipping herself for somewhat larger contact with the world. Adèle did not openly resent the proffered patronage, but, on the contrary, accepted it with an excess of grateful expressions, whose piquant irony, for two whole days, Reuben, with his blunter perceptions, never suspected. What boy of eighteen is a match for a girl of sixteen? Patronize, indeed! But suspicion came at last, and full knowledge broke upon him under a musical little laugh of Adèle's, (half smothered in her kerchief,) when the gallant young man had blundered into some idle compliment. The instinct of girls in matters of this sort is marvellously quick.

But if the laugh of Adèle cured Reuben of his patronage, it did not cure him of thought about her. It kindled

a new train, indeed, of whose drift he was himself unconscious.

"Is n't she pretty?" said Mrs. Brindlock, on a certain occasion, upon their return from one of the excursions named.

"Oh, so, so!" said Reuben.

"But I think she's perfectly charming," said Mrs. Brindlock.

"Pho, Aunt Mabel! I could name ten girls as pretty."

And he could. But this did not forbid his accepting his Aunt Mabel's invitation for the next day's shopping.

He is not altogether the same lad we saw upon the deck of the Princess, under Captain Saul. He would hardly sail for China now in a tasselled cap. He never will,—this much we can say, at least, without anticipating the burden of our story.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PEACOCK.

THE peacock sits perched on the roof all night,
And wakes up the farm-house before 't is light;
But his matins they suit not the delicate ear
Of the drowsy damsels that half in fear
And half in disgust his discord hear.

If the soul's migration from frame to frame
Be truth, tell me now whence the peacock's came?
Say if it had birth at the musical close
Of a dying hyena,—or if it arose
From a Puritan scold that sang psalms through her nose?

Well: a jackass there was—but you need not look
For this fable of mine in old Æsop's book—
That one complaint all his life had whined,
How Nature had been either blind or unkind
To give him an aspect so unrefined.

"'T is cruel," he groaned, "that I cannot escape
From the vile prison-house of this horrible shape:
So gentle a temper as mine to shut in
This figure uncouth and so shaggy a skin,
And then these long ears!—it 's a shame and a sin."

Good-natured Jove his upbraidings heard,
And changed the vain quadruped into a bird,
And garnished his plumage with many a spot
Of ineffable hue, such as earth wears not,—
For he dipped him into the rainbow-pot.

So dainty he looked in his gold and green
That the monarch presented the bird to his queen,
Who, taken with colors as most ladies are,
Had him harnessed straight in her crystal car
Wherein she travels from star to star.

But soon as his thanks the poor dissonant thing
 Began to bray forth when he strove to sing,
 "Poor creature!" quoth Jove, "spite of all my pains,
 Your spirit shines out in your donkey strains!
 Though plumed like an angel, the ass remains."

So you see, love, that goodness is better than grace.
 For the proverb fails in the peacock's case,
 Which says that fine feathers make fine birds, too;
 This other old adage is far more true, —
 They only are handsome that handsomely do.

UP THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

THERE was not much stirring in the Department of the South early in 1863, and the St. Mary's expedition had afforded a new sensation. Of course the few officers of colored troops, and a larger number who wished to become such, were urgent for further experiments in the same line; and the Florida tax-commissioners were urgent likewise. I well remember the morning when, after some preliminary correspondence, I steamed down from Beaufort, S. C., to Hilton Head, with General Saxton, Judge S., and one or two others, to have an interview on the matter with Major-General Hunter, then commanding the Department.

Hilton Head, in those days, seemed always like some foreign military station in the tropics. The long, low, white buildings, with piazzas and verandas on the water-side; the general impression of heat and lassitude, existence appearing to pulsate only with the sea-breeze; the sandy, almost impassable streets; and the firm, level beach, on which everybody walked who could get there: all these suggested Jamaica or the East Indies. Then the head-quarters at the end of the beach, the Zouave sentinels, the successive anterooms, the lounging aids, the good-natured and easy General, — easy by habit and energetic by impulse, — all had a certain air of Southern languor, rather picturesque, but perhaps not altogether bracing. General

Hunter received us, that day, with his usual kindness; there was a good deal of pleasant chat; Miles O'Reilly was called in to read his latest verses; and then we came to the matter in hand.

Jacksonville, on the St. John's River, in Florida, had been already twice taken and twice evacuated; having been occupied by Brigadier-General Wright, in March, 1862, and by Brigadier-General Brannan, in October of the same year. The second evacuation was by Major-General Hunter's own order, on the avowed ground that a garrison of five thousand was needed to hold the place, and that this force could not be spared. The present proposition was to take and hold it with a brigade of less than a thousand men, carrying, however, arms and uniforms for twice that number, and a month's rations. The claim was, that there were fewer Rebel troops in the Department than formerly, and that the St. Mary's expedition had shown the advantage possessed by colored troops, in local knowledge, and in the confidence of the loyal blacks. It was also urged, that it was worth while to risk something, in the effort to hold Florida, and perhaps bring it back into the Union.

My chief aim in the negotiation was to get the men into action, and that of the Florida Commissioners to get them into Florida. Thus far coinciding, we could heartily coöperate; and though General Hunter made some reasonable

objections, they were yielded more readily than I had feared; and finally, before half our logical ammunition was exhausted, the desired permission was given, and the thing might be considered as done.

We were now to leave, as we supposed forever, the camp which had thus far been our home. Our vast amount of surplus baggage made a heavy job in the loading, inasmuch as we had no wharf, and everything had to be put on board by means of flat-boats. It was completed by twenty-four hours of steady work; and after some of the usual uncomfortable delays which wait on military expeditions, we were at last afloat.

I had tried to keep the plan as secret as possible, and had requested to have no definite orders, until we should be on board ship. But this larger expedition was less within my own hands than was the St. Mary's affair, and the great reliance for concealment was on certain counter reports, ingeniously set afloat by some of the Florida men. These reports rapidly swelled into the most enormous tales, and by the time they reached the New York newspapers, the expedition was "a great volcano about bursting, whose lava will burn, flow, and destroy,"—"the sudden appearance in arms of no less than five thousand negroes,"—"a liberating host,"—"not the phantom, but the reality, of servile insurrection." What the undertaking actually was may be best seen in the instructions which guided it.*

* HEAD-QUARTERS, BEAUFORT, S. C.,
March 5, 1863.

COLONEL, — You will please proceed with your command, the 1st and 2d Regts. S. C. Volunteers, which are now embarked upon the steamers John Adams, Boston, and Burnside, to Fernandina, Florida.

Relying upon your military skill and judgment, I shall give you no special directions as to your procedure after you leave Fernandina. I expect, however, that you will occupy Jacksonville, Florida, and intrench yourselves there.

The main objects of your expedition are to carry the proclamation of freedom to the enslaved; to call all loyal men into the service of the United States; to occupy as much of the State of Florida as possible with the forces under your command; and to neglect no means consistent with the usages of civilized warfare to weaken, harass, and annoy those who are in rebellion against the Government of the United States.

In due time, after touching at Fernandina, we reached the difficult bar of the St. John's, and were piloted safely over. Admiral Dupont had furnished a courteous letter of introduction,* and we were cordially received by Commander Duncan of the Norwich, and Lieutenant Watson, commanding the Uncas. Like all officers on blockade duty, they were impatient of their enforced inaction, and gladly seized the opportunity for a different service. It was some time since they had ascended as high as Jacksonville, for their orders were strict, one vessel's coal was low, the other was in infirm condition, and there were rumors of cotton-clads and torpedoes. But they gladly agreed to escort us up the river, so soon as our own armed gunboat, the John Adams, should arrive,—she being unaccountably delayed.

We waited twenty-four hours for her, at the sultry mouth of that glassy river, watching the great pelicans which floated lazily on its tide, or sometimes shooting one, to admire the great pouch, into which one of the soldiers could insert his foot, as into a boot. "He hold one quart," said the admiring experimentalist. "Hi! boy," retorted another quickly, "neber you bring dat quart measure in *my* peck o' corn." The protest came very promptly, and was certainly fair; for the strange receptacle would have held nearly a gallon.

We went on shore, too, and were

Trusting that the blessing of our Heavenly Father will rest upon your noble enterprise,

I am yours, sincerely,

R. SAXTON,

Brig.-Gen., Mil. Gov. Dept. of the South.

Colonel —, Comdg. Expeditionary Corps.

* FLAG SHIP WABASH,

PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., March 6, 1863.

SIR, — I am informed by Major-General Hunter that he is sending Colonel — on an important mission in the southerly part of his Department.

I have not been made acquainted with the objects of this mission, but any assistance that you can offer Colonel —, which will not interfere with your other duties, you are authorized to give.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

S. F. DUPONT,

Rear-Adm. Comdg. S. Atl. Block. Squad.

To the Senior Officer present at the different Blockading Stations on the Coast of Georgia and Florida.

shown a rather pathetic little garden, which the naval officers had laid out, indulging a dream of vegetables. They lingered over the little microscopic sprouts, pointing them out tenderly, as if they were cradled babies. I have often noticed this touching weakness, in gentlemen of that profession, on lonely stations.

We wandered among the bluffs, too, in the little deserted hamlet once called "Pilot Town." The ever-shifting sand had in some cases almost buried the small houses, and had swept around others a circular drift, at a few yards' distance, overtopping their eaves, and leaving each the untouched citadel of this natural redoubt. There was also a dismantled lighthouse, an object which always seems the most dreary symbol of the barbarism of war, when one considers the national beneficence which reared and kindled it. Despite the service rendered by this once brilliant light, there were many wrecks which had been strown upon the beach, victims of the most formidable of the Southern river-bars. As I stood with my foot on the half-buried ribs of one of these vessels, — so distinctly traced that one might almost fancy them human, — the old pilot, my companion, told me the story of the wreck. The vessel had formerly been in the Cuba trade; and her owner, an American merchant residing in Havana, had christened her for his young daughter. I asked the name, and was startled to recognize that of a favorite young cousin of mine, beside the bones of whose representative I was thus strangely standing, upon this lonely shore.

It was well to have something to relieve the anxiety naturally felt at the delay of the John Adams, — anxiety both for her safety and for the success of our enterprise. The Rebels had repeatedly threatened to burn the whole of Jacksonville, in case of another attack, as they had previously burned its mills and its great hotel. It seemed as if the news of our arrival must surely have travelled thirty miles by this time. All day we watched every smoke that

rose among the wooded hills, and consulted the compass and the map, to see if that sign announced the doom of our expected home. At the very last moment of the tide, just in time to cross the bar that day, the missing vessel arrived; all anxieties vanished; I transferred my quarters on board, and at two the next morning we steamed up the river.

Again there was the dreamy delight of ascending an unknown stream, beneath a sinking moon, into a region where peril made fascination. Since the time of the first explorers, I suppose that those Southern waters have known no sensations so dreamy and so bewitching as those which this war has brought forth. I recall, in this case, the faintest sensations of our voyage, as Ponce de Leon may have recalled those of his wandering search, in the same soft zone, for the secret of the mystic fountain. I remember how, during that night, I looked for the first time through a powerful night-glass. It had always seemed a thing wholly inconceivable, that a mere lens could change darkness into light; and as I turned the instrument on the preceding gunboat, and actually discerned the man at the wheel and the officers standing about him, — all relapsing into vague gloom again at the withdrawal of the glass, — it gave a feeling of childish delight. Yet it seemed only in keeping with the whole enchantment of the scene; and had I been some Aladdin, convoyed by genii or giants, I could hardly have felt more wholly a denizen of some world of romance.

But the river was of difficult navigation; and we began to feel sometimes, beneath the keel, that ominous, sliding, grating, treacherous arrest of motion which makes the heart shudder, as the vessel does. There was some solicitude about torpedoes, also, — a peril which became a formidable thing, one year later, in the very channel where we found none. Soon one of our consorts grounded, then another, every vessel taking its turn, I believe, and then in turn getting off, until the Norwich lay hopelessly stranded, for that

tide at least, a few miles below Jacksonville, and out of sight of the city, so that she could not even add to our dignity by her visible presence from afar.

This was rather a serious matter, as the Norwich was our main naval reliance, the Uncas being a small steamer of less than two hundred tons, and in such poor condition, that Commander Duncan, on finding himself aground, at first quite declined to trust his consort any farther alone. But, having got thus far, it was plainly my duty to risk the remainder with or without naval assistance; and this being so, the courageous officer did not long object, but allowed his dashing subordinate to steam up with us to the city. This left us one naval and one army gunboat; and, fortunately, the Burnside, being a black propeller, always passed for an armed vessel among the Rebels, and we rather encouraged that pleasing illusion.

We had aimed to reach Jacksonville at daybreak; but these mishaps delayed us, and we had several hours of fresh, early sunshine, lighting up the green shores of that lovely river, wooded to the water's edge, with sometimes an emerald meadow, opening a vista to some picturesque house,—all utterly unlike anything we had yet seen in the South, and suggesting rather the Penobscot or Kennebec. Here and there we glided by the ruins of some saw-mill burned by the Rebels on General Wright's approach; but nothing else spoke of war, except, perhaps, the silence. It was a delicious day, and a scene of fascination. Our Florida men were wild with delight; and when we rounded the point below the city, and saw from afar its long streets, its brick warehouses, its white cottages, and its overshadowing trees,—all peaceful and undisturbed by flames,—it seemed, in the men's favorite phrase, "too much good," and all discipline was merged, for the moment, in a buzz of ecstasy.

The city was still there for us, at any rate; though none knew what perils might be concealed behind those quiet buildings. Yet there were children playing on the wharves; careless men,

here and there, lounged down to look at us, hands in pockets; a few women came to their doors, and gazed listlessly upon us, shading their eyes with their hands. We drew momentarily nearer, in silence and with breathless attention. The gunners were at their posts, and the men in line. It was eight o'clock. We were now directly opposite the town: yet no sign of danger was seen; not a rifle-shot was heard; not a shell rose hissing in the air. The Uncas rounded to, and dropped anchor in the stream; by previous agreement, I steamed to an upper pier of the town, Colonel Montgomery to a lower one; the little boat-howitzers were run out upon the wharves, and presently to the angles of the chief streets; and the pretty town was our own without a shot. In spite of our detention, the surprise had been complete, and not a soul in Jacksonville had dreamed of our coming.

The day passed quickly, in eager preparations for defence; the people could or would give us no definite information about the Rebel camp, which was, however, known to be near, and our force did not permit our going out to surprise it. The night following was the most anxious I ever spent. We were all tired out; the companies were under arms, in various parts of the town, to be ready for an attack at any moment. My temporary quarters were beneath the loveliest grove of linden-trees, and as I reclined, half-dozing, the mocking-birds sang all night like nightingales,—their notes seeming to trickle down through the sweet air from amid the blossoming boughs. Day brought relief and the sense of due possession, and we could see what we had won.

Jacksonville was now a United States post again: the only post on the mainland in the Department of the South. Before the war, it had three or four thousand inhabitants, and a rapidly growing lumber-trade, for which abundant facilities were evidently provided. The wharves were capacious, and the blocks of brick warehouses along the lower street were utterly unlike anything we

had yet seen in that region, as were the neatness and thrift everywhere visible. It had been built up by Northern enterprise, and much of the property was owned by loyal men. It had been a great resort for invalids, though the Rebels had burned the large hotel which once accommodated them. Mills had also been burned; but the dwelling-houses were almost all in good condition. The quarters for the men were admirable; and I took official possession of the handsome brick house of Colonel Sunderland, the established headquarters through every occupation, whose accommodating flagstaff had literally and repeatedly changed its colors. The seceded Colonel, reputed author of the State ordinance of Secession, was a New-Yorker by birth, and we found his law-card, issued when in practice in Easton, Washington County, New York. He certainly had good taste in planning the inside of a house, though time had impaired its condition. There was a neat office with ample bookcases and no books, a billiard-table with no balls, gas-fixtures without gas, and a bathing-room without water. There was a separate building for servants' quarters, and a kitchen with every convenience, even to a few jars of lingering pickles. On the whole, there was an air of substance and comfort about the town, quite alien from the picturesque decadence of Beaufort.

The town rose gradually from the river, and was bounded on the rear by a long, sluggish creek, beyond which lay a stretch of woods, affording an excellent covert for the enemy, but without great facilities for attack, as there were but two or three fords and bridges. This brook could easily be held against a small force, but could at any time and at almost any point be readily crossed by a large one. North of the town the land rose a little, between the river and the sources of the brook, and then sank to a plain, which had been partially cleared by a previous garrison. For so small a force as ours, however, this clearing must be extended nearer to the town; otherwise our lines would be too long for our numbers.

This deficiency in numbers at once

became a source of serious anxiety. While planning the expedition, it had seemed so important to get the men a foothold in Florida that I was willing to risk everything for it. But this important post once in our possession, it began to show some analogies to the proverbial elephant in the lottery. To hold it permanently with nine hundred men was not perhaps impossible, with the aid of a gunboat; (I had left many of my own regiment sick and on duty in Beaufort, and Colonel Montgomery had as yet less than one hundred and fifty;) but to hold it, and also to make forays up the river, certainly required a larger number. We came in part to recruit, but had found scarcely an able-bodied negro in the city; all had been removed farther up, and we must certainly contrive to follow them. I was very unwilling to have, as yet, any white troops under my command, with the blacks. Finally, however, being informed by Judge S. of a conversation with Colonel Hawley, commanding at Fernandina, in which the latter had offered to send four companies and a light battery to swell our force,—in view of the aid given to his position by this more advanced post,—I decided to authorize the energetic Judge to go back to Fernandina and renew the negotiation, as the John Adams must go thither at any rate for coal.

Meanwhile all definite display of our force was avoided; dress parades were omitted; the companies were so distributed as to tell for the utmost; and judicious use was made, here and there, of empty tents. The gunboats and transports moved impressively up and down the river, from time to time. The disposition of pickets was varied each night to perplex the enemy, and some advantage taken of his distrust, which might be assumed as equalling our own. The citizens were duly impressed by our supply of ammunition, which was really enormous, and all these things soon took effect. A loyal woman, who came into town, said that the Rebel scouts, stopping at her house, reported that there were "sixteen hundred negroes all over

the woods, and the town full of them besides." "It was of no use to go in. General Finnegan had driven them into a bad place once, and should not do it again." "They had lost their captain and their best surgeon, in the first skirmish, and if the Savannah people wanted the negroes driven away, they might come and do it themselves." Unfortunately, we knew that they could easily come from Savannah at any time, as there was railroad communication nearly all the way; and every time we heard the steam-whistle, the men were convinced of their arrival. Thus we never could approach to any certainty as to their numbers, while they could observe, from the bluffs, every steamboat that ascended the river.

To render our weak force still more available, we barricaded the approaches to the chief streets by constructing barriers or felling trees. It went to my heart to sacrifice, for this purpose, several of my beautiful lindens; but it was no time for æsthetics. As the giants lay on the ground, still scenting the air with their abundant bloom, I used to rein up my horse and watch the children playing hide-and-seek among their branches, or some quiet cow grazing at the foliage. Nothing impresses the mind in war like some occasional object or association that belongs apparently to peace alone.

Among all these solitudes, it was a great thing that one particular anxiety vanished in a day. On the former expedition the men were upon trial as to their courage; now they were to endure another test, as to their demeanor as victors. Here were five hundred citizens, nearly all white, at the mercy of their former slaves. To some of these whites it was the last crowning humiliation, and they were, or professed to be, in perpetual fear. On the other hand, the most intelligent and lady-like woman I saw, the wife of a Rebel captain, rather surprised me by saying that it seemed pleasanter to have these men stationed there, whom they had known all their lives, and who had generally borne a good character, than

to be in the power of entire strangers. Certainly the men deserved the confidence, for there was scarcely an exception to their good behavior. I think they thoroughly felt that their honor and dignity were concerned in the matter, and took too much pride in their character as soldiers,—to say nothing of higher motives,—to tarnish it by any misdeeds. They watched their officers vigilantly and even suspiciously, to detect any disposition towards compromise; and so long as we pursued a just course, it was evident that they could be relied on. Yet the spot was pointed out to me where two of our leading men had seen their brothers hanged by Lynch law; many of them had private wrongs to avenge; and they all had utter disbelief in all pretended loyalty, especially on the part of the women. One man alone was brought to me in a sort of escort of honor by Corporal Prince Lambkin,—one of the color-guard, and one of our ablest men,—the same who had once made a speech in camp, reminding his hearers that they had lived under the American flag for eighteen hundred and sixty-two years, and ought to live and die under it. Corporal Lambkin now introduced his man, a German, with the highest compliment in his power: "He hab true colored-man heart." Surrounded by mean, cajoling, insinuating white men, and women who were all that and worse, I was quite ready to appreciate the quality he thus proclaimed. A colored-man heart, in the Rebel States, is a fair synonyme for a loyal heart, and it is about the only such synonyme. In this case, I found afterwards that the man in question, a small grocer, had been an object of suspicion to the whites from his readiness to lend money to the negroes, or sell to them on credit; in which, perhaps, there may have been some mixture of self-interest with benevolence.

I resort to a note-book of that period, well thumbed and pocket-worn, which sometimes received a fragment of the day's experience.

"*March 16, 1863.* — Of course, droll things are constantly occurring. Every

white man, woman, and child is flattering, seductive, and professes Union sentiment; every black ditto believes that every white ditto is a scoundrel, and ought to be shot, but for good order and military discipline. The Provost Marshal and I steer between them as blandly as we can. Such scenes as succeed each other! Rush of indignant Africans. A white man, in woman's clothes, has been seen to enter a certain house, — undoubtedly a spy. Further evidence discloses the Roman Catholic priest, a peaceful little Frenchman, in his professional apparel. — Anxious female enters. Some sentinel has shot her cow by mistake for a Rebel. The United States cannot think of paying the desired thirty dollars. Let her go to the Post-Quartermaster and select a cow from his herd. If there is none to suit her, (and, indeed, not one of them gave a drop of milk, — neither did hers,) let her wait till the next lot comes in, — that is all. — Yesterday's operations gave the following total yield: — Thirty 'contrabands,' eighteen horses, eleven cattle, ten saddles and bridles, and one new army wagon. At this rate, we shall soon be self-supporting *cavalry*.

"Where complaints are made of the soldiers, it almost always turns out that the women have insulted them most grossly, swearing at them, and the like. One unpleasant old Dutch woman came in, bursting with wrath, and told the whole narrative of her blameless life, diversified with sobs: —

" 'Last January I ran off two of my black people from St. Mary's to Fernandina,' (sob,) — 'then I moved down there myself, and at Lake City I lost six women and a boy,' (sob,) — 'then I stopped at Baldwin for one of the wenches to be confined,' (sob,) — 'then I brought them all here to live in a Christian country' (sob, sob). 'Then the blockheads' [blockades, that is, gunboats] 'came, and they all ran off with the blockheads,' (sob, sob, sob,) 'and left me, an old lady of forty-six, obliged to work for a living.' (Chaos of sobs, without cessation.)

"But when I found what the old sin-

ner had said to the soldiers, I rather wondered at their self-control in not throttling her."

Meanwhile skirmishing went on daily in the outskirts of the town. There was a fight on the very first day, when our men killed, as before hinted, a Rebel surgeon, which was oddly metamorphosed in the Southern newspapers into their killing one of ours, which certainly never happened. Every day, after this, they appeared in small mounted squads in the neighborhood, and exchanged shots with our pickets, to which the gunboats would contribute their louder share, their aim being rather embarrassed by the woods and hills. We made reconnoissances, too, to learn the country in different directions, and were apt to be fired upon during these. Along the farther side of what we called the "Debatable Land" there was a line of cottages, hardly superior to negro huts, and almost all empty, where the Rebel pickets resorted, and from whose windows they fired. By degrees all these nests were broken up and destroyed, though it cost some trouble to do it, and the hottest skirmishing usually took place around them.

Among these little affairs was one which we called "Company K's Skirmish," because it brought out the fact that this company, which was composed entirely of South Carolina men, and had never shone in drill or discipline, stood near the head of the regiment for coolness and courage, — the defect of discipline showing itself only in their extreme unwillingness to halt when once let loose. It was at this time that the small comedy of the Goose occurred, — an anecdote which Wendell Phillips has since made his own.

One of the advancing line of skirmishers, usually an active fellow enough, was observed to move clumsily and irregularly. It soon appeared that he had encountered a fine specimen of the domestic goose, which had surrendered at discretion. Not wishing to lose it, he could yet find no way to hold it but between his legs; and so he went on,

loading, firing, advancing, halting, always with the goose writhing and struggling and hissing in this natural pair of stocks. Both happily came off unwounded, and retired in good order at the signal, or some time after it; but I have hardly a cooler thing to put on record.

Meanwhile, another fellow left the field less exultingly; for, after a thoroughly courageous share in the skirmish, he came blubbering to his captain, and said, —

“Capten, make Cæsar gib me my cane.”

It seemed, that, during some interval of the fighting, he had helped himself to an armful of Rebel sugar-cane, such as they all delighted in chewing. The Roman hero, during another pause, had confiscated the treasure; whence these tears of the returning warrior. I never could accustom myself to these extraordinary interminglings of manly and childish attributes.

Our most untiring scout during this period was the chaplain of my regiment, — the most restless and daring spirit we had, and now exulting in full liberty of action. He it was who was daily permitted to stray singly where no other officer would have been allowed to go, so irresistible was his appeal, — “You know I am only a chaplain.” Methinks I see our regimental saint, with pistols in belt and a Ballard rifle slung on shoulder, putting spurs to his steed, and cantering away down some questionable wood-path, or returning with some tale of Rebel haunt discovered, or store of foraging. He would track an enemy like an Indian, or exhort him, when apprehended, like an early Christian. Some of our devout soldiers shook their heads sometimes over the chaplain's little eccentricities.

“Woffor Mr. Chapman made a preacher for?” said one of them, as usual transforming his title into a patronymic. “He 's *de fightingest more Yankee* I eber see in all my days.”

And the criticism was very natural, though they could not deny, that, when the hour for Sunday service came, Mr.

F. commanded the respect and attention of all. That hour never came, however, on our first Sunday in Jacksonville; we were too busy, and the men too scattered; so the chaplain made his accustomed foray beyond the lines instead.

“Is it not Sunday?” slyly asked an unregenerate lieutenant.

“Nay,” quoth his Reverence, waxing fervid; “it is the Day of Judgment.”

This reminds me of a raid up the river, conducted by one of our senior captains, an enthusiast whose gray beard and prophetic manner always took me back to the Fifth-Monarchy men. He was most successful, that day, bringing back horses, cattle, provisions, and prisoners; and one of the latter complained bitterly to me of being held, stating that Captain R. had promised him speedy liberty. But that doughty official spurned the imputation of such weak blandishments, in this day of triumphant retribution.

“Promise him!” said he, “I promised him nothing but the Day of Judgment and Periods of Damnation!”

Often since have I rolled beneath my tongue this savory and solemn sentence, and I do not believe that since the days of the Long Parliament there has been a more resounding anathema.

In Colonel Montgomery's hands, these up-river raids reached the dignity of a fine art. His conceptions of foraging were rather more Western and liberal than mine, and on these excursions he fully indemnified himself for any undue abstinence demanded of him when in camp. I remember being on the wharf, with some naval officers, when he came down from his first trip. The steamer seemed an animated hen-coop. Live poultry hung from the foremast shrouds, dead ones from the mainmast, geese hissed from the binnacle, a pig paced the quarter-deck, and a duck's wings were seen fluttering from a line which was wont to sustain duck-trousers. The naval heroes, mindful of their own short rations, and taking high views of one's duties in a conquered country, looked at me reproachfully, as who should say, “Shall these things be?”

In a moment or two the returning foragers had landed.

"Captain —," said Montgomery, courteously, "would you allow me to send a remarkably fine turkey for your use on board ship?"

"Lieutenant —," said Major Corwin, "may I ask your acceptance of a pair of ducks for your mess?"

Never did I behold more cordial relations between army and navy than sprang into existence at those sentences. So true it is, as Charles Lamb says, that a single present of game may diffuse kindly sentiments through a whole community.

These little trips were called "rest"; there was no other rest during those ten days. An immense amount of picket and fatigue-duty had to be done. Two redoubts were to be built to command the Northern Valley; all the intervening grove, which now afforded lurking-ground for a daring enemy, must be cleared away; and a few houses must be reluctantly razed for the same purpose. Colonel Montgomery had the left of the defensive line, and Lieutenant-Colonel Billings, commanding my own regiment, the right. The fort under charge of the former was named Fort Higginson, and that on the right, in return, Fort Montgomery. The former was necessarily a hasty work, and is now, I believe, in ruins; the latter was far more elaborately constructed, on lines well traced by the Fourth New Hampshire during the previous occupation. It did great credit to Captain Trowbridge, of my regiment, (formerly of the New York Volunteer Engineers,) who had charge of its construction.

How like a dream seems now that period of daily skirmishes and nightly watchfulness! The fatigue was so constant that the days hurried by. I felt the need of some occasional change of ideas, and having just received from the North Mr. Brooks's beautiful translation of Jean Paul's "Titan," I used to retire to my bedroom for some ten minutes every afternoon, and read a chapter or two. It was more refreshing than a nap, and will always be to me

one of the most fascinating books in the world, with this added association. After all, what concerned me was not so much the fear of an attempt to drive us out and retake the city,—for that would be against the whole policy of the Rebels in that region,—as of an effort to fulfil their threats and burn it, by some nocturnal dash. The most valuable buildings belonged to Union men, and the upper part of the town, built chiefly of resinous pine, was combustible to the last degree. In case of fire, if the wind blew towards the river, we might lose steamers and all. I remember regulating my degree of disrobing by the direction of the wind; if it blew from the river, it was safe to make one's self quite comfortable; if otherwise, it was best to conform to Suwarrow's idea of luxury, and take off one spur.

So passed our busy life for ten days. There were no tidings of reinforcements, and I hardly knew whether I wished for them,—or rather, I desired them as a choice of evils; for our men were giving out from overwork, and the recruiting excursions, for which we had mainly come, were hardly possible. At the utmost, I had asked for the addition of four companies and a light battery. Judge of my surprise, when two infantry regiments successively arrived! I must resort to a scrap from the diary. Perhaps diaries are apt to be thought tedious; but I would rather read a page of one, whatever the events described, than any later narrative,—it gives glimpses so much more real and vivid.

"Head-Quarters, Jacksonville, March 20, 1863, Midnight. — For the last twenty-four hours we have been sending women and children out of town, in answer to a demand by flag of truce, with a threat of bombardment. [N. B. I advised them not to go, and the majority declined doing so.] It was designed, no doubt, to intimidate; and in our ignorance of the force actually outside, we have had to recognize the possibility of danger, and work hard at our

defences. At any time, by going into the outskirts, we can have a skirmish, which is nothing but fun ; but when night closes in over a small and weary garrison, there sometimes steals into my mind, like a chill, that most sickening of all sensations, the anxiety of a commander. This was the night generally set for an attack, if any, though I am pretty well satisfied that they have not strength to dare it, and the worst they could probably do is to burn the town. But to-night, instead of enemies, appear friends, — our devoted civic ally, Judge S., and a whole Connecticut regiment, the Sixth, under Major Meeker ; and though the latter are aground twelve miles below, yet they enable one to breathe more freely. I only wish they were black ; but now I have to show, not only that blacks can fight, but that they and white soldiers can act in harmony together."

That evening the enemy came up for a reconnoissance, in the deepest darkness, and there were alarms all night. The next day the Sixth Connecticut got afloat, and came up the river ; and two days after, to my continued amazement, arrived a part of the Eighth Maine, under Lieutenant-Colonel Twichell. This increased my command to four regiments, or parts of regiments, half white and half black. Skirmishing had almost ceased, — our defences being tolerably complete, and looking from without much more effective than they really were. We were safe from any attack by a small force, and hoped that the enemy could not spare a large one from Charleston or Savannah. All looked bright without, and gave leisure for some small anxieties within.

It was the first time in the war (so far as I know) that white and black soldiers had served together on regular duty. Jealousy was still felt towards even the *officers* of colored regiments ; and any difficult contingency would be apt to bring it out. The white soldiers, just from shipboard, felt a natural desire to stray about the town ; and no attack from an enemy would be so dis-

astrous as the slightest collision between them and the black provost-guard. I shudder, even now, to think of the train of consequences, bearing on the whole course of subsequent national events, which one such mishap might then have produced. It is almost impossible for us now to remember in what a delicate balance then hung the whole question of negro enlistments, and consequently of Slavery. Fortunately for my own serenity, I had great faith in the intrinsic power of military discipline, and also knew that a common service would soon produce mutual respect among good soldiers ; and so it proved. But the first twelve hours of this mixed command were to me a more anxious period than any outward alarms had created.

Let us resort to the note-book again.

"*Jacksonville, March 22, 1863.* — It is Sunday ; the bell is ringing for church, and Rev. Mr. F., from Beaufort, is to preach. This afternoon our good quartermaster establishes a Sunday school for our little colony of 'contrabands,' now numbering seventy.

"*Sunday Afternoon.* — The bewildering report is confirmed ; and in addition to the Sixth Connecticut, which came yesterday, appears part of the Eighth Maine. The remainder, with its colonel, will be here to-morrow, and, report says, Major-General Hunter. Now my hope is that we may go to some point higher up the river, which we can hold for ourselves. There are two other points, [Magnolia and Pilatka,] which, in themselves, are as favorable as this, and, for getting recruits, better. So I shall hope to be allowed to go. To take posts, and then let white troops garrison them, — that is my programme.

"What makes the thing more puzzling is, that the Eighth Maine has only brought ten days' rations, so that they evidently are not to stay here ; and yet where they go, or why they come, is a puzzle. Meanwhile we can sleep sound o' nights ; and if the black and white babies do not quarrel and pull hair, we shall do very well."

Colonel Rust, on arriving, said frankly that he knew nothing of the plans prevailing in the Department, but that General Hunter was certainly coming soon to act for himself; that it had been reported at the North, and even at Port Royal, that we had all been captured and shot, (and, indeed, I had afterwards the pleasure of reading my own obituary in a Northern Democratic journal,) and that we certainly needed reinforcements; that he himself had been sent with orders to carry out, so far as possible, the original plans of the expedition; that he regarded himself as only a visitor, and should remain chiefly on shipboard, — which he did. He would relieve the black provost-guard by a white one, if I approved, — which I certainly did. But he said that he felt bound to give the chief opportunities of action to the colored troops, — which I also approved, and which he carried out, not quite to the satisfaction of his own eager and daring officers.

I recall one of these enterprises, out of which we extracted a good deal of amusement; it was baptized the Battle of the Clothes-Lines. A white company was out scouting in the woods behind the town, with one of my best Florida men for a guide; and the captain sent back a message that he had discovered a Rebel camp with twenty-two tents, beyond a creek, about four miles away; the officers and men had been distinctly seen, and it would be quite possible to capture it. Colonel Rust at once sent me out with two hundred men to do the work, recalling the original scouts, and disregarding the appeals of his own eager officers. We marched through the open pine woods, on a delightful afternoon, and met the returning party. Poor fellows! I never shall forget the longing eyes they cast on us, as we marched forth to the field of glory, from which they were debarred. We went three or four miles out, sometimes halting to send forward a scout, while I made all the men lie down in the long thin grass and beside the fallen trees, till one could not imagine that there was a person there. I

remember how picturesque the effect was, when, at the signal, all rose again, like Roderick Dhu's men, and the green wood appeared suddenly populous with armed life. At a certain point forces were divided, and a detachment was sent round the head of the creek to flank the unsuspecting enemy; while we of the main body, stealing with caution nearer and nearer, through ever denser woods, swooped down at last in triumph upon a solitary farm-house, — where the family-washing had been hung out to dry!

It is due to Sergeant Greene, my invaluable guide, to say that he had from the beginning discouraged any high hopes of a crossing of bayonets. He had early explained that it was not he who claimed to have seen the tents and the Rebel soldiers, but one of the officers, — and had pointed out that our undisturbed approach was hardly reconcilable with the existence of a hostile camp so near. This impression had also pressed more and more upon my own mind, but it was our business to put the thing beyond a doubt. Probably the place may have been occasionally used for a picket station, and we found fresh horse-tracks in the vicinity, and there was a quantity of iron bridle-bits in the house, of which no clear explanation could be given; so that the armed men may not have been wholly imaginary. But camp there was none. After enjoying to the utmost the fun of the thing, therefore, we borrowed the only horse on the premises, hung all the bits over his neck, and as I rode him back to camp, they clanked like broken chains. We were joined on the way by our dear and devoted surgeon, whom I had left behind as an invalid, but who had mounted his horse and ridden out alone to attend to our wounded, his green sash looking quite in harmony with the early spring verdure of those lovely woods. So came we back in triumph, enjoying the joke all the more because some one else was responsible. We mystified the little community at first, but soon let out the secret, and witticisms abounded for a day

or two, the mildest of which was the assertion that the author of the alarm must have been "three sheets in the wind."

Another expedition was of more exciting character. For several days before the arrival of Colonel Rust a reconnoissance had been planned in the direction of the enemy's camp, and he finally consented to its being carried out. By the energy of Major Corwin, of the Second South Carolina Volunteers, aided by Mr. Holden, then a gunner on the Paul Jones, and afterwards made captain in the same regiment, one of the ten-pound Parrott guns had been mounted on a hand-car, for use on the railway. This it was now proposed to bring into service. I took a large detail of men from the two white regiments and from my own, and had instructions to march as far as the four-mile station on the railway, if possible, examine the country, and ascertain if the Rebel camp had been removed, as was reported, beyond that distance. I was forbidden going any farther from camp, or attacking the Rebel camp, as my force comprised half our garrison, and should the town meanwhile be attacked from some other direction, it would be in great danger.

I never shall forget the delight of that march through the open pine barren, with occasional patches of uncertain swamp. The Eighth Maine, under Lieutenant-Colonel Twichell, was on the right, the Sixth Connecticut, under Major Meeker, on the left, and my own men, under Major Strong, in the centre, having in charge the cannon, to which they had been trained. Mr. Heron, from the John Adams, acted as gunner. The mounted Rebel pickets retired before us through the woods, keeping usually beyond range of the skirmishers, who in a long line — white, black, white — were deployed transversely. For the first time I saw the two colors fairly alternate on the military chessboard; it had been the object of much labor and many dreams, and I liked the pattern at last. Nothing was said about the novel fact by anybody, — it all seemed to come as matter-of-course; there appeared to be no mutual distrust among the

men, and as for the officers, doubtless "each crow thought its own young the whitest," — I certainly did, although doing full justice to the eager courage of the Northern portion of my command. Especially I watched with pleasure the fresh delight of the Maine men, who had not, like the rest, been previously in action, and who strode rapidly on with their long legs, irresistibly recalling, as their gaunt, athletic frames and sunburnt faces appeared here and there among the pines, the lumber regions of their native State, with which I was not unfamiliar.

We passed through a former camp of the Rebels, from which everything had been lately removed; but when the utmost permitted limits of our reconnoissance were reached, there were still no signs of any other camp, and the Rebel cavalry still kept provokingly before us. Their evident object was to lure us on to their own stronghold, and had we fallen into the trap, it would perhaps have resembled, on a smaller scale, the Olustee of the following year. With a good deal of reluctance, however, I caused the recall to be sounded, and, after a slight halt, we began to retrace our steps.

Straining our eyes to look along the reach of level railway which stretched away through the pine barren, we began to see certain ominous puffs of smoke, which might indeed proceed from some fire in the woods, but were at once set down by the men as coming from the mysterious locomotive battery which the Rebels were said to have constructed. Gradually the smoke grew denser, and appeared to be moving up along the track, keeping pace with our motion, and about two miles distant. I watched it steadily through a field-glass from our own slowly moving battery: it seemed to move when we moved and to halt when we halted. Sometimes in the dim smoke I caught a glimpse of something blacker, raised high in the air like the threatening head of some great gliding serpent. Suddenly there came a sharp puff of lighter smoke that seemed like a forked tongue,

and then a hollow report, and we could see a great black projectile hurled into the air, and falling a quarter of a mile away from us, in the woods. I did not at once learn that this first shot killed two of the Maine men and wounded two more. This was fired wide, but the numerous shots which followed were admirably aimed, and seldom failed to fall or explode close to our own smaller battery.

It was the first time that the men had been seriously exposed to artillery fire, — a danger more exciting to the ignorant mind than any other, as this very war has shown.* So I watched them anxiously. Fortunately there were deep trenches on each side the railway, with many stout projecting roots, forming very tolerable bomb-proofs for those who happened to be near them. The enemy's gun was a sixty-four-pound Blakely, as we afterward found, whose enormous projectiles moved very slowly and gave ample time to cover, — inasmuch, that, while the fragments of shell fell all around and amongst us, not a man was hurt. This soon gave the men the most buoyant confidence, and they shouted with childish delight over every explosion.

The moment a shell had burst or fallen unburst, our little gun was invariably fired in return, and that with some precision, so far as we could judge, its range also being nearly as great. For some reason they showed no disposition to overtake us, in which attempt their locomotive would have given them an immense advantage over our heavy hand-car, and their cavalry force over our infantry. Nevertheless I rather

* "The effect was electrical. The Rebels were the best men in Ford's command, being Lieutenant-Colonel Showalter's Californians, and they are brave men. They had dismounted and sent their horses to the rear, and were undoubtedly determined upon a desperate fight, and their superior numbers made them confident of success. But they never fought with artillery, and a cannon has more terror for them than ten thousand rifles and all the wild Camanches on the plains of Texas. At first glimpse of the shining brass monsters there was a visible wavering in the determined front of the enemy, and as the shells came screaming over their heads the scare was complete. They broke ranks, fled for their horses, scrambled on the first that came to hand, and skeddaddled in the direction of Brownsville." — *New York Evening Post*, Sept. 25, 1864.

hoped that they would attempt it, for then an effort might have been made to cut them off in the rear by taking up some rails. As it was, this was out of the question, though they moved slowly, as we moved, keeping always about two miles away. When they finally ceased firing, we took up the rails beyond us before withdrawing, and thus kept the enemy from approaching so near the city again. But I shall never forget that Dantean monster, rearing its black head amid the distant smoke, nor the solicitude with which I watched for the puff which meant danger, and looked round to see if my chickens were all under cover. The greatest peril, after all, was from the possible dismounting of our gun, in which case we should have been very apt to lose it, if the enemy had showed any dash. There may be other such tilts of railway artillery on record during the war; but if so, I have not happened to read of them, and so have dwelt the longer on this.

This was doubtless the same locomotive battery which had previously fired more than once upon the town, — running up within two miles and then withdrawing, while it was deemed inexpedient to destroy the railroad, on our part, lest it might be needed by ourselves in turn. One night, too, the Rebel threat had been fulfilled, and they had shelled the town with the same battery. They had the range well, and every shot fell near the post head-quarters. It was exciting to see the great Blakely shell, showing a light as it rose, and moving slowly towards us like a comet, then exploding and scattering its formidable fragments. Yet, strange to say, no serious harm was done to life or limb, and the most formidable casualty was that of a citizen who complained that a shell had passed through the wall of his bedroom, and carried off his mosquito curtain in its transit.

Little knew we how soon these small entertainments would be over. Colonel Montgomery had gone up the river with his two companies, perhaps to remain permanently; and I was soon to follow. On Friday, March 27th, I wrote

home,—"The Burnside has gone to Beaufort for rations, and the John Adams to Fernandina for coal; we expect both back by Sunday, and on Monday I hope to get the regiment off to a point farther up,—Magnolia, thirty-five miles, or Pilatka, seventy-five,—either of which would be a good post for us. General Hunter is expected every day, and it is strange he has not come." The very next day came an official order recalling the whole expedition, and for the third time evacuating Jacksonville.

A council of military and naval officers was at once called, (though there was but one thing to be done,) and the latter were even more disappointed and amazed than the former. This was especially the case with the senior naval officer, Captain Steedman, a South-Carolinian by birth, but who had proved himself as patriotic as he was courteous and able, and whose presence and advice had been of the greatest value to me. He and all of us felt keenly the wrongfulness of breaking the pledges which we had been authorized to make to these people, and of leaving them to the mercy of the Rebels once more. Most of the people themselves took the same view, and eagerly begged to accompany us on our departure. They were allowed to bring their clothing and furniture also, and at once developed that insane mania for aged and valueless trumpery which always seizes upon the human race, I believe, in moments of danger. With the greatest difficulty we selected between the essential and the non-essential, and our few transports were at length loaded to the very water's edge on the morning of March 29th,—Colonel Montgomery having by this time returned from up-river, with sixteen prisoners, and the fruits of foraging in plenty.

And upon that last morning occurred an act on the part of some of the garrison, most deeply to be regretted, and not to be excused by the natural indignation at their recall,—an act which, through the unfortunate eloquence of one newspaper correspondent, rang through the nation,—the attempt to burn the town. I fortunately need not dwell

much upon it, as I was not at the time in command of the post,—as the white soldiers frankly took upon themselves the whole responsibility,—and as all the fires were made in the wooden part of the city, which was occupied by them, while none were made in the brick part, where the colored soldiers were quartered. It was fortunate for our reputation that the newspaper accounts generally agreed in exculpating us from all share in the matter;* and the single exception, which one correspondent asserted, I could never verify, and do not believe to have existed. It was stated by Colonel Rust in his official report, that some twenty-five buildings in all were burned, and I doubt if the actual number was greater; but this was probably owing in part to a change of wind, and did not diminish the discredit of the transaction. It made our sorrow at departure no less, though it infinitely enhanced the impressiveness of the scene.

The excitement of the departure was intense. The embarkation was so laborious that it seemed as if the flames must be upon us before we could get on board, and it was also generally expected that the Rebel skirmishers would be down among the houses, wherever practicable, to annoy us to the utmost, as had been the case at the previous evacuation. They were, indeed, there, as we afterwards heard, but did not venture to molest us. The sight and roar of the flames, and the rolling clouds of smoke, brought home to the impressive minds of the black soldiers all their favorite imagery of the Judgment Day; and those who were not too much depressed by disappointment were excited by the spectacle, and sang and exhorted without ceasing.

* "The colored regiments had nothing at all to do with it; they behaved with propriety throughout."—*Boston Journal Correspondence*. ("Carleton.")

"The negro troops took no part whatever in the perpetration of this Vandalism."—*New York Tribune Correspondence*. ("N. P.")

"We know not whether we are most rejoiced or saddened to observe, by the general concurrence of accounts, that the negro soldiers had nothing to do with the barbarous act."—*Boston Journal Editorial*, April 10, 1863.

With heavy hearts their officers floated down the lovely river, which we had ascended with hopes so buoyant; and from that day to this, the reasons for our recall have never been made public. It was commonly attributed to proslavery advisers, acting on the rather impulsive nature of Major-General Hunter, with a view to cut short the career of the colored troops, and stop their recruiting. But it may have been sim-

ply the scarcity of troops in the Department, and the renewed conviction at head-quarters that we were too few to hold the post alone. The latter theory was strengthened by the fact, that, when General Seymour reoccupied Jacksonville, the following year, he took with him twenty thousand men instead of one thousand, — and the sanguinary battle of Olustee found him with too few.

A NEW ART CRITIC.*

IT has been said that our painters merely continue tendencies that have had their origin in Europe, and just as English and French painters are abandoning theories which they have exhausted, we are entertaining those theories as new discoveries, and repeating a discord that abroad has been outgrown. There is some truth in the charge, and we are not always well enough informed to anticipate the next development in the artistic world. While we are over-run by the maggots that have crawled out of the literary body of John Ruskin, the English painters, already emancipated from the bondage of that powerful sectarian, are working under new influences, and showing tendencies that, without subverting the truths so eloquently expounded by Ruskin, supplement them. Under the form of a continuation of the work begun by the great sectarian of English Art criticism, we have a literary exponent of the reaction; and the pictures of Mr. Whistler, an American almost unknown on this side of the Atlantic, have been taken by the late "London Fine Arts Quarterly Review" as examples of this reaction in practice. Mr. Whistler has been called the man of highest genius and most daring eccentricity in the new school; and Tom Taylor amiably

writes that he is equally capable of exquisite things and gross impertinences. We give place to Mr. Whistler's name merely to indicate that artists anticipate critics. In the latest literature of Art we do not find positive reaction, but continuation. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, however, meets conditions and covers ground not treated by Ruskin, and more practical, but less eloquent, defines the relation of the painter to Nature and the limitations of imitation. Ruskin splendidly opened the campaign for modern Art, and he has found servile and ignorant executive officers; but Hamerton is an independent officer, who crosses the enemy's country, beats his foe in detail, and according to his own method. Ruskin is superb in his combinations; Hamerton exact in his method, and careful to protect his rear. Therefore the most *useful* books that could be placed in the hands of the American Art public at present are Hamerton's "Painter's Camp" and "Thoughts about Art." The latter volume is most carefully considered, and is the result of unwearied practice in the study of Art and Nature. For Mr. Hamerton has studied Nature as a man indoctrinated with the ideas of Ruskin; he has generalized about Art as one who has emancipated himself from a master in thought; and he has enlarged his views by varied reading and familiarity with ancient and modern painting. In some

* *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands*, and *Thoughts about Art*. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co.

respects Mr. Hamerton's books may be taken as the literary proof of a school which is said to include "many men of rare gifts and uncommon culture," and which, profiting by the reform introduced by Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti, yet also supplements that reform with a more catholic taste and a less ascetic manner than were shown by the immediate agents of the first great revolution in English Art. It follows that some account of Mr. Hamerton's writings is called for, and will be welcomed. He is at once able, useful, and representative of the latest tendencies of Art criticism.

Mr. Hamerton's first volume, entitled "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," we regret to say, is not a felicitous introduction to the valuable "Thoughts about Art," which give the title to the second. It is unpleasantly inlaid with egotism and enamelled with self-consciousness. Mr. Hamerton's critics cannot withhold attention from so prominent a feature of his book. The obtrusiveness of his personality invites attention. He seems not to have learned the art of existing fully in his work, without dreaming to speak of himself. True, any account of a painter's camp necessarily solicits much consideration of its occupant; but it does not follow that we should be bored with trivial details, and anecdotes simply flattering to the personal appearance of the painter. If Mr. Hamerton proposed to write a book of gossip, if he were ambitious of the honors of a Montaigne, he might tell us how he ties his shoe-strings and how he shapes his moustache; but since we know that Mr. Hamerton is a cultivated gentleman and serious student, we regret that he exposes himself to the charge of being an English snob. Our simple American Thoreau was endowed with better taste; for, though he wrote a very detailed account of his hermit-life on the shore of Walden Pond, his book is entirely free from vulgarity. Thoreau knew how to elevate the trivial and confer dignity on the meanest. But Mr. Hamerton, hearty, healthful, self-reliant Englishman that

he is, contrives to let us know that he is also a very elegant fellow even in camp. The personality revealed in Mr. Hamerton's "Painter's Camp" is very English; and when we have said this, we have said all. But let no one be deterred from making the acquaintance of Mr. Hamerton even in his "Painter's Camp"; for he is young, he is hearty, he is interesting, and he is manly.

We know of no books which are the result of more faithful study and practical consideration of the painter's function, and which, at the same time, are so free from technical jargon. Mr. Hamerton is preëminently a useful writer on Art; he is certainly accurate and comprehensive. Carefully going over the ground which he occupies with his "Thoughts about Art," we have been surprised and delighted by the seriousness and conscientiousness of his expositions. He spares no pains to make his reader understand the present condition of Art, and he fairly states and answers some of the most puzzling questions that have agitated modern painters and confused simple students. He at all times escapes cheap rhetoric and that facile enthusiasm begotten in some by the very name of Art. He leaves all that to the *dilettanti*, and addresses in a simple business-like style men who are not less serious and earnest than himself. Yet Mr. Hamerton does not write a bald and meagre style, nor is he insensible to the poetic and imaginative elements of his theme. He can quicken a glow and arouse an emotion, when he writes of the mighty poetry of Turner's *Téméraire*, or of the mysterious, the melancholy charm of a portrait opposite the great Veronese in the Louvre. Mr. Hamerton's literary skill is considerable; but he does not abound in verbal felicities, nor has he any affluence of style. He is at all times clear, he is at all times exact, and he is often a vigorous writer. Common-sense, patience, and no ordinary talent for analysis are manifest in every chapter of his "Thoughts about Art." If we were asked where the most intelligent, the most trustworthy, the most practical, and the

most interesting exposition of modern Art and cognate subjects is to be found, we should point to Hamerton's writings. As a critic he is not seduced by novelty, and he is free from the exaggerations of Ruskin; but he does not attain the eloquence and power of exposition of John Ruskin. Mr. Hamerton is an admirable critic, but Ruskin is a great advocate. The former is a man of talent; the latter is a man of genius. In the consideration of Art Mr. Hamerton is as fair, serious, and exact as is Matthew Arnold in his "Essays in Criticism," and, like him, faithfully represents the modern spirit. He does not show the artistic skill and nicety which distinguish Mr. Arnold; he is not witty, like Edmond About; he is not concise and masterly, like Eugène Fromentin; but he is honest, and he covers his ground. We repeat, therefore, that Mr. Hamerton's writings on Art are useful books, useful even to artists, and sure to instruct a serious public. Ruskin's writings aroused attention; they made people think. He stimulated many to profitable study; but he also created prejudices, and he has subjected quite as many minds as he has emancipated. Great men are great tyrants. We escape the great man and the great writer in Hamerton. We have in him an instructor, not a dictator. John Ruskin came, and, like John the Baptist, cried, "Repent! repent!"—but Hamerton comes to us as the apostle of a doctrine that needs exposition more than enunciation, and he speaks the words of truth and soberness. Those who did not follow Ruskin laughed and railed at him, and literary executioners hastened to lay violent hands on him. Hamerton's public was prepared by a powerful forerunner, and he is therefore neither assailed nor neglected. Mr. Hamerton's reception in England reflects the nature of his books. He enters the world of letters not as a great and daring rival, not as an irresistible iconoclast, not as an affluent and unhesitating genius,—but as a hearty, cultivated, earnest gentleman who has something worth communicating. He comes to increase knowledge;

he comes to throw a light on the obscurity and bring order into the chaos of English Art. For the splendid and misty Turner, the exact and terrible photograph, the great and inconsistent Ruskin, and the vagaries of modern English painters provoked questions and excited conflicts in the world of Art; they seldom reconciled anything among painters, critics, and connoisseurs, too often incapable of a generalization, and therefore incapable of a philosophy of Art. Neither Ruskin nor Hamerton has created a philosophy of Art; they have but contributed invaluable materials. Ruskin, like Buckle, indicated a plan for which no single life is adequate.

The drift of Hamerton's Art criticism will best be appreciated in his chapter on "The Relation between Photography and Painting," and that which treats of transcendentalism in painting. We cannot forbear quoting a few paragraphs from the former chapter. The force of the following is obvious.

"Photography represents facts isolated from their natural companions, and without any hint of their relation to the human mind.

"Now it is only the *unity of relation* that can satisfy the artistic sense, not isolated fragments; and therefore, so long as the artistic sense remains in the human organization, the demand for pictures will certainly continue.

"I wish I could make perfectly clear what is that *unity of relation* which is so satisfactory to the artistic sense; but that, in these limits, is impossible. It is enough to say here that any perfect "whole" in a pictorial representation of Nature must include delicate colors and beautiful forms, *all helping each other to the utmost*, like a chorus of well-trained singers, and that in the arrangement of it all a great human soul must manifest itself, just as the soul of Handel does in a chorus from the 'Messiah.'

"But in the photograph we have only a fact or two clearly stated, but not in their natural connection with other facts; far less their deeper and more mysterious connection, which the gen-

ius of great imaginative artists is alone able to apprehend.

"Therefore the division of labor likely to take place between photography and painting is this: photography will record *isolated facts*, of which an infinite number always need recording; painting will concern itself with the *relations* of associated truths and beauties.

"And let each keep to its own task. The photograph can never successfully encroach on the province of painting; and henceforth let us hope that painters will never again commit the rash imprudence of attempting to intrude upon the peculiar domain of the photograph.

"In the few instances where photographers have attempted to produce something resembling historical pictures, by arranging models and furniture, and photographing the *tableaux vivants* so obtained, the effect produced on the spectator was always the simple fact that he was looking at a photograph of dressed-up models and carefully arranged furniture. Anything farther from a true picture it would be impossible to conceive. The *naïveté* of the mistake on which this spurious Art was founded is really amusing. The photographers fancied that the painters merely copied their models, and so thought it easy to rival them. Why, even the very severest and most rigid pre-Raphaelites use the model as little more than a stimulus, an authority, or a suggestion. Copy the model, indeed! I should like to know where on earth Hunt could have found a woman capable of assuming and retaining that marvellous expression of beatitude that illuminates the sweet face of Mary when she finds Jesus in the temple. That expression which is the most mighty thing in the whole picture — the mightiest, I mean, over the hearts of all men and women who can really feel anything — was gotten out of the painter's own soul, not from any hired model whatever. And the other intense expression of maternal love in the 'Rescue,' by Millais, — whence came it? From the model, think you, or the mind of the painter?" — *Thoughts*, p. 230.

"And what a lamentable waste of labor it is, when artists forget all about the mutual relation of things, to copy unmeaning details in long months of labor, which any good photographer would obtain in infinitely greater perfection with an exposure of as many minutes! The mere fact that photography does this sort of work so unapproachably well should be enough of itself to warn our young painters from engaging it. Anybody who wants a plain fact about a piece of cliff or castle-wall can get it in a photograph for a few shillings; then why should he spend pounds for a picture which will give him nothing more? But the relation of the castle or cliff to the heaven above or the water beneath, and to the minds of men, — the significant stains of color upon it, the grandeur of its enduring strength, the deep human feelings that it ought to kindle in the spectator's heart, — these things are the exclusive domain of the painter, and he should never sacrifice the least of these to mere literal fidelity of detail." — *Thoughts*, p. 232.

To our purely literary readers we may say, that Mr. Hamerton is sure to interest them with his chapter on "Word-Painting and Color-Painting," and that on "The Painter in his Relation to Society." Mr. Hamerton shows himself to be an acute and manly essayist in the treatment of these subjects. His chapter on "Word-Painting and Color-Painting" is fresh and direct in treatment, and therein he breaks new ground. He presents the truths of his subject so felicitously, that, as in reading Emerson's essays, we are surprised it has not occurred to another to say the same things equally well.

But even here we are disposed to find fault with Mr. Hamerton. In mentioning the masters of the much-abused art, the much-discredited art of word-painting, he forgets Robert Browning! Can Mr. Hamerton find any poet more decisive, more exact, more rapid and effective in suggestion of Nature than Browning? In the development of this very happy essay, we have examples or characterizations of the peculiar talent

of Scott, of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Keats, of Byron, of Shelley, and of Tennyson, among poets, — of George Sand, of Lamartine, of Charlotte Brontë, of Marian Evans, and of John Ruskin, among prose-writers. In this essay, while awarding to Tennyson among poets, and to Ruskin among prose-writers, the honor of good preëminence in the art of word-painting, he at the same time subjects the latter to a criticism perhaps unexpected, certainly effective. Mr. Hamerton points out Mr. Ruskin's poetic fallacies, and forcibly demonstrates the crushing power of common-sense, — that is to say, unimpassioned sense, — when acting upon whatever has grown out of an emotion. It is somewhat cruel, if not brutal, to cry havoc over Mr. Ruskin's tender "lichens that lay quiet finger on the trembling stones, to *teach them rest*."

Mr. Hamerton's essay is not artistic or symmetrical, but it is the direct expression of much thought. Yet it certainly lets him escape being classed among masters of style. He tells us that Ruskin was annoyed because people paid no attention to his arguments, but were always admiring his language. Has Mr. Hamerton avoided the affluent and felicitous of written words, has he disowned arrangement and proportion, that he might secure a public to regard his thought as more than its medium of communication? Very well; we discover that he is never obscure, that he is no word-monger, that he is seldom seduced by the example of writers whose literary talent overrides their honesty. Among Art writers, among all writers, we welcome him, and we hope to see the best of his book, which is its thoughts, appropriated by the large and restless class of critics, connoisseurs, and patrons of Art, which has multiplied so rapidly in this country during the last four years. Our patrons of Art will find matter of great importance to them in the chapter entitled, "Picture-Buying, Wise and Foolish." It is true that they will be taught to correct some errors, that they will be convicted of mistakes of judgment, and forced to

admit that they own much worthless Art-work in pictures that have come from the easels of famed painters; but they will also be made to know certain general truths which will profit them, whenever applied. In our examination of the nature and quality of Mr. Hamerton's writings about Art we have had frequent occasion to observe an absence of taste in its most just measure, and the dominance of the conversational in the style and tone of his communications. This is so striking a characteristic, that we might almost say that he is often caught in undress. He makes us sure that he has no mental toilette and robes for great or public occasions. We do not reproach Mr. Hamerton that he is so frank; we do not regret that he is honest, and scorns literary padding and stilts and stays, when he appears in public. We simply regret that he does not care to add to his clearness and force of statement a literary artist's appreciation of the appropriate and beautiful. A more just taste would have removed much matter purely personal; and more artistic skill would have made the same more agreeable, if retained. In reading the chapter called "Transcendentalism in Painting," which is a very skilful and convincing application of the matter of Emerson's essay on that subject to Art and artists, we were impressed with the downright earnestness and force of exposition of the writer. The chapter is a sufficient explanation of the inactivity of great, and of the extravagant demand and unrest of young painters, and it contains superb tributes to Ruskin and Holman Hunt. Mr. Hamerton also shows that the transcendental tendency belongs necessarily to all men, in some stage of their career, who have reached commanding eminence. He briefly glances at the life and works of the great Leonardo, and declares that he is the prince of transcendentalists, — that, unhappily, he always remained more or less in subjection to the transcendental tendency. He mourns that Leonardo never wholly escaped that tendency, that he never attained the intelligently practical. He

establishes that the only salutary action of transcendentalism is an intermittent one, and by epochs; that it is always critical; that it is necessary to progress; that, abused, it is disastrous to the mind, and, like sensual excesses upon the body, produces lassitude and debility. We cordially commend this admirable chapter to the attention of thinkers and workers. In treating of the three stages of "all labors, the mechanical or imitative, the transcendental or reflective, and the *intelligently practical*," we are entertained with great, brilliant, and yet mournful illustrations; and the thoughtful and exact language of our own Emerson is returned to us from over the seas. And here we may remark, that Emerson is the most frequently quoted, except Ruskin. Mr. Hamerton seems to have a genuine appreciation of Mr. Emerson's contributions to a department of literature which is not occupied, and which represents a mental condition that has scarcely found expression in English literature since Wordsworth.

In the course of our remarks we have mentioned Mr. Hamerton's chapter on "The Painter in his Relation to Society." In that admirable paper Mr. Hamerton starts with the assumption that society respects nothing but *power*, or that which leads to power; and because the artist does not represent power in an obvious sense, therefore he is considered of little consequence. Mr. Hamerton enforces his statements by illustrations taken from the works of novelists who have treated of the artist in his social relations. He makes his chapter interesting and ingenious by quotations from, or references to, the works of Scott, Thackeray, Tennyson, Goethe, Balzac, Ponsard, and Edmond About. In the course of a masterly synopsis and partial analysis of one of Balzac's novels, he writes, — "Though Balzac shows how much he loves artists by describing the artistic nature with tenderness and kind feeling, yet he also plainly declares that people generally cannot understand a painter, and do not respect

him, unless he is famous." Mr. Hamerton also gives us the saying of Thackeray about Reynolds, — "I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman." Also Ruskin's remark about Rubens, — "Rubens was an honorable and entirely well-intentioned man, earnestly industrious, simple, and temperate in his habits of life, high-bred, learned, and discreet."

Taken as a whole, Mr. Hamerton's two volumes have very much the character of an autobiography, which explains at once the striking merits and faults of the writings considered as contributions to the literature of Art. The plan of his work is well understood. The first volume very truly represents Practice, and the second represents Reflection. The first concerns "the active life of a landscape-painter"; the second contains reflections that naturally occurred to that painter, or were suggested by his work. The first chapter of the second volume of his essays is a conclusive statement of the necessity "that certain artists should write about Art."

We hope our introduction of Mr. Hamerton will increase the number of serious and patient readers, and that the American Art public will make haste to profit by his thoughts. He is a landscape-painter, and one of the ablest contributors to the "London Fine Arts Quarterly Review." W. M. Rossetti has paid a tribute to his worth as a painter and critic, and even the "Saturday Review" greeted him as a writer of ability. Certainly we take his book to be the latest and best contribution to the literature of Art published since Ruskin's "Modern Painters." Mr. Hamerton's writings are the work of a man who does not decline the free expression of his opinions before accredited masters in Art or Literature. He relies upon himself, when those masters contradict the teachings of his own experience. In this we have the proof of mental manhood, which, among writers, is sufficiently rare, unknown even, to be remarked, and at all times welcomed.

THE LUCK OF ABEL STEADMAN.

A FEW months ago I made a collecting tour for Wirt and Company through that stretch of country watered by the Ohio. Thirty years ago I had spent a summer there, and the change bewildered me: not that the rough buckeye and hemlock woods and mountain creeks had been railwayed, canalled, bored for coal, and derricked for oil; I looked for that; but the people had cropped out into a new phase of life.

They were lazy, smoky old towns,—those upper Virginia and Kentucky villages,—when I was a young man; something of the solitude of “the dark and bloody hunting-grounds” hanging about them yet; the old forts still standing which had been the terror of the Indians; the grandchildren of the pioneers holding baronial tracts of land under grant from Washington: mule-raisers, most of them, droning out their lives in great rambling stone houses, card-playing, Champagne-drinking, waited on by a few slaves, and carrying in their own tawny skins, high cheekbones, and beetling eyebrows, hints that the blood of these same pioneers had mixed too freely, perhaps, with that of their savage foes and allies.

By this time, however, the drowsy, shushiny burghs have swelled, like the frog in the fable, and burst out into jaunty modern cities, with mills belching soot and oily smoke down into the muddy streets; the pavements are crowded with Uncle Sam’s boys in their light blue coats; the shops are stocked by Northern capital; the hard-headed, taciturn Western man, with his broad common-sense, has set his solid foot down on the ground, and begins to dominate over both the sloth of the natives and the keen Yankee speculators. The women of the old-country families look out sullenly, talk a great deal of “shoddy”; are loyal, certainly, but say nothing of “Jack” or “Ned” who hold commissions under Lee or Hood.

However, this is not what I meant to

tell you. While I was passing through one of the border towns, I accidentally met again the traces of a curious old character, well known through all that region, who, if fate had but placed her in the compressed action of a court, instead of the loose, inconsequent hurly-burly of a republic, would have made herself a footing in history before now. She deserves a more thorough record than this mere sketch must be.

But I must go back to my own first journey to that country. It was the fulfilment of an old, boyish plan. My father had been a land-surveyor, and had hunted and trapped, in those early days, from the fat river-bottoms of the Monongahela and Cross-Creek valleys up to the great Cheat Mountains. He was a contemporary of the pioneers Wetzel, the Leets, M’Cullochs, etc., and when I was a boy, used to fill up the winter evenings with wild stories of border Indian warfare, bear-hunting, and the like. I formed a hotter resolve, each new time of hearing, to make a pilgrimage, as soon as I was a man, to his old camping-ground, (“the Ohio” we called it then,) to hunt out and open the mounds left by the Creeks and Delawares, and to find the forts where these battles of his had been won and lost. It always pleased my father that I entered into his old stories with such zest.

“I hope I ’ll live to go with you, Zack,” he would say, nodding his gray head. “We ’d hunt out Mrs. C—, if we came within a hundred miles of her. She could give you the history of every inch of ground from Blennerhassets Island up to Fort Du Quesne,—that is, if she were so minded. She had a sharp, suspicious eye of her own when she was a girl, and age would not sweeten her temper. But there ’s no better authority for old legends of that time,—none. She was a cousin of M’Culloch, who made that leap from the mountain to escape the Indian arrows, you remember? and was in the fort when Polly

Scott went out to the gate-house for powder, bringing it in her apron across the field, a target for hundreds of the red devils. But I doubt if the old lady's living yet; she was married when I was a stout young beau, dancing Virginia reels out yonder: Shepler was her first husband."

The older my father grew, the more the idea haunted him of going with "Zack" out to the banks of the Ohio, until, as second childhood crept on him, it became a ruling whim. But crossing the Alleghany range was no light task for even a young man in those days of wagons and stage-coaches, and he never was gratified. When he was gone, I reproached myself bitterly that it had not been accomplished: it seemed so easy and natural a thing to do, now that it was too late. My old plan grew, therefore, to have a morbid interest for me. I fancied that to go over his old hunting-paths would bring my father back to me, and that, wherever he might be now, he would choose to be so brought back.

About the time I was thirty, then, having no employment except an opening which Fordyce offered me in New York, I chose, instead of accepting it, to start alone on my voyage of discovery. One August morning, the air full of a gentle languor, the heavy clouds of bituminous smoke vanishing beyond the horizon in swells of intense purple and orange, which I never had seen in our pale sky, I took a boat at Pittsburg, and dropped lazily down the shining Ohio, through thick-wooded hills, and dotting little islands that thrust themselves out of the water to support only a clump of showery green willows, or an old rock, maybe, draped with delicate trailing mosses. Chance favored me.

"If you want the run of the Injun forts," said the Captain, as he stood beside me on the Texas, "there's Abel Steadman aboard. He knows 'em better than anybody hereabouts,—an' knows nothin' else," dropping his voice. "I'll bring him up," which he did accordingly.

Steadman was a lank, yellow-haired country-lad, habited in a suit of blue

Kentucky jeans, ill-fitting, and ragged besides. He talked acutely and intelligently, however, on this subject, and gave me a clear idea of the discoveries made in Indian antiquities in that region. "The trouble was," he said, "people who had means cared nothing about the matter."

The next day we naturally came together again: he had precisely the information I needed. About noon he touched me on the elbow, as I stood by the deck-railing,—

"There is where I live," pointing to a tumble-down old shanty back in a field. "There is a small mound to be opened in the adjacent farm next week. Would it interest you to see it? If so, come ashore, and stay with me for a few days."

The invitation was given so simply, and as a matter of course, that I accepted it without further parley. The Steadmans were miserably poor; the young man, in his queer, blunt way, said as much, though by no means apologetically.

"You are afraid of encroaching? No. We live by what we shoot or fish, Matt and I. Matt's my brother. It's not much; but if you choose to throw a line with us, it will make you easy about staying as long as you please."

There was a straightforward delicacy in this that I liked. I remained with the Steadmans, therefore. We went over to see the mound in the evening, which proved to be much smaller than that at Elizabethtown, thirty miles farther down the river, in which was found the famous "mound-stone" that so puzzled French savans. Our mound was covered with a thick undergrowth, when we first saw it; was oval in shape, and about twelve feet in height. The next morning it was opened by the farm-owner, (who wanted it out of the way to plant potatoes,)—Abel and I assisting and digging with the best of them. After half a day's work we came to an incrustation of clay, baked hard, as by internal heat. After this had been penetrated and carefully removed, we discovered a stone block or altar, immediately

in front of which lay a skeleton, and the ornaments, tomahawk, etc., of a chief. Forming a complete half-circle with this, and in front of the altar, were thirteen other skeletons, their heads towards the chief, the bones of the arms crossed as in obeisance. The pith of our discovery lay in the fact, that about these inferior bones was heaped a lightish, oily, brown dust, — burnt human flesh, in a word, — proving that these skeletons belonged to criminals or prisoners sacrificed at the death of the chief.

Abel Steadman kicked the bent skull and folded arms of one of them aside.

"Even those savages made masters and slaves of each other," he said, pettishly. "The costliest wampum made the chief then, as nowadays, I suppose."

I remember I looked at him, thinking it an odd train of thought for a cartier's son.

I loitered away several weeks with the Steadmans, having induced the old woman to take me as a boarder. The house was but a large hut, with a wide kitchen below, and two lofts over it, in one of which the boys slept, and in the other their mother and Cousin Jane, a young woman of Abel's age. I had a bunk fitted up in a closet off the kitchen. Perceiving that Abel took notes of our researches, making drawings with me of the painted rocks, etc., I wondered to find a day-laborer with a taste for such pursuits, unusual even among educated men. When our supper of fitch and molasses was over one evening, therefore, I asked him how he meant to use his papers. Abel ran his fingers through his thin, red whiskers.

"Material for future work, — material," he said, vaguely staring into the fire.

I saw that Mrs. Steadman, a thin, hollow-chested woman, looked up to hear his answer, and Matt gave a keen glance round from his work. Matt was a stout, clean-skinned lad, with a firm, decisive way of shutting his lips, and a pair of shrewd, kindly blue eyes that I liked. He was trying to be a carpenter without learning the trade: had put up a shed outside, and was up by daylight

every morning hewing away with his one plane and saw. Boy-like, he had made a chum of me already. My question had curiously disquieted Abel. He rose and left the room. Matt drew his bench up.

"That hurt Abe, you see?"

"I do not see why."

"True for you. But" (in a whisper) "he can't help doin' them things; and then, seein' they don't help, he worries like a girl."

"Help?"

"Yes," — then was silent, his mouth harder set. "Well," (a rush of blood dyeing his face,) — "look yonder" (jerking his head back) "at mother. Don't you think it 's time somethin' was done?"

I had noticed that the woman was raw-boned and stoop-shouldered, with that etiolated yellow flesh that comes of long overwork. I might have heard her cough, but had paid no attention to it until now, when a fit came on dry and hollow.

"How long has she had that?" I asked, gravely.

"Nigh on to a year. I knew it would come some day. She 's slaved night and day to keep us goin', since I could remember. It 's time Abel an' me was doin' somethin', beside diggin' an' cartin'. We never could raise enough to learn a trade."

He dropped his chin on his hand, and sat looking fixedly, but not gloomily, into the fire. His mother could not overhear him, but I thought Jane did, — she put so much vigor into her rubs on the washboard, and spoke more tenderly to old Mrs. Steadman. Jane was a bustling, pleasant, low-spoken girl: I think I mentioned her before.

"The truth is," said Matt, presently jerking out a nervous laugh, "we 've all our lives kept draggin' on, waitin' for a great stroke of luck. My father did: he allays thought another year would bring it, and another. He 's dead now: he dug an' carted to the last; and here 's his sons — men without learnin', in the old rags they wore when they was boys — diggin' an' cartin' just the same.

See mother there? That old gown 's her best. Often think there 's not a lady in the land would look like mother, if she 'd laces an' silks to wear; and she shall have them, by" — with a tremendous oath. "There 's Jane," — after a long silence, the color fading out of his face, — "Jane and I are like other people. We" — stopping short.

"Yes," I nodded, gravely.

"Well, could I help it? I could n't see her, and — But we never can marry, this way of ongoin'. I mean to stand from under, and clear a way for myself. I 'm tryin' to be a carpenter, and have stuck to it pretty steady these two years, gettin' a job now and then from the farmers. They like to help a fellow through," with a smile. "I 'll marry Jane yet, and put mother where she ought to be."

"That 's the true talk, anyhow, Matt."

He flushed again.

"Well," getting up and taking down the stable-lantern from the wall, "it 's been the curse of the Steadmans, waitin' for dead men's shoes. That 's so!"

An hour later Abel came in, and after lounging about awkwardly touched me on the arm.

"I 'd like you to come up 'loft, Mr. Humphreys."

I scrambled up the ladder into their garret, and sat down on an old hair trunk, which he pulled up to a table. There was nothing in the room but the bed and this table, which was strewed with papers, covered closely with writing. Abel stood beside them, shuffling them with great embarrassment.

"It 's a good deal to ask of a stranger," he said; "but you spoke about my sketches, and" — "Well, I have no funds."

"I think I understand," after waiting. "You have written something of which you would like my opinion."

"Yes, that 's it. Not that it would make *me* think differently of it, but I 'd like to know how the world would take it, — see? And you could give me a notion of that. Though w'hatten judges are they?" tossing the papers. "See how they met Keats and Robbie Burns!"

He pushed over the sheets to me one by one, gravely silent as I read. They were principally verses, as was to be expected, — one or two tales, the scene laid in Italy or France, after the manner of young authors, — and a tragedy. Not a line which did not show absurdly enough his utter lack of knowledge, — mistakes as to fact, misspelt words, deficient grammar, verses halting on all sorts of feet. Yet, with all this, there were flashes here and there of power and feeling; and the English was, strangest of all, not stilted, but the simple, homely words which he used every day. I held the last paper a long time; I had not the moral courage to tell the boy the truth. Evidently, however, he cared very little for my opinion, but sat pinching his lips, vaguely staring into space, as usual.

"You do not think any publisher would take them, I see. Well, it 's likely. Did you see these lines?" — picking up a page. "This passage, now?" — reading it. "I think no one could have said that more finely."

He had chosen the best stanza; but the speech made me dumb.

"You need training, Steadman," I said, at last. "It is only right to be honest with you. Two or three years of hard study would fit you to make some mark in the world. But you need that; and my advice to you is, to put your papers resolutely away, and go to work. Make enough money to give yourself schooling, and you will be the more fit to hold the pen when the time comes. The world 's a big workshop, in which a man can shape what fate he pleases; but it is a workshop still."

His eyes had wandered off before I had finished, — a faint, dreamy smile on his face.

"Yes, education. Oh, of course that will be included. I mean to be a profound scholar, when the time comes. I thought of making the law my profession. It will be a very short time now."

I asked no explanation, and he offered none, folded his papers and put them away, then tried, in his simple, unobtrusive way, to play the host.

Whatever castle in the air these poor Steadmans had inherited, the mere delusion had given a certain dignity, and an almost grace of bearing to them, not to be hidden by their laborers' habits and speech. Abel talked of different parts of the States with a hungry curiosity; he never had been out of — County, I found.

"Nothing enlarges a man's mind like knocking about a bit," I said. "You could easily make a trip down to the Gulf. Most of these lads hereabouts that I meet have been down to New Orleans as raftsmen."

"Oh, *they!* Raftsmen? To be sure, to be sure. What would one see of society in that way? Who would recognize you as other than a common river-dog? Some day I mean to travel as a gentleman should."

Then stopped abruptly, and turned the conversation to the capital, questioning me with regard to the District of Columbia, growing rapid and eager as he found that I was familiar with the localities, and showing a singular accuracy of information himself about them. About one range of country, especially, he was curious, — the plantations in the neighborhood of Washington, particularly certain belonging to a family named Shepler, which were the finest, by the way, in the District. Finding that I knew them, he made me describe the homestead, negro-quarters, woods, and water-courses. I was puzzled at his curiosity; but the lad was full of vagaries, I saw, and indulged him.

"The heirs are minors," I said, in conclusion. "I happen to know the property; for my brother had a claim to prosecute against it, and sent me to see the face of the country."

He grew suddenly reserved at that, drawing within his shell, and dropped the subject instantly. Soon after, he took up an old violin.

"Shall I play for you?" he asked.

My ears shivered in anticipation, but I assented. He held the bow firmly, playing a simple air or two with much genuine pathos, but in ignorance of the art, of course. I said as much, adding, —

"Training, Steadman! training! You must have it to achieve anything permanently good."

"Of course; I never doubted that. But I know what is in me. Some day the world will understand."

The vanity was so unconscious and childish that it ceased to be offensive.

I began to feel an interest in these boys, but most in the poor overworked mother. I had picked up, in my scrambling life, enough knowledge of medicine to judge of her case. The next morning, after consulting Matthew, I made a thorough examination into the cause of her disease. Matt waited outside. When I came out to him, his face was pale, and he bit and moistened his dry lips unceasingly.

"Well, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Your mother must leave this place. The work and the fogs from these swamps are killing her. Dry air and rest would effect a cure, I believe."

He stood paler than before, but not speaking a word.

"You think it impossible, Matthew?" I said, gently.

"Nothing is impossible."

It troubled me to see the grave, stern look on the merry face, which never had been there before. I fully explained my reasons for judging as I did, knowing him to be reasonable and acute beyond his years. I offered to do what I could, in my poor way.

"It is only due from one man to another, Matthew."

"No, this is for mother, Mr. Humphreys; I must take care of mother myself," — standing with his hands in his pockets, his eyes fixed on the ground.

Abel had come up, and listened like a frightened woman, the muscles of his face working, tears in his light-blue eyes.

"Cheer up, Abe," said the younger boy, heartily; "I've thought of a plan."

"There's one way, Matthew," said Abel, eagerly. "If only" —

"No, none of that!" — sternly. "We've had enough of waitin' for an 'if.' We'll help ourselves now."

An hour after, I saw him lock up his

shed as if he had done with it, and presently come out of the house with his face washed and his shoes on, and take his way across the fields.

That afternoon, at the mound, Doctor Peters, the owner of the farm, began a conversation with me about the Steadmans.

"It was the ruin of the old man," he said, "waiting for his rights. It kept him a loafer all his life. What little he made was by digging, just enough to hold body and soul together, hoping Mrs. C—— would not hold out another year. But there 's no die in her."

"C——!" I exclaimed,

"Yes, yon 's her place. The way of it was this. She was a Fawcett, — Betty Fawcett: I 've heard my grandfather talk of her. Her first husband was a Colonel Shepler."

"Of the District?"

"Yes, — Alexandria. They had no children; but the Colonel, he leaves her all for her life, and after she was gone it was to come back to the Sheplers. Afterwards she married C——; but she holds on to every dollar of the old Colonel's money. Now old Steadman was the only one of that family living."

"Do you mean to say that there is but one life between these boys and the Shepler properties?"

"Just so; but the 'life' is a tough one. She 's been ailing these twenty years. It will come to them soon, surely."

"Where did you say was her place?"

He pointed it out, on the other side of the creek. After a few moments' consideration, I sauntered towards the ford. From his first mention of this Mrs. C—— I recognized my father's heroine, and determined to see her, at first from curiosity; but another reason was now added. If what the man stated was true, this woman surely could not be aware of the condition of almost pauperism to which these people were reduced whose property she held. If the case were plainly set before her, she would at least furnish means to save the poor woman's life whom I had

just left, etc., etc. Reasoning thus, I came to the creek, and picked my way over on the stones raised about a foot above the water. The ground stretched from the bank up to the house in a grassy slope set with one or two alders and willows. It was a grazing farm. Rich meadows rolled away on every side, except where a sugar-loaf-shaped hill rose abruptly in front of me. The old Shepler mansion stood at its base. It was large, and, with its out-houses, built of stone, solid, clean, and jail-like. The absence of all look of comfort was curious, — not a curl of smoke from the wide kitchen, no sleepy dog sunning himself, no flower in garden or unshuttered window, the grass cleared away even from the well, and the yellow clay left. Two or three stalwart negroes were gossiping over a pile of half-sawed wood near where I stood. I had stopped but a moment, when a shrill, rasping voice came across the creek, making the men jump to their work with a will.

"No! I 'll make my own way! I have crossed my own water-course for half a century, and what is come to me to stop me now? I must see what this fellow is staring about."

I turned and saw a man on the opposite bank, close to the water's edge, remonstrating with a short, thin old woman about something. She made use of violent gestures; her tones were acidulated into the essence of all that was dogmatic and shrewish.

"Don't talk to me, Parker! If you want to know how I will cross the ford, here!"

So saying, she squatted down on the ground, and removed her shoes and stockings in a twinkling, — then, tucking them under her arm, made her way over the stones with a chuckle as she touched the shore.

"Parker 's a fool! Don't tire yourselves, I beg, Pike and Jerry! Now, young Sir, what is *your* errand?" facing me, sharply.

"To make myself known to a friend of my father's."

"So, so! I 've heard that story before. Young people nowadays make

a show of Mrs. C——, and ferret her out with some story of old times and their fathers. Your name 's Humphreys? Pike told me of you. I keep a sharp eye on all the country round. I think I did know a Humphreys in Colonel Shepler's time. Get you before me into the house."

During this harangue, she had been composedly putting on her stockings, and fastening a pair of low shoes with the old-fashioned buckles of brilliants on the instep. I preceded her into the house, entering the low-raftered kitchen, as she directed.

"There 's a fire there. It 's chilly."

She perched herself on a high chair, her toes on the rung, while she subjected me to a rigid cross-examination about my father. I observed her as closely. A small, withered old woman, as if Nature had at first begrudged her the sap and genial juices of life, and dried them out of her as speedily as might be; only her eyes blazed, fresh, keen, vindictive. She sat bolt upright in her chair, her skinny hands crossed over her coarse blue dress, the fingers loaded with rings, many of them jewels of great value. Her white hair was drawn back in a thick puff under a cap of cheap lace, and fastened there with a diamond pin. A great turnip-shaped gold watch was fastened on her left shoulder, her hollow chest garlanded with massive chains, a bunch of steel keys ending them, among which those of the pantry and cellar were conspicuous.

She pronounced my verdict at last.

"I believe you are not lying. Come into my house. I am glad to see Philip Humphreys's son. A shiftless dog, but good blood, good blood,"—leading me into a spacious dining-room, uncarpeted and dreary, the plaster falling from the walls, but a magnificent buffet filling up one entire side and laden with massive plate, among which I noticed several cups, prizes at Southern race-courses.

Her keen eye caught my passing glance at them.

"Yes, yes! I had a good eye for the turf once! Keep clear of it, young

Humphreys! It has gone down into a money-making jobbery. Gentlemen cannot keep even their vices intact—in—the—Republic," with a delicate, fine smile of satire.

Once within this inner court of hospitality, her manner had changed instantly. The change was so unnatural as to be almost appalling: it was like a corpse putting on a gracious, gay life again. Evening found me still charmed to my seat, a willing listener. I do not think even now that it was because I was an inexperienced, uncritical youth, that I was so readily puzzled and interested. I have written this paper mainly for the purpose of sketching a real character, thinking her now, as I did then, a curious study for the dilettante in anomalies of human nature, as well as one of the most noteworthy women of her time from extraneous circumstances. Once having taken up her rôle as hostess, the roughness and vulgarity slid from her as by a magic touch,—as coarse armor with which she kept her neighbors at bay. She had the keen insight, the delicate instinct, daintiness in expression of manner and speech, of a woman *habituée du monde* for many crowded and watchful years. From the time of her first marriage she spent her winters in Washington, at first noted as a beauty and *bel esprit*, then an object of interest from her eccentricities, her cool skill, and long familiarity with the private political life of the capital. Her manner had the quaint archness, overlying intense pride, of an old French Marquise, to whom Bonaparte is "plebeian," and the fruitful, vulgar present worthy only of being dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders.

I went day after day to see her,—of course, at her own request: with the same odd, half-rebuked feeling with which I opened the Indian mound,—only that which was to be unearthed from this grave was of far more interest to a man of the world, and much less holy, than the poor savages' *cache* with their dead in it. I did not broach the subject of the Steadmans, hoping to obtain some clew to a weak point

in her nature which could be touched and roused to sympathy. I never found it. I think she enjoyed my visits. I was fresh from the world from which she had long been shut out, brought its breath with me, was eager and appreciative. As a reward, she poured out an exhaustless store of anecdote. Her times had covered a broad field, and one of glaring contrasts; not an Indian war back to the Colonial era with which she was not familiar; she remembered the first proclamation of the Declaration of Independence; had known Paine, Lafayette, and Lee; and sat on the side of the court-room devoted to Burr's adherents during his trial at Richmond, a young and brilliant beauty, while her husband faced her on the other; talked of Benton, Clay, Webster, then political leaders, as "those young men, — promising, but crude, Sir! crude!" I afterwards learned the estimation these men had for her.

"I never passed her house," said Mr. C——, "without stopping to pay my respects to her. She had a powerful intellect in her younger days, — power enough to make men overlook her coarseness. Many of our caucuses were held in her drawing-rooms; she could keep a secret better than most men; but she was too fond of petty sarcasm and intrigue to be effective in any cause. We respected her, too, for her mental strength only; in her most brilliant days, she was selfish and a miser."

The manner in which this latter trait of avarice showed itself, and its struggle with her finer taste, were ludicrous enough, — for instance, in her cheap servant's gown and old jewelry. One day she took me up to a large chamber, filled with chests of drawers, in which were stowed away the dresses she had worn for half a century.

"Every year I put away two, made in the current mode. I like to turn them over, as you do to look at pictures, perhaps?" — unfolding heavy velvets, brocades, and then, out of spicy red boxes, lifting fold after fold of yellow old lace, daintily as a mother would caress a baby's limbs.

But this woman never had children.

"It will be a precious legacy for some young beauty," I said, thoughtlessly. "A warning one, too."

"Legacy? You look far ahead, young Sir!" her bony old hands shaking, as she shut the boxes and locked them wickedly.

Yet in one of these upper rooms she had her tombstone, — a shaft of Carrara marble, with a base containing niches, which she filled in her younger and more generous days with finely wrought figures, but lately with plaster groups purchased from itinerant image-vendors.

It was with little hope of success, therefore, that I broached the subject of the Steadmans on the last day of my stay. I did it, however, resolutely, affecting not to see that the old woman's face grew set at the first mention of their names. She sat stiffly erect, and permitted me to finish without a word of interruption. I did what I could, — showed how a little present help would enable the brothers to start in life utterly different men from their present selves, — stated in plain terms the peril in which the woman stood, and the immediate necessity for aid.

"But little, Madam," I said, — "not more than the value of that least ring on your finger, but immediate. It will save her life, in all probability."

"Have you finished?" taking snuff from her jewelled box, nervously.

I bowed.

"Then may I ask what are these *canaille* to me? Why, old Steadman was not a cousin within the first degree of Colonel Shepler, — a carter, Sir, — a hodman! Colonel Shepler was a gentleman; there was ducal blood in his veins."

"All of which did not render Steadman's sons less the heirs-at-law of the Shepler properties," I replied, coolly.

"Which they will never inherit, Mr. Humphreys! I have seen them; I know what the physique of that race is worth; I will walk over their graves yet!"

And upon my soul, she looked dia-

bolical enough to live forever, and walk over all of our graves. I began to speak, but she waved her hand imperiously.

"I have had enough of this. The old carter and his sons have prowled, jackal-like, at my gate for years, waiting to prey on my dead body. If they are needy, let them work. I thought better of your instincts than to suppose you would hear the country gossip, and, worse still, regale my ears with it."

"I spoke simply in the cause of humanity. If the country people judge your conduct as I do, Madam, they are more just than I hoped."

She was silent a moment; but I think in her secret soul she liked the coarse, rough blow.

"The matter is an old story to me," tapping her box impatiently. "I find it wearisome. For this ring to which you allude, have you remarked it? It is a Nubian antique, — rare, I fancy."

And so on, and on, sketching the history of the rings she wore, with a curious felicity in throwing an interest about trifles. I dined with her that day for the first time: a meagre repast, served on the family plate. But her wines were exquisite, and dealt with an unsparing hand. I left her that evening, as I supposed forever, — looking back at the bent figure in the massive doorway, and thinking her the loneliest human being I had ever seen. One of her morbid fancies was to intensify that very solitude, — the negro-quarters being at some distance from the house, and after she was undressed at night everything living was banished thence out of her sight. Out of that long life she had not brought the love of even a dog to bear her company in the last hour.

When I parted with Matthew Steadman, I said nothing to him of what I had tried to do. I saw his eye grew brighter, and he laughed and joked as at first.

"I told you I had a plan, and I find it will answer."

"Well, Matt?"

"Joe Carver is an old friend of ours, — Captain of the Belle Louise, you know, runnin' to Orleans. He begun

by pilotin', an' has gone up as they do on these boats. He 'll take me on as fireman, and for pay give mother her passage down. Once there, I 'll turn an honest penny."

"By carpentering?"

"Yes, I find one always clears the ground faster by keepin' in the same road. Abe won't go with us. He thinks luck 's comin' soon, and he 'll wait for it. That Luck has been a ghost in the house. I for one will breathe freer to be clear of it."

"And Jane?"

His face showed that I had touched a sore chord.

"Jane will go out as seamstress somewhere. If ever the good day dawns, I 'll come back for her. But my first care is mother."

I left them the next day, with a real reluctance. I had few friends, and these boys had come near to me in many ways. But years passed, and I never heard from them again. Mails were uncertain in those days. I wrote often, but they never received my letters.

But when I returned to the West, after thirty years' absence, this last spring, one of my chief aims was to find some traces of them. I took passage for W—, therefore, the largest town in their old county, finding that a railroad had invaded that region, — passing, by the way, through the very spot where we opened the mound. Business detained me in W— for several days, and at the close of the week, one close, sultry evening, I was strolling about the dingy streets with the lonesome feeling which always besets one in a strange place, when I came to a little foot-bridge over the creek, from which opened a view of the river below, and the foundries glaring red on either side. It was a lonely place, though in the midst of a busy town. I stopped, leaning over the little hand-rail, looking down into the muddy water, and at the silent, melancholy lights burning dully in its depths and in the air above. There was a solitary figure on the bridge, which strangely entered into the quiet and dreariness of the scene, depressing it, giving to its

dingy and unclean shadows a human significance of loss and discomfort. It was an old man, in a filthy suit of black, who stood smoking a coarse cigar and looking vacantly down into the creek. His head was bald, a fringe of uncombed red hair straggling about the pinched and pimpled face; it shook weakly when he tried to look at me; the light eyes blinked blindly in the dim light. A weak, tipsy bit of old human flesh, which once might have made a man; yet you fancied he had become a drunkard as a cowardly escape from pain,—that he had been disappointed before he had begun life. Nearly an hour I stood quietly watching him,—then, having known him for some time, I touched his arm.

"Abel," I said, — "Abel Steadman?"

He started, reddened in his old womanish fashion, and, when he recognized me at last, stood cringing, holding his frowzy hat in both hands with a subservient humility pitiful to see. His manhood had slipped from him so utterly, that his harmless vanity had left but the dregs of self-disgust.

"Come, man," I said, "be cheery at seeing an old friend. Give an account of yourself."

I forced him with me to the hotel, and ordered wine, seeing that he needed a stimulant. He had come unwillingly, almost angrily, and now sat on the edge of a chair, his hat held in both hands between his knees.

"That 's no good," — pushing the wine feebly away. "I only take it when I cannot breathe without."

After a long time, however, the poor creature seemed to waken into a faint likeness of his old self, and told me his story in a forlorn, disjointed way. After I heard it, I thought, cruelly enough, that he had had sufficient of his poor portion of life, and all that remained for him was to die as weakly as he had lived. I tried to rouse him by asking for his poems and essays.

"No good came of any of them yet. When I get my rights, I 'll publish. It won't be long to wait now."

"You mean?" —

"That she 's living yet? Yes, I do, — ninety-eight last spring."

The wreck before me was so miserable that I could not laugh.

"And meanwhile, Abel?"

"I 've tried to shift as I could, — sometimes as day-laborer, or running on railroads as brakeman; and I got once into a photographer's wagon to help prepare the plates. Was no use going into anything regularly, you know, when my luck might come any day. I kept my eye on that Shepler land, though," — something like life coming into his lack-lustre eye. "She 's mismanaging the bottom fields terribly these late years. All in oats. But they 'll bring in good returns some day, when they 're properly worked. There 's surface indications of oil along the creek, too."

"About your studies, Steadman?"

"I 've read a bit here and there. I mean to go in training when I get my rights. Good God! the man I ought to be!" — suddenly putting his hand to his head.

This feeble outcry was the only sign of manhood that he gave. It was gone in a moment, and he droned down into the old speculations as to her "holding out another winter."

"Did you ever meet her?" I asked, with perhaps idle curiosity.

"Only once, — last winter. I was creeping out one cold evening to the — well, my boarding-house, and I met her face to face, in her pony chaise, near her own gate. She 's withered into something like wrinkled leather now, with heavy opal ear-drops at each side of her skinny face. She makes the black fellow pull up. 'So! you 're prowling round still, Steadman, hyena-like? Stand, and let me look at you.' With that her eyes went all over, gloating like a beast of prey, I thought, but I said nothing. Then she laughed. 'I 'll walk over your grave yet!' she said. 'Drive on, Joe.' Nobody goes near her now but her blacks; her sharp tongue keeps them off."

"And Matt?" I asked.

"Matt 's in St. Louis. You 'll see

him, as you 're going there. But you 'll not mention me, Mr. Humphreys? Matt often wanted me to join them. Matt 's kind; but I 'll wait for my rights. It 's long since he heard from me, and I 'd rather you would not mention me."

I gave the promise, and he rose to go. My face burned as I offered him money, not knowing what the effect would be on him; but he took it eagerly, — not for the first time, I saw.

"Are you comfortably quartered, Steadman?" I asked, when we reached the door.

His lank jaws did redden at this.

"Yes, very comfortably, very; I have a — friends."

Graves, the landlord, laughed as he hurried down the street, and told me that the poor wretch had been for two years in the county almshouse, at times helpless from imbecility.

"He has days of sense," said Graves. "To-night was the best I 've knowned. Seeing you revived him like."

In St. Louis I found Matt Steadman

head of a machine-foundry. His house, a pretty, tasteful home, was back in the French quarter. I found Jane there, pink-cheeked, bustling, cheery as ever, — and old Mrs. Steadman, a placid old lady, in the corner, watching jealously over her grandchildren.

"I told you no lady in the land would look like mother, when her turn came to wear silks and laces," said Matt. "None does — to me," — patting her cheek tenderly.

Matt was the firm, tight-built, alert fellow of old, looking out of the same shrewd, kindly eyes; but he talked pure English now, and put broad, liberal views and true creeds into his vigorous Saxon, and, better still, into his life. It was a good, wholesome home, even to look into as I did; and I carried out of it a stronger breath and a warmer feeling for my fellow-men. They talked of their brother often, but thought him dead. I did not enlighten them; I kept my promise: and besides, I would not raise in their house the evil spirit of the Luck of Abel Steadman.

AT BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND.

PLEASANT it is to lie amid the grass

Under these shady locusts, half the day,

Watching the ships reflected on the Bay,

Topmast and shroud, as in a wizard's glass;

To see the happy-hearted martins pass,

Brushing the dew-drops from the lilac-spray:

Or else to hang enamored o'er some lay

Of faëry regions; or to muse, alas!

On Dante, exiled, journeying outworn;

On patient Milton's sorrowfullest eyes,

Shut from the splendors of the Night and Morn;

To think that now, beneath the Italian skies,

In such clear air as this, by Tiber's wave,

Daisies are trembling over Keats's grave.

"RUNNING AT THE HEADS":

BEING AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By Capt. G. H. Landon.

IT is laid down in our Cavalry Tactics, that, "to perfect the troopers in conducting their horses, and in the use of their arms, they are exercised at the running at the heads," — of the Rebellion nowadays, be it added. This is high and exciting drill, especially when the scene is the pine woods of Georgia, and the "heads," not of canvas stuffed with hay and planted on posts in the riding-ground, but of the flesh and bone of the President and chief men of the Confederacy in flight.

As there are many curious accounts of the capture of Jefferson Davis going the rounds of the press, it seems proper that one should appear that is literally true, to the minutest detail; and such a one will here be given.

The Colonel of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry is Robert H. G. Minty, an officer who has not his superior in the service, and the only one of whom the question is urged, in and out of the army, "Why is he not among the Generals?" — but he being in command of the Second Cavalry Division, the command of the regiment devolved upon the Lieutenant-Colonel, B. D. Pritchard. We had heard of the capture of Lee and the surrender of Johnson, and knew that the fugitive "head" of the Confederacy was being piloted across the State of Georgia. It was certain that he was in the country south of Macon, but it was not known that he had crossed the Ocmulgee River. General Wilson had already sent a force to scour the left bank of that stream, and deeming it important that cavalry should ride the right bank also, to pick up, if not Jeff himself, information that would determine more definitely his whereabouts, ordered Colonel Minty to furnish a regiment for that purpose, and he selected the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard was sent

for, and received his orders with the map spread out before him, noting carefully the fords and ferries of the river, with the roads leading to and from them, and being enjoined to put all under the strictest watch, unless he got information of Davis having crossed the river, in which case he was to exercise his own judgment in pursuing him. How happily that energetic officer carried out his orders the sequel shows.

All cavalry movements commence with the "Bugle Call"; and on the seventh of May, at eight o'clock, P. M., the "General" sounded in our camp. Tents were thereupon struck, saddles packed, and full preparations made to march. A half-hour later "Boots and Saddles" rang out, and speedily followed, "To Horse"; then there was mounting with deliberate haste "the steed" or mule, and the "mustering squadrons" went pouring forward in the moonlight, on their night's march. Our course was to Hawkinsville, a village on the bank of the Ocmulgee River. The air was warm, the roads very dusty, and towards morning there were gathering signs of rain. The country passed over was nearly a pine barren, thinly inhabited, but showing some, though very few, good plantations.

A little after daylight we halted to rest the men and horses, and feed. Corn was got from a plantation-crib near; and while the horses fed, the men busied themselves with their own breakfasts or stretched themselves out to sleep. At eight o'clock it began to rain, a warm, welcome rain, that laid the dust that was so suffocating even under the night-air. After noon we set out again, and, passing through Hawkinsville, we bivouacked for the night about three miles beyond, having travelled since we left Macon fifty odd miles. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by thunder

See Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, vol. 8, p. 271.

and lightning, which, by the way, gave rise to an occurrence that illustrates to what little accidents oftentimes men may owe the preservation of their lives. Lieutenant Fisk had thought to pitch his tent at the foot of a proud pine, but observing the ground dished at that point, he chose a spot a few feet distant, which was a little higher, and hitched his horse to the tree. In the night a thunderbolt rived the pine, killing the horse, but the Lieutenant escaped without injury.

At five o'clock, A. M., on the 9th, we resumed our march on the road to Abbeville, passing through the like stretch of pine country, and reached that delectable town about three o'clock, P. M. Here we fortunately struck the trail of the fugitive "Head." Lieutenant-Colonel Harnden, commanding the First Wisconsin Cavalry, had left Macon on the 6th of May, the day before ourselves, moving south, to the left of the Ocmulgee, and having got on the track of a train of wagons and ambulances that was proceeding westward, he diligently followed it, making forced marches to Brown's Ferry on the Ocmulgee, and crossing the river got into Abbeville a few hours before us, where he waited to meet Pritchard, and inform him of his pursuit of the train. He said, however, that he did not think Davis was with it, as it was reported that he travelled by himself,—which, as we learned after the capture, was the fact,—but that he thought Mrs. Davis was, as the people told him there was a ladylike woman with the wagons. Harnden had but seventy-five men with him, and Pritchard tendered him an additional force, if he thought himself unable to cope with the train, in case he overtook it; but the proffered aid was declined, and the officers then parted, Harnden expressing his purpose to pursue the direct road to Irwinville, as the train had taken that route, and would make that point that night,—and it did in fact camp within four miles of Irwinville, and within two of Jeff Davis.

Pritchard, after parting with Harnden, sent a strong picket to the ferry, and

then resumed his march on the river-road. About three miles from Abbeville he found a negro watching his master's broken-down wagon. From him he learned some interesting particulars concerning the train which Harnden was pursuing, and which had crossed the ferry the night before,—among them this: that, when the party with the train came to pay the ferryman, the latter went to strike a light, which the former forbade, saying that they could pay well enough without a light, and in fact did pay him a ten-dollar gold-piece and a ten-dollar Confederate note,—a circumstance which, with other things, made Pritchard believe that Davis crossed the river with the train. He also learned that the river-road was intersected at Wilcox's Mills by a cross-road leading to Irwinville; and as Davis appeared to be in the habit of travelling away from the train, it seemed not improbable that he might be found on a road parallel to the one the train was following. Accordingly, that nothing on his part should be left undone to effect the capture of the fugitive, he selected thirteen of the best-mounted men from each company of his command, and determined with them to follow the road to Irwinville, at which point, if Davis should not be fallen in with on the way, he could communicate again with Harnden. Captain Hathaway, in command of the remainder of the force, was left at Abbeville, with orders to patrol and picket the river.

All things being arranged, we pushed rapidly for Irwinville. This was also a beautiful moonlight night. The dust having been laid by the rain, and the air bracing, the horses stepped out at a free and steady pace, that brought us to our destination about two o'clock, A. M., of the 10th, but neither finding Davis on the road, nor, to our surprise, the Wisconsin regiment in the town. Without any unnecessary disturbance, we halted to gather information,—the men, meanwhile, sliding from their horses, to catch, for the moment, a bit of sleep. In the midst of this quiet a woman began to scream, and an officer near went to

learn the cause. She complained that some of the men, "Burners," had got into her smoke-house and were appropriating her hams. This was speedily rectified, but not her disposition to talk and scream. She said, "There 's a camp of our men out there, two hundred of them, and they will pay you'ns for pestering me!" And she screamed as if she would alarm the camp. About this time, a negro boy belonging to the woman was pulled out of bed, and having "allowed" that he knew of this camp, and had been to it, he was promptly taken to the head of the column to serve as a guide. Pritchard, convinced that he had found Davis's camp, and determined to make sure of his capture, sent Lieutenant Purinton with twenty-five dismounted men to gain the other side of it, in order to prevent escape in that direction when he should charge in from this side; he also moved his command forward about a mile, and then quietly waited for day to break. The realization that we were near to, and probably would seize, the head of the Confederacy, and thus destroy at once the political organization and rallying-point of the thing, made us all tremble with anxiety. To put the finishing stroke to the Rebellion was our high duty, and would be a crowning proof and act of patriotism. At this time we knew nothing of the reward for the apprehension of Davis; we knew only that he was the chief man of our country's enemies, and we were resolved that none should blame us if we failed to capture or kill him.

At daybreak the order was passed in a whisper to make ready to enter the camp. The men were alive to the work. Mounting their horses, the column moved at a walk until the tents came in sight, and then at the word dashed in. The camp was found pitched on both sides of the road. On the left hand, as we entered, were wagons, horses, tents, and men; on the right were two wall-tents, fronting from the road. All was quiet in the camp. We encountered no guards: if there were any out, they must have been

asleep. The order of the force entering the camp should perhaps be given. Captain Hudson commanded the advance guard; Lieutenant Stauber followed, with a detachment of the First Battalion; next, Lieutenant Boutell, with one of the Second Battalion; and Lieutenant Bennett brought up the rear guard. The force in advance of Lieutenant Boutell, immediately on entering the camp, dispersed among the tents on the left of the road. Some of his men rode to the tents on the right of the road, among them private James H. Lynch, of Company C,—it is well, for good reasons, to mention the names of the enlisted men,—who, seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with holsters and travelling-bag, held by a black man in front of one of the tents, at once clapped the muzzle of his Spencer to the head of the "boy," and secured the animal. This was Davis's well-trained and fleetest saddle-horse, which Lynch, who was in Richmond when the war broke out, and came and joined us at Murfreesborough after the Battle of Stone River, claims to have recognized.

Scarcely had this horse been secured, when firing was heard down the road, in the direction of Purinton. Pritchard instantly gave the order to advance, and Lieutenant Boutell, who had continued on horseback in the road, holding his men mainly in hand for any emergency that might arise, promptly obeyed, and, crossing a slough of mud and water, swept towards the firing, and was greeted with a volley that killed two of his men and severely wounded himself in the left arm. He had been previously wounded in the right arm in the Atlanta campaign. He, however, quickly formed his men for fight, uniting them with those under Purinton, and for a few minutes a decidedly earnest conflict was waged, when a man by the name of Wright, Sergeant of Company A, discovering that our opponents wore the blue uniform, and divining that they must be the Wisconsin regiment, ran, swinging his hat, over to them, and stopped the firing,—an act of cool bravery, that saved, with-

out doubt, many lives. The fight originated from the party of Lieutenant Purinton coming in contact with the advance of the Wisconsin force, which was in motion towards the Davis camp. It was in charge of a Sergeant, who was halted by Purinton, and answered, "Friends." — "Advance," returned Purinton. — But the Sergeant, believing that he had met an enemy, wheeled his men and fled, but soon returned with the rest of Harnden's force. As he wheeled, Purinton's men fired. The Lieutenant, when he halted the Sergeant, stood out in the road; but the distance between the parties and the darkness prevented a recognition. And here let it be observed, in answer to any who may complain of Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard's action in this matter, that, while he could not foresee all the contingencies that might arise, he certainly took all reasonable precaution to avoid any accidental conflict between the two commands, both for safety and the success of the enterprise. His orders to Lieutenant Purinton were, to be certain of the character of any party he might meet before firing, — telling him, what was generally understood throughout the command, that Lieutenant-Colonel Harnden was probably on that road, — which orders the Lieutenant did his best to carry out.

But however Pritchard's arrangements may be cavilled at, they certainly secured the capture of Davis. For the Wisconsin force, coming in the direction it did, could hardly have crossed the body of mud and water that lay between it and Davis without alarming him, and affording him time to mount his horse, kept, as we found, ready saddled and bridled for flight, and to escape into the woods surrounding the camp. But by Pritchard's movement, Davis was not alarmed in season; and when he discovered his horse out of his power, he sought to escape by stratagem. That he had relied upon his horse for safety is evident from the fact that his arms and money (gold) were on the saddle.

Andrew Bee, a private of Company L,

went to the entrance of Davis's tent, and was met by Mrs. Davis, "bareheaded and barefoot," as he describes her, who, putting her hand on his arm, said, —

"Please, don't go in there, till my daughter gets herself dressed!"

Andrew thereupon drew back, and in a few minutes a young lady (Miss Howell) and another person, bent over as with age, wearing a lady's "water-proof," gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over the head, and carrying a tin pail, appear and ask to go to "the run" for water. Mrs. Davis also appears and says, —

"For God's sake, let my old mother go to get some water!"

No objections being made, they passed out. But sharp eyes were upon the singular-looking "old mother." Suddenly, Corporal Munyer, of Company C, and others at the same instant, discovered that the "old mother" was wearing very heavy boots for an aged female, and the Corporal exclaimed, —

"That is not a woman! Don't you see the boots?" — and, spurring his horse forward and cocking his carbine, compelled the withdrawal of the shawl, and disclosed Jeff Davis.

As if stung by this discovery of his unmanliness, Jeff struck an attitude, and cried out, —

"Is there a man among you? If there is, let me see him!"

"Yes," said the Corporal, "I am one; and if you stir, I will blow your brains out!"

"I know my fate," said Davis, "and might as well die here."

But his wife threw her arms around his neck, and kept herself between him and the threatening Corporal.

No harm, however, was done him, and he was generally kindly spoken to: he was only stripped of his female attire.

As a man, he was dressed in a complete suit of gray, a light felt hat, and high cavalry boots, with a gray beard of about six weeks' growth covering his face.

He said he thought that our Government was too magnanimous to hunt women and children that way.

When Colonel Pritchard told him that he would do the best he could for his comfort, he answered, —

"I ask no favors of you."

To which surly reply the Colonel courteously responded by assuring him of kind treatment.

Arrangements were forthwith made to return to Macon. The dead and wounded were gathered up with far different feelings from those with which we were wont to perform such sad duties, as the conviction that we had been fighting our brothers struck a chill into the hearts alike of officers and men. The dead were borne to Abbeville, and there tenderly buried; the wounded were carried through with every attention to Macon, full rations being allotted to them from Jeff's wines and other "amenities" captured.

The prisoners having finished the breakfast which their servants were allowed to prepare for them, we, joyful at our success, though saddened by the price so cruelly exacted, took up the line of march for Macon. Lieutenant-Colonel Harnden and his tired 'boys,' sharing in the general feeling, led the way.

Mrs. Davis was very watchful lest some disrespect should be shown her husband. She assumed the responsibility of the disguise, saying she put the clothing on the "President." She complained that the guard kept their guns cocked; but when it was explained to her that the Spencer carbine was for safety carried at half-cock, she seemed content. In personal appearance she is nearly the opposite of her husband, who is a man wearing an ill expression of countenance, slim, spare, and under six feet, while she is quite fair and of good size. On the road both Mr. and Mrs. Davis were at times seen in tears. She read the Bible to him, and he regularly asked a blessing over their meals. We "Vandals," as he so often proclaimed us to be, did not disturb him. There were men among his captors who had been prisoners at Andersonville, but they spoke of him without malice; they only asked for justice, as they re-

called their fearful experience. Davis recognized and claimed the horse Private Lynch had seized, and when he pleased, was permitted to ride him.

The members of Davis's staff submitted with better grace than he to the capture and march, and were generally quite communicative; but when speaking to Jeff, they removed their hats, and addressed him as "President Davis." The most interesting individual of the captured party was James H. Brooks, a little mulatto boy, about the size of Davis's son, who was his playmate. The little fellow readily affiliated with the Yankees, and became quite a pet.

About dusk of this day, the 10th of May, we reached Abbeville, where Captain Hathaway's detachment joined us.

The news of Davis's capture spread like wildfire. The country people came in great crowds to see him; — he did not show himself, however, usually avoiding the sight of those who flocked to him. We did not understand that the people had come to sympathize with him, or to do him honor, but only that they were simply seeking to gratify their curiosity. To us they expressed exultation at his capture and the prospect of peace.

The day we reached Hawkinsville we met a reinforcement coming out from Macon to join us. The brigade band accompanied it, and was drawn up beside the road to play "Yankee Doodle" as we passed; but so eager were the performers to see Davis, that they forgot their music, and the tune came to a laughable break-down. Immediately after, they struck up "Old John Brown," the boys putting in the words,

"And we'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple-tree,"

with gusto, — which so affected him that he pulled down the curtain of his ambulance. This force also brought out President Johnson's proclamation of a reward for the capture we had already made. Reagan was the first of the prisoners to read it, and he then handed it to Davis. After this the party seemed to be more cast down.

It should be mentioned, that, in ad-

dition to the detachments under Lieutenant-Colonels Harnden and Pritchard, there was a force sent out under Colonel Howland to patrol the left bank of the Flint River, so as to make certain of Davis's capture, if he should elude the forces on the banks of the Ocmulgee. It will be observed that he was captured in the country between the two rivers, not far from the Ocmulgee.

Without any mishap, from the time

of the capture to the end of the journey, save the breaking down of the ambulance, the loss of which was supplied by the pressing of a carriage for Davis's convenience, we arrived at Macon on the evening of the 13th, in triumph; and the bugle thereupon sounding the "Recall," the great drill of "Running at the Heads" ended, and the troopers were dispersed to their quarters.

THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

IX.

LITTLE FOXES. — PART VII.

AT length I am arrived at my seventh fox,—the last of the domestic quadrupeds against which I have vowed a crusade,—and here opens the chase of him. I call him

EXACTINGNESS.

And having done this, I drop the metaphor, for fear of chasing it beyond the rules of graceful rhetoric, and shall proceed to define the trait.

All the other domestic faults of which I have treated have relation to the manner in which the ends of life are pursued; but this one is an underlying, false, and diseased state of conception as to the very ends and purposes of life itself.

If a piano is tuned to exact concert pitch, the majority of voices must fall below it; for which reason, most people indulgently allow their pianos to be tuned a little below this point, in accommodation to the average power of the human voice. Persons of only ordinary powers of voice would be considered absolute monomaniacs, who should insist on having their pianos tuned to accord with any abstract notion of pro-

priety or perfection,—rendering themselves wretched by persistently singing all their pieces miserably out of tune in consequence.

Yet there are persons who keep the requirements of life strained up always at concert pitch, and are thus worn out and made miserable all their days by the grating of a perpetual discord.

There is a faculty of the human mind to which phrenologists have given the name of *Ideality*, which is at the foundation of this exactingness. Ideality is the faculty by which we conceive of and long for perfection; and at a glance it will be seen, that, so far from being an evil ingredient of human nature, it is the one element of progress that distinguishes man's nature from that of the brute. While animals go on from generation to generation, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, practising their small circle of the arts of life no better and no worse from year to year, man is driven by ideality to constant invention and alteration, whence come arts, sciences, and the whole progress of society. Ideality induces discontent with present attainments, possessions, and performances, and hence come bet-

ter and better ones. So in morals, ideality constantly incites to higher and nobler modes of living and thinking, and is the faculty to which the most effective teachings of the great Master of Christianity are addressed. To be dissatisfied with present attainments, with earthly things and scenes, to aspire and press on to something forever fair, yet forever receding before our steps, — this is the teaching of Christianity, and the work of the Christian.

But every faculty has its own instinctive, wild growth, which, like the spontaneous produce of the earth, is crude and weedy.

Revenge, says Lord Bacon, is a sort of wild justice, obstinacy is untutored firmness, — and so exactingness is untrained ideality; and a vast deal of misery, social and domestic, comes, not of the faculty, but of its untrained exercise.

The faculty which is ever conceiving and desiring something better and more perfect must be modified in its action by good sense, patience, and conscience, or it induces a morbid, discontented spirit, which courses through the veins of individual and family life like a subtle poison.

In a certain neighborhood are two families whose social and domestic *animus* illustrates the difference between ideality and the want of it.

The Daytons are a large, easy-natured, joyous race, hospitable, kindly, and friendly.

Nothing about their establishment is much above mediocrity. The grounds are tolerably kept, the table is tolerably fair, the servants moderately good, and the family character and attainments of the same average level.

Mrs. Dayton is a decent housekeeper, and so her bread be not sour, her butter not frowy, the food abundant, and the table-cloth and dishes clean, she troubles her head little with the niceties and refinements of the *ménage*.

She accepts her children as they come from the hand of Nature, simply opening her eyes to discern what they

are, never raising the query what she would have had them, — forming no very high expectations concerning them, and well content with whatever developments.

A visitor in the family can easily see a thousand defects in the conduct of affairs, in the management of the children, and in this, that, and the other portion of the household arrangements; but he can see and feel, also, a perfect comfortableness in the domestic atmosphere that almost atones for any defects. He can see that in a thousand respects things might be better done, if the family were not perfectly content to have them as they are, and that each individual member might make higher attainments in various directions, were there not such entire satisfaction with what is already attained.

Trying each other by very moderate standards and measurements, there is great mutual complacency. The oldest boy does not get an appointment in college, — they never expected he would; but he was a respectable scholar, and they receive him with acclamations such as another family would bestow on a valedictorian. The daughters do not profess, as we are told, to draw like artists, but some very moderate performances in the line of the fine arts are dwelt on with much innocent pleasure. They thrum a few tunes on the piano, and the whole family listen and approve. All unite in singing in a somewhat discordant and uncultured manner a few psalm-tunes or songs, and take more comfort in them than many amateurs do in their well-drilled performances.

So goes the world with the Daytons; and when you visit them, if you often feel that you could ask more and suggest much improvement, yet you cannot help enjoying the quiet satisfaction which breathes around you.

Now right across the way from the Daytons live the Mores; and the Mores are the very opposites of the Daytons.

Everything about their establishment is brought to the highest point of culture. The carriage-drive never shows

a weed, the lawn is velvet, the flower-beds ever-blooming, the fruit-trees and vines grow exactly like the patterns in the best pomological treatises. Within doors the housekeeping is faultless,—all seems to be moving in time and tune,—the table is more than good, it is superlative,—every article is in its way a model,—the children appear to you to be growing up after the most patent-right method, duly trained, snipped, and cultured, like the pear-trees and grape-vines. Nothing is left to accident, or done without much laborious consideration of the best manner of doing it; and the consequences, in the eyes of their simple, unsophisticated neighbors, are very wonderful.

Nevertheless this is not a happy family. All their perfections do not begin to afford them one tithe of the satisfaction that the Daytons derive from their ragged and scrambling performances.

The two daughters, Jane and Maria, had naturally very sweet voices, and when they were little, trilled tunes in a very pleasant and bird-like manner. But now, having been instructed by the best masters, and heard the very first artists, they never sing or play; the piano is shut, and their voices are dumb. If you request a song, they tell you that they never sing now; papa has such an exquisite taste, he takes no interest in any common music; in short, having heard Jenny Lind, Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and others of the tuneful shell, this family have concluded to abide in silence. As to any music that *they* could make, it is n't to be thought of.

For the same reason, the daughters, after attending a quarter or two on the drawing-exercises of a celebrated teacher, threw up their pencils in disgust, and tore up very pretty and agreeable sketches which were the marvel of their good-natured admiring neighbors. If they could draw like Signor Scratchalini, if they could hope to become perfect artists, they tell you, they would have persevered; but they have taken lessons enough to learn that drawing is the labor of a life-time, and, not having

a life-time to give to it, they resolve to do nothing at all.

They have also, for a similar reason, given up letter-writing. If their chirography were as elegant as Charlotte Cushman's,—if they were perfect mistresses of polite English,—if they were gifted with wit, humor, and fancy, like the first masters of style,—they would take pleasure in epistolary composition, and be good correspondents; but anything short of that is so intolerable, that, except in cases of life and death or urgent business, you cannot get a line out of them. Yet they write very fair, agreeable, womanly letters, and would write much better ones, if they allowed themselves a little more practice.

Mrs. More is devoured by care. She sits with a clouded brow in her elegant, well-regulated house; and when you talk with her, you are surprised to learn that everything in it is in the most dreadful disorder from one end to the other. You ask for particulars, and find that the disorder has relation to exquisite standards of the ways of doing things, derived from observation of life in the most subdivided state of European service,—to all of which she has not as yet been able to raise her domesticities. You compliment her on her cook, and she responds, in plaintive accents, "She can do a few things decently, but she is nothing of a cook." You refer with enthusiasm to her bread, her coffee, her muffins and hot rolls, and she listens and sighs. "Yes," she admits, "these are eatable,—not bad; but you should have seen the rolls at a certain *caf  * in Paris, and the bread at a certain nobleman's in England, where they had a bakery in the castle, and a French baker, who did nothing all the while but to refine and perfect the idea of bread. When she thinks of these things, everything in comparison is so coarse and rough!—but then she has learned to be comfortable." Thus, in every department of house-keeping, to this too well-instructed person,

"Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

Not a thing in her wide and apparently

beautifully kept establishment is ever done well enough to elicit from her more than a sigh of toleration. "I suppose it must do," she faintly breathes, when poor human nature, having tried and tried again, evidently has got to the boundaries of its capabilities; "you may let it go, Jane; I never expect to be suited."

The poor woman, in the midst of possessions and attainments which excite the envy of her neighbors, is utterly restless and wretched, and feels herself always baffled and unsuccessful. Her exacting nature makes her dissatisfied with herself in everything that she undertakes, and equally dissatisfied with others. In the whole family there is little of that pleasure which comes from the consciousness of mutual admiration and esteem, because each one is pitched to so exquisite a tone that each is afraid to touch another for fear of making discord. They are afraid of each other everywhere. They cannot sing to each other, play to each other, write to each other; they cannot even converse together with any freedom, because each knows that the others are so dismally well informed and critically instructed.

Though all agree in a secret contempt for their neighbors over the way, as living in a most heathenish state of ignorant contentment, yet it is a fact that the elegant brother John will often, on the sly, slip into the Daytons' to spend an evening, and join them in singing glees and catches to their old rattling piano, and have a jolly time of it, which he remembers in contrast with the dull, silent hours at home. Kate Dayton has an uncultivated voice, which often falls from pitch; but she has a perfectly infectious gayety of good-nature, and when she is once at the piano, and all join in some merry troll, he begins to think that there may be something better even than good singing; and then they have dances and charades and games, all in such contented, jolly, impromptu ignorance of the unities of time, place, and circumstance, that he sometimes doubts, where ignorance is

such bliss, whether it is n't in truth folly to be wise.

Jane and Maria laugh at John for his partiality to the Daytons, and yet they themselves feel the same attraction. At the Daytons' they somehow find themselves heroines; their drawings are so admired, their singing is so charming to these uncultured ears, that they are often beguiled into giving pleasure with their own despised acquirements; and Jane, somehow, is very tolerant of the devoted attention of Will Dayton, a joyous, honest-hearted fellow, whom, in her heart of hearts, she likes none the worse for being unexact and simple enough to think her a wonder of taste and accomplishments. Will, of course, is the farthest possible from the Admirable Crichtons and exquisite Sir Philip Sidneys whom Mrs. More and the young ladies talk up at their leisure, and adorn with feathers from every royal and celestial bird, when they are discussing theoretic possible husbands. He is not in any way distinguished, except for a kind heart, strong native good sense, and a manly energy that has carried him straight into the very heart of many a citadel of life, before which the superior and more refined Mr. John had set himself down to deliberate upon the best and most elegant way of taking it. Will's plain, homely intelligence has often in five minutes disentangled some ethereal snarl in which these exquisite Mores had spun themselves up, and brought them to his own way of thinking by that sort of disenchanting process which honest, practical sense sometimes exerts over ideality.

The fact is, however, that in each of these families there is a natural defect which requires something from the other for completeness. Taking happiness as the standard, the Daytons have it as against the Mores. Taking attainment as the standard, the Mores have it as against the Daytons. A portion of the discontented ideality of the Mores would stimulate the Daytons to refine and perfect many things which might easily be made better, did they care enough to have them so; and a portion of the Day-

tons' self-satisfied contentment would make the attainments and refinements of the Mores of some practical use in advancing their own happiness.

But between these two classes of natures lies another, to which has been given an equal share of ideality, — in which the conception and the desire of excellence are equally strong, but in which a discriminating common-sense acts like a balance-wheel in machinery. What is the reason that the most exacting idealists never make themselves unhappy about not being able to fly like a bird or swim like a fish? Because common-sense teaches them that these accomplishments are so utterly out of the question that they never arise to the mind as objects of desire. In these well-balanced minds we speak of, common-sense runs an instinctive line all through life between the attainable and the unattainable, and sets the key of desire accordingly.

Common-sense teaches that there is no one branch of human art or science in which perfection is not a point forever receding. A botanist gravely assures us, that to become perfect in the knowledge of one branch of sea-weeds would take all the time and strength of a man for a life-time. There is no limit to music, to the fine arts. There is never a time when the gardener can rest, saying that his garden is perfect. House-keeping, cooking, sewing, knitting, may all, for aught we know, be pushed on forever, without exhausting the capabilities for better doing.

But while attainment in everything is endless, circumstances forbid the greater part of human beings from attaining in any direction the half of what they see would be desirable; and the difference between the miserable idealist and the contented realist often is not that both do not see what needs to be done for perfection, but that, seeing it, one is satisfied with the attainable, and the other forever frets and wears himself out on the unattainable.

The principal of a large and complicated public institution was complimented on maintaining such uniformity of

cheerfulness amid such a diversity of cares. "I've made up my mind to be satisfied, when things are done *half* as well as I would have them," was his answer; and the same philosophy would apply with cheering results to the domestic sphere.

There is a saying which one often hears among common people, that such and such a one are persons who never could be happy, unless everything went "*just so*," — that is, in accordance with their highest conceptions.

When these persons are women, and undertake the sway of a home empire, they are sure to be miserable, and to make others so; for home is a place where by no kind of magic possible to woman can everything be always made to go "*just so*."

We may read treatises on education, — and very excellent ones there are. We may read very nice stories illustrating home management, in which book-children and book-servants all work into the author's plan with obliging unanimity; but every real child and real servant is an uncompromising fact, whose working into our ideal of life cannot be predicted with any degree of certainty. A husband is another absolute fact, of whose conformity to any ideal conceptions no positive account can be given. So, when a person has the most charming theories of education, the most complete ideals of life, it is often his lot to sit bound hand and foot and see them all trampled under the heel of opposing circumstances.

Nothing is easier than to make an ideal garden. We lay out our grounds, dig, plant, transplant, manure. We read catalogues of roses till we are bewildered with their lustrous glories. We set out plum, pear, and peach, we luxuriate in advance on bushels of choicest grapes, and our theoretic garden is Paradise Regained. But in the actual garden there are cut-worms for every cabbage, squash-bugs for all the melons, slugs and rose-bugs for the roses, curculios for the plums, fire-blight for pears, yellows for peaches, mildew for grapes, and late and early frosts, droughts,

winds, and hail-storms here and there for all.

The garden and the family are fair pictures of each other. Both are capable of the most ravishing representations on paper; and the rules and directions for creating beauty and perfection in both can be made so apparently plain that he who runneth may read, and it would seem that a fool need not err therein; and yet the actual results are always halting miles away behind expectation and desire.

It would be an incalculable gain to domestic happiness, if people would begin the concert of life with their instruments tuned to a very low pitch: they who receive the most happiness are generally they who demand and expect the least.

Ideality often becomes an insidious mental and moral disease, acting all the more subtly from its alliances with what is highest and noblest within us. Shall we not aspire to be perfect? Shall we be content with low measures and low standards in anything? To these inquiries there seems of course to be but one answer; yet the individual driven forward in blind, unreasoning aspiration becomes wearied, bewildered, discontented, restless, fretful, and miserable.

An unhappy person can never make others happy. The creators and governors of a home, who are themselves restless and inharmonious, cannot make harmony and peace. This is the secret reason why many a pure, good, conscientious person is only a source of uneasiness in family life. They are exacting, discontented, unhappy; and spread the discontent and unhappiness about them. They are, to begin with, on poor terms with themselves; they do not like themselves; they do not like their own appearance, manners, education, accomplishments; on all these points they try themselves by ideal standards, and find themselves wanting. In morals, in religion, too, the same introverted scrutiny detects only errors and evils, till all life seems to them a miserable, hopeless failure, and they wish they had never been born. They are angry and dis-

gusted with themselves; there is no self-toleration or self-endurance. And persons in a chronic quarrel with themselves are very apt to quarrel with others. That exacting nature which has no patience with one's own inevitable frailties and errors has none for those of others; and thus the great motive by which Christianity enforces tolerance of the faults of others loses its hold. There are people who make no allowances either for themselves or anybody else, but are equally angry and disgusted with both.

Now it is important that those finely strung natures in which ideality largely predominates should begin life by a religious care and restraint of this faculty. As the case often stands, however, religion only intensifies the difficulty, by adding stringency to exaction and censoriousness, driving the subject up with an unremitting strain till the very cords of reason sometimes snap. Yet, properly understood and used, religion is the only cure for the evil of diseased ideality. The Christian religion is the only one that ever proposed to give to all human beings, however various the range of their nature and desires, the great underlying gift of *rest*. Its Author, with a strength of assurance which only supreme Divinity can justify, promises *rest* to all persons, under all circumstances, with all sorts of natures, all sorts of wants, and all sorts of defects. The invitation is as wide as the human race: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you *REST*."

Now this is the more remarkable, as this gracious promise is accompanied by the presentation of a standard of perfection which is more ideal and exacting than any other that has ever been placed before mankind, — which, in so many words, sets up absolute perfection as the only true goal of aspiration.

The problem which Jesus proposes to human nature is endless aspiration steadied by endless peace, — a perfectly restful, yet unceasing effort after a good which is never to be attained till we at-

tain a higher and more perfect form of existence. It is because this problem is insolvable by any human wisdom, that He says that they who take His yoke upon them must learn of Him, for He alone can make the perfect yoke easy and its burden light.

The first lesson in this benignant school must lie like a strong, broad foundation under every structure on which we wish to rear a happy life, — and that is, that the full gratification of the faculty of ideality is never to be expected in this present stage of existence, but is to be transferred to a future life. Ideality, with its incessant, restless longings and yearnings, is snubbed and turned out of doors by human philosophy, when philosophy becomes middle-aged and sulky with repeated disappointments, — it is berated as a cheat and a liar, — told to hold its tongue and take itself elsewhere; but Christianity bids it be of good cheer, still to aspire and hope and prophesy, and points to a future where all its dreams shall be outdone by reality.

A full faith in such a perfect future — a perfect faith that God has planted in man no desire which he cannot train to complete enjoyment in that future — gives the mind rest and contentment to postpone for a while gratifications that will certainly come at last.

Such a faith is better even than that native philosophical good sense which restrains the ideal calculations and hopes of some; for it has a wider scope and a deeper power.

We have seen in our time a woman gifted with all those faculties which rejoice in the refinements of society, dispensing the elegant hospitalities of a bountiful home, joyful and giving joy. A sudden reverse has swept all this away, the wealth on which it was based has melted like a fog-bank in a warm morning, and we have seen her with her little family beginning life again in the log cabin of a Western settlement. We have seen her sitting in the door of the one room that took the place of parlor, bed-room, nursery, and cheerfully making her children's morn-

ing toilette by the help of the one tin wash-bowl that takes the place of her well-arranged bathing- and dressing-rooms; and yet, as she twined their curls over her fingers, she had a laugh and a jest and cheerful word for all. The few morning-glories that she was training over her rude porch seemed as much a source of delight to her as her former green-house and garden; and the adjustment of the one or two shelves whereon were the half-dozen books left of the library, her husband's private papers, and her own and her children's wardrobe, was entered into daily with a zealous interest as if she had never known a wider sphere.

Such facility of accommodation to life's reverses is sometimes supposed to be merely the result of a hopeful and cheerful temperament; in this case it was purely the work of religion. In early life, this same woman had been the discontented slave of ideality, had sighed with vain longings in the midst of real and substantial comfort, had felt even the creasing of the rose-leaves of her pillow an intolerable annoyance. Now she has resigned herself to the work and toil of life as the soldier does to the duties of the camp, satisfied to do and to bear, enjoying with a free heart the small daily pleasures which spring up like wild-flowers amid daily toils and annoyances, and looking to the end of the campaign for rest and congenial scenes.

This woman has within her the powers and gifts of an artist; but her pencils and her colors are resolutely laid away, and she sits hour after hour darning her children's stockings and turning and arranging a scanty wardrobe which no ingenuity can make more than decent. She was a beautiful musician; but a musical instrument is now a thing of the past; she only lulls her baby to sleep with snatches of the songs which used to form the attraction of brilliant salons. She feels that a world of tastes and talents are lying dormant in her while she is doing the daily work of a nurse, cook, and seamstress; but she remembers WHO took upon Him the form of a servant before her, and she.

has full faith that her beautiful gifts, like bulbs sleeping under ground, shall come up and blossom again in that fair future which He has promised. Therefore it is that she has no sighs for the present or the past, — no quarrel with her life, or her lot in it; she is in harmony with herself and with all around her; her husband looks upon her as a fair daily miracle, and her children rise up and call her blessed.

But, having laid the broad foundation of faith in a better life, as the basis on which to ground our present happiness, we who are of the ideal nature must proceed to build thereon wisely.

In the first place, we must cultivate the duty of *self-patience* and self-tolerance. Of all the religionists and moralists who ever taught, Fénelon is the only one who has distinctly formulated the duty which a self-educator owes to himself. HAVE PATIENCE WITH YOURSELF is a direction often occurring in his writings, and a most important one it is, — because patience with ourselves is essential, if we would have patience with others. Let us look through the world. Who are the people easiest to be pleased, most sunny, most urbane, most tolerant? Are they not persons from constitution and temperament on good terms with themselves, — people who do not ask much of themselves or try themselves severely, and who therefore are in a good humor for looking upon others? But how is a person who is conscious of a hundred daily faults and errors to have patience with himself? The question may be answered by asking, What would you say to a child who fretted, scolded, dashed down his slate, and threw his book on the floor, because he made mistakes in his arithmetic? You would say, of course, "You are but a learner; it is not to be expected that you will not make mistakes; all children do. Have patience." Just as you would talk to that child, talk to yourself. Be reconciled to a lot of inevitable imperfection; be content to try continually, and often to fail. It is the inevitable condition of human existence, and is to be accepted as such. A

patient acceptance of mortifications and of defeats of our life's labor is often more efficacious for our moral advancement than even our victories.

In the next place, we must school ourselves not to look with restless desire to degrees of excellence in any department of life which circumstances evidently forbid our attaining. For a woman with plenty of money and plenty of well-trained servants to be content to have fly-specked windows, or littered rooms, or a slovenly-ordered table, is a sin. But in a woman in feeble health, incumbered with a flock of restless little ones, and whose circumstances allow her to keep but one servant, it may be a piece of moral heroism to shut her eyes on many such things, while securing mere essentials to life and health. It may be a virtue in her not to push neatness to such lengths as to wear herself out, or to break down her only servant, and to be resigned to have her tastes and preferences for order, cleanliness, and beauty crossed, as she would resign herself to any other affliction. No purgatory can be more severe to people of a thorough and exact nature than to be so situated that they can only half do everything they undertake; yet such is the fiery trial to which many a one is subjected. Life seems to drive them along without giving them time for anything; everything is ragged, hasty performance, of which the mind most keenly sees and feels the raggedness and hastiness. Even one thing done as it really ought to be done would be a rest and refreshment to the soul; but nowhere, in any department of its undertakings, is there any such thing to be perceived.

But there are cases where a great deal of wear and tear can be saved to the nerves by a considerate making up of one's mind as to how much in certain circumstances had better be undertaken at all. Let the circumstances of life be surveyed, the objects we are pursuing arranged and counted, and see if there are not things here and there that may be thrown out of our plans entirely, that others may be better done.

What if the whole care of expensive table luxuries, like cake and preserves, be thrown out of a housekeeper's budget, in order that the essential articles of cookery may be better prepared? What if ruffling, embroidery, and the entire department of kindred fine arts, be thrown out of her calculations, in providing for the clothing of a family? Many a feeble woman has died of too much ruffling, as she patiently sat up night after night sewing the thread of a precious, invaluable life into elaborate articles which her children were none the healthier or more virtuous for wearing.

Ideality is constantly ramifying and extending the department of the toilette and the needle into a world of work and worry, wherein distracted women wander up and down, seeing no end anywhere. The sewing-machine was announced as a relief to these toils; but has it proved so? We trow not. It only amounts to this,—that now there can be seventy-two tucks on each little petticoat, instead of fifteen, as before, and that twice as many garments are made up and held to be necessary as formerly. The women still sew to the limit of human endurance; and still the old proverb holds good, that woman's work is never done.

In the matter of dress, much wear and tear of spirit and nerves may be saved by not beginning to go in certain directions, well knowing that they will take us beyond our resources of time, strength, and money.

There is one word of fear in the vocabulary of the women of our time which must be pondered advisedly, — TRIMMING. In old times a good garment was enough; nowadays a garment is nothing without trimming. Everything, from the first article that the baby wears up to the elaborate dress of the bride, must be trimmed at a rate that makes the trimming more than the original article. A dress can be made in a day, but it cannot be trimmed under two or three days. Let a faithful, conscientious woman make up her mind how much of all this burden of life she will

assume, remembering wisely that there is no end to ideality in anything, and that the only way to deal with many perplexing parts of life is to leave them out altogether.

Mrs. Kirkland, in her very amusing account of her log-cabin experiences, tells us of the great disquiet and inconvenience she had in attempting to arrange in her lowly abode a most convenient clothes-press, which was manifestly too large for the establishment. Having labored with the cumbersome convenience for a great length of time, and with much discomfort, she at last resigned the ordering of it to a brawny-armed damsel of the forest, who began by pitching it out of doors, with the comprehensive remark, that, "where there was n't room for a thing, there was n't."

The wisdom which inspired the remark of this rustic maiden might have saved the lives of many matrons who have worn themselves out in vain attempts to make comforts and conveniences out of things which they had better have thrown out of doors altogether.

True, it requires some judgment to know what, among objects commonly pursued in any department, we really ought to reject; and it requires independence and steadiness to say, "I will not begin to try to do certain things that others are doing, and that, perhaps, they expect of me"; but there comes great leisure and quietness of spirit from the gaps thus made. When the unwieldy clothes-press was once cast out, everything in the log cabin could have room.

A mother, who is anxiously trying to reconcile the watchful care and training of her little ones with the maintenance of fashionable calls and parties, may lose her life in the effort to do both, and do both in so imperfect a manner as never to give her a moment's peace. But on the morrow after she comes to the serious and Christian resolve, "The training of my children is all that I *can* do well, and henceforth it shall be my *sole* object," there falls into her tumultuous life a Sabbath pause of peace and leis-

ure. It is true that she is still doing a work in which absolute perfection ever recedes; but she can make relative attainments far nearer the standard than before.

Lastly, under the head of ideality let us resolve to be satisfied with our own past doings, when at the time of doing we used all the light God gave us and did all in our power.

The backward action of ideality is often full as tormenting as its forward and prospective movements. The moment a thing is done and over, one would think that good sense would lead us to drop it like a stone in the ocean; but the morbid idealist cannot cut loose from the past.

"Was that, after all, the *best* thing? Would it not have been better so or so?" And the self-tormented individual lies wakeful, during weary night-hours, revolving a thousand possibilities, and conjuring up a thousand vague perhappes. "If I had only done so now, perhaps this result would have followed, or that would not"; and as there is never any saying but that so it might have turned out, the labyrinth and the discontent are alike endless.

Now there is grand good sense in the Apostle's direction, "Forgetting the things that are behind, press forward." The idealist should charge himself, as with an oath of God, to let the past alone as an accomplished fact, solely concerning himself with the inquiry,

"Did I not do the best I *then* knew how?"

The maxim of the Quietists is, that, when we have acted according to the best light we have, we have expressed the will of God under those circumstances,—since, had it been otherwise, more and different light would have been given us; and with the will of God done by ourselves as by Himself, it is our duty to be content.

Having written thus far in my article, and finding nothing more at hand to add to it, I went into the parlor to read it to Jennie and Mrs. Crowfield. I found the former engaged in the task of binding sixty yards of quilling, (so I think she called it,) which were absolutely necessary for perfecting a dress; and the latter was braiding one of seven little petticoats, stamped with elaborate patterns, which she had taken from Marianne, because that virtuous matron was ruining her eyes and health in a blind push to get them done before October.

Both approved and admired my piece, and I thought of Saint Anthony's preaching to the fishes:—

The sermon once ended,
The good man descended,
And the pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling,
The crabs were backsliders,
The stockfish thick-siders:
Much delighted were they,
But went on their own way."

A VISIT TO THE EDGEWORTHS.

JOURNEYING in Ireland, with my husband and a young friend, some thirty years ago, on arriving in Dublin, having a letter of introduction to Miss Edgeworth, we sent it, with a note from myself proposing to spend a day with her, if convenient and agreeable, and shortly received the following very gracious reply:—

"EDGEWORTHSTOWN, September 3, 1836.

"DEAR MADAM,—I hasten to assure you and Professor F—— that we feel highly honored and gratified by your kind intention of paying us a visit. Mrs. Edgeworth desires me to say, that we shall be at home all next week, and we shall be most happy to receive you, and your young friend, Mr. W——, any

day after the 5th which may be most convenient to you. We say after the 5th, because on the 5th my sister, (Harriet,) Mrs. Butler, and her husband, the Rev. Mr. Butler, will come to us, and independently of the pleasure they will have, I am sure, in your society, I own I wish that you should become acquainted with them, especially as we are unlucky at this moment in not having any of my brothers at home. My brother-in-law, Mr. Butler, is, as you will find, a man of literature and learning, besides being all that you will like in other respects, from the truth and rectitude and simplicity of his character.

"I am much obliged to you for the letters you were so good as to enclose to me. Of all our friends in Boston and Cambridge, we shall, I hope, have time to inquire further and to converse.

"There was only one thing in your letter which did not give us pleasure; and we trust that after your arrival, and after you have had some hours to reflect, and a night quietly to sleep upon it, you will repent and recant, and give up your *cruel purpose* of giving us only one day. Mrs. Edgeworth will remonstrate with you, I think, more effectually than I can; and in the mean time I promise to allow you till the morning after your arrival to become sufficiently acquainted with the ways of the house and family, before I turn to you, as I shall (I warn you) at breakfast, for your *ultimatum*.

"I am, dear Madam, (for the present,)

"Your much obliged and grateful

"MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"P. S. It must increase my interest in making your acquaintance, my dear Mrs. F., to know that you are sister to Mr. Benjamin R., whose talents I with great reason admire, and for whose kindness and agreeable letters I have equally great reason to be grateful."

The cordiality and frankness of this letter made us all desirous of visiting the writer. We were much struck with

the manner in which Mrs. Edgeworth was mentioned and made of importance as the lady of the house, when the whole place was the property of Miss Edgeworth, and she was at least thirty years older than her step-mother. Mr. Edgeworth had been dead several years, and his son had become so embarrassed in his affairs as to be obliged to sell his patrimonial estate; and to prevent its passing into the hands of strangers, Miss Edgeworth had bought it, and made her step-mother mistress of the establishment, whilst she lived with her as a daughter. They were on the very best terms, each admiring and loving the other.

Another member of the family was Mrs. Mary Sneyd, a very aged lady of the old school, and sister to Honora Sneyd, who refused the hand of Major André, and became the wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. The unhappy fate of the gallant Major is well known; but few persons now living ever read the monody written on his death by Miss Seward, in which she makes her hero say, —

"Honora lost, I woo a sterner bride;
The armed Bellona calls me to her side."

It was a great pleasure to me to see the sister of two of Mr. Edgeworth's wives, — one belonging to the same period, and dressed in the same style, as the lovely Honora. She did not appear till lunch-time, when we found her seated at the table, in a wheel-chair, on account of her lameness. She reminded me of the pictures of the court beauties of the time of Louis XIV. Her dress was truly elegant and very elaborate. Her white hair had the effect of powder, and the structure on it defies description. A very white throat was set off to advantage by a narrow black velvet ribbon, fastened by a jewel. The finest lace ruffles about her neck and elbows, with a long-waisted silk dress of rich texture and delicate color, produced an effect that was quite bewitching. She was wonderfully well preserved for a lady of over eighty years of age, and it was pleasant to see the great attention paid

to her by all the family. She was rather deaf; so I was seated by her side, and requested to address my conversation to her. When lunch was over, she was wheeled into the library, and occupied herself making a cotton net to put over the wall fruit, to keep it from the birds. It was worth a journey to Edgeworthstown only to see this elegant specimen of old age.

I had heard that Mr. Edgeworth's house was full of his inventions and contrivances, and when shown to our bed-room, we found such an extraordinary lock on the door, that we dared not shut it for fear of not being able to open it again. That room, too, was unlike any other I ever saw. It was very large, with three huge windows, two of them heavily curtained, and the third converted into a small wardrobe, with doors of pink cotton on a wooden frame. It had two very large four-posted bedsteads, with full suits of curtains, and an immense folding-screen that divided the room in two, making each occupant as private as if in a separate room, with a dressing-table and ample washing conveniences on each side. A large grate, filled with turf, and all ready for lighting, with a great basket lined with tin, and also filled with the same fuel, reminded us strongly that we were in Ireland. Large wax candles were on the mantel-piece, and every convenience necessary to our comfort; at the same time the furniture was so very old-fashioned and dilapidated, that no one in this country would think it possible to use it.

We were shown other contrivances of the former owner, such as a door in the entrance hall, (through which the servants were continually passing,) the motion of which wound up a clock, the face being over the sideboard, in the dining-room. Several doors in the house were made double, in a way that I could not see the use of. Two doors were fastened together at the hinge side, making a right angle with each other, so that in opening one door you shut the other, and had to open that before you could enter, and when that

opened, the one behind you shut. Miss Edgeworth said it was for safety in times of danger. She always mentioned her father with great respect, and even reverence, in her manner; but nothing that I saw or heard there raised my opinion of him. I think his never allowing his gifted daughter any retirement, but insisting on her writing all her books in that great library, where he was teaching the children their lessons, and every one occupied in various ways, was a real act of tyranny; but she did not so regard it.

In building his house, Mr. Edgeworth would have no drawing-room, no sitting-room, but the one large library, with numerous windows on one side, some made into alcoves by projecting book-shelves. There were a great many books, some fine engravings, beautiful drawings, and very good oil paintings by Mrs. Edgeworth. It was a very pleasant family-room, fully furnished with tables, sofas, and lounges, a curious clock, and various models. A little old-fashioned work-table, with a small desk on it, was used by Miss Edgeworth for writing all her books.

The fourth wife of Mr. Edgeworth was our hostess, and performed her part charmingly. She must have been very pretty, for, though short, fat, and forty, her appearance was very agreeable. Miss Edgeworth was shorter still, and carried herself very upright, with a dapper figure and quick movements. She was the remains of a blonde, with light eyes and hair; she was now gray, but wore a dark frisette, whilst the gray hair showed through her cap behind. She was so plain that she was never willing to sit for her portrait, and that is the reason why the public has never been made acquainted with her personal appearance.

In conversation we found her delightful. She was full of anecdotes about remarkable people, and often spoke from her personal knowledge of them. Her memory, too, was stored with valuable information, and her manner of narrating was so animated that it was difficult to realize her age. In telling an anecdote

dote of Mirabeau, she stepped out before us, and, extending her arm, spoke a sentence of his in the impassioned manner of a French orator, and did it so admirably that it was quite thrilling.

She told us two speeches of Madame de Staël which are worth remembering. Madame Necker was a harsh mother, and always found a great deal of fault with her daughter; but her husband knew his child's merits, and liked her to have her own way. One day a gentleman entered the room, just as Madame Necker flourished out of it, after reprimanding her daughter, who stood abashed in the middle of the room, with tears on her face. He endeavored to console her by saying that she must not mind her mother's reproofs, as long as her father was satisfied with her, and he told her how much M. Necker admired her. To this the girl replied, "*Mon père pense à mon bonheur présent, ma mère songe à mon avenir.*" I talked with Miss Edgeworth of a work on Progressive Education by Madame Necker de Sausure; she thought it dull and tedious, and said that Madame de Staël had a great admiration of that cousin, and said of her, "*Elle a tous les talens qu'on me suppose, et toutes les vertus qui me manquent.*"

Miss Edgeworth and all her family took the part of the English Government in their treatment of the Irish, and had no sympathy for the wrongs and sufferings of their countrymen. Bigoted Episcopalians, they would grant no rights to the Roman Catholics, and this made them very unpopular in their own neighborhood.

They had been instrumental in establishing a free school for the sons of poor Protestant clergymen in the town which bordered on their grounds, and they took us to see it. It was market-day, so the main street was full of the lower order of Irish, with their horses and carts, asses and panniers, tables and stands full of eatables and articles of clothing. Sometimes the cart or car served as a counter on which to display their goods.

The women in bright-colored cotton gowns and white caps with full double borders, made a very gay appearance. As we all passed through the crowd to the school-house, the enmity of the Papists to Protestant landholders was but too evident.

Though Mrs. Edgeworth had been the Lady Bountiful of the village for many years, there were no bows or smirks for her and her friends, no making way before her, no touching of hats or pleasant looks. A sullen expression and a dogged immovability were on every side of us. Mr. Butler, who had but just arrived in Edgeworthstown, was as much struck with it as we were, and it quite excited him. He remarked upon it as a want of manners in the people, and called them uncivilized; but there was more in it than that. It spoke to us Americans of the long train of oppressive measures under which the Irish had groaned for years; of the Protestant clergy paid by rates levied on the Roman Catholics, and of the tyranny exercised by Protestant landholders. Twenty-nine years have passed since I stood in that Irish crowd, and much has been done to improve their condition; all the political disabilities then complained of by the Papists have been removed, oppressive laws have been done away with, emigration has relieved the land of its surplus population; and were it not for the designs of the Romish Church to wrest the island from the dominion of a Protestant power, that country might now be prosperous and happy.

When we visited Miss Edgeworth, she had published her last work, "Helen," and was writing another to be called "Taking for Granted," but I never heard of its being published. She told me that she meant to show the mischief of taking things for granted, and acting upon them as if they were known facts; and she begged me to send her any instances of the evil consequences of "taking for granted" which fell under my observation.

ON A PAIR OF OLD SHOES.

WHAT a vulgar subject?—By no means, my dear Madam! On the contrary, a most delightful, free and easy, suggestive topic. When the old philosopher enumerated the best old things to burn, drink, etc., he should have specially mentioned old shoes to wear.—John, take away these heavy boots, and bring me my slippers,—my old, loose, easy, comfortable slippers.—There! They are not handsome, I grant you, Madam. But beauty is only skin-deep, you know; and when we talk of tanned skin, I assure you its beauty often conceals unloveliness beneath. They are broad and large;—yes, this foot of mine, which is not particularly handsome in any case, does not look attractive in the old slippers, I acknowledge. Ball would never ask me to sit for a model, nor would Hunt ever wish to paint my pedal proportions, should either see me thus. But—think of the luxury!—My dear Madam, please to put out that elegant little foot of yours,—only the foot,—just as it looks, when you take your afternoon promenade, and all the world admires its beauty. Thank you! What a bewitching little thing it is! How that snug little boot fits it like a glove! Why do you shrink so? I scarcely touched it. Oh, it pinches! I should never dream it; it looks faultless. Is it possible, that, as you sail along with flowing skirts, the very object which the world admires is the source of exquisite pain? When Frank used to greet you with an elaborate bow, could it be that the charming smile you returned was half grimace, as you leaned somewhat carelessly on that narrow sole? I can't tell where it pinches; but were I permitted to see the soft, tender flesh—You would never permit it? And so you go along, gracefully holding up those snowy skirts, and showing to the world the lovely outside, while you inwardly wince and groan over every pebble. Don't you go home, Madam, and hasten to get off that instrument

of torture, and luxuriate in the freedom you obtain thereby? Now Ball and Hunt, when they see those charming little booted beauties, would be enraptured to reproduce them in marble and oils. Yet, after all, are not my old splay-footed slippers much more desirable affairs?—No?—You are willing to endure the pain, because of the looks. Thank your stars, my dear Madam, that you have the choice, and that, when you get into that nice little boudoir, you can exchange the suffering of show for the comfort of privacy. Did Frank ever know how they pinched? Did n't he think, that, when you unlaced them, there came out a tiny, comely foot, as plump and fair as a baby's? Frank never knew—till after the wedding—what a squeezing and pinching and doubling and twisting they had undergone, when they were peeping out under the flounces for his special eye. Do you ever wish that you had worn something which had disgusted Frank at the outset? If so, my dear Madam, I would n't exchange my old splay slippers for those No. Twos of yours.

Ah, we bear many sorts of coverings over the long and weary road of life! I know of a pair of tiny shoes which you have got carefully treasured up in secret. I know how you sometimes take them out and wistfully gaze on the faded, worn, unlovely little things,—worthless to everybody else, but, oh, so dear to you! I see the trembling tear which you do not care to wipe away, as the image of the little darling who wore them comes up in all its by-gone beauty before you. They will never again be borne toddling to your side. The little feet, once encased therein, will never tread the stony walks of men. They long ago rested on their early march, never to be resumed.—Ah, how many of us would be glad to have buckled on no other than the first sandals of infancy! How many have fallen into the crevasses of the icy paths they trod!

How many have trusted to their bold footing, and fallen, when the step seemed surest, down the treacherous steep!

There is Mademoiselle Joliejambe;—would one suppose that the pink slippers, which terminate those silk-shod *mollets*, could be dangerous *chaussures*? My dear Madam, they are worse than the torturing boots of the old Spanish Inquisition. Better for her that she stood in a postilion's jack-boots.—She could never dance in such things?—No! and therefore were they the better; for no Swiss glacier is so slippery as that gas-lighted stage. She is slipping, Madam, into a terrible abyss, while you and I are gazing, delighted, at her entrechats and pirouettes. She is gliding into a crevasse to which Mont Blanc can furnish none so dread.—What do I mean?—Ah, my dear Madam, better, a thousand times, that her young mother had stored away the soft little shoes of her infancy to mourn over, as you do over your treasures, than have lived to see her tie on those satin things, which have borne her into the gaze of men for a brief, brilliant while, and are bearing her on into the flower-brinked snare of ruin!

There is Vanitas over the way;—he once wore just such pigmy affairs. See him walking down the street, treading with a dignified stride, as though he moved a foot above the vulgar pavement. See that poor, tattered wretch approaching. Down goes his coarse heel, crunch, upon the aristocratic toes of our friend; and observe how Vanitas writhes and limps, as the sudden contact with the lower animal has crushed all his pride and dignity out of him. How gladly would he exchange his costly models of modern skill for the sabots of the meanest peasant! Does n't he carry those twinges around with him all day, and moralize—if Vanitas is capable of moralizing—upon the danger of fashionable, private corns being trodden on by low, vulgar cowhide? Now if Vanitas had not cultivated those excrescent sensibilities by assiduous compression, if he had thought more of big brains than little feet, his tattered, cow-

hided friend might have trodden harmlessly on his pedal phalanges. My dear Madam, see to it that Frank groweth not such poor grain. Cowhide is a most useful material, and does much for the world. It treads in the mire, that you and I may walk in cleanliness. It stands in the sodden highway and builds up the dry pathway. It kicks aside the rolling stone, that we may not strike our satined step thereon and fall thereby. Those No. Twos of yours would present but a sorry sight, and the tender charms they cover would be sadly torn and bruised, were it not for the path that it treads out before them. While I sit comfortably in my old slippers, and while you trip gracefully along in those laced beauties, poor, vulgar, soiled cowhide is wearily plodding over the rough, unbroken earth, and knows neither my rest nor your pleasure. I will never look angrily, should I chance to feel its weight. And, Madam, do you look kindly and smilingly—and that costs you nothing, I am sure, *without* you are a Vanitas in petticoats—on its plain and homely worth.

Yes, we progressively advance through many pedal changes. Master Tommy—with more fortunate parents than you, Madam, for he has worn out many a pair of infantine soles (a bushel, I should think, by the frequency with which Mrs. Asmodeus has insisted on the necessity of a new pair, each one more costly)—now sports his first boots. Even as I now write comes the noisy stamp of those pegged soles in the passage-way, to which I have banished the overproud urchin. It sounds like a man, he says. Why, Grant, when he entered Vicksburg,—and I can imagine no more glowing pride than that hero might have felt on that occasion,—never felt so proud as that same Master Tommy does at this moment, tramping up and down outside my door.—Mrs. A., do take off those glories forthwith, or your first-born will fall before his time by the same sin that the angels did in early days; and I know you think him above all the angels of heaven. By-and-by Mercury will drop his flut-

tering pinions, and, when bereft of their buoyant aid, his step will be heavy and slow. Those winged messengers of delight will be leaden weights on his weary way. When youth and hope, which have borne him so lightly over the rugged earth, shall have lost their plumage, he will stumble at every pebble, and welcome the decline of life's hill-side, which assists his tardy steps. — Who is Mercury? — Dear Mrs. A., 't is only a name for our Tommy, not bestowed by the clergyman who officiated at his baptism.

You thought my subject a very vulgar one. Why, Madam, as it opens upon me, I see all the hopes, dreams, fears, cares, and joys of life passing before me. Do you remember those wedding-slippers of yours? They were quite unlike these slipshod things I have perched on the chair before me. When you fitted them on so joyously, and prepared for the journey for which they were put on, — so short, (from your chamber to your parlor,) and yet so long, (from your blooming youth to your wrinkled age,) — did you think they would last the distance through? They were long ago thrown by. You may have them yet. Some people love to garner up and cherish mementos of the dead; and dead enough are the tremulous flutterings they then upbore. Long ago buried were the gay-tinted visions of those first days of the journey. Bring them out now, and let us look at them. — Is it possible that you ever thought those old-fashioned things pretty? Can it be that those dingy, shapeless affairs could have borne you up to the empyrean? My dear Madam, they went with you to the upper circle of joy. Dante must have described just such in some unpublished canto; and Milton has certainly some account of them in "Paradise Lost." Frank thought them the loveliest things he ever beheld, and would kiss them as religiously as ever ardent Catholic did the Papal toe; and now! — Well, put them away. It does n't do to examine too closely the relics of departed joys. They have a sad, old-time, faded,

shrunk look. They belong to the past, when they had a reality and meaning. Now they are strange and quaint, and the young folks laugh at them. What do they know of the sweet faces, the warm hearts, the dear eyes, that they have outlived, but of which they yet serve as tender memorials? Put them away. Perhaps we have ourselves outlived the wild emotions, the throbbing joys, the rosy dreams they served to cherish. Perhaps they darken the gloom that has settled over the days since the time when they had a part in the changing scene. — We are talking about your wedding-shoes, among other things, Madam. Is it worth while to put them back again? — Well, give them to Bridget. They have yet a value to her; and I don't believe Frank will care.

For Heaven's sake, Mrs. A., what is the matter? I will not be disturbed by such outcries, even from your first-born angel. — His boots hurt him? — Come here, little Tommy, and show me the wound that the naughty peg has made. Ah, my dear boy, have you found out so soon that every new delight hides somewhere a new pain? Where is the peg? — There! I have smoothed it away. The parental hand can, as yet, remove from your steps the sharp points which would tear your tender flesh. By-and-by it will be powerless for your protection, and the pegs that prick and tear must be crushed out by your own unaided exertions. See to it, my boy, that you do not drive them in yourself, so firmly, so rootedly, that all your efforts to dull them, to break them, to destroy them, are in vain. Do you think that the cobbler alone puts trenchant points in your sole? Ah, my boy, we oftener plant ourselves the thorns we tread upon! He can readily remove the pain he has carelessly caused; but rasp and file can never dull those self-driven points which rankle in our tortured flesh, each onward step forcing them deeper and deeper in. There are roses in our path, — sweet, blushing roses, — and we stride over them, intoxicated with their beauty and odor;

we crush out their fragrance with our heedless tread; we drink in the exciting aroma that rises around our bewildered senses; and when we have passed on, and awoken from the inebriation, we find that their thorns have pierced through and through, and we limp along on our journey, which permits of no tarrying nor rest. Who has not some peg pricking in his sole? How many times has Crispin rubbed and rasped over it, and yet there it is, as sharp as though it were just driven in! Confound the cursed thing! Bring me another pair; and now I will step off manfully and free. Hang the fellow, what does he mean? Here it is again, in the same place, and sharp as ever. Ah, Crispin's hammer will never flatten it out! Crispin's hand never drove it there. Satin and velvet you may wear, and line with softest down; yet every step you tread will be on that remorseless point; and the lacerated nerves must quiver to the last. — You don't know what I am talking about, Tommy? — Pray God, my darling, that you may ever wonder what your father meant, when you were pricked with the peg in your first boots!

My dear Madam, did you ever see Blondin disport himself on a tight-rope? I once saw him poised over the Niagara rapids; and I wondered how he could stand there, with the boiling abyss below him, as safe as I stood on the Suspension-Bridge. Well, it was chalk, Madam. Before he commenced his perilous journey, he chalked well his pliant sole. I can assure you that many a fall may be saved us in this world, if we look to it that our soles be well chalked. I should not, of course, allude to any sudden slips that you or I may have made on our treacherous road; we have, of course, recovered our equilibrium. But some soles are very apt to give way. They used to scratch them, in my infancy, to insure uprightness in the wearer. But the maternal scissor-points are not always at hand. The basket has long been put religiously by, and the busy fingers that once used it have ceased to be plied for our comfort

and convenience. Still we must cross the dangerous way, and with untried steps. What is Blondin's rope to the narrow, uncertain bridge which ever and anon appears before us in the road of life? What are the yeasty waters of that green river to the deep and dark tide which awaits our fall from the single strand that spans it? The audience of the world is looking on at our passage, and few among them care for our danger or are interested in our success. Yet there are some. Some hearts are beating high; some tearful eyes are strained to watch our progress; some breaths come quickly as we move on; and some fervent prayers are passionately offered up for our safety. We cannot broaden the bridge; it hangs poised by the hand of Destiny from shore to shore; alone and unsupported must we cross, and the shades of night gather around before we reach the friendly foothold beyond. We dare not look back, we cannot turn back; we must go on, and never tarry an instant. Let us chalk our soles well, then, Madam, and show to others more timid, more thoughtless, that the frail pathway may be securely trod. Nay, more, let us hew out the pure, white, friendly rock we know of, and make surer the unworn, unfamiliar, unexperienced soles of our brethren with it, that they may travel on, erect and fearless. Let us throw the old shoe after them, that good luck may attend their way.

Ah, we are multifariously shod for the journey of life! The soft step on the nursery-floor, the joyous bound of the youth's play-ground, the proud step of self-supporting manhood, the careful tread of timid age, — all have their fitting support. Some glide with slipped lightness through the boudoirs of beauty; while others press the spurred boot in furious battle. Some saunter along the flowery walks of rural ease; while others climb, with iron-shod foot, the bold, bare, icy precipice. Some tread, forever, the beaten paths of home; while others print their feet upon the untrodden wilds of distant lands.

What a journey my old slippers have

taken me ; though they have never been
off their perch on the chair before me !
Ah, Madam, let us hope, that, when we
have left them, with all our earthly garb,
behind, and they lie in corners, never
to be worn by us again, we may soar

above the dark, devious ways of mortal
life, may sweep on angel-wings through
the sun-lit ether, roam stainless and
free through the eternal halls of light,
and tread with unclad feet the purple
clouds of heaven !

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION,

JULY 21, 1865.

I.

WEAK-WINGED is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light :
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire :
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

II.

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it good :
No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of things,
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,
And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates :
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all !
Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,

Into War's tumult rude ;
 But rather far that stern device
 The sponsors chose that round, thy cradle stood
 In the dim, unventured wood,
 The-*VERITAS* that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
 Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
 Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
 One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

III.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
 Amid the dust of books to find her,
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
 With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
 Many in sad faith sought for her,
 Many with crossed hands sighed for her ;
 But these, our brothers, fought for her,
 At life's dear peril wrought for her,
 So loved her that they died for her,
 Tasting the raptured fleetness
 Of her divine completeness :
 Their higher instinct knew
 Those love her best who to themselves are true,
 And what they dare to dream of dare to do ;
 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
 But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her ;
 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
 And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
 Into the silent hollow of the past ;
 What is there that abides
 To make the next age better for the last ?
 Is earth too poor to give us
 Something to live for here that shall outlive us, —
 Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon ?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free ;
 The little that we do
 Is but half-nobly true ;
 With our laborious hiving

What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
 Only secure in every one's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
 After our little hour of strut and rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
 Ah, there is something here
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
 Something that gives our feeble light
 A high immunity from Night,
 Something that leaps life's narrow bars
 To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
 A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
 Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,
 And glorify our clay
 With light from fountains elder than the Day;
 A conscience more divine than we,
 A gladness fed with secret tears,
 A vexing, forward-reaching sense
 Of some more noble permanence;
 A light across the sea,
 Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
 Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

v.

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads?
 Not down through flowery meads,
 To reap an aftermath
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the wrath
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
 Where the world's best hope and stay
 By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
 Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
 Lights the black lips of cannon, and the sword
 Dreams in its easeful sheath:
 But some day the live coal behind the thought,
 Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought,
 Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:
 Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed

Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
 And cries reproachful, "Was it, then, my praise,
 And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
 Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,
 So generous is Fate;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield,—
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
 Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:
 For him her Old-World mould aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 How beautiful to see
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of birth,
 But by his clear-grained human worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
 They knew that outward grace is dust;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
 I praise him not; it were too late;
 And some innative weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes:
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

VII.

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
 Or only guess some more inspiring goal
 Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
 Along whose course the flying axles burn
 Of spirits bravely pitched, earth's manlier brood;
 Long as below we cannot find
 The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
 So long this faith to some ideal Good,
 Under whatever mortal names it masks,
 Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood
 That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
 While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
 Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above
 All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
 A virtue round whose forehead we enwreath
 Laurels that with a living passion breathe
 When other crowns are cold and soon grow sere.
 What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,
 And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
 Save that our brothers found this better way?

VIII.

We sit here in the Promised Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;

But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
 We welcome back our bravest and our best ;—
 Ah, me ! not all ! some come not with the rest,
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here !
 I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
 But the sad strings complain,
 And will not please the ear ;
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
 Again and yet again
 Into a dirge, and die away in pain.
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain :
 Fittier may others greet the living,
 For me the past is unforgiving ;
 I with uncovered head
 Salute the sacred dead,
 Who went, and who return not. — Say not so !
 'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the way ;
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;
 No ban of endless night exiles the brave ;
 And to the saner mind
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack :
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show ;
 We find in our dull road their shining track ;
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration ;
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation !

IX.

Who now shall sneer ?
 Who dare again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race ?
 Roundhead and Cavalier !
 Dreams are those names erewhile in battle loud ;
 Forceless as is the shadow of a cloud,
 They live but in the ear :
 That is best blood that hath most iron in 't
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
 For what makes manhood dear.
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,

Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,

Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears

With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

x.

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,

To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the head!

Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'T is no Man we celebrate,

By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,—
Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her dower!

How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?

Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves!

And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent.

Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:—

“Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,

She of the open soul and open door,

With room about her hearth for all mankind!

The helm from her bold front she doth unbind,

Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,

And bids her navies hold their thunders in:

No challenge sends she to the elder world,

That looked askance and hated; a light scorn

Plays on her mouth, as round her mighty knees

She calls her children back, and waits the morn

Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas.”

XI.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!

Thy God, in these distempered days,

Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!

Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair

O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,

The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,

What words divine of lover or of poet

Could tell our love and make thee know it,

Among the Nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reck not what we gave thee;

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

OUR FUTURE MILITIA SYSTEM.

DURING the first few days of the war, in that strange epoch of thrill and shudder,—when there was mounting in hot haste, and warlike citizens looked to their revolvers, and peaceful citizens looked up eligible diseases for the family physician, ere examining surgeons yet were,—in the midst of that general sense of untried powers and uncertain destinies, who

does not remember the sudden sense of relief which diffused itself over any given community, on the announcement that Brigadier-General Blank, of the Blank Division of State Militia, had arrived in town? Here was one at last who could speak with some authority. This man had slept three nights upon “the tented field,” on occasion of a muster. He had once formed

a battalion in line, or at least been present at that mystic process. He had been heard to quote from the first volume of Scott, and had been known to nod significantly, on an allusion to Hardee. Here was a man for opinions. Now we should know what the Rebels meant to do, and precisely how many were killed by the firing from Fort Sumter. We should ascertain the measures already taken for defence, and the actual number of military overcoats in possession of the State authorities.

Of course the local authorities waited upon him without delay. They found him at the head-quarters of Rifle Company X. An imperfectly developed rifleman, with coat unbuttoned and gun held anxiously, stood sentinel in the entry, — taking no notice of any one, and looking as if he would be profoundly grateful if no one would take notice of him. Presently the great man appeared. He wore around his martial breast a blue cloth cape, with a festive lining of white silk. His usually good-natured countenance was attuned to an aspect of profounder thought. Near him stood his only luggage, a large epaulet-box, of shape inexplicable to the unwarlike. Behind him appeared the members of his staff, wearing white cotton gloves, and maintaining attitudes of unwonted stiffness, as if, though conscious of not carrying a great many guns, they would at least contribute to their country's cause the needful quota of ramrods. The whole scene was enough to awe the stoutest heart, and the humbler and shorter among the selectmen or aldermen were observed to whisper inaudibly to each other, in the background, and to cough behind their hands solemnly, as at funerals.

At that day no one had yet dared to suggest that Brigadier-General Blank should accept any military rank lower than that to which his previous services had entitled him. Anything higher than that — a Major-Generalship, for instance — he would prefer to waive for the present, in order not to excite foolish jealousy among the West-Point men. But it was an act of unex-

pected condescension, when he finally consented to take command of a regiment; and it was doubtless this lowliness of spirit which created some slight embarrassments in his discharge of the duties of even that command. A man of larger attainments should not be remanded to duties so small. He it was, therefore, who, while drilling his battalion, and having given the preliminary order, "Right about," omitted the final order, "March," until most of the men were perched, Zouave-like, upon the high board-fence which bounded the camp. He it was who, in his school of instruction, being questioned by the juniors as to the proper "position of the soldier without arms," responded sternly, that a true soldier should always have his arms with him; and on being further asked in regard to the best way to "dress" a line of soldiers, answered with dignity, that others might prefer fancy colors, but give him the good old army-blue.

Mr. Pitt was of the opinion, that no man could be really useful to his country in a position below his powers. It was doubtless a similar conviction, combined with a sudden illness, so severe that he could not even admit his surgeon, which led our hero to send in a reluctant resignation, just before his regiment reached the seat of hostilities. He enlisted for the war, but he has never yet got to it. He has since, however, served his country as sutler of a camp of instruction, — where there is said to be no question as to his profits, though there may be as to his prices.

Remote as the "Old French War" seems now that epoch of conceited ignorance. The brilliant career of many militia-trained officers has more than atoned for the decline and fall of Blank; while the utter defencelessness of any community, under such military leadership, is a lesson thoroughly learned by the present generation. Yet that educational process has been too costly to be repeated. We must use it while it is fresh, or pay a yet higher price for its repetition. Every State in this Union, which does not adopt some effective

militia-system within the next two years, will probably slide back into the old indifference, to last until another war brings its terrible arousing.

For it is to be observed, that the very effect of a recent war is to make any such system appear for the time superfluous. A hundred returned veterans in every village, with an arsenal full of rifles in every State, might seem to supersede the necessity of all further preparation for many years to come. Why give the time and money to create an ineffective military force, when these heroes can at any time, within two days, improvise a good one? No doubt, after the close of the Revolution, the same thing was said. Yet even the Revolutionary veterans were not immortal,—though no doubt there were moments when they seemed so, to the Pension Agent; and ours will find their lease of life to be but little longer. What is to occur then? Twenty-five years hence, our whole present army will be beyond the age of active military service, and will have left to their children only their example, unless we establish, by their aid, some system of warlike training that shall be available for the future. It is one thing to have a military generation, and quite another thing to have a military people. Accidental experience has given us the one, but only permanent methods can guaranty the other.

In another way, also, the war will prove a drawback upon forming an effective militia system. We shall have, for some years to come, no class disposed to take a very hearty part in it. For a returned soldier to find pleasure in drilling is as if a wood-sawyer, at the close of his week's work, should bring his tools into his sitting-room, and saw for fun. On the other hand, those who have not served in the army will feel some natural sensitiveness about playing soldier in presence of veterans, and being satirized, perhaps, as a mere home-guard. Thus experience and inexperience will equally tend to deplete the classes available for this form of service.

These obstacles will be increased by the fact, that such duties, under any con-

ceivable arrangement, must involve a sacrifice both in time and money. Reduce the period of annual service to its minimum, and it may still occur at such a time as to cost an employer his contract, or an *employé* his place. Our young men are to meet the problem of increased taxes, crowded occupations, and great competition. Who shall make the needful sacrifice? The returned soldiers? But they have given precious years of time already. The inexperienced? But they will naturally reason, that they have already borne the immediate financial burden of the war, and that the drilling should be done by those to whom it will cost no additional time to learn it. Thus all will regard their days as being too valuable to be used in preparing for a contingency which may never arise: one half standing aloof because they have been soldiers, and the other half because they have not.

A difficult problem seems, then, to lie before us: To find a class available for purposes of military training,—a class which shall claim exemption on grounds neither of experience nor of inexperience,—which shall be discouraged neither by the ennui of knowing too much, nor by the awkwardness of knowing too little,—and which, withal, can spare the time, without financial detriment to the community. Fortunately, the solution of the problem suggests itself, in part at least, almost as soon as the problem itself is stated. Train the schoolboys.

Every person who has taken any interest in athletic exercises knows the enormous advantage in their acquisition which the mere fact of youth confers. In gymnastics, swimming, skating, base-ball, cricket, it is the same thing. As a mere matter of economy, one half the time at least is saved in teaching children as compared with full-grown men. But more than this, it is for them not only no loss in time, but, if it can be taken out of their regular school-hours, it is a positive advantage. There is probably but one conceivable position in which all the physiologists agree, and that is, that the average time

now given to study in our schools is at least one hour too long. Take this hour and devote it to military drill, and you benefit the whole rising generation doubly, — by what you take away, and by what you give.

We fortunately have the experience of Switzerland and England, to which we may appeal, in respect to this method of military instruction. Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in his report of an official visit to Europe in 1862, gives the following brief summary of the Swiss method.

"The amount and thoroughness of military instruction in the schools vary somewhat in the different cantons, though in all the cantonal schools military instruction is given. In Berne, for example, the cantonal schools rank somewhat like the grammar and higher-grade public schools in Boston or the large towns generally in Massachusetts. They are open to all boys upon examination. All the boys in these schools are organized with military corps, and officered from their own class, but provided by Government with special military instructors, and furnished with small muskets, rifles, or carbines, suitable to the strength and age of the boys; or, if organized into artillery corps, they are supplied with small side-arms and field-pieces, which they can wield without difficulty.

"For these arms arsenals are provided by the Government, and custodians are appointed to keep them safely and in good condition when not in actual use. The military instructors are officers of the federal military organization, educated men, who have seen service, and who are *au fait* in the theory and art of war. The time devoted to military studies and training in the manual exercises varies with the season and in the various cantons. During the summer about three half-days in the week is the average time. There is also an occasional general muster, when all turn out together and occupy a spacious parade-ground. Then the whole population of parents and friends, as well as

the cantonal authorities, turn out for a holiday, to witness the nascent valor and heroism of the republic.

"It should be added, that all these cantonal cadets wear a simple and modest stripe for a uniform, and one or two bright buttons, which cost almost nothing, but give the wearers a soldierly pride and love for this branch of their studies."

In England the experiment of military drill has thus far been limited to a few schools, but the result in those has been officially described as being admirable. The well-known sanitary reformer, Edwin Chadwick, in his "Report on Military Drill," addressed to the Royal Educational Commission, states the following propositions as proved.

"1st. That the military and naval drill is more effectively and permanently taught in the infantile and juvenile stages than in the adolescent or adult stages.

"2d. That at school it may be taught most economically, as not interfering with productive labor, and that thirty or forty boys may be taught the naval and military drill, at one penny farthing per week per head, as cheaply as one man, and the whole juvenile population may be drilled completely, in the juvenile stage, as economically as the small part of it now taught imperfectly on recruiting or in the adult stage; and that, for teaching the drill, the services of retired drill-sergeants and naval as well as military officers and pensioners may be had economically in every part of the country."

It seems that in these English schools the military training is not confined to the boys. "The girls go through the same exercises, with the exception that they do not use the musket, but supply its place with a cane." As to the age required, the "infantile and juvenile stages" appear to be dated back tolerably near the cradle. Mr. William Baker, drill-master at St. Olave's Grammar School, testifies as follows: — "From his own experience in drilling children, he would say that they might be taught to work and practise motions at from

five to six years of age; that they may be taught the sword drill at eight years of age; that they may be taught the rifle drill at about ten years of age. He finds that they can handle a light rifle very well at that age. He expects that a prize, given for the best rifle drill, will be gained by a boy of that age against older boys. If there were a proper place, with space, he could practise them in firing at from thirteen to fourteen years of age."

The most favorable results are stated to follow, in regard to school discipline, among these English boys. Such, for instance, is the testimony of Mr. William Smith, Superintendent of the Surrey District School.

"'You have had experience of the effect of the military drill on the mental and bodily training of young children in this establishment?'

"'Yes; but the effect of the military drill was most shown by the effect of its discontinuance.'

"'In what way was it shown?'

"'In 1857, the drill-master was dismissed by the guardians, with a view of reducing the expenditure. The immediate effect of the discontinuance of the drill was to make the school quite another place. I am sure that within six months we lost about two hundred pounds, in the extra wear and tear of clothing, torn and damaged in mischievous acts and wild plays, in the breakage of utensils from mischief, and damage done to the different buildings, the breakage of windows, the pulling up of gratings, and the spoiling of walls. A spirit of insubordination prevailed amongst the boys during the whole of the time of the cessation of the drill. In the workshop they were insubordinate, and I was constantly called upon by the industrial teachers, the master shoemaker, and the master tailor, to coerce boys who were quite impudent, and who would not obey readily. The moral tone of the school seemed to have fled from the boys, and their whole behavior was altered, as displayed in the dormitories as well as in the yards.'

"'During this time were the religious

services and exercises and the internal discipline of the school maintained as before?'

"'They were maintained as before; the business of the school was kept up as before, but the order was by no means as good. I was not only called in to correct the boys in the workshop, but in the school; and I was under the disagreeable necessity of reverting to corporal punishment, and of dismissing one incorrigible boy entirely. The chaplain joined with me and the schoolmasters in urging the restoration of the drill.'

"'The drill having been restored, has order been restored?'

"'Yes, excellent order.'

"The present chaplain of the school, the Rev. Charles G. Vignoles, who was present, expressed his entire concurrence in the description given of the disorganization produced by the discontinuance of the military drill, which was illustrated by entries in his own reports."

It is no exaggeration to say, that, by introducing such a system of drill into our schools, we can obtain for the whole boy population some of the most important advantages of the West-Point training,—the early habit of obedience and of command, together with the alphabet of military science.* The experiment has frequently been tried in pri-

* "Much has been said of the advantages of a West Point education. If it is supposed to include any extensive reading of military works, the mistake is great. Four years, commencing commonly at sixteen, a large part of which is devoted to mathematics and their kindred sciences, gives little time for such reading. The possession of a thorough knowledge of elementary mathematics is common also to many civilians. The two real advantages are: first, habits acquired in early life, which give an appreciation of discipline as to its essentials, the importance of its minutiae, a faith in its effects, and an acquaintance with the word *MUST*; second, the study of those parts of the science of arms which constitute its A B C at a like early period. This study resembles the A B C of the primer. A revolting drudgery to many minds, it is best gone through with before life is fairly entered upon. When begun later, it will likely be more or less shirked, and the want of a thorough basis will give a superficial character to after-practice. Were the cadets to enter at twenty-five, their military education would lose one half its value."—*Essay on "The Discipline and Care of Troops," from "Army and Navy Journal,"* Oct. 22, 1864.

vate schools, always with certain favorable results. It has had, however, this drawback, — that, as the drill has been thus far a special trait of certain particular seminaries, and hence a marketable quality, there has been rather a temptation to neglect other things for its sake, — an evil which will vanish when the practice becomes general. In public schools, no satisfactory experiment seems to have been made public, except in Brookline, Massachusetts, — always one of the foremost towns in the State as to all educational improvements. It appears that the local School Committee, in 1863, decided upon offering to all boys above ten years of age the opportunity to learn military drill. There was already a drill-master in the employ of the town, and a hall appropriated for the purpose. The greater part of the school-boys reported themselves for instruction. Three classes were formed, consisting respectively of large boys who knew something of drill, of large boys who knew nothing of it, and of small boys who were presumed ignorant. The first and third classes proved entirely successful. The second class proved a failure, apparently because it was chiefly made up of pupils from an adult evening school, which was itself not very successful. The total result of the experiment was so wholly satisfactory that the chairman of the town Military Committee urges its universal adoption. He considers it proved, that “a perfect knowledge of the duties of a soldier can be taught to the boys during their time of attendance at the public schools; thus obviating the necessity of this acquisition after the time of the pupil has become more valuable.” He adds: “A proper system of military instruction in the schools of our Commonwealth would furnish us with the most perfect militia in the world; and I have very little doubt that the good sense of the people will soon arrange such a system in all the schools of the Commonwealth.”

The general adoption of this method of instruction was officially recommended, in January, 1864, by a special committee of the Massachusetts Board of

Education, — this committee consisting of Governor Andrew, Ex-Governor Washburn, and the Hon. Joseph White, Secretary of the Board. It was afterwards urged by the Rev. James F. Clarke, another member of the Board, in an elaborate report, giving many valuable facts from European authorities. It is not known, however, that any legislative action has yet been taken on the subject in any part of the country.

We do not need more military colleges. One is enough for the nation, and all public expenditure should be concentrated on that. But it is as easy for children to learn the drill as to learn swimming; and the knowledge should be as universal. For this purpose it should be made a required part of grammar-school training. Of course the instruction cannot ordinarily proceed from the teacher of the school. But it is the growing practice of our towns to employ instructors in special branches, who go from school to school, teaching music, penmanship, or calisthenics. It is only carrying this method one step farther, to employ some returned soldier to teach infantry drill. Let this be prescribed by legislative action, in each State, and it will soon become universal. A uniform ought not to be required; a little effort would at least secure buttoned jackets, which are quite needful for a good *alignement*, and hence for good drill. This being attained, anything further is matter of taste, not of necessity. As to guns and equipments, they should of course be provided by the State or national authorities, probably by the former. There should be a State superintendent of drill, and a thorough application of his authority.

This is not the place to work out the details of the system; it is sufficient to indicate its general principles. Supposing all obstacles conquered, and this introduction of military drill into grammar-schools to be successful, it may be still objected that this does not give us a militia. Certainly not; but it gives us the materials for a militia, needing only to be put together. Given a hundred young men, of whom seventy-five

have already been taught a uniform drill, and the saving of time in their final training will be prodigious. Any officer, with such recruits, can do in a week what could not be done in a month with men utterly untrained. Here also the English observations come in, to corroborate those often repeated, but less accurately, in our own army.

Mr. William Baker, drill-master at St. Olave's Grammar School, stated, that, "Whilst he was in the army, and having to drill recruits, he has occasionally met with individuals to each of whom, from his bearing and action, he has said at once, 'In what regiment have you been?' The answer was, 'In none; I was taught the drill at school.' He found the individuals almost ready drilled; they would be more complete for service in a quarter of the time of the previously undrilled.

"The first infantry drill-master [in the Richmond Military College] said he had had experience of boys from the Duke of York's and the Royal Hibernian Schools, and that they made excellent soldiers, and required little or no additional drill, and that they were promoted to be non-commissioned officers in large proportion.

"Mr. S. B. Orchard, drill-master, has been sergeant in the 3d Light Dragoons. Whilst in the army, has had to drill, as recruits, boys who had been in the Duke of York's School, at Chelsea, and at the Royal Hibernian School, where they had been taught the drill. He found that they took the drill in one third the time that it was usually taken by other recruits who had been previously undrilled, and took it better,—that is to say, the horse as well as the foot-drill,—although these boys from the Duke of York's and the Hibernian Schools had had no previous horse-drill."

It is obvious that boys thus trained will not look upon an occasional period of militia service with the bashfulness of raw recruits, nor yet with the ennui of veteran soldiers. The revival of their boyish pursuits will create some fresh interest; they will take pride in exhibiting the training of their respective

schools, and will be pleased at finding the public utility of this part of their preparation. Instead of being a Primary School for military duty, the musters and encampments will have the dignity of a High School. Young men will find themselves forming a part of larger battalions than ever before,—placed under abler officers,—engaged in more complex evolutions. They will also have an opportunity to practise camp and garrison duty, which they have before learned in theory alone. Three or four consecutive days of such instruction will be of substantial service to those already well grounded in the rudiments, though they avail almost nothing to the ignorant.

Further than this the present essay hardly aspires to go, in treating of our future militia. It is enough to have indicated its proper material. The proper employment of that material involves separate questions. These have lately been discussed, with abundant citations and statistics, in a valuable pamphlet, entitled, "The Militia of the United States; What it is; What it should be," attributed to Colonel Henry Lee, Jr., of Boston, whose position on the staff of the Governor of Massachusetts, during the whole war, has enabled him to understand the strength and the weakness of the existing systems. His pamphlet also includes the whole of Mr. Clarke's report, above mentioned, and I am indebted for valuable information to both.

As to the form which future militia laws should take, the following appear among the points of most prominent importance, and may be briefly stated.

1. There should be no exemption from personal service, except on the ground of age or physical infirmity. The necessary limitation of number should be obtained by varying the prescribed ages in the different States, according to the proportion of young men in the population.*

* "If a militia is indispensable, service should be required from a sufficient number of citizens, and should not be accepted from volunteers, with the exception only of corps of cavalry and light artillery, — branches of the service entailing greater expense,

2. Whether the appointment of officers be elective or gubernatorial, they should equally undergo a strict examination.*

3. The strictest military law should be enforced during the musters or encampments.†

4. There should be a national In- and involving greater sacrifice of time." — *Colonel Henry Lee, Jr.*

"To make it [the militia] efficient, only two things are wanting: first, there must be no exemptions for any cause other than moral imbecility, as lunacy and idiotism; for all physical defects should only excuse the person from personal service by paying a fixed equivalent: second, those who did not come under either of the above causes should personally do duty." — *Adjutant-General Dearborn of Massachusetts.*

"The full age of twenty-one years has been assumed by the Board as the best period for the commencement of service in the ranks of the militia. It will be perceived that the scheme of enrolment proposed rendered any other limitation as to age, than that just stated, unnecessary; it being probable that the minimum quota would be obtained in any State, without going higher than the ages of thirty or twenty-nine, and in some of the States not higher than twenty-six or twenty-five, even with the present population." — *Major-General Winfield Scott, U. S. A., Report of Board of Officers, 1826.*

"In general, the military laws of the Cantons . . . do not permit substitutes." — *General Dufour, Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army.*

* "The militia, as it is now organized, is a mere school of titles, where honors are conferred more from a momentary impulse of personal kindness than from a sense of the qualification of the individuals." — *Governor Cole of Illinois.*

"The first measure to be adopted by the State governments against incompetency is the appointment of a board of officers of character and experience, such as may be found in every State at the present time, to examine rigidly every officer elect, and pronounce upon his fitness for the position: their decision to be final." — *Colonel Henry Lee, Jr.*

† "Without discipline firmly administered, and regulations founded on a just appreciation of the difficulties and ends of a soldier's life, a militia organization only tends to give a false idea of the duties of a soldier, and is totally useless for the pur-

spector-General of Militia, appointed by the War Department, with Assistant-Inspectors-General for the different States,—all to be Regular-Army officers, if possible, thus securing uniformity of drill and discipline.*

The recent transformation of our army is almost as startling as the changes which followed the Revolution and the War of 1812. After the Revolution, there were retained in service "twenty-five privates to guard the stores at Fort Pitt, and fifty-five to guard the stores at West Point and other magazines, with an appropriate number of officers." After the War of 1812, the army was cut down from thirty-five thousand to six thousand. It behooves us, who have just seen a far grander host melt away almost as rapidly, to turn our eyes forward to the next national peril, and be prepared. The coming session of Congress should give us, partly by edict, partly by recommendation, a system that will put the mass of our young men inside instead of outside the class of trained militia; exchanging our town-meetings-in-uniform for an effective force, and all our Blanks for prizes.

poses of war or police. . . . During the periods of drill, the English militia-man is placed on almost the same footing as the regular soldier; and insubordination and disorder, mutiny and desertion, are repressed and chastised by penalties and punishments, not only of extreme severity, but involving the deepest disgrace." — *Brigadier-General De Peyster, Report to the Governor of New York on Municipal Military Systems of Europe, 1851.*

* "The Board, in the plan of organization, proposes an Adjutant-General, without rank, for the whole militia of the United States. The importance of such an officer, attached to the War Department, it is believed, could not be too highly estimated." — *Major-General Winfield Scott.*

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

What I saw on the West Coast of South and North America, and at the Hawaiian Islands. By H. WILLIS BAXLEY, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CHARLES LAMB describes his old friend, George Dyer, as purchasing a bulky volume of blank verse solely on the ground that there must be some good things in an epic of six thousand lines. On the same principle, there may be assumed to be some good sentences in this octavo of six hundred pages,—although, if so, they must lurk in some paragraph which we have unluckily missed in the reading. In the spirit of the book, however, there is a certain frankness which is a frequent merit in that class of ex-Secessionists to which this Baltimore physician apparently belongs. And as their graceful little improprieties in Virginia and elsewhere are daily making new converts to negro suffrage, so this book, by its guileless exhibition of the whole inner man of one of Mr. Buchanan's office-holders, may help to avert the resurrection of the class whom he represents.

Dr. Baxley claims to have been sent in the year 1860 to the west coast of America, as Special Commissioner of the United States. What he ought to have done in that capacity is not stated; what he did is plain. He sailed along the continent upon a bubble of pro-slavery prejudice, and brought home his aerial ship intact, while all similar bubbles had burst during his absence. The book, therefore, takes us back to the good old times. Every allusion to Slavery reminds our Commissioner of joys now departed. Every glimpse of a black man in the melancholy misery of freedom recalls to him those happy scientific reveries contributed to anthropological lore by Messrs. Nott and Gliddon. He admires each dusky figure in the direct ratio of its nudity, and every added rag of civilized clothing seems to him so much subtracted from the proprieties of life. Of course a colored soldier is the climax of aggravation to his grief; and it does not even relieve his feelings, if the uniform-coat has no buttons.

The author mentions the war only towards the close of the book, and of course attributes it solely to Northern fanaticism. This fanaticism he evidently supposes to have

been led on by the fierce, ungovernable Muse of Professor Longfellow; for, in quoting from the "Arsenal at Springfield," that poem is described as "sung by one whose harp was then attuned to melodious measures, but whose now 'discordant noises jarrest [*sic*] the celestial harmonies' of his younger days." (Page 618.) This rather bewildering introduction of the second person singular places our voyager at disadvantage, by irresistibly suggesting that far more entertaining traveller, Artemas Ward.

The book might at least give some novel facts about the working of the missionary system in the South Sea Islands,—inasmuch as a wrathful and foolish observer will often spy out single facts which a more moderate partisan would omit,—but that he unfortunately takes the whole thing for granted and observes nothing. It has been more than suspected that there is a little bigotry mingled with our missionary system; but Dr. Baxley adds nothing to our knowledge on this point, preferring to rest his case on the general proposition, that there was also some degree of bigotry among the Puritan ancestors of these same missionaries two centuries ago. This fact will hardly be questioned, but it is a poor substitute for a little information as to contemporary matters.

In favorable moments, the style of this book has the glow, the affluence, and the fine vein of poetical quotation, that may be found in our most eloquent real-estate advertisements. At other times there is a tendency to ponderous and polysyllabic phrases, tempting the unwary critic to characterize them in words as long. Thus, on the voyage: "The more pretentious passengers, the upper-ten of the cabin, are wonderfully characterized by quantitative propensity, while the omnivorous nature of man is illustrated by them still more strikingly. . . . The art of gastronomy is clearly in the ascendant. . . . Vegetables in season and out of season, the hebdomadal occupants of the ship's hold, some, doubtless, the fore-stallers' residuum, withered, wilted, and decaying; . . . pickles, pastry, puddings, and pecan, duly decorated with those dernier resorts of the dinner-table, almonds, raisins, and filberts, which generally prove alike first in the order of morbid causation, and first in that of retroversive result." (p. 20.)

For sea-sickness the author advises "recourse to the ship's surgeon," which seems a sort of pill at second hand; but he further counsels that "a person's customary dose of laudanum, morphine, chlorodine, or prussic acid may be resorted to." This is really unsafe, considering the suicidal propensities usually found among sea-sick people; and it would be safer, perhaps, to recommend to those *in extremis* the perusal of this book, as a milder narcotic.

Life and Times of Marcus Tullius Cicero.

By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M. A., Q. C.,
Author of "History of Trial by Jury,"
etc. New York: Charles Scribner &
Co.

MR. FORSYTH was induced to write this work by the belief that the time had come when another Life of Cicero than Middleton's famous work might be acceptable to the public. We are glad that such is his belief; for we cannot have too many books on the last days of the Roman Republic, if they are written by competent men,—and there can be no doubt as to Mr. Forsyth's competency to write on those memorable times. But we do not think that his work, pleasing and useful as it is, will exclude that of Middleton from libraries that are collected for use rather than show. Middleton's book may be, as it has been called, "a lying legend in honor of St. Tully"; but it is an able work for all that, and does honor to the eighteenth century. It has many faults, yet it shows an amount of ability that we do not often find in the historical works of our time. It was written when Roman history was but little understood, when men gravely spoke of the Rumelian legend, and ranked it as an historical fact with the crossing of the Rubicon by Cæsar. The dullest graduate of to-day knows much about Rome that would have astonished Conyers Middleton, precisely as the dullest of our soldiers knows much about war that would have astonished Napoleon; but the graduate is as much beneath Middleton as the soldier is beneath Napoleon. We must test Middleton's Cicero by the literary standard of Middleton's age; and thus tested, no one qualified to give an opinion on the subject can hesitate to say that it is a production of great excellence. Were Middleton now living, he would have written a far better work on Cicero and his Times than Mr. Forsyth has written; but we cannot say, much as we

admire Mr. Forsyth's work, that we believe that he, had he lived a hundred and twenty years ago, would have written a better work than Middleton's. To the man who can afford time for the reading of but one of those Lives, we should say, "Read Mr. Forsyth's,"—for it is by far the more accurate, and therefore the more useful, life of the great Roman orator. But Mr. Forsyth excels Dr. Middleton in accuracy for pretty much the same reason that he can make the journey to Rome in less than half the time it required Middleton to make it. The labors of others have cleared the way for historians as well as for travellers; and to praise historians for their superior accuracy would be about as sagacious as it would be to praise travellers for their superior speed. We feel grateful to the writers of former times, and we hold it to be the duty of all to do those writers justice, even if their books should cease to be authorities. Who would think contemptuously of Newton because he never saw a steamship?

Mr. Forsyth aims to give his readers some account of Cicero's private and domestic life, and in this respect his book has a positive superiority to Middleton's. It is agreeable to read of the *vie privée* of great men, and it is especially so in the case of such a man as Cicero, who belonged to a people long since extinct, and who was himself "the bright, consummate flower" of a civilization which exists only in books, or in monuments, or in ruins,—a civilization of which it has wisely been said, that it is the better for the world that it can never know it again, "for it was rotten at the core, though most glorious in the complexion." But, when all has been said of Cicero's private life that can be said of it, we find ourselves going back to Cicero the statesman, the orator, and the actor in some of the mightiest movements that ever have shaken the world, and which continue to color our own private lives at the end of almost two thousand years. If you would write a book on Roman life and society, as such things were in the last century of the Republic, Catulus, or any other member of the class of *optimates*, would serve your purpose as well as Cicero. Men of the same station live very much alike as to essentials. But no Roman can be named who matches Cicero in some most important respects as a public man,—as consul, as proconsul, as orator, as philosopher, as statesman, and as mere politician. His history, therefore, is the history of Rome through many eventful years;

and when he is murdered, we feel that the curtain really has dropped because the great Republican drama is at an end. That sad scene is the last scene of the fifth act of a tragedy that had been in course of performance through five centuries. We cannot separate such a man from his times. His private life is as nothing in comparison with his public life. Private life belongs to comedy, and Cicero's history is a tragedy, from first to last; and in reading any biography of him that is prepared, we feel that we are reading Roman history, — and that is written only in blood.

The part that Cicero had in the Roman Revolution, in that long procession of events which terminated in the establishment of the Empire, if not a lofty one, was nevertheless such as to render his history painfully interesting. We see a man who was far above his contemporaries in moral excellence, and who sought to live well, tried by circumstances beyond human strength. Cicero lived a century too early, or a century too late. He would have been at his ease as the contemporary and friend of Paulus Æmilius, but it was not in his nature to be on fair terms with such men as Cæsar and Pompeius, much less with Antonius. Had he lived a century later, he might have been a calm philosopher and scholar under the Imperial system. He was, of all men that ever lived, of equal eminence for ability, the least adapted for a revolutionary age; and yet it was his fortune to live in the time of the greatest of all revolutions, and in its very focus, and to be a prominent actor therein. It was as if Fortune had had a spite against his house, and had concentrated all her vengeance on his head, by way of rendering vain the most various and splendid talents that ever were bestowed upon mortal man. Had Cicero's sense borne any proportion to his intellectual powers, had he been endowed with a just portion of that tact which is a more useful thing than genius in a world where they win sixpences, he would have retired from public life on his return from exile. But something very like vanity forbade that. He had been too great to be able to imitate the sensible course of his friend, "the voluptuous, but august Lucullus." He would keep the field which he had won, and in which his part had been so brilliant; and the result was, that he never knew a happy hour. But his miseries made him immortal. Who would have cared for him, had he passed the last dozen years of his life at his Formian villa? The remark of

Montesquieu, that that people are happy whose annals are tiresome, is strictly true; but we do not care to read those annals, while those periods in which men were unhappy concentrate the attention of both writers and readers. In Rome's revolutionary age men were as happy as they are in times of pestilence; and Cicero was the greatest sufferer of them all, because he was possessed of a sensitiveness that no other Roman ever knew. It is his history, quite as much as that of either Pompeius or Cæsar, that gives a biographical character to the history of the Republic's closing days, and renders its study so fascinating, and this without reference to his private life, some passages of which have a rather ludicrous air, — his marrying a young wife, for example, after divorcing an old one.

Mr. Forsyth tells Cicero's public life, without neglecting his promise in other respects. He, like other English writers on Rome, possesses a great advantage over Germans, his superiors in mere learning, perhaps, inasmuch as he is familiar with affairs, and English political life is a constant commentary on Roman political life. Without subscribing to all his conclusions, we can commend his volumes to those who would be assisted to an understanding of that splendid struggle in which the Roman aristocracy went down, but not without inflicting such wounds on their foes as rendered despotism an absolute necessity.

Social Statics; or the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness specified, and the First of them developed. By HERBERT SPENCER. With a Notice of the Author, and a Steel Portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE American publication of the miscellaneous works of Mr. Spencer terminates with this volume. We learn from the preface that it is not in all respects a literal expression of the author's present views. While he adheres to the leading principles set forth fourteen years ago, he is not prepared to abide by all the detailed applications of them. We are heartily glad to chronicle this acknowledgment. Full of immediate and practical value beyond any other work of Mr. Spencer, "*Social Statics*" contains passages which seem shot by a mutinous logic-power towards some dark aphelion, whither the best instruments at our command fail to follow them. We hazard

the conjecture, that the remarks about the rights of children and the wrong of property in land must receive essential modification in order to convey to the average reader a distinct conception of the mature thought of Mr. Spencer upon these complex themes. But of the general worth of this book, and of its special application to the needs of great masses of our countrymen, we emphasize our conviction. The calm deductions of reason are brought to enforce the distinctive American doctrines in which the loyal citizen has sentimental belief. Few characters will not feel strengthened by the study of this very acute investigation of duty in social relations. The task is not prematurely undertaken. The means of exact observation have marvellously increased. There is everywhere apparent a demand for the clear and wealthy mind that shall absorb the seemingly conflicting phenomena and express the unity of law which connects them. The leading idea upon which Mr. Spencer's system is based is that of the systematic character of the Divine rule. He sees throughout the worlds of mind and matter continual proofs of the progressive development which has lately come to be expressed by the single word "evolution." Man is not the degenerate descendant of demigods and heroes, but a promising child subjected to a system of education of exhaustive excellence. The circumstances about him are cruel only to be kind. He gradually yields to their pressure, and is fashioned to higher power and a sweeter life. More than any other merely philosophical writer, it seems to us that Mr. Spencer assists the important work of the religionist. He demands *faith* sufficient to follow out a principle with unflinching perseverance. He creates an absorbing interest in human welfare, showing how all real personal advantage is united with the advantage of all.

There have been various attempts to give Mr. Spencer's writings a doubtful fame with the American people. Some of these have been very ingenious; others have had the first merit of sincerity, and nothing else. No grand doctrine can be so expressed as to render impossible an *ad captandum* contradiction from some point or side. A sturdy catechizing in the interest of some popular dogma will generally give the casuist an apparent advantage over the seeker of knowledge for itself alone. It is likewise in the power of a tolerable metaphysician to set traps and dig pitfalls all over the ultimate

grounds of any man's belief. There are apparently crushing arguments against the asserter of any conceivable religious creed, as well as against him who would base his faith where the shifting currents of theological opinion cannot prevail against it. The being of God Mr. Spencer holds to be a truth forever vindicated in the consciousness of man: His nature is to finite beings inscrutable. The latter clause of this statement may be sustained by a very curious syllogistic scaffolding, and it may be assailed by reasoning which is to us wholly satisfactory. *Cui bono?* Let the philosopher dream out his logical ladder to the Infinite, and never fear but the heart of humanity will supply the angels ascending and descending thereupon. We certainly do not accept Mr. Spencer as an exhaustive expounder of the physics or metaphysics of creation. But the great body of his doctrines are not affected by our private fancies about *a priori* truths or the conditions of thought. He shows the transcendent reality of the moral claim upon man. He emphasizes the great truth, not always apparent in the prescriptions of soul-saving orthodoxy, that disinterestedness is the primary condition of human virtue. It is not pretended that a fervid religious organization can find satisfaction in Mr. Spencer. It must work by other methods. It must conquer problems which science is unable to solve. But, in these doubting, inquiring days upon which we have fallen, no truly good man can afford to condemn a scientist who shows how securely the foundations of religion are laid, and reverently stops at secondary causes without attempting to deify them. And at this present day such a work is clearly demanded. It is, indeed, possible that the old Giants Pope and Pagan may not have rallied since the Bedford tinker bore witness to their depressed estate. Their successor, Giant Transcendentalist, whom Hawthorne encountered in his railroad ride to the Celestial City, may have been delivered over to Mr. Frothingham to be tormented according to his deserts. But a lusty member of the terrible brotherhood is still at large. His name is Giant Indifference. Excerpts (perhaps perverted) from Bentham and Comte, chapters (perchance misinterpreted) from Thackeray's novels, are his sacred canons. He reports himself to have been created by subtle questions touching the historical evidence of the Scriptures, by various intellectual perplexities which the philosophers have brought to light, and by

all the tares and brambles of society upon which the cynic has directed his microscope. While muttering formularies in which he has no vital belief, he contrives to make audible a ghastly whisper, that money, popular reputation, political power, and the sensual gratifications which these may command, are alone worth getting off the sofa to realize. Against this monstrous foe to all faithful pilgrimages Mr. Herbert Spencer is a very able combatant. In "Social Statics," especially, he meets the adversary on his own ground. The moral sense is triumphantly rescued from the assaults of Paley and Bentham, and is declared capable of generating a fundamental intuition which may be expanded into a scientific morality. If any are pale at the discovery that "our little systems have their day and cease to be," let them know that an honest seeking will ever furnish material for their renewal with life adapted to man's changing wants. It is not difficult to criticize various portions of Mr. Spencer's belief, or to offer weighty objections to certain applications of his principles; but we doubt if any living man, accepting the limitations of the natural philosopher, has the balance of mind to write more intelligently upon the highest subjects,—to furnish more that is true and elevating, and less that is questionable. We believe that most readers of "Social Statics" will feel an increased sense of personal responsibility, and a new realization of what is well enough expressed in ecclesiastical phrase as "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." And so believing, we do not hesitate to commend it to the American public.

Reason in Religion. By FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co.

THE various essays which are brought together under this title discuss questions of theology, and the opinions which mankind hold upon the most interesting philosophical and spiritual themes. The author's aim is, to state as fairly as he can conflicting views, and to propound his own solution. In this labor Dr. Hedge appears to represent that condition of Unitarian thinking which prefers a rational to a traditional ground of authority in matters pertaining to the spiritual life, and strives to interpret and accommodate the sacred history without forsaking it.

It would not be possible, within the limits

of a book notice, to treat fitly all the questions which are raised by these highly suggestive essays. Dr. Hedge's clear and chiselled statements cut all the jesses of our thoughts, and they rise unhooded into his still air. Providence, Prayer, Free-Will, and Retribution, Evil, Immortality, and Faith,—such themes stock this volume, and they are all treated in a way to command the attention of the reader, to bid him ponder, to contribute glad assent, or to pay the equally flattering tribute of awakened criticism. The style is simple, and comprehensible at a glance: the pen has gathered no superfluities upon its journeys into these remote domains, no scholastic terms cling to it, no ambitious rhetoric. It is never heated, but it is never dull: the cool and equable flow brings down thought enough from scholarly and well-spent years to exhilarate and satisfy. The temper is perfect in which opinions most discordant to the writer's fine intelligence are set forth: all his hostility to them appears in the justness of his comprehension. So that it would be difficult to find a volume that contains a greater number of impartial and exhaustive statements of creeds, dogmas, and tendencies of thinking. And where they cannot win agreement, they extort respect.

The essay upon "The Regent God" is a fine specimen of intellectual defining in combination with a gentle, tender self-forgetfulness, as if Dr. Hedge would fain feel all the gifts of the mind and heart absorbed in the Infinite Presence. Perhaps the essay upon "The Cause of Reason the Cause of Faith" contains the most vigor; it is a favorite subject, set forth with great freedom of movement, and with more illustration than Dr. Hedge usually indulges. How refreshing is the boldness with which he claims the word Rationalism for the service of Religion! Elsewhere there are rich sentences in respect of illustration. What a finished metaphor on page 371! where, in allusion to the belief of the earliest Christians that some might fall asleep in Christ, but only to be caught up with him at his coming, he says,— "Their sun of life might decline, but only as the sun of the Arctic midsummer skirts an horizon where evening and morning club their splendors to furnish an unbroken day. In their horizon there was no dissolution of the continuity of life."

But we have as little space to devote to admiration as to dissent. We might show cause for our opinion that Religion appears, in this volume, to be too closely confined to

aspiration, to just thinking, and a sense of human dependence; in vindicating Reason against Tradition, through all the judicious and thorough discussion of various doctrines, the author waives, or perhaps only postpones, his opportunity to identify Religion with the divineness of all knowable and appreciable things. The most enlightened worship is only one spiritual act or gesture. The broadest and most limpid

thinking is but the morning freshness to a day full of God's necessities, who works at our morals, our politics, our society, our science, and our art. Religion is the recognition and acceptance of all knowable phenomena of human life; in these man finds his God, God reveals himself to man. We hope to find that the last essay, upon the "Moral Ideal," is prelude to another effort in this direction.

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SAINTS WHO HAVE HAD BODIES.

ALL doubtless remember the story which is told of the witty Charles II. and the Royal Society: How one day the King brought to the attention of its members a most curious and inexplicable phenomenon, which he stated thus: "When you put a trout into a pail full of water, why does not the water overflow?" The savans, naturally enough, were surprised, and suggested many wise, but fruitless explanations; until at last one of their number, having no proper reverence for royalty in his heart, demanded that the experiment should actually be tried. Then, of course, it was proved that there was no phenomenon to be explained. The water overflowed fast enough. Indeed, it is chronicled that the evolutions of this lively member of the piscatory tribe were so brisk, that the difficulty was the exact opposite of what was anticipated, namely, how to keep the water in.

This story may be a pure fable, but the lesson it teaches is true and important. It illustrates forcibly the facility with which even wise men accept doubtful propositions, and then apply the whole power of their minds to explain them,

and perhaps to defend them. Latterly one hears constantly of the physical decay which threatens the American people, because of their unwise and disproportioned stimulation of the brain. It is assumed, almost as an axiom, that there is "a deficiency of physical health in America." Especially is it assumed that great mental progress, either of races or of individuals, has been generally purchased at the expense of the physical frame. Indeed, it is one of the questions of the day, how the saints, that is, those devoted to literary and professional pursuits, shall obtain good and serviceable bodies; or, to widen the query, how the finest intellectual culture can exist side by side with the noblest physical development; or, to bring this question into a form that shall touch us most sharply, how our boys and girls can obtain all needful knowledge and mental discipline, and yet keep full of graceful and buoyant vitality.

What do we say to the theories and convictions which are underneath this language? What answer shall we make to these questions? What answer ought we to make? Our first reply would be,

We doubt the proposition. We ask for the broad and firm basis of undoubted facts upon which it rests. And we enter an opposite plea. We affirm that the saints have as good bodies as other people, and that they always did have. We deny that they need to be patched up or watched over any more than their neighbors. They live as long and enjoy as much as the rest of mankind. They can endure as many hard buffets, and come out as tough and strong, as the veriest dolt whose intellectual bark foundered in the unsounded depths of his primer. The world's history through, the races which are best taught have the best endowment of health. Nay, in our own New England, with just such influences, physical, mental, and moral, as actually exist, there is no deterioration in real vitality to weep over.

We hold, then, on this subject very different opinions from those which prevail in many quarters. We believe in the essential healthfulness of literary culture, and in the invigorating power of sound knowledge. Emphatically do we believe that our common schools have been in the aggregate a positive physical benefit. We are confident, that, just to the degree that the unseen force within a man receives its rightful development, does vigorous life flow in every current that beats from heart to extremities. With entire respect for the opinions of others, even while we cannot concur with them, with a readiness to admit that the assertion of those opinions may have been indirectly beneficial, we wish to state the truth as it looks to us, to exhibit the facts which bear upon this subject in the shape and hue they have to our own minds, and to give the grounds of our conviction that a cultivated mind is the best friend and ally of the body.

Would it not be singular, if anything different were true? You say, and you say rightly, that the best part of a man is his mind and soul, those spiritual elements which divide him from all the rest of the creation, animate or inanimate, and make him lord and sovereign over

them all. You say, and you say wisely, that the body, however strong and beautiful, is nothing,—that the senses, however keen and vigorous, are nothing,—that the outward glories, however much they may minister to sensual gratification, are nothing,—unless they all become the instruments for the upbuilding of the immortal part in man. But what a tremendous impeachment of the wisdom or power of the Creator you are bringing, if you assert that the development of this highest part, whether by its direct influence on the body, or indirectly by the habits of life which it creates, is destructive of all the rest, nay, self-destructive! You may show that every opening bud in spring, and every joint, nerve, and muscle in every animate creature, are full of proofs of wise designs accomplishing their purposes, and it shall all count for less than nothing, if you can demonstrate that the mind, in its highest, broadest development, brings anarchy into the system,—or, mark it well, produces, or tends to produce, habits of living ruinous to health, and so ruinous to true usefulness. At the outset, therefore, the very fact that the mind is the highest creation of Divine wisdom would force us to believe that that development of it, that increase of knowledge, that sharpening of the faculties, that feeding of intellectual hunger, which does not promote joy and health in every part, must be false and illegitimate indeed.

And it is hardly too much to say, that, in a rational being, thought is almost synonymous with vitality of all sorts. The brain throws out its network of nerves to every part of the body; and those nerves are the pathways along which it sends, not alone physical volitions, but its mental force and high intelligence, to mingle by a subtle chemistry with every fibre, and give it a finer life and a more bounding elasticity. So one might foretell, before the study of a single fact of experience, that, other things being equal, he who had few or no thoughts would have not only a dormant mind, but also a sluggish and

inert body, less active than another, less enduring, and especially less defiant of physical ills. And one might prophesy, too, that he who had high thoughts and wealth of knowledge would have stored up in his brain a magazine of reserved power wherewith to support the faltering body: a prophecy not wide apart, perhaps, from any broad and candid observation of human life.

And who can fail to remember what superior resources a cultivated mind has over one sunk in sloth and ignorance, — how much wider an outlook, how much larger and more varied interests, and how these things support when outward props fail, how they strengthen in misfortune and pain, and keep the heart from anxieties which might wear out the body? Scott, dictating "*Ivanhoe*" in the midst of a torturing sickness, and so rising, by force of a cultivated imagination, above all physical anguish, to revel in visions of chivalric splendor, is but the type of men everywhere, who, but for resources supplied by the mind, would have sunk beneath the blows of adverse fortune, or else sought forgetfulness in brutalizing and destructive pleasures. Sometimes a book is better far than medicine, and more truly soothing than the best anodyne. Sometimes a rich-freighted memory is more genial than many companions. Sometimes a firm mind, that has all it needs within itself, is a watchtower to which we may flee, and from which look down calmly upon our own losses and misfortunes. He who does not understand this has either had a most fortunate experience, or else has no culture, which is really a part of himself, woven into the very texture of the soul. So, if there were no facts, considering the mind, and who made it, and how it is related to the body, and how, when it is a good mind and a well-stored mind, it seems to stand for all else, to be food and shelter and comfort and friend and hope, who could believe anything else than that a well-instructed soul could do nought but good to its servant the body?

After all, we cannot evade, and we

ought not to seek to evade, the testimony of facts. No cause can properly stand on any theory, however pleasant and cheering, or however plausible. What, then, of the facts, of the painful facts of experience, which are said to tell so different a tale? This, — that the physical value of education is in no way so clearly demonstrated as by these very facts. We know what is the traditional picture of the scholar, — pale, stooping, hectic, hurrying with unsteady feet to a predestined early grave; or else morbid, dyspeptic, cadaverous, putting into his works the dark tints of his own inward nature. At best, he is painted as a mere bookworm, bleached and almost mildewed in some learned retirement beneath the shadow of great folios, until he is out of joint with the world, and all fresh and hearty life has gone out of him. Who cannot recall just such pictures, wherein one knows not which predominates, the ludicrous or the pitiful? We protest against them all. In the name of truth and common-sense alike, we indignantly reject them. We have a vision of a sturdier manhood: of the genial, open countenance of an Irving; of the homely, honest strength that shone in every feature of a Walter Scott; of the massive vigor of a Goethe or a Humboldt. How much, too, is said of the physical degeneracy of our own people, — how the jaw is retreating, how the frame is growing slender and gaunt, how the chest flattens, and how tenderly we ought to cherish every octogenarian among us, for that we are seeing the last of them! If this is intended to be a piece of pleasant badinage, far be it from us to arrest a single smile it may awaken. But if it is given as a serious description, from which serious deductions can be drawn, then we say, that, as a delineation, it is, to a considerable extent, purely fanciful, — as an argument, utterly so. The facts, so far as they are ascertained, point unwaveringly to this conclusion, — that every advance of a people in knowledge and refinement is accompanied by as striking an advance in health and strength.

Try this question, if you please, on the largest possible scale. Compare the uneducated savage with his civilized brother. His form has never been bent by confinement in the school-room. Overburdening thoughts have never wasted his frame. And if unremitting exercise amid the free airs of heaven will alone make one strong, then he will be strong. Is the savage stronger? Does he live more years? Can he compete side by side with civilized races in the struggle for existence? Just the opposite is true. Our puny boys, as we sometimes call them, in our colleges, will weigh more, lift more, endure more than any barbarian race of them all. This day the gentle Sandwich-Islanders are wasting like snow-wreaths, in contact with educated races. This day our red men are being swept before advancing civilization like leaves before the breath of the hurricane. And it requires no prophet's eye to see, that, if we do not give the black man education as well as freedom, an unshackled mind as well as unshackled limbs, he, too, will share the same fate.

To all this it may naturally be objected, that the reason so many savage races do not display the greatest physical stamina is not so much intellectual barrenness as their vices, native or acquired, — or because they bring no wisdom to the conduct of life, but dwell in smoky huts, eat unhealthy food, go from starvation to plethora and from plethora to starvation again, exchange the indolent lethargy which is the law of savage life for the frantic struggles of war or the chase which diversify and break up its monotony. Allow the objection; and then what have we accomplished, but carrying the argument one step back? For what are self-control and self-care, but the just fruits of intelligence? But in truth it is a combination of all these influences, and not any of them alone, that enables the civilized man to outlive and outrival his barbarian brother. He succeeds, not simply because of the superior address and sagacity which education gives him, though that, no doubt, has much to do

with it; not altogether because his habits of life are better, though we would not underrate their value; but equally because the culture of the brain gives a finer life to every red drop in his arteries, and greater hardihood to every fibre which is woven into his flesh. If it is not so, how do you explain the fact that our colored soldier, fighting in his native climate, with the same exposure in health and the same care in sickness, succumbs to wounds and diseases over which his white comrade triumphs? Or how will you explain analogous facts in the history of disease among other uneducated races? Our explanation is simple. As the slightest interfusion of carbon may change the dull iron into trenchant steel, so intelligence working through invisible channels may add a new temper to the physical nature. And thus it may be strictly true that it is not only the mind and soul which slavery and ignorance wrong, but the body just as much.

It may be said, and perhaps justly, that a comparison between races so unlike is not a fair comparison. Take, then, if you prefer, the intelligent and unintelligent periods in the history of the same race. The old knights! Those men with mail-clad bodies and iron natures, who stand out in imagination as symbols of masculine strength! The old knights! They were not scholars. Their constitutions were not ruined by study, or by superfluous sainthood of any kind. They were more at home with the sword than the pen. They loved better "to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." So their minds were sufficiently dormant. How was it with their bodies? Were they sturdier men? Did they stand heavier on their feet than their descendants? It is a familiar fact that the armor which inclosed them will not hold those whom we call their degenerate children. A friend tells me that in the armory of London Tower there are preserved scores, if not hundreds, of the swords of those terrible Northmen, those Vikings, who, ten centuries ago, swept

the seas and were the dread of all Europe, and that scarcely one of them has a hilt large enough to be grasped by a man of this generation. Of races who have left behind them no methodical records, and whose story is preserved only in the rude rhymes of their poets and ruder chronicles, it is not safe to make positive affirmations; but all the indications are that the student of to-day is a larger and stronger man than the warrior of the Middle Ages.

If we come down to periods of historical certainty, no one will doubt that the England of the present hour is more educated than the England of fifty years ago, or that the England of fifty years since had a broader diffusion of intelligence than the England of a century previous. Yet that very intelligence has prolonged life. An Englishman lives longer to-day than he did in 1800, and longer yet than in 1700. Here is a curious proof. Annuities calculated on a certain rate of life in 1694 would yield a fortune to those who issued them. Calculated at the same rate in 1794, they would ruin them; for the more general diffusion of knowledge and refinement had added, I am not able to say how many years to the average British life. Observe how this statement is confirmed by some wonderful statistics preserved at Geneva. From 1600 to 1700 the average length of life in that city was 13 years 3 months. From 1700 to 1750 it was 27 years 9 months. From 1750 to 1800, 31 years 3 months. From 1800 to 1833, 43 years 6 months.

One more pertinent fact. Take in England any number of families you please, whose parents can read and write, and an equal number of families whose parents cannot read and write, and the number of children in the latter class of families who will die before the age of five years will greatly exceed that in the former class,—some thirty or forty per cent. So surely does a thoughtful ordering of life come in the train of intelligence. If faith is to be placed in statistics of any sort, then it holds true in foreign countries that

human life is long in proportion to the degree that knowledge, refinement, and virtue are diffused. That is, sainthood, so far from destroying the body, preserves it.

I anticipate the objection which may be made to our last argument. Abroad, we are told, there is such an element of healthy, out-door life, that any ill effects which might naturally follow in the train of general education are neutralized. Abroad, too, education with the masses is elementary, and advanced also with more moderation than with us. Abroad, moreover, the whole social being is not pervaded with the intense intellectual activity and fervor which are so characteristic especially of New England life.

Come home, then, to our own Massachusetts, which some will have is school-mad. What do you find? Here, in a climate proverbially changeable and rigorous,—here, where mental and moral excitements rise to fever-heat,—here, where churches adorn every landscape, and school-houses greet us at every corner, and lyceums are established in every village,—here, where newspapers circulate by the hundred thousand, and magazines for our old folks, and “Our Young Folks,” too, reach fifty thousand,—here, in Massachusetts, health is at its climax: greater and more enduring than in bonnie England, or vine-clad France, or sunny Italy. I read some statistics the other day, and I have ever since had a greater respect for the land of “east-winds and salt-fish and school-houses,” as scandalous people have termed Massachusetts. What do these statistics say? That, while in England the deaths reach annually 2.21 per cent of the whole population, and in France 2.36 per cent, and in Italy 2.94 per cent, and in Austria 3.34 per cent, in Massachusetts the deaths are only 1.82 per cent annually. Even in Boston, with its large proportion of foreign elements, the percentage of deaths is only 2.35. It may be said, in criticism of these statements, that in our country statistics are not

kept with sufficient accuracy to furnish correct data. However this may be in our rural districts, it certainly is not true of the metropolis. The figures are not at hand, but they exist, and they prove conclusively that those wards in Boston which have a population most purely native reach a salubrity unexcelled. So that, with all the real drawbacks of climate, and the pretended drawbacks of unnatural or excessive mental stimulus, the health here is absolutely unequalled by that of any country in Europe. Certainly, if the mental and moral sainthood which we have does not build up the body, it cannot be said that it does any injury to it.

Have we noted what a splendid testimony the war which has just closed has given to the physical results of our educational training? A hundred or a thousand young men taken from our New England villages and put into the ranks of our army—young men who learned the alphabet at four, who all through boyhood had the advantages of our common-school system, who had felt to the full the excitement of the intellectual life about them—have stood taller, weighed heavier, fought more bravely and intelligently, won victory out of more adverse circumstances, and, what is more to the point, endured more hardship with less sickness, than a like number of any other race on earth. We care not where you look for comparison, whether to Britain, or to France, or to Russia, where the spelling-book has almost been tabooed, or to Spain, where in times past the capacity to read the Bible was scarcely less than rank heresy, at least for the common people. This war has been brought to a successful issue by the best educated army that ever fought on battle-field, or, as the new book has it, by “the thinking bayonet,” by men whose physical manhood has received no detriment from their intellectual culture.

These assertions are founded upon statistics which have been preserved of regiments whose members were almost exclusively native-born. And the results are certainly in accordance with

all candid observation. It may, indeed, be said that the better health of our army has been after all the result of the better care which the soldier has taken of himself. We answer, the better care was the product of his education. It may be said again that this health was owing in a great measure to the superior watchfulness exercised over the soldier by others, by the Government, by the Sanitary Commission, and by State agencies. Then we reply, that this tenderness of the soldier, if tenderness it be, and this sagacity, if sagacity prompted the care, were both the offspring of that high intelligence which is the proper result of popular education.

There is but one possible mode of escape from such testimony. This whole train of argument is inconclusive, it may be asserted, because what is maintained is not that intellectual culture is unhealthful, where it is woven into the web of active life, but only where the pursuit of knowledge is one's business. It may be readily allowed, that, where the whole nature is kept alive by the breath of outward enterprise, when the great waves of this world's excitements are permitted to roll with purifying tides into the inmost recesses of the soul, the results of mental culture may be modified. But what of the saints? What of the literary men *par excellence*?

Ah! if you restrain us to that line of inquiry, the argument will be trebly strong, and the facts grow overwhelmingly pertinent and conclusive. Will you examine the careful registry of deaths in Massachusetts which has been kept the last twenty years? It will inform you that the classes whose average of life is high up, almost the highest up, are with us the classes that work with the brain,—the judges, the lawyers, the physicians, the clergymen, the professors in your colleges. The very exception to this statement rather confirms than contradicts our general position, that intellectual culture is absolutely invigorating. The cultivators of the soil live longest. But note that

it is the educated, intelligent farmers, the farmers of Massachusetts, the farmers of a State of common schools, the farmers who link thought to labor, who live long. And doubtless, if they carried more thought into their labor, if they were more intelligent, if they were better educated, they would live yet longer. At any rate, in England the cultivators of her soil, her down-trodden peasantry, sluggish and uneducated, do not live out half their days. Very likely the farmer's lot, *plus* education and *plus* habits of mental activity, is the healthiest as it is the primal condition of man. Nevertheless, considering what is the general opinion, it is surprising how slight is the advantage which he has even then over the purely literary classes.

Will you go to Harvard University and ascertain what becomes of her children? Take up, then, Dr. Palmer's Necrology of the Alumni of Harvard from 1851 to 1863. You will learn, that, while the average age of all persons who in Massachusetts die after they have attained the period of twenty years is but fifty years, the average age of Harvard graduates, who die in like manner, is fifty-eight years. Thus you have, in favor of the highest form of public education known in the State, a clear average of eight years. You may examine backward the Triennial Catalogue as far as you please, and you will not find the testimony essentially different. The statement will stand impregnable, that, from the time John Harvard founded our little College in the wilderness, to this hour, when it is fast becoming a great University, with its schools in every department, and its lectures covering the whole field of human knowledge, the graduates have always attained a longevity surpassing that of their generation.

And you are to observe that this comparison is a strictly just comparison. We contrast not the whole community, old and young, with those who must necessarily have attained manhood before they are a class at all; but adults with adults, graduates with those of

other avocations who have arrived at the period of twenty years. Neither do we compare the bright and peculiar luminaries of Harvard with the mass of men,—though, in fact, it is well known that the best scholars live the most years,—but we compare the whole body of the graduates, bright and dull, studious and unstudious, with the whole body of the community.

To the array of evidence which may be brought from all the registries of all the states and universities under heaven, some may triumphantly exclaim, "Statistics are unworthy of trust." "To lie like statistics," "false as a fact," these are the stalest of witticisms. But the objection to which they give point is practically frivolous. Grant that statistics are to a certain degree doubtful, are they not the most trustworthy evidence we have? And in the question at issue, are they not the only evidence which has real force? And allowing their general defectiveness, how shall we explain, that, though gathered from all sides and by all kinds of people, they so uniformly favor education? Why, if they must err, do they err so pertinaciously in one direction? How does it happen, that, summon as many witnesses as you please, and cross-question them as severely as you can, they never falter in this testimony, that, where intelligence abounds, there physical vigor does much more abound? that, where education is broad and generous, there the years are many and happy?

If, therefore, facts can prove anything, it is that just such a condition of life as that which is growing more and more general among us, and which our common-school system directly fosters, where every man is becoming an educated man,—where the farmer upon his acres, the merchant at his desk, and the mechanic in his shop, no less than the scholar poring over his books shall be in the truest sense educated,—that such a condition is the one of all others which promotes habits of thought and action, an elasticity of temper and a

breadth of vision and interest most conducive to health and vigor. It is the fashion to talk of the appearance of superior robustness so characteristic of our English brethren. But we suspect that in this case, too, appearances are deceitful. That climate may produce in us a restless energy inconsistent with rounded forms and rosy cheeks we freely allow. But in strength and real endurance the New England constitution will yield to none. And the stern logic of facts shows beyond a peradventure, that here there are no influences, climatic or intellectual, which war with longevity. What may be hidden in the future, what results may come from a still wider diffusion of education, we cannot tell, but hitherto nothing but good has come of ever-increasing knowledge.

We hasten now to inquire concerning the health and years of special classes of literary men: not, indeed, to prove that there is no real war between the mind and the body,—for we consider that point to be already demonstrated,—but rather to show that we need shrink from no field of inquiry, and that from every fresh field will come new evidence of the substantial truth of our position.

We have taken the trouble to ascertain the average age of all the English poets of whom Johnson wrote lives, some fifty or sixty in all. Here are great men and small men, men with immortal names and men whose names were long since forgotten, men of good habits and men whose habits would undermine any constitution, flourishing, too, in a period when human life was certainly far shorter in England than now. And how long did they live? What do you think? Thirty, forty years? No; they endured their sainthood, or their want of it, for the comfortable period of fifty-six years. Nor is the case a particle different, if you take only the great and memorable names of English poetry. Chaucer, living at the dawn almost of English civilization; Shakspeare, whose varied and marvellous dramas might well have ex-

hausted any vitality; Milton, struggling with domestic infelicity, with political hatred, and with blindness; Dryden, Pope, Swift: none of these burning and shining lights of English literature went out at mid-day. The result is not altered, if you come nearer our own time. That galaxy of talent and genius which shone with such brilliancy in the Scottish capital at the beginning of the century,—Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, Christopher North, Macaulay, Mackintosh, De Quincey, Brougham,—all these, with scarcely an exception, have lived far beyond the average of human life. So was it with the great poets and romancers of that period. Wordsworth, living the life of a recluse near the beautiful lakes of Westmoreland, lasted to fourscore. Southey, after a life of unparalleled literary industry, broke down at sixty-six. Coleridge, with habits which ought to have destroyed him early, lingered till sixty-two. Scott, struggling to throw off a mountain-load of debt, endured superhuman labor till more than sixty. Even Byron and Burns, who did not live as men who desired length of days, died scarcely sooner than their generation.

You are not willing, perhaps, to test this question by the longevity of purely literary men. You ask what can be said about the great preachers. You have always heard, that, while the ministers were, no doubt, men of excellent intentions and much sound learning, what with their morbid notions of life, and what with the weight of a rather heavy sort of erudition, they were saints with the very poorest kind of bodies. Just the contrary. No class lives longer. We once made out a list of the thirty most remarkable preachers of the last four centuries that we could call to mind. Of the age to which most of these attained we had at the outset no idea whatever. In that list were included the men who must figure in every candid account of preaching. The great men of the Reformation, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Beza, Knox, were there. That resplendent group which adorned the seventeenth century, and whose

names are synonymes for pulpit eloquence, Barrow, South, Jeremy Taylor, and Tillotson, were prominent in it. The milder lights of the last century, Paley, Blair, Robertson, Priestley, were not forgotten. The Catholics were represented by Massillon, Bossuet, Bourdalouë, and Fénelon. The Protestants as truly by Robert Hall and Chalmers, by Wesley and Channing. In short, it was a thoroughly fair list. We then proceeded to ascertain the average life of those included in it. It was just sixty-nine years. And we invite all persons who are wedded to the notion that the saints are always knights of the broken body, to take pen and paper and jot down the name of every remarkable preacher since the year 1500 that they can recall, and add, if they wish, every man in their own vicinity who has risen in learning and talent above the mass of his profession. We will insure the result without any premium. They will produce a list that would delight the heart of a provident director of a life-insurance company. And their average will come as near the old Scripture pattern of threescore years and ten as that of any body of men who have lived since the days of Isaac and Jacob.

If now any one has a lurking doubt of the physical value of an active and well-stored mind, let him pass from the preachers to the statesmen, from the men who teach the wisdom of the world to come to the men who administer the things of this world. Let him begin with the grand names of the Long Parliament, — Hampden, Pym, Vane, Cromwell, — and then gather up all the great administrators of the next two centuries, down to the octogenarians who are now foremost in the conduct of British affairs; and if he wishes to widen his observation, let him pass over the Channel to the Continent, and in France recall such names as Sully and Richelieu, Mazarin and Colbert, Talleyrand and Guizot; in Austria, Kaunitz and Metternich. And when he has made his list as broad, as inclusive of all really great statesmanship everywhere as he can, find his average; and if he can bring it

much beneath seventy, he will be more fortunate than we were when we tried the experiment.

Do not by any means omit the men of science. There are the astronomers. If any employment would seem to draw a man up to heaven, it would be this. Yet, of all men, astronomers apparently have had the most wedded attachment to earth. Galileo, Newton, La Place, Herschel, — these are the royal names, the fixed stars, set, as it were, in that very firmament which for so many years they searched with telescopic eye. And yet neither of them lived less than seventy-eight years. As for the men of natural science, it looks as though they were spared by some Providential provision, in order that they might observe and report for long epochs the changes of this old earth of ours. Cuvier dying at seventy-five, Sir Joseph Banks at seventy-seven, Buffon at eighty-one, Blumenbach at eighty-eight, and Humboldt at fourscore and ten, are some of the cases which make such a supposition altogether reasonable.

Cross the ocean, and you will find the same testimony, that mental culture is absolutely favorable to physical endurance. The greatest men in our nation's history, whether in walks of statesmanship, science, or literature, almost without exception, have lived long. Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, the elder Adams, and Patrick Henry, in earlier periods, — the younger Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Choate, and Everett, Irving, Prescott, Cooper, and Hawthorne, in later times, — are cases in point. These men did not die prematurely. They grew strong by the toil of the brain. And to-day the quartette of our truest poets — Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, and Holmes — are with us in the hale years of a green age, never singing sweeter songs, never harping more inspiring strains. Long may our ears hear their melodies!

If now we could enter the walks of private life, and study widely the experience of individual men, we should

have an interesting record indeed, and a manifold and wellnigh irresistible testimony. Consider a few remarkable, yet widely differing cases.

Who can read attentively the life of John Wesley, and not exclaim, if varied and exhausting labor, if perpetual excitement and constant drafts upon the brain, would ever wear a man out, he would have worn out? It was his creative energy that called into existence a denomination, his ardent piety that inspired it, his clear mind that legislated for it, his heroic industry that did no mean part of the incessant daily toil needful for its establishment. Yet this man of many labors, who through a long life never knew practically the meaning of the word *leisure*, says, at seventy-two, "How is it that I find the same strength that I did thirty years ago, that my nerves are firmer, that I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several that I had in youth." And ten years later, he devoutly records, "Is anything too hard for God? It is now eleven years since I have felt such a thing as weariness." And he continued till eighty-eight in full possession of his faculties, laboring with body and mind alike to within a week of his death.

Joseph Priestley was certainly a very different man, but scarcely less remarkable. No mean student in all branches of literature, a metaphysician, a theologian, a man of science, he began life with a feeble frame, and ended a hearty old age at seventy-one. He himself declares at fifty-four, that, "so far from suffering from application to study, I have found my health steadily improve from the age of eighteen to the present time."

You would scarcely find a life more widely divided from these than that of Washington Irving. Nevertheless, it is like them in one respect, that it bears emphatic testimony to the real healthiness of mental exertion. He was the feeblest of striplings at eighteen. At nineteen, Judge Kent said, "He is not long for this world." His friends sent him abroad at twenty-one, to see if a sea voyage would not husband his

strength. So pale, so broken, was he, that, when he stepped on board the ship, the captain whispered, "There is a chap who will be overboard before we are across!" Irving had, too, his share of misfortunes,—failure in business, loss of investments, in earlier life some anxiety as to the ways and means of support. Even his habits of study were hardly what the highest wisdom would direct. While he was always genial and social, and at times easy almost to indolence, when the mood seized him, he would write incessantly for weeks and even for months, sometimes fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen hours in a day. But he grew robust for half a century, and writes, at seventy-five, that he has now "a streak of old age."

The example of some of those who are said to have been worn out by intense mental application furnishes perhaps the most convincing proof of all that no reasonable activity of the mind ever warred with the best health of the body. Walter Scott, we are told, wore out. And very likely, to a certain extent, the statement is true. But what had he not accomplished before he wore out? He had astonished the world with that wonderful series of romances which place him scarcely second to any name in English literature. He had sung those border legends which delighted the ears of his generation. He had produced histories which show, that, had he chosen, he might have been as much a master in the region of historic fact as in the realm of imagination. He had edited other men's works; he had written essays; he had lent himself with a royal generosity to every one who asked his time or influence; and when, almost an old man, commercial bankruptcy overtook him, and he sought to lift the mountain of his debt by pure intellectual toil, he wore out. But declining years, disappointed hopes, desperate exertions, may wear anybody out. He wore out, but it was at more than threescore years, when nine tenths of his generation had long

slept in quiet graves,—when the crowd of the thoughtless and indolent, who began life with him, had rusted out in inglorious repose. Yes, Walter Scott wore out, if you call that wearing out.

John Calvin, all his biographers say, wore out. Perhaps so;—but not without a prolonged resistance. Commencing life with the frailest constitution, he was, as early as twenty-five, a model of erudition, and had already written his immortal work. For thirty years he was in the heat and ferment of a great religious revolution. For thirty years he was one of the controlling minds of his age. For thirty years he was the sternest soldier in the Church Militant, bearing down stubborn resistance by a yet more stubborn will. For thirty years neither his brain nor his pen knew rest. And so at fifty-six this man of broken body and many labors laid down the weapons of his warfare; but it was at Geneva, where the public registers tell us that the average of human life in that century was only nine years.

One writes words like these:—"John Kitto died, and his death was the judgment for overwork, and overwork of a single organ,—the brain." And who was John Kitto? A poor boy, the son of a drunken father, subject from infancy to agonizing headache. An unfortunate lad, who at thirteen fell from a scaffolding and was taken up for dead, and escaped only with total deafness and a supposed permanent injury to the brain. A hapless apprentice, who suffered at the hands of a cruel taskmaster all that brutality and drunken fury could suggest. A youth, thirsting for knowledge, but able to obtain it only by the hardest ways, peering into booksellers' windows, reading at book-stalls, purchasing cheap books with pennies stained all over with the sweat of his toil. An heroic student, who labored for more than twenty years with almost unparalleled industry, and with an equally unparalleled neglect of the laws of health; of whom it is scarcely too much to say literally, that he knew no change, but from his desk to his bed, and from his

bed to his desk again. A voluminous writer, who, if he produced no work of positive genius, has done more than any other man to illustrate the Scriptures, and to make familiar and vivid the scenery, the life, the geography, and the natural history of the Holy Land. And he died in the harness,—but not so very early,—at fifty. And we say that he would have lived much longer, had he given his constitution a fair chance. But when we remember his passionate fondness for books, how they compensated him for the want of wealth, comforts, and the pleasant voices of wife and children that he could not hear, we grow doubtful. And we hear him exclaim almost in rhapsody,—“If I were blind as well as deaf, in what a wretched situation should I be! If I could not read, how deplorable would be my condition! What earthly pleasure equal to the reading of a good book? O dearest tomes! O princely and august folios! to obtain you, I would work night and day, and forbid myself every sensual joy!” When we behold the forlorn man, shut out by his misfortune from so many resources, and finding more than recompense for this privation within the four walls of his library, we are tempted to say, No, he would not have lived as long; had he studied less, he would have remembered his griefs more.

Of course it is easy to take exception to all evidence drawn from the life and experience of individual men,—natural to say that one must needs be somewhat old before he can acquire a great name at all, and that our estimate considers those alone to whom mere prolongation of day has given reputation, and forgets “the village Hampdens, the mute, inglorious Miltons,” the unrecorded Newtons, the voiceless orators, sages, or saints who have died and made no sign. To this the simple reply is, that individual cases, however numerous and striking, are not relied upon to prove any position, but only to illustrate and confirm one which general data have already demonstrated. Grant the full force of every criticism, and

then it remains true that the widest record of literary life exhibits no tendency of mental culture to shorten human life or to create habits which would shorten it. Indeed, we do not know where to look for any broad range of facts which would indicate that education here or anywhere else has decreased or is likely to decrease health. And were it not for the respect which we cherish towards those who hold it, we should say that such a position was as nearly pure theory or prejudice or opinion founded on fragmentary data as any view well could be.

But do you mean to assert that there is no such thing as intellectual excess? that intellectual activity never injures? that unremitting attention to mental pursuits, with an entire abstinence from proper exercise and recreation, is positively invigorating? that robbing the body of sleep, and bending it sixteen or eighteen hours over the desk, is the best way to build it up in grace and strength? Of course no one would say any such absurd things. There is a right and wrong use of everything. Any part of the system will wear out with excessive use. Overwork kills, but certainly not any quicker when it is overwork of the mind than when it is overwork of the body. Overwork in the study is just as healthful as overwork on the farm or at the ledger or in the smoky shop, toiling and mulling, with no rest and no quickening thoughts. Especially is it true that education does not peculiarly tempt a man to excess.

But are you ready to maintain that there is no element of excess infused into our common-school system? Certainly. Most emphatically there is not. What, then, is there to put over against these terrible statements of excessive labor of six or seven hours a day, under which young brains are reeling and young spines are bending until there are no rosy-cheeked urchins and blooming maids left among us? The inexorable logic of facts. The public schools of Massachusetts were taught in the years 1863-4 on an average just thirty-

two weeks, just five days in a week, and, making proper allowance for recesses and opening exercises, just five and a quarter hours in a day. Granting now that all the boys and girls studied during these hours faithfully, you have an average for the three hundred and thirteen working days of the year of two hours and forty-one minutes a day,—an amount of study that never injured any healthy child. But, going back a little to youthful recollections, and considering the amazing proclivity of the young mind to idleness, whispering, and fun and frolic in general, it seems doubtful whether our children ever yet attained to so high an average of actual study as two hours a day. As a modification of this statement, it may be granted that in the cities and larger towns the school term reaches forty weeks in a year. If you add one hour as the average amount of study at home, given by pupils of over twelve years, (and the allowance is certainly ample,) you have four hours as the utmost period ever given by any considerable class of children. That there is excess we freely admit. That there are easy committee-men who permit too high a pressure, and infatuated teachers who insist upon it, that there are ambitious children whom nobody can stop, and silly parents who fondly wish to see their children monstrosities of brightness, lisping Latin and Greek in their cradles, respiring mathematics as they would the atmosphere, and bristling all over with facts of natural science like porcupines, till every bit of childhood is worked out of them,—that such things are, we are not inclined to deny. But they are rare exceptions,—no more a part of the system than white crows are proper representatives of the dusky and cawing brotherhood.

Or yet again, do we mean to assert that no attention need be given to the formation of right physical habits? or that bodily exercise ought not to be joined to mental toils? or that the walk in the woods, the row upon the quiet river, the stroll with rod in hand by the babbling brook, or with gun on

shoulder over the green prairies, or the skating in the crisp December air on the glistening lake, ought to be discouraged? Do we speak disrespectfully of dumb-bells and clubs and parallel bars, and all the paraphernalia of the gymnasium? Are we aggrieved at the mention of boxing-gloves or single-stick or foils? Would it shock our nervous sensibilities, if our next-door neighbor the philosopher, or some near-by grave and reverend doctor of divinity, or even the learned judge himself, should give unmistakable evidence that he had in his body the two hundred and odd bones and the five hundred and more muscles, with all their fit accompaniments of joints and sinews, of which the anatomists tell us? Not at all. Far from it. We exercise, no doubt, too little. We know of God's fair world too much by description, too little by the sight of our own eyes. Welcome anything which leads us out into this goodly and glorious universe! Welcome all that tends to give the human frame higher grace and symmetry! Welcome the gymnastics, too, heavy or light either, if they will guide us to a more harmonious physical development.

We ourselves own a set of heavy Indian-clubs, of middling Indian-clubs, and of light Indian-clubs. We have iron dumb-bells and wooden dumb-bells. We recollect with considerable satisfaction a veritable bean-bag which did good service in the household until it unfortunately sprung a-leak. In an amateur way we have tried both systems, and felt the better for them. We have a dim remembrance of rowing sundry leagues, and even of dabbling with the rod and line. We always look with friendly eye upon the Harvard Gymnasium, whenever it looms up in actual or mental vision. Never yet could we get by an honest game of cricket or base-ball without losing some ten minutes in admiring contemplation. We bow with deep respect to Dr. Windship and his heavy weights. We bow, if anything, with a trifle more of cordiality to Dr. Lewis and his light weights.

They both have our good word. We think that they would have our example, were it not for the fatal proclivity of solitary gymnastics to dulness. If we have not risen to the high degrees in this noble order of muscular Christians, we claim at least to be a humble craftsman and faithful brother.

Speaking with all seriousness, we have no faith in mental activity purchased at the expense of physical sloth. It is well to introduce into the school, into the family, and into the neighborhood any movement system which will exercise all the muscles of the body. But the educated man is not any more likely to need this general physical development than anybody else. Establish your gymnasium in any village, and the farmer fresh from the plough, the mechanic from swinging the hammer or driving the plane, will be just as sure to find new muscles that he never dreamed of as the palest scholar of them all. And the diffusion of knowledge and refinement, so far from promoting inactivity and banishing recreations from life, directly feeds that craving for variety out of which healthful changes come, and awakens that noble curiosity which at fit seasons sends a man out to see how the wild-flower grows in the woods, how the green buds open in the spring, how the foliage takes on its painted autumn glory, which leads him to struggle through tangled thickets or through pathless woods that he may behold the brook laughing in cascade from rock to rock, or to breast the steep mountain that he may behold from a higher outlook the wonders of the visible creation. Other things being equal, the educated man in any vocation is quite as likely as another to be active, quick in every motion and free in every limb.

But admit all that is claimed. Admit that increasing intelligence has changed the average of man's life from the twenty-five years of the seventeenth century to the thirty-five of the eighteenth or the forty-five years of the nineteenth century. Admit, too, that the best edu-

cated men of this generation will live five or ten years more than the least educated men. Ought we to be satisfied with things as they are? Should we not look for more than the forty or fifty years of human life? Assuredly. But it is not our superfluous sainthood which is destroying life. It is not that we have too much saintliness, but too little, too limited wisdom, too narrow intelligence, too small an endowment of virtue and conscience. It is our fierce absorption in outward plans which plants anxieties like thorns in the heart. It is our sloth and gluttony which eat out vitality. It is our unbridled appetites and passions which burn like a consuming fire in our breasts. It is our unwise exposure which saps the strength and gives energy and force to latent disease. These, tenfold more than any intense application of the brain to its legitimate work, limit and destroy human life. The truly cultivated mind tends to give just aims, moderate desires, and good habits.

Ay, and when the true sainthood shall possess and rule humanity,—when the fields of knowledge with their whole-

some fruits shall tempt every foot away from the forbidden paths of vice and sensual indulgence,—when a wise intelligence shall cool the hot passions which dry up the refreshing fountains of peace and joy in the heart,—when a heavenly wisdom shall lift us above any bondage to this world's fortunes, and when a good conscience and a lofty trust shall forbid us to be slaves to any occupation lower than the highest,—when we stand erect and free, clothed with a real saintliness,—then the years of our life may increase, and man may go down to his grave “in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.”

Meanwhile we must stand firmly on this assertion, that, the more of mental and moral sainthood our people achieve, the more that sainthood will write fair inscriptions on their bodies, will shine out in intelligence in their faces, will exhibit itself in graceful form and motion, and thus add to the deeper and more lasting virtues physical power, a body which shall be at once a good servant and the proper representative of a refined and elevated soul.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

THERE is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
 Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
 There are blossoms all around us with the colors of our dawn,
 And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times, — they shall never be forgot!
 There is no place like the old place, — keep green the dear old spot!
 There are no friends like our old friends, — may Heaven prolong their lives!
 There are no loves like our old loves, — God bless our loving wives!

COUPON BONDS.

PART II.

MR. DUCKLOW had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when, looking anxiously in the direction of his homestead, he saw a column of smoke. It was directly over the spot where he knew his house to be situated. He guessed at a glance what had happened. The frightful catastrophe he foreboded had befallen. Taddy had set the house afire.

"Them bonds! them bonds!" he exclaimed, distractedly. He did not think so much of the house: house and furniture were insured; if they were burned, the inconvenience would be great indeed, and at any other time the thought of such an event would have been a sufficient cause for trepidation, — but now his chief, his only anxiety was the bonds. They were not insured. They would be a dead loss. And what added sharpness to his pangs, they would be a loss which he must keep a secret, as he had kept their existence a secret, — a loss which he could not confess, and of which he could not complain. Had he not just given his neighbors to understand that he held no such property? And his wife, — was she not at that very moment, if not serving up a lie on the subject, at least paring the truth very thin indeed?

"A man would think," observed Ferring, "that Ducklow had some o' them bonds on his hands, and got scaret,

he took such a sudden start. He has, has n't he, Mrs. Ducklow?"

"Has what?" said Mrs. Ducklow, pretending ignorance.

"Some o' them cowpon bonds. I ruther guess he's got some."

"You mean Gov'ment bonds? Ducklow got some? 'T a'n't at all likely he'd speculate in them, without saying something to *me* about it! No, he could n't have any without my knowing it, I'm sure!"

How demure, how innocent she looked, plying her knitting-needles, and stopping to take up a stitch! How little at that moment she knew of Ducklow's trouble, and its terrible cause!

Ducklow's first impulse was to drive on and endeavor at all hazards to snatch the bonds from the flames. His next was, to return and alarm his neighbors, and obtain their assistance. But a minute's delay might be fatal; so he drove on, screaming "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice.

But the old mare was a slow-footed animal; and Ducklow had no whip. He reached forward and struck her with the reins.

"Git up! git up! — Fire! fire!" screamed Ducklow. "Oh, them bonds! them bonds! Why did n't I give the money to Reuben? Fire! fire! fire!"

By dint of screaming and slapping, he urged her from a trot into a gallop,

which was scarcely an improvement as to speed, and certainly not as to grace. It was like the gallop of an old cow. "Why don't ye go 'long!" he cried despairingly.

Slap, slap! He knocked his own hat off with the loose ends of the reins. It fell under the wheels. He cast one look behind, to satisfy himself that it had been very thoroughly run over and crushed into the dirt, and left it to its fate.

Slap, slap! "Fire, fire!" Canter, canter, canter! Neighbors looked out of their windows, and, recognizing Ducklow's wagon and old mare in such an astonishing plight, and Ducklow himself, without his hat, rising from his seat, and reaching forward in wild attitudes, brandishing the reins, at the same time rending the azure with yells, thought he must be insane.

He drove to the top of the hill, and looking beyond, in expectation of seeing his house wrapped in flames, discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap which his neighbor Atkins was burning in a field near by.

The revulsion of feeling that ensued was almost too much for the excitable Ducklow. His strength went out of him. For a little while there seemed to be nothing left of him but tremor and cold sweat. Difficult as it had been to get the old mare in motion, it was now even more difficult to stop her.

"Why! what has got into Ducklow's old mare? She's running away with him! Who ever heard of such a thing!" And Atkins, watching the ludicrous spectacle from his field, became almost as weak from laughter as Ducklow was from the effects of fear.

At length Ducklow succeeded in checking the old mare's speed, and in turning her about. It was necessary to drive back for his hat. By this time he could hear a chorus of shouts, "Fire! fire! fire!" over the hill. He had aroused the neighbors as he passed, and now they were flocking to extinguish the flames.

"A false alarm! a false alarm!" said Ducklow, looking marvellously sheep-

ish, as he met them. "Nothing but Atkins's brush-heap!"

"Seems to me you ought to have found that out 'fore you raised all creation with your yells!" said one hyperbolic fellow. "You looked like the Flying Dutchman! This your hat? I thought 't was a dead cat in the road. No fire, no fire!" — turning back to his comrades, — "only one of Ducklow's jokes."

Nevertheless, two or three boys there were who would not be convinced, but continued to leap up, swing their caps, and scream "Fire!" against all remonstrance. Ducklow did not wait to enter into explanations, but, turning the old mare about again, drove home amid the laughter of the bystanders and the screams of the misguided youngsters. As he approached the house, he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

"Thaddeus! Thaddeus! where ye goin', Thaddeus?"

"Goin' to the fire!" cried Taddy.

"There is n't any fire, boy!"

"Yes, there is! Did n't ye hear 'em? They've been yellin' like fury."

"It's nothin' but Atkins's brush."

"That all?" And Taddy appeared very much disappointed. "I thought there was goin' to be some fun. I wonder who was such a fool as to yell fire jest for a darned old brush-heap!"

Ducklow did not inform him.

"I've got to drive over to town and git Reuben's trunk. You stand by the mare while I step in and brush my hat."

Instead of applying himself at once to the restoration of his beaver, he hastened to the sitting-room, to see that the bonds were safe.

"Heavens and 'arth!" said Ducklow.

The chair, which had been carefully planted in the spot where they were concealed, had been removed. Three or four tacks had been taken out, and the carpet pushed from the wall. There was straw scattered about. Evidently Taddy had been interrupted, in the midst of his ransacking, by the alarm of fire. Indeed, he was even now creeping into the house to see what notice

Ducklow would take of these evidences of his mischief.

In great trepidation the farmer thrust in his hand here and there, and groped, until he found the envelope precisely where it had been placed the night before, with the tape tied around it, which his wife had put on to prevent its contents from slipping out and losing themselves. Great was the joy of Ducklow. Great also was the wrath of him, when he turned and discovered Taddy.

"Did n't I tell you to stand by the old mare?"

"She won't stir," said Taddy, shrinking away again.

"Come here!" And Ducklow grasped him by the collar. "What have you been doin'? Look at that!"

"'T wa'n't me!" — beginning to whimper, and ram his fists into his eyes.

"Don't tell me 't wa'n't you!" Ducklow shook him till his teeth chattered. "What was you pullin' up the carpet for?"

"Lost a marble!" snivelled Taddy.

"Lost a marble! Ye did n't lose it under the carpet, did ye? Look at all that straw pulled out!" — shaking him again.

"Did n't know but it might 'a' got under the carpet, marbles roll so," explained Taddy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Wal, Sir!" Ducklow administered a resounding box on his ear. "Don't you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbles!"

"Ha'n't got a million!" Taddy wept, rubbing his cheek. "Ha'n't got but four! Won't ye buy me some to-day?"

"Go to that mare, and don't you leave her again till I come, or I'll *marble* ye in a way you won't like!"

Understanding, by this somewhat equivocal form of expression, that flagellation was threatened, Taddy obeyed, still feeling his smarting and burning ear.

Ducklow was in trouble. What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them, after what had happened; and he remembered too

well the experience of yesterday to think for a moment of carrying them about his person. With unreasonable impatience, his mind reverted to Mrs. Ducklow.

"Why a'n't she to home? These women are forever a-gaddin'! I wish Reuben's trunk was in Jericho!"

Thinking of the trunk reminded him of one in the garret, filled with old papers of all sorts, — newspapers, letters, bills of sale, children's writing-books, — accumulations of the past quarter of a century. Neither fire nor burglar nor ransacking youngster had ever molested those ancient records during all those five-and-twenty years. A bright thought struck him.

"I'll slip the bonds down into that wuthless heap o' rubbish, where no one 'u'd ever think o' lookin' for 'em, and resk 'em."

Having assured himself that Taddy was standing by the wagon, he paid a hasty visit to the trunk in the garret, and concealed the envelope, still bound in its band of tape, among the papers. He then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything afire.

He had driven about half a mile when he met a peddler. There was nothing unusual or alarming in such a circumstance, surely; but as Ducklow kept on, it troubled him.

"He'll stop to the house now, most likely, and want to trade. Findin' nobody but Taddy, there's no knowin' what he'll be tempted to do. But I a'n't a-goin' to worry. I'll defy anybody to find them bonds. Besides, she may be home by this time. I guess she'll hear of the fire-alarm, and hurry home: it'll be jest like her. She'll be there, and — trade with the peddler?" thought Ducklow, uneasily. Then a frightful fancy possessed him. "She has threatened two or three times to sell that old trunkful of papers. He'll offer a big price for 'em, and ten to one she'll let him have 'em. Why *did n't* I think on 't? What a stupid blunderbuss I be!"

As Ducklow thought of it, he felt al-

most certain that Mrs. Ducklow had returned home, and that she was bargaining with the peddler at that moment. He fancied her smilingly receiving bright tin-ware for the old papers; and he could see the tape-tied envelope going into the bag with the rest! The result was, that he turned about and whipped the old mare home again in terrific haste, to catch the departing peddler.

Arriving, he found the house as he had left it, and Taddy occupied in making a kite-frame.

"Did that peddler stop here?"

"I ha'n't seen no peddler."

"And ha'n't yer Ma Ducklow been home, neither?"

"No."

And with a guilty look, Taddy put the kite-frame behind him.

Ducklow considered. The peddler had turned up a cross-street: he would probably turn down again and stop at the house, after all: Mrs. Ducklow might by that time be at home: then the sale of old papers would be very likely to take place. Ducklow thought of leaving word that he did not wish any old papers in the house to be sold, but feared lest the request might excite Taddy's suspicions.

"I don't see no way but for me to take the bonds with me," thought he, with an inward groan.

He accordingly went to the garret, took the envelope out of the trunk, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his overcoat, to which he pinned it, to prevent it by any chance from getting out. He used six large, strong pins for the purpose, and was afterwards sorry he did not use seven.

"There 's suthin' losin' out of yer pocket!" bawled Taddy, as he was once more mounting the wagon.

Quick as lightning, Ducklow clapped his hand to his breast. In doing so, he loosed his hold of the wagon-box and fell, raking his shin badly on the wheel.

"Yer side-pocket! it 's one o' yer mittens!" said Taddy.

"You rascal! how you scared me!"

Seating himself in the wagon, Duck-

low gently pulled up his trousers-leg to look at the bruised part.

"Got anything in yer boot-leg to-day, Pa Ducklow?" asked Taddy, innocently.

"Yes, a barked shin!—all on your account, too! Go and put that straw back, and fix the carpet; and don't ye let me hear ye speak of my boot-leg again, or I 'll *boot-leg* ye!"

So saying, Ducklow departed.

Instead of repairing the mischief he had done in the sitting-room, Taddy devoted his time and talents to the more interesting occupation of constructing his kite-frame. He worked at that, until Mr. Grantley, the minister, driving by, stopped to inquire how the folks were.

"A'n't to home: may I ride?" cried Taddy, all in a breath.

Mr. Grantley was an indulgent old gentleman, fond of children; so he said, "Jump in"; and in a minute Taddy had scrambled to a seat by his side.

And now occurred a circumstance which Ducklow had foreseen. The alarm of fire had reached Reuben's; and although the report of its falseness followed immediately, Mrs. Ducklow's inflammable fancy was so kindled by it that she could find no comfort in prolonging her visit.

"Mr. Ducklow 'll be going for the trunk, and I *must* go home and see to things, Taddy's *such* a fellow for mischief! I can foot it; I sha'n't mind it."

And off she started, walking herself out of breath in her anxiety.

She reached the brow of the hill just in time to see a chaise drive away from her own door.

"Who can that be? I wonder if Taddy's there to guard the house! If anything should happen to them bonds!"

Out of breath as she was, she quickened her pace, and trudged on, flushed, perspiring, panting, until she reached the house.

"Thaddeus!" she called.

No Taddy answered. She went in. The house was deserted. And lo! the

carpet torn up, and the bonds abstracted!

Mr. Ducklow never would have made such work, removing the bonds. Then somebody else must have taken them, she reasoned.

"The man in the chaise!" she exclaimed, or rather made an effort to exclaim, succeeding only in bringing forth a hoarse, gasping sound. Fear dried up articulation. *Vox faucibus hæsit.*

And Taddy? He had disappeared; been murdered, perhaps,—or gagged and carried away by the man in the chaise.

Mrs. Ducklow flew hither and thither, (to use a favorite phrase of her own,) "like a hen with her head cut off"; then rushed out of the house, and up the street, screaming after the chaise,—

"Murder! murder! Stop thief! stop thief!"

She waved her hands aloft in the air frantically. If she had trudged before, now she trotted, now she cantered; but if the cantering of the old mare was fitly likened to that of a cow, to what thing, to what manner of motion under the sun, shall we liken the cantering of Mrs. Ducklow? It was original; it was unique; it was prodigious. Now, with her frantically waving hands, and all her undulating and flapping skirts, she seemed a species of huge, unwieldy bird attempting to fly. Then she sank down into a heavy, dragging walk,—breath and strength all gone,—no voice left even to scream murder. Then the awful realization of the loss of the bonds once more rushing over her, she started up again. "Half running, half flying, what progress she made!" Then Atkins's dog saw her, and, naturally mistaking her for a prodigy, came out at her, bristling up and bounding and barking terrifically.

"Come here!" cried Atkins, following the dog. "What's the matter? What's to pay, Mrs. Ducklow?"

Attempting to speak, the good woman could only pant and wheeze.

"Robbed!" she at last managed to whisper, amid the yelpings of the cur that refused to be silenced.

"Robbed? How? Who?"

"The chaise. Ketch it."

Her gestures expressed more than her words; and Atkins's horse and wagon, with which he had been drawing out brush, being in the yard near by, he ran to them, leaped to the seat, drove into the road, took Mrs. Ducklow aboard, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the slow two-wheeled vehicle.

"Stop, you, Sir! Stop, you, Sir!" shrieked Mrs. Ducklow, having recovered her breath by the time they came up with the chaise.

It stopped, and Mr. Grantley the minister put out his good-natured, surprised face.

"You've robbed my house! You've took"—

Mrs. Ducklow was going on in wild, accusatory accents, when she recognized the benign countenance.

"What do you say? I have robbed you?" he exclaimed, very much astonished.

"No, no! not you! You would n't do such a thing!" she stammered forth, while Atkins, who had laughed himself weak at Mr. Ducklow's plight earlier in the morning, now laughed himself into a side-ache at Mrs. Ducklow's ludicrous mistake. "But did you—did you stop at my house? Have you seen our Thaddeus?"

"Here I be, Ma Ducklow!" piped a small voice; and Taddy, who had till then remained hidden, fearing punishment, peeped out of the chaise from behind the broad back of the minister.

"Taddy! Taddy! how came the carpet"—

"I pulled it up, huntin' for a marble," said Taddy, as she paused, overmastered by her emotions.

"And the—the thing tied up in a brown wrapper?"

"Pa Ducklow took it."

"Ye sure?"

"Yes, I seen him!"

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Ducklow, "I never was so beat! Mr. Grantley, I hope—excuse me—I did n't know what I was about! Taddy, you notty

boy, what did you leave the house for? Be ye quite sure yer Pa Ducklow?"——

Taddy repeated that he was quite sure, as he climbed from the chaise into Atkins's wagon. The minister smilingly remarked that he hoped she would find no robbery had been committed, and went his way. Atkins, driving back, and setting her and Taddy down at the Ducklow gate, answered her embarrassed "Much obleeged to ye," with a sincere "Not at all," considering the fun he had had a sufficient compensation for his trouble. And thus ended the morning's adventures, with the exception of an unimportant episode, in which Taddy, Mrs. Ducklow, and Mrs. Ducklow's rattan were the principal actors.

At noon Mr. Ducklow returned.

"Did ye take the bonds?" was his wife's first question.

"Of course I did! Ye don't suppose I'd go away and leave 'em in the house, not knowin' when you'd be comin' home?"

"Wal, I did n't know. And I did n't know whuther to believe Taddy or not. Oh, I've had such a fright!"

And she related the story of her pursuit of the minister.

"How could ye make such a fool of yerself? It'll git all over town, and I shall be mortified to death. Jest like a woman, to git frightened!"

"If *you* had n't got frightened, and made a fool of *yoursel*f, yelling fire, 't would n't have happened!" retorted Mrs. Ducklow.

"Wal! wal! say no more about it! The bonds are safe."

"I was in hopes you'd change 'em for them registered bonds Reuben spoke of."

"I did try to, but they told me to the bank it could n't be did. Then I asked 'em if they would keep 'em for me, and they said they would n't object to lockin' on 'em up in their safe; but they would n't give me no receipt, nor hold themselves responsible for 'em. I did n't know what else to do, so I handed 'em the bonds to keep."

"I want to know if you did now!"

exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, disapprovingly.

"Why not? What else could I do? I did n't want to lug 'em around with me forever. And as for keepin' 'em hid in the house, we've tried that!" and Ducklow unfolded his weekly newspaper.

Mrs. Ducklow was placing the dinner on the table, with a look which seemed to say, "*I* would n't have left the bonds in the bank; *my* judgment would have been better than all that. If they are lost, *I* sha'n't be to blame!" when suddenly Ducklow started and uttered a cry of consternation over his newspaper.

"Why, what have ye found?"

"Bank robbery!"

"Not *your* bank? Not the bank where *your* bonds"——

"Of course not; but in the very next town! The safe blown open with gunpowder! Five thousand dollars in Government bonds stole!"

"How strange!" said Mrs. Ducklow. "Now what did I tell ye?"

"I believe you're right," cried Ducklow, starting to his feet. "They'll be safer in my own house, or even in my own pocket!"

"If you was going to put 'em in any safe, why not put 'em in Josiah's? He's got a safe, ye know."

"So he has! We might drive over there and make a visit Monday, and ask him to lock up——yes, we might tell him and Laury all about it, and leave 'em in their charge."

"So we might!" said Mrs. Ducklow.

Laura was their daughter, and Josiah her husband, in whose honor and sagacity they placed unlimited confidence. The plan was resolved upon at once.

"To-morrow's Sunday," said Ducklow, pacing the floor. "If we leave the bonds in the bank over night, they must stay there till Monday."

"And Sunday is jest the day for burglars to operate!" added Mrs. Ducklow.

"I've a good notion——let me see!" said Ducklow, looking at the clock.

"Twenty minutes after twelve! Bank closes at two! An hour and a half, — I believe I could git there in an hour and a half. I will. I'll take a bite and drive right back."

Which he accordingly did, and brought the tape-tied envelope home with him again. That night he slept with it under his pillow. The next day was Sunday; and although Mr. Ducklow did not like to have the bonds on his mind during sermon-time, and Mrs. Ducklow "dreaded dreadfully," as she said, "to look the minister in the face," they concluded that it was best, on the whole, to go to meeting, and carry the bonds. With the envelope once more in his breast-pocket, (stitched in this time by Mrs. Ducklow's own hand,) the farmer sat under the droppings of the sanctuary, and stared up at the good minister, but without hearing a word of the discourse, his mind was so engrossed by worldly cares, until the preacher exclaimed vehemently, looking straight at Ducklow's pew, —

"What said Paul? 'I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*.' 'Except these bonds'!" he repeated, striking the Bible. "Can you, my hearers, — can you say, with Paul, 'Would that all were as I am, *except these bonds*'?"

A point which seemed for a moment so personal to himself, that Ducklow was filled with confusion, and would certainly have stammered out some foolish answer, had not the preacher passed on to other themes. As it was, Ducklow contented himself with glancing around to see if the congregation was looking at him, and carelessly passing his hand across his breast-pocket to make sure the bonds were still there.

Early the next morning, the old mare was harnessed, and Taddy's adopted parents set out to visit their daughter, — Mrs. Ducklow having postponed her washing for the purpose. It was afternoon when they arrived at their journey's end. Laura received them joy-

fully, but Josiah was not expected home until evening. Mr. Ducklow put the old mare in the barn, and fed her, and then went in to dinner, feeling very comfortable indeed.

"Josiah 's got a nice place here. That 's about as slick a little barn as ever I see. Always does me good to come over here and see you gittin' along so nicely, Laury."

"I wish you 'd come oftener, then," said Laura.

"Wal, it 's hard leavin' home, ye know. Have to git one of the Atkins boys to come and sleep with Taddy the night we 're away."

"We should n't have come to-day, if 't had n't been for me," remarked Mrs. Ducklow. "Says I to your father, says I, 'I feel as if I wanted to go over and see Laury; it seems an age since I 've seen her,' says I. 'Wal,' says he, 's'pos'n' we go!' says he. That was only last Saturday; and this morning we started."

"And it 's no fool of a job to make the journey with the old mare!" said Ducklow.

"Why don't you drive a better horse?" said Laura, whose pride was always touched when her parents came to visit her with the old mare and the one-horse wagon.

"Oh, she answers my purpose. Hoss-flesh is high, Laury. Have to economize, these times."

"I 'm sure there 's no need of your economizing!" exclaimed Laura, leading the way to the dining-room. "Why don't you use your money, and have the good of it?"

"So I tell him," said Mrs. Ducklow, faintly. — "Why, Laury! I did n't want you to be to so much trouble to git dinner jest for us! A bite would have answered. Do see, father!"

At evening Josiah came home; and it was not until then that Ducklow mentioned the subject which was foremost in his thoughts.

"What do ye think o' Gov'ment bonds, Josiah?" he incidentally inquired, after supper.

"First-rate!" said Josiah.

"About as safe as anything, a'n't they?" said Ducklow, encouraged.

"Safe?" cried Josiah. "Just look at the resources of this country! Nobody has begun yet to appreciate the power and undeveloped wealth of these United States. It's a big rebellion, I know; but we're going to put it down. It'll leave us a big debt, very sure; but we handle it now easy as that child lifts that stool. It makes him grunt and stagger a little, not because he is n't strong enough for it, but because he don't understand his own strength, or how to use it: he'll have twice the strength, and know just how to apply it, in a little while. Just so with this country. It makes me laugh to hear folks talk about repudiation and bankruptcy."

"But s'pos'n' we do put down the Rebellion, and the States come back: then what's to hender the South, and Secesh sympathizers in the North, from j'inin' together and votin' that the debt sha'n't be paid?"

"Don't you worry about that! Do ye suppose we're going to be such fools as to give the Rebels, after we've whipped 'em, the same political power they had before the war? Not by a long chalk! Sooner than that, we'll put the ballot into the hands of the freedmen. They're our friends. They've fought on the right side, and they'll vote on the right side. I tell ye, spite of all the prejudice there is against black skins, we a'n't such a nation of ninnies as to give up all we're fighting for, and leave our best friends and allies, not to speak of our own interests, in the hands of our enemies."

"You consider Gov'ments a good investment, then, do ye?" said Ducklow, growing radiant.

"I do, decidedly, — the very best. Besides, you help the Government; and that's no small consideration."

"So I thought. But how is it about the cowpon bonds? A'n't they rather ticklish property to have in the house?"

"Well, I don't know. Think how many years you'll keep old bills and documents and never dream of such a

thing as losing them! There's not a bit more danger with the bonds. I should n't want to carry 'em around with me, to any great amount, — though I did once carry three thousand-dollar bonds in my pocket for a week. I did n't mind it."

"Curi's!" said Ducklow: "I've got three thousan'-dollar bonds in my pocket this minute!"

"Well, it's so much good property," said Josiah, appearing not at all surprised at the circumstance.

"Seems to me, though, if I had a safe, as you have, I should lock 'em up in it."

"I was travelling that week. I locked 'em up pretty soon after I got home, though."

"Suppose," said Ducklow, as if the thought had but just occurred to him, — "suppose you put my bonds into your safe: I shall feel easier."

"Of course," replied Josiah. "I'll keep 'em for you, if you like."

"It will be an accommodation. They'll be safe, will they?"

"Safe as mine are; safe as anybody's: I'll insure 'em for twenty-five cents."

Ducklow was happy. Mrs. Ducklow was happy. She took her husband's coat, and with a pair of scissors cut the threads that stitched the envelope to the pocket.

"Have you torn off the May coupons?" asked Josiah.

"No."

"Well, you'd better. They'll be payable now soon; and if you take them, you won't have to touch the bonds again till the interest on the November coupons is due."

"A good idea!" said Ducklow.

He took the envelope, untied the tape, and removed its contents. Suddenly the glow of comfort, the gleam of satisfaction, faded from his countenance.

"Hello! What ye got there?" cried Josiah.

"Why, father! massy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow.

As for Ducklow himself, he could not utter a word; but, dumb with consternation, he looked again in the envelope, and opened and turned inside out, and

shook, with trembling hands, its astonishing contents. The bonds were not there: they had been stolen, and three copies of the "Sunday Visitor" had been inserted in their place.

Very early on the following morning a dismal-faced middle-aged couple might have been seen riding away from Josiah's house. It was the Ducklows returning home, after their fruitless, their worse than fruitless, journey. No entreaties could prevail upon them to prolong their visit. It was with difficulty even that they had been prevented from setting off immediately on the discovery of their loss, and travelling all night, in their impatience to get upon the track of the missing bonds.

"There 'll be not the least use in going to-night," Josiah had said. "If they were stolen at the bank, you can't do anything about it till to-morrow. And even if they were taken from your own house, I don't see what 's to be gained now by hurrying back. It is n't probable you 'll ever see 'em again, and you may just as well take it easy,—go to bed and sleep on it, and get a fresh start in the morning."

So, much against their inclination, the unfortunate owners of the abstracted bonds retired to the luxurious chamber Laura gave them, and lay awake all night, groaning and sighing, wondering and surmising, and (I regret to add) blaming each other. So true it is, that "modern conveniences," hot and cold water all over the house, a pier-glass, and the most magnificently canopied couch, avail nothing to give tranquillity to the harassed mind. Hitherto the Ducklows had felt great satisfaction in the style their daughter, by her marriage, was enabled to support. To brag of her nice house and furniture and two servants was almost as good as possessing them. Remembering her rich dining-room and silver service and porcelain, they were proud. Such things were enough for the honor of the family; and, asking nothing for themselves, they slept well in their humblest of bed-chambers, and sipped their tea contentedly out of

clumsy earthen. But that night the boasted style in which their "darter" lived was less appreciated than formerly: fashion and splendor were no longer a consolation.

"If we had only given the three thousand dollars to Reuben!" said Ducklow, driving homewards with a countenance as long as his whip-lash. "'T would have jest set him up, and been some compensation for his sufferin's and losses goin to the war."

"Wal, I had no objections," replied Mrs. Ducklow. "I always thought he ought to have the money eventooally. And, as Miss Beswick said, no doubt it would 'a' been ten times the comfort to him now it would be a number o' years from now. But you did n't seem willing."

"I don't know! 't was you that was n't willin'!"

And they expatiated on Reuben's merits, and their benevolent intentions towards him, and, in imagination, endowed him with the price of the bonds over and over again: so easy is it to be generous with lost money!

"But it 's no use talkin'!" said Ducklow. "I 've not the least idee we shall ever see the color o' them bonds again. If they was stole to the bank, I can't prove anything."

"It does seem strange to me," Mrs. Ducklow replied, "that you should have had no more gumption than to trust the bonds with strangers, when they told you in so many words they would n't be responsible."

"If you have flung that in my teeth once, you have fifty times!" And Ducklow lashed the old mare, as if she, and not Mrs. Ducklow, had exasperated him.

"Wal," said the lady, "I don't see how we 're going to work to find 'em, now they 're lost, without making inquiries; and we can't make inquiries without letting it be known we had bought."

"I been thinkin' about that," said her husband. "Oh, dear!" with a groan; "I wish the pesky cowpon bonds had never been invented!"

They drove first to the bank, where they were of course told that the envel-

ope had not been untied there. "Besides, it was sealed, was n't it?" said the cashier. "Indeed!" He expressed great surprise, when informed that it was not. "It should have been: I supposed any child would know enough to look out for that!"

And this was all the consolation Ducklow could obtain.

"Just as I expected," said Mrs. Ducklow, as they resumed their journey. "I just as much believe that man stole your bonds as that you trusted 'em in his hands in an unsealed wrapper! Beats all, how you could be so careless!"

"Wal, wal! I s'pose I never shall hear the last on 't!"

And again the poor old mare had to suffer for Mrs. Ducklow's offences.

They had but one hope now,—that perhaps Taddy had tampered with the envelope, and that the bonds might be found somewhere about the house. But this hope was quickly extinguished on their arrival. Taddy, being accused, protested his innocence with a vehemence which convinced even Mr. Ducklow that the cashier was probably the guilty party.

"Unless," said he, brandishing the rattan, "somebody got into the house that morning when the little scamp run off to ride with the minister!"

"Oh, don't lick me for that! I've been licked for that once; ha'n't I, Ma Ducklow?" shrieked Taddy.

The house was searched in vain. No clew to the purloined securities could be obtained,—the copies of the "Sunday Visitor," which had been substituted for them, affording not the least; for that valuable little paper was found in almost every household, except Ducklow's.

"I don't see any way left but to advertise, as Josiah said," remarked the farmer, with a deep sigh of despondency.

"And that'll bring it all out!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow. "If you only had n't been so imprudent!"

"Wal, wal!" said Ducklow, cutting her short.

Before resorting to public measures

for the recovery of the stolen property, it was deemed expedient to acquaint their friends with their loss in a private way. The next day, accordingly, they went to pay Reuben a visit. It was a very different meeting from that which took place a few mornings before. The returned soldier had gained in health, but not in spirits. The rapture of reaching home once more, the flush of hope and happiness, had passed away with the visitors who had flocked to offer their congratulations. He had had time to reflect: he had reached home, indeed; but now every moment reminded him how soon that home was to be taken from him. He looked at his wife and children, and clenched his teeth hard to stifle the emotions that arose at the thought of their future. The sweet serenity, the faith and patience and cheerfulness, which never ceased to illumine Sophronia's face as she moved about the house, pursuing her daily tasks, and tenderly waiting upon him, deepened at once his love and his solicitude. He was watching her thus when the Ducklows entered with countenances mournful as the grave.

"How are you gittin' along, Reuben?" said Ducklow, while his wife murmured a solemn "good morning" to Sophronia.

"I am doing well enough. Don't be at all concerned about me! It a'n't pleasant to lie here, and feel it may be months, months, before I'm able to be about my business; but I would n't mind it,—I could stand it first-rate,—I could stand anything, anything, but to see her working her life out for me and the children! To no purpose, either; that's the worst of it. We shall have to lose this place, spite of fate!"

"Oh, Reuben!" said Sophronia, hastening to him, and laying her soothing hands upon his hot forehead; "why won't you stop thinking about that? Do try to have more faith! We shall be taken care of, I'm sure!"

"If I had three thousand dollars,—yes, or even two,—then I'd have faith!" said Reuben. "Miss Beswick has proposed to send a subscription-

paper around town for us; but I 'd rather die than have it done. Besides, nothing near that amount could be raised, I 'm confident. You need n't groan so, Pa Ducklow, for I a'n't hinting at you. I don't expect you to help me out of my trouble. If you had felt called upon to do it, you 'd have done it before now; and I don't ask, I don't beg of any man!" added the soldier, proudly.

"That 's right; I like your sperit!" said the miserable Ducklow. "But I was sighing to think of something,— something you have n't known anything about, Reuben."

"Yes, Reuben, we should have helped you," said Mrs. Ducklow, "and did, did take steps towards it" —

"In fact," resumed Ducklow, "you 've met with a great misfortin', Reuben. Unbeknown to yourself, you 've met with a great misfortin'! Yer Ma Ducklow knows."

"Yes, Reuben, the very day you came home, your Pa Ducklow made an investment for your benefit. We did n't mention it,— you know I would n't own up to it, though I did n't exactly say the contrary, the morning we was over here" —

"Because," said Ducklow, as she faltered, "we wanted to surprise you; we was keepin' it a secret till the right time, then we was goin' to make it a pleasant surprise to ye."

"What in the name of common-sense are you talking about?" cried Reuben, looking from one to the other of the wretched, prevaricating pair.

"Cowpon bonds!" groaned Ducklow. "Three thousan'-dollar cowpon bonds! The money had been lent, but I wanted to make a good investment for you, and I thought there was nothin' so good as Gov'ments" —

"That 's all right," said Reuben. "Only, if you had money to invest for my benefit, I should have preferred to pay off the mortgage the first thing."

"Sartin! sartin!" said Ducklow; "and you could have turned the bonds right in, if you had so chosen, like so much cash. Or you could have drawn

your interest on the bonds in gold, and paid the interest on your mortgage in currency, and made so much, as I rather thought you would."

"But the bonds?" eagerly demanded Reuben, with trembling hopes, just as Miss Beswick, with her shawl over her head, entered the room.

"We was jest telling about our loss, Reuben's loss," said Mrs. Ducklow, in a manner which betrayed no little anxiety to conciliate that terrible woman.

"Very well! don't let me interrupt." And Miss Beswick, slipping the shawl from her head, sat down.

Her presence, stiff and prim and sarcastic, did not tend in the least to relieve Mr. Ducklow from the natural embarrassment he felt in giving his version of Reuben's loss. However, assisted occasionally by a judicious remark thrown in by Mrs. Ducklow, he succeeded in telling a sufficiently plausible and candid-seeming story.

"I see! I see!" said Reuben, who had listened with astonishment and pain to the narrative. "You had kinder intentions towards me than I gave you credit for. Forgive me, if I wronged you!" He pressed the hand of his adopted father, and thanked him from a heart filled with gratitude and trouble. "But don't feel so bad about it. You did what you thought best. I can only say, the fates are against me."

"Hem!" coughing, Miss Beswick stretched up her long neck and cleared her throat. "So them bonds you had bought for Reuben was in the house the very night I called!"

"Yes, Miss Beswick," replied Mrs. Ducklow; "and that 's what made it so uncomfortable to us to have you talk the way you did."

"Hem!" The neck was stretched up still farther than before, and the redoubtable throat cleared again. "'T was too bad! Ye ought to have told me. You 'd actooally bought the bonds,— bought 'em for Reuben, had ye?"

"Sartin! sartin!" said Ducklow.

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Ducklow.

"We designed 'em for his benefit, a

surprise, when the right time come," said both together.

"Hem! well!" (It was evident that the Beswick was clearing her decks for action.) "When the right time come! yes! That right time was n't somethin' indefinite, in the fur futur', of course! Yer losin' the bonds did n't hurry up yer benevolence the least grain, I s'pose! Hem! let in them boys, Sophrony!"

Sophronia opened the door, and in walked Master Dick Atkins, (son of the brush-burner,) followed, not without reluctance and concern, by Master Taddy.

"Thaddeus! what you here for?" demanded the adopted parents.

"Because I said so," remarked Miss Beswick, arbitrarily. "Step along, boys, step along. Hold up yer head, Taddy, for ye a'n't goin' to be hurt while I'm around. Take yer fists out o' yer eyes, and stop blubberin'. Mr. Ducklow, that boy knows somethin' about Reuben's cowpon bonds."

"Thaddeus!" ejaculated both Ducklows at once, "did you touch them bonds?"

"Did n't know what they was!" whimpered Taddy.

"Did you take them?" And the female Ducklow grasped his shoulder.

"Hands off, if you please!" remarked Miss Beswick, with frightfully gleaming courtesy. "I told him, if he 'd be a good boy, and come along with Richard, and tell the truth, he should n't be hurt. *If* you please," she repeated, with a majestic nod; and Mrs. Ducklow took her hands off.

"Where are they now? where are they?" cried Ducklow, rushing headlong to the main question.

"Don't know," said Taddy.

"Don't know? you villain!" And Ducklow was rising in wrath. But Miss Beswick put up her hand deprecatingly.

"If *you* please!" she said, with grim civility; and Ducklow sank down again.

"What did you do with 'em? what did you want of 'em?" said Mrs. Ducklow, with difficulty restraining an impulse to wring his neck.

"To cover my kite," confessed the miserable Taddy.

"Cover your kite! your kite!" A chorus of groans from the Ducklows. "Did n't you know no better?"

"Did n't think you 'd care," said Taddy. "I had some newspapers Dick give me to cover it; but I thought them things 'u'd be pootier. So I took 'em, and put the newspapers in the wrapper."

"Did ye cover yer kite?"

"No. When I found out you cared so much about 'em, I dars'n't; I was afraid you'd see 'em."

"Then what *did* you do with 'em?"

"When you was away, Dick come over to sleep with me, and I—I sold 'em to him."

"Sold 'em to Dick!"

"Yes," spoke up Dick, stoutly, "for six marbles, and one was a bull's-eye, and one agate, and two alleys. Then, when you come home and made such a fuss, he wanted 'em ag'in. But he would n't give me back but four, and I wa'n't going to agree to no such nonsense as that."

"I 'd lost the bull's-eye and one common," whined Taddy.

"But the bonds! did you destroy 'em?"

"Likely I 'd destroy 'em, after I 'd paid six marbles for 'em!" said Dick. "I wanted 'em to cover *my* kite with."

"Cover *your* — oh! then *you* 've made a kite of 'em?" said Ducklow.

"Well, I was going to, when Aunt Beswick ketched me at it. She made me tell where I got 'em, and took me over to your house jest now; and Taddy said you was over here, and so she put ahead, and made us follow her."

Again, in an agony of impatience, Ducklow demanded to know where the bonds were at that moment.

"If Taddy 'll give me back the marbles," began Master Dick.

"That 'll do!" said Miss Beswick, silencing him with a gesture. "Reuben will give you twenty marbles; for I believe you said they was Reuben's bonds, Mr. Ducklow?"

"Yes, that is" — stammered the adopted father.

"Eventooally," struck in the adopted mother.

"Now look here! What am I to understand? Be they Reuben's bonds, or be they not? That's the question!" And there was that in Miss Beswick's look which said, "If they are not Reuben's, then your eyes shall never behold them more!"

"Of course they're Reuben's!" "We intended all the while" — "His benefit" — "To do jest what he pleases with 'em," chorused Pa and Ma Ducklow.

"Wal! now it's understood! Here, Reuben, are your cowpon bonds!"

And Miss Beswick, drawing them from her bosom, placed the precious documents, with formal politeness, in the glad soldier's agitated hands.

"Glory!" cried Reuben, assuring himself that they were genuine and real. "Sophrony, you've got a home! Ruby, Carrie, you've got a home! Miss Beswick! you angel from the skies! order a bushel and a half of marbles for Dick, and have the bill sent to me! Oh, Pa Ducklow! you never did a nobler or more generous thing in your life. These will lift the mortgage, and leave me a nest-egg besides. Then when I get my back pay, and my pension, and my health again, we shall be independent."

And the soldier, overcome by his feelings, sank back in the arms of his wife.

"We always told you we'd do well by ye, you remember?" said the Ducklows, triumphantly.

The news went abroad. Again congratulations poured in upon the returned volunteer. Everybody rejoiced in his good fortune, — especially certain rich ones who had been dreading to see Miss Beswick come round with her proposed subscription-paper.

Among the rest, the Ducklows rejoiced not the least; for selfishness was with them, as it is with many, rather a thing of habit than a fault of the heart. The catastrophe of the bonds broke up that life-long habit, and revealed good hearts underneath. The consciousness of having done an act of justice, although by accident, proved very sweet to them: it was really a fresh sensation; and Reuben and his dear little family, saved from ruin and distress, happy, thankful, glad, was a sight to their old eyes such as they had never witnessed before. Not gold itself, in any quantity, at the highest premium, could have given them so much satisfaction; and as for coupon bonds, they are not to be mentioned in the comparison.

"Won't you do well by me some time, too?" teased little Taddy, who overheard his adopted parents congratulating themselves on having acted so generously by Reuben. "I don't care for no cowpen bonds, but I do want a new drum!"

"Yes, yes, my son!" said Ducklow, patting the boy's shoulder.

And the drum was bought.

Taddy was delighted. But he did not know what made the Ducklows so much happier, so much gentler and kinder, than formerly. Do you?

THE AUTHOR OF "SAUL."*

WE are not one of those who believe that the manifestation of any native, vigorous faculty of the mind is dependent upon circumstances. It is true that education, in its largest sense, modifies development; but it cannot, to any serious extent, add to, or take from, the power to be developed. In the lack of encouragement and contemporary appreciation, certain of the finer faculties may not give forth their full and perfect fragrance; but the rose is always seen to be a rose, though never a bud come to flower. The "mute, inglorious Milton" is a pleasant poetic fiction. Against the "hands that the rod of empire *might* have swayed" we have nothing to object, knowing to what sort of hands the said rod has so often been intrusted.

John Howard Payne once read to us — and it was something of an infliction — a long manuscript on "The Neglected 'Geniuses of America,'" — a work which only death, we suspect, prevented him from giving to the world. There was not one name in the list which had ever before reached our ears. Nicholas Blauvelt and William Phillips and a number of other utterly forgotten rhyme-sters were described and eulogized at length, the quoted specimens of their poetry proving all the while their admirable right to the oblivion which Mr. Payne deprecated. They were men of culture, some of them wealthy, and we could detect no lack of opportunity in the story of their lives. Had they been mechanics, they would have planed boards and laid bricks from youth to age. The Ayrshire ploughman and the Bedford tinker were made of other stuff. Our inference then was, and still

is, that unacknowledged (or at least unmanifested) genius is no genius at all, and that the lack of sympathy which many young authors so bitterly lament is a necessary test of their fitness for their assumed vocation.

Gerald Massey is one of the most recent instances of the certainty with which a poetic faculty by no means of the highest order will enforce its own development, under seemingly fatal discouragements. The author of "Saul" is a better illustration of the same fact; for, although, in our ignorance of the circumstances of his early life, we are unable to affirm what particular difficulties he had to encounter, we know how long he was obliged to wait for the first word of recognition, and to what heights he aspired in the course of many long and solitary years.

The existence of "Saul" was first made known to the world by an article in the "North British Review," in the year 1858, when the author had already attained his forty-second year. The fact that the work was published in Montreal called some attention to it on this side of the Atlantic, and a few critical notices appeared in our literary periodicals. It is still, however, comparatively unknown; and those into whose hands it may have fallen are, doubtless, ignorant of the author's name and history. An outline of the latter, so far as we have been able to ascertain its features, will help the reader to a more intelligent judgment, when we come to discuss the author's claim to a place in literature.

Charles Heavyside was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1816. We know nothing in regard to his parents, except that they were poor, yet able to send their son to an ordinary school. His passion for reading, especially such poetry as fell into his hands, showed itself while he was yet a child. Milton seems to have been the first author who made a profound impression upon his

* *Saul*. A Drama, in Three Parts. Montreal: John Lovell. 1859.

Count Filippo; or, The Unequal Marriage. By the Author of "Saul." Montreal: Printed for the Author. 1860.

Jephthah's Daughter. By Charles Heavyside, Author of "Saul." Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1865.

mind; but it is also reported that the schoolmaster once indignantly snatched Gray's "Elegy" from his hand, because he so frequently selected that poem for his reading-lesson. Somewhat later, he saw "Macbeth" performed, and was immediately seized with the ambition to become an actor,—a profession for which few persons could be less qualified. The impression produced by this tragedy, combined with the strict religious training which he appears to have received, undoubtedly fixed the character and manner of his subsequent literary efforts.

There are but few other facts of his life which we can state with certainty. His chances of education were evidently very scanty, for he must have left school while yet a boy, in order to learn his trade,—that of a machinist. He had thenceforth little time and less opportunity for literary culture. His reading was desultory, and the poetic faculty, expending itself on whatever subjects came to hand, produced great quantities of manuscripts, which were destroyed almost as soon as written. The idea of publishing them does not seem to have presented itself to his mind. Either his life must have been devoid of every form of intellectual sympathy, or there was some external impediment formidable enough to keep down that ambition which always co-exists with the creative power.

In the year 1843 he married, and in 1853 emigrated to Canada, and settled in Montreal. Even here his literary labor was at first performed in secrecy; he was nearly forty years old before a line from his pen appeared in type. He found employment in a machine-shop, and it was only very gradually—probably after much doubt and hesitation—that he came to the determination to subject his private creations to the ordeal of print. His first venture was a poem in blank verse, the title of which we have been unable to ascertain. A few copies were printed anonymously and distributed among personal friends. It was a premature birth, which never knew a moment's life, and the father of

it would now be the last person to attempt a resuscitation.

Soon afterwards appeared—also anonymously—a little pamphlet, containing fifty "so-called" sonnets. They are, in reality, fragmentary poems of fourteen lines each, bound to no metre or order of rhyme. In spite of occasional crudities of expression, the ideas are always poetic and elevated, and there are many vigorous couplets and quatrains. They do not, however, furnish any evidence of sustained power, and the reader, who should peruse them as the only productions of the author, would be far from inferring the latter's possession of that lofty epical utterance which he exhibits in "Saul" and "Jephthah's Daughter."

We cannot learn that this second attempt to obtain a hearing was successful, so far as any public notice of the pamphlet is concerned; but it seems, at least, to have procured for Mr. Heavysege the first private recognition of his poetic abilities which he had ever received, and thereby given him courage for a more ambitious venture. "Saul," as an epical subject, must have haunted his mind for years. The greater portion of it, indeed, had been written before he had become familiar with the idea of publication; and even after the completion of the work, we can imagine the sacrifices which must have delayed its appearance in print. For a hard-working mechanic, in straitened circumstances, courage of another kind was required. It is no slight expense to produce an octavo volume of three hundred and thirty pages; there must have been much anxious self-consultation, a great call for patience, fortitude, and hope, with who may know what doubts and despondencies, before, in 1857 "Saul" was given to the world.

Nothing could have been more depressing than its reception, if, indeed, the term "reception" can be applied to complete indifference. A country like Canada, possessing no nationality, and looking across the Atlantic, not only for its political rule, but also (until very recently, at least) for its opinions, tastes,

and habits, is especially unfavorable to the growth of an independent literature. Although there are many men of learning and culture among the residents of Montreal, they do not form a class to whom a native author could look for encouragement or appreciation sufficient to stamp him as successful. The reading public there accept the decrees of England and the United States, and they did not detect the merits of "*Saul*," until the discovery had first been made in those countries.

Several months had elapsed since the publication of the volume; it seemed to be already forgotten, when the notice to which we have referred appeared in the "*North British Review*." The author had sent a copy to Mr. Hawthorne, then residing in Liverpool, and that gentleman, being on friendly terms with some of the writers for the "*North British*," procured the insertion of an appreciative review of the poem. Up to that time, we believe, no favorable notice of the work had appeared in Canada. The little circulation it obtained was chiefly among the American residents. A few copies found their way across the border, and some of our authors (among whom we may mention Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow) were the first to recognize the genius of the poet. With this double indorsement, his fellow-townsmen hastened to make amends for their neglect. They could not be expected to give any very enthusiastic welcome, nor was their patronage extensive enough to confer more than moderate success; but the remaining copies of the first small edition were sold, and a second edition—which has not yet been exhausted—issued in 1859.

In February, 1860, we happened to visit Montreal. At that time we had never read the poem, and the bare fact of its existence had almost faded from memory, when it was recalled by an American resident, who was acquainted with Mr. Heavyside, and whose account of his patience, his quiet energy, and serene faith in his poetic calling strongly interested us. It was but a few hours

before our departure; there was a furious snow-storm; yet the gentleman ordered a sleigh, and we drove at once to a large machine-shop in the outskirts of the city. Here, amid the noise of hammers, saws, and rasps, in a great grimy hall smelling of oil and iron-dust, we found the poet at his work-bench. A small, slender man, with a thin, sensitive face, bright blonde hair, and eyes of that peculiar blue which burns warm, instead of cold, under excitement,—in the few minutes of our interview the picture was fixed, and remains so. His manner was quiet, natural, and unassuming: he received us with the simple good-breeding which a gentleman always possesses, whether we find him on a throne or beside an anvil. Not a man to assert his claim loudly, or to notice injustice or neglect by a single spoken word; but one to take quietly success or failure, in the serenity of a mood habitually untouched by either extreme.

In that one brief first and last interview, we discovered, at least, the simple, earnest sincerity of the man's nature,—a quality too rare, even among authors. When we took our seat in the train for Rouse's Point, we opened the volume of "*Saul*." The first part was finished as we approached St. Albans; the second at Vergennes; and twilight was falling as we closed the book between Bennington and Troy. Whatever crudities of expression, inaccuracies of rhythm, faults of arrangement, and violations of dramatic law met us from time to time, the earnest purpose of the writer carried us over them all. The book has a fine flavor of the Elizabethan age,—a sustained epic rather than dramatic character, an affluence of quaint, original images; yet the construction was frequently that of a school-boy. In opulence and maturity of ideas, and poverty of artistic skill, the work stands almost alone in literature. What little we have learned of the history of the author suggests an explanation of this peculiarity. Never was so much genuine power so long silent.

"*Saul*" is yet so little known, that a

descriptive outline of the poem will be a twice-told tale to very few readers of the "Atlantic." The author strictly follows the history of the renowned Hebrew king, as it is related in 1 Samuel, commencing with the tenth chapter, but divides the subject into three dramas, after the manner of Schiller's "Wallenstein." The first part embraces the history of Saul, from his anointing by Samuel at Ramah to David's exorcism of the evil spirit, (xvi. 23.) and contains five acts. The second part opens with David as a guest in the palace at Gibeah. The defeat of the Philistines at Elah, Saul's jealousy of David, and the latter's marriage with Michal form the staple of the *four* acts of this part. The third part consists of *six* acts of unusual length, (some of them have thirteen scenes,) and is devoted to the pursuits and escapes of David, the Witch of Endor, and the final battle, wherein the king and his three sons are slain. No liberties have been taken with the order of the Scripture narrative, although a few subordinate characters have here and there been introduced to complete the action. The author seems either to lack the inventive faculty, or to have feared modifying the sacred record for the purposes of Art. In fact, no considerable modification was necessary. The simple narrative fulfils almost all the requirements of dramatic writing, in its succession of striking situations, and its cumulative interest. From beginning to end, however, Mr. Heavysege makes no attempt to produce a dramatic effect. It is true that he has availed himself of the phrase "an evil spirit from the Lord," to introduce a demoniac element, but, singularly enough, the demons seem to appear and to act unwillingly, and manifest great relief when they are allowed to retire from the stage.

The work, therefore, cannot be measured by dramatic laws. It is an epic in dialogue; its chief charm lies in the march of the story and the detached individual monologues, rather than in contrast of characters or exciting situations. The sense of proportion — the

latest developed quality of the poetic mind — is dimly manifested. The structure of the verse, sometimes so stately and majestic, is frequently disfigured by the commonest faults; yet the breath of a lofty purpose has been breathed upon every page. The personality of the author never pierces through his theme. The language is fresh, racy, vigorous, and utterly free from the impress of modern masters: much of it might have been written by a contemporary of Shakspeare.

In the opening of the first part, Saul, recently anointed king, receives the messengers of Jabesh Gilead, and promises succor. A messenger says, —

"The winds of heaven
Behind thee blow; and on our enemies' eyes
May the sun smite to-morrow, and blind them for
thee!

But, O Saul, do not fail us.

"Saul.

Fail ye

Let the morn fail to break; I will not break
My word. Haste, or I'm there before you. Fail?
Let the morn fail the east; I'll not fail you,
But, swift and silent as the streaming wind,
Unseen approach, then, gathering up my force
At dawning, sweep on Ammon, as Night's blast
Sweeps down from Carmel on the dusky sea."

This is a fine picture of Saul steeling his nature to cruelty, when he has reluctantly resolved to obey Samuel's command "to trample out the living fire of Amalek": —

"Now let me tighten every cruel sinew,
And gird the whole up in unfeeling hardness,
That my swollen heart, which bleeds within me
tears,

May choke itself to stillness. I am as
A shivering bather, that, upon the shore,
Looking and shrinking from the cold, black waves,
Quick starting from his reverie, with a rush
Abbreviates his horror."

And this of the satisfied lust of blood, uttered by a Hebrew soldier, after the slaughter: —

"When I was killing, such thoughts came to me,
like

The sound of cleft-dropped waters to the ear
Of the hot mower, who thereat stops the oftener
To whet his glittering scythe, and, while he smiles,
With the harsh, sharpening hone beats their fall's
time,

And dancing to it in his heart's straight chamber,
Forgets that he is weary."

After the execution of Agag by the hand of Samuel, the demons are introduced with more propriety than in the

opening of the poem. The following passage has a subtle, sombre grandeur of its own : —

"*First Demon.* Now let us down to hell : we've seen the last.

"*Second Demon.* Stay ; for the road thereto is yet incumbered

With the descending spectres of the killed.

'T is said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from thence

Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf ;

Wherein our spirits — even as terrestrial ships

That are detained by foul winds in an offing —

Linger perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs

That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,

O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom,

At midnight, of the salt flood's foaming surf, —

Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

The reader will detect the rhythmical faults of the poem, even in these passages. But there is a vast difference between such blemishes of the unrhymed heroic measure as terminating a line with "and," "of," or "but," or inattention to the cæsural pauses, and that mathematical precision of foot and accent, which, after all, can scarcely be distinguished from prose. Whatever may be his shortcomings, Mr. Heavysege speaks in the dialect of poetry. Only rarely he drops into bald prose, as in these lines : —

"But let us go abroad, and in the twilight's
Cool, tranquillizing air discuss this matter."

We remember, however, that Wordsworth wrote, —

"A band of officers
Then stationed in the city were among the chief
Of my associates."

We had marked many other fine passages of "Saul" for quotation, but must be content with a few of those which are most readily separated from the context.

"Ha ! ha ! the foe,
Having taken from us our warlike tools, yet leave
us
The little scarlet tongue to scratch and sting with."

"Here's lad's-love, and the flower which even death
Cannot unscent, the all-transcending rose."

"The loud bugle,
And the hard-rolling drum, and clashing cymbals,
Now reign the lords o' the air. These cries, David,
Bring with them their own music, as do storms
Their thunders."

"Ere the morn
Shall tint the orient with the soldier's color,
We must be at the camp."

"But come, I'll disappoint thee ; for, remember,
Samuel will not be roused for thee, although
I knock with thunder at his resting-place."

The lyrical portions of the work — introduced in connection with the demoniac characters — are inferior to the rest. They have occasionally a quaint, antique flavor, suggesting the diction of the Elizabethan lyrists, but without their delicate, elusive richness of melody. Here most we perceive the absence of that highest, ripest intellectual culture which can be acquired only through contact and conflict with other minds. It is not good for a poet to be alone. Even where the constructive faculty is absent, its place may be supplied through the development of that artistic sense which files, weighs, and adjusts, — which reconciles the utmost freedom and force of thought with the mechanical symmetries of language, — and which, first a fetter to the impatient mind, becomes at length a pinion, holding it serenely poised in the highest ether. Only the rudiment of the sense is born with the poet, and few literary lives are fortunate enough, or of sufficiently varied experience, to mature it.

Nevertheless, before closing the volume, we must quote what we consider to be the author's best lyrical passage. Zaph, one of the attendants of Malzah, the "evil spirit from the Lord," sings as follows to one of his fellows : —

"Zepho, the sun's descended beam
Hath laid his rod on th' ocean stream,
And this o'erhanging wood-top nods
Like golden helms of drowsy gods.
Methinks that now I'll stretch for rest,
With eyelids sloping toward the west ;
That, through their half transparencies,
The rosy radiance passed and strained,
Of mote and vapor duly drained,
I may believe, in hollow bliss,
My rest in the empyrean is.
Watch thou ; and when up comes the moon,
Atowards her turn me ; and then, boon,
Thyself compose, 'neath wavering leaves
That hang these branched, majestic eaves :
That so, with self-imposed deceit,
Both, in this halcyon retreat,
By trance possessed, imagine may
We couch in Heaven's night-argent ray."

In 1860 Mr. Heavysege published by subscription a drama entitled "Count Filippo ; or, the Unequal Marriage."

This work, of which we have seen but one critical notice, added nothing to his reputation. His genius, as we have already remarked, is not dramatic; and there is, moreover, internal evidence that "Count Philippo" did not grow, like "Saul," from an idea which took forcible possession of the author's mind. The plot is not original, the action languid, and the very names of the *dramatis personæ* convey an impression of unreality. Though we know there never was a Duke of Pereza in Italy, this annoys us less than that he should bear such a fantastic name as "Tremohla"; nor does the feminine "Volina" inspire us with much respect for the heroine. The characters are intellectual abstractions, rather than creatures of flesh and blood; and their love, sorrow, and remorse fail to stir our sympathies. They have an incorrigible habit of speaking in conceits. As "Saul" is pervaded with the spirit of the Elizabethan writers, so "Count Filippo" suggests the artificial manner of the rivals of Dryden. It is the work of a poet, but of a poet working from a mechanical impulse. There are very fine single passages, but the general effect is marred by the constant recurrence of such forced metaphors as these:—

"Now shall the he-goat, black Adultery,
With the roused ram, Retaliation, twine
Their horns in one to butt at Filippo."

"As the salamander, cast in fire,
Exudes preserving mucus, so my mind,
Cased in thick satisfaction of success,
Shall be uninjured."

The work, nevertheless, appears to have had some share in improving its author's fortunes. From that time, he has received at least a partial recognition in Canada. Soon after its publication, he succeeded in procuring employment on the daily newspaper press of Montreal, which enabled him to give up his uncongenial labor at the work-bench. The Montreal Literary Club elected him one of its Fellows, and the short-lived literary periodicals of the Province no longer ignored his existence. In spite of a change of circum-

stances which must have given him greater leisure as well as better opportunities of culture, he has published but two poems in the last five years, —an Ode for the ter-centenary anniversary of Shakspeare's birth, and the sacred idyl of "Jephthah's Daughter." The former is a production the spirit of which is worthy of its occasion, although, in execution, it is weakened by an overplus of imagery and epithet. It contains between seven and eight hundred lines. The grand, ever-changing music of the Ode will not bear to be prolonged beyond a certain point, as all the great Masters of Song have discovered: the ear must not be allowed to become *quite* accustomed to the surprises of the varying rhythm, before the closing Alexandrine.

"Jephthah's Daughter" contains between thirteen and fourteen hundred lines. In careful finish, in sustained sweetness and grace, and solemn dignity of language, it is a marked advance upon any of the author's previous works. We notice, indeed, the same technical faults as in "Saul," but they occur less frequently, and may be altogether corrected in a later revision of the poem. Here, also, the Scriptural narrative is rigidly followed, and every temptation to adorn its rare simplicity resisted. Even that lament of the Hebrew girl, behind which there seems to lurk a romance, and which is so exquisitely paraphrased by Tennyson, in his "Dream of Fair Women,"—

"And I went mourning: 'No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers,'"—

is barely mentioned in the words of the text. The passion of Jephthah, the horror, the piteous pleading of his wife and daughter, and the final submission of the latter to her doom, are elaborated with a careful and tender hand. From the opening to the closing line, the reader is lifted to the level of the tragic theme, and inspired, as in the Greek tragedy, with a pity which makes lovely the element of terror. The central sentiment of the poem, through all its touching and sorrowful changes, is that

of repose. Observe the grave harmony of the opening lines : —

"T was in the olden days of Israel,
When from her people rose up mighty men
To judge and to defend her : ere she knew,
Or clamored for, her coming line of kings,
A father, rashly vowing, sacrificed
His daughter on the altar of the Lord ; —
'T was in those ancient days, coeval deemed
With the song-famous and heroic ones,
When Agamemnon, taught divinely, doomed
His daughter to expire at Dian's shrine, —
So doomed, to free the chivalry of Greece,
In Aulis lingering for a favoring wind
To waft them to the fated walls of Troy.
Two songs with but one burden, twin-like tales.
Sad tales ! but this the sadder of the twain, —
This song, a wail more desolately wild ;
More fraught this story with grim fate fulfilled."

The length to which this article has grown warns us to be sparing of quotations, but we all the more earnestly recommend those in whom we may have inspired some interest in the author to procure the poem for themselves. We have perused it several times, with increasing enjoyment of its solemn diction, its sad, monotonous music, and with the hope that the few repairing touches, which alone are wanting to make it a perfect work of its class, may yet be given. This passage, for example, where Jephthah prays to be absolved from his vow, would be faultlessly eloquent, but for the prosaic connection of the first and second lines : —

"Choose Tabor for thine altar : I will pile
It with the choice of Bashan's lusty herds,
And flocks of fatlings, and for fuel, thither
Will bring umbrageous Lebanon to burn."

"He said, and stood awaiting for the sign,
And heard, above the hoarse, bough-bending wind,
The hill-wolf howling on the neighboring height,
And bittern booming in the pool below.
Some drops of rain fell from the passing cloud
That sudden hides the wanly shining moon,
And from the scabbard instant dropped his sword,
And, with long, living leaps, and rock-struck clang,
From side to side, and slope to sounding slope,
In gleaming whirls swept down the dim ravine."

The finest portion of the poem is the description of that transition of feeling, through which the maiden, warm with young life and clinging to life for its own unfulfilled promise, becomes the

resigned and composed victim. No one but a true poet could have so conceived and represented the situation. The narrative flows in one unbroken current, detached parts whereof hint but imperfectly of the whole, as do goblets of water of the stream wherefrom they are dipped. We will only venture to present two brief passages. The daughter speaks : —

"Let me not need now disobey you, mother,
But give me leave to knock at Death's pale gate,
Whereat indeed I must, by duty drawn,
By Nature shown the sacred way to yield.
Behold, the coasting cloud obeys the breeze ;
The slanting smoke, the invisible sweet air ;
The towering tree its leafy limbs resigns
To the embraces of the wilful wind :
Shall I, then, wrong, resist the hand of Heaven ?
Take me, my father ! take, accept me, Heaven !
Slay me or save me, even as you will !"

Light, light, I leave thee ! — yet am I a lamp,
Extinguished now, to be relit forever.
Life dies : but in its stead death lives."

In "Jephthah's Daughter," we think, Mr. Heavyside has found that form of poetic utterance for which his genius is naturally qualified. It is difficult to guess the future of a literary life so exceptional hitherto, — difficult to affirm, without a more intimate knowledge of the man's nature, whether he is capable of achieving that rhythmical perfection (in the higher sense wherein sound becomes the symmetrical garment of thought) which, in poets, marks the line between imperfect and complete success. What he most needs, of *external* culture, we have already indicated : if we might be allowed any further suggestion, he supplies it himself, in one of his fragmentary poems : —

"Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves, —
It is thy master calls :
Let me go down, and, curious, trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.
Open, O heart ! and let me view
The secrets of thy den :
Myself unto myself now show
With introspective ken.
Expose thyself, thou covered nest
Of passions, and be seen :
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest
Are ever piping keen : —
Ah ! what a motley multitude,
Magnanimous and mean !"

NEEDLE AND GARDEN.

THE STORY OF A SEAMSTRESS WHO LAID DOWN HER NEEDLE AND BECAME
A STRAWBERRY-GIRL.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

ALTHOUGH two thirds of our little patrimony had thus been devoted to the cultivation of fruit, yet the other third was far from being suffered to remain unproductive. We thoroughly understood the art of raising all the household vegetables, as we had been brought up to assist our father at intervals throughout the season. Then none of us were indifferent to flowers. There were little clumps and borders of them in numerous places. Nowhere did the crocus come gayly up into the soft atmosphere of early spring in advance of ours. The violets perfumed the air for us with the same rich profusion as in the carefully tended parterre of the wealthiest citizen. There were rows of flowering almonds, which were sought after by the bees as diligently as if holding up their delicate heads in the most patrician garden; and they flashed as gorgeously in the sun. The myrtle displayed its blue flowers in abundance, and the lilacs unfolded their paler clusters in a dozen places. Over a huge cedar in the fence-corner there clambered up a magnificent wistaria, whose great blue flowers, covering the entire tree, became a monument of floral beauty so striking, that the stranger, passing by the spot, would pause to wonder and admire. In the care of these flowers all of us united with a common fondness for the beautiful as well as the useful. It secured to us, from the advent of the earliest crocus to the departure of the last lingering rose that dropped its reluctant flowers only when the premonitory blasts of autumn swept across the garden, all that innocent en-

joyment which comes of admiration for these bright creations of the Divine hand.

These little incidental recompenses of the most perfect domestic harmony were realized in everything we undertook. That harmony was the animating as well as sustaining power of my horticultural enterprise. Had there been wrangling, opposition, or ridicule, it is probable that I should never have ventured on the planting of a single strawberry. Success, situated as I was, was dependent on united effort, the coöperation of all. This coöperation of the entire family must be still more necessary in agricultural undertakings on a large scale. A wife, taken reluctantly from the city to a farm, with no taste for rural life, no love of flowers, no fondness for the garden, no appreciation of the mysteries of seed-time and harvest, no sensibility to fields of clover, to green meadows, to the grateful silence of the woods, or to the voices of birds, and who pines for the unforgotten charms of city life, may mar the otherwise assured happiness of the household. One refractory inmate in ours would have been especially calamitous.

The floral world is pervaded with marvellous sympathies. Another spring had opened on our garden, and flower after flower came out into gorgeous bloom. My strawberries, as if conscious of the display around them, and ambitious to increase it, opened their white blossoms toward the close of April. Those set the preceding autumn gave promise of an abundant yield, but not equal to that presented by the runners which crowded around the parent plants on the original half-acre. The winter had been unfriendly, sending no heavy covering of snow to shelter them; while

the frost, in making its first escape from the earth, had loosened many plants, bringing some of them half-way out of the ground, while a few had been thrown entirely upon the surface, where they quickly perished.

I had read that accidents of this kind would sometimes happen, and that, when plants were thus partially dislodged by frost, the roller must be passed over them to crowd back the roots into their proper places. I had discovered this derangement immediately on the frost escaping, but we had neither roller nor substitute. As pressure alone was needed, I set Fred to walking over the entire acre, and with his heavy winter boots to trample down each plant in its old place. The operation was every way as beneficial as if the ground had been well rolled. When performed before the roots have been many days exposed to the air, it not only does no injury, but effectually repairs all damage committed by the frost.

Everything, this second season, was on a larger scale than before, requiring greater care and labor, but at the same time brightening my hopes and doubling my anticipations. I was compelled to hire a gardener occasionally to assist in keeping the ground clean and mellow, although among us we contrived to perform a large portion of the work ourselves. I found that constant watchfulness secured an immense economy of labor. It was far easier to cut off a weed when only an inch high than when grown up to the stature of a young tree. It was the same with the white clover or a grass-root. These two seem native to the soil, and will come in and take possession, smothering and routing out the strawberries, unless cut up as fast as they appear. When attacked early, before their rambling, but deeply penetrating roots obtain a strong hold, they are easily destroyed. I consider, therefore, that watchfulness may be made an effective substitute for labor, really preventing all necessity for hard work. This watchfulness we could generally exercise, though physically unable to perform

much labor. Hence, when ladies undertake the management of an established strawberry-bed, a daily attention to it, with a light hoe, will be found as useful as a laborious clearing up by an able-bodied man, with the additional advantage of occasioning no injurious disturbance to the roots in removing great quantities of full-grown weeds.

The blossoms fell to the ground, the berries set in thick clusters, turning downward as they increased in size, and changing, as they enlarged, from a pale green to a delicate white, then becoming suffused with a slight blush, which gradually deepened into an intense red. It was a joyful time, when, with my mother and sister, I made the first picking. All of us were struck with the improved appearance of the fruit on the first half-acre. This was natural, as well as what is commonly observed. The plants had acquired strength with age. They had had another season in which to send out new and longer roots; and these, rambling into wider and deeper fountains of nourishment, had drawn from them supplies so copious, that the berries were not only much more numerous than the year before, but they were every way larger and finer. The contrast between the fruit on these and the new plants was very decided. Hence we had a generous gathering to begin with. It was all carefully assorted, as before; but the quantity was so large that additional baskets were required, and Fred was obliged to employ an assistant to carry it to market.

While engaged in making our second picking, carefully turning aside the luxuriant foliage to reach the berries which had ripened in concealment, with capacious sun-bonnets that shut out from observation all objects but those immediately before us, it was no wonder that a stranger could come directly up without being noticed. Thus intently occupied one afternoon, we were surprised at hearing a subdued and timid voice asking, —

“May I sell some strawberries for you?”

I looked round, — for the voice came

from behind us, — and beheld a girl of some ten years old, having in her hand a basket, which she had probably found on the common, as, in place of the original bottom, a pasteboard substitute had been fitted into it. It was filled with little pasteboard boxes, stitched at the corners, but strong enough to hold fruit. I noticed, that, old as it was, it had been scoured up into absolute cleanliness. The child's attire was in keeping with her basket. Though she had no shoes, and the merest apology for a bonnet, with a dress that was worn and faded, as well as frayed out into a ragged fringe about her feet, yet it was all scrupulously clean. Her features struck me as even beautiful, and her soft hazel eyes would command sympathy from all who might look into them. Her manner and appearance prepossessed me in her favor.

"But did you ever sell strawberries?" I inquired.

"No, Ma'am, but I can try," she answered.

"But it will never do to trust her," interrupted my mother. "We do not know who she is, and may never see her again."

"Oh, Ma'am, I will bring the money back to you. Dear lady, let me have some to sell," she entreated, with childish earnestness, her voice trembling and her eyes moistening with apprehension of refusal.

"Mother," said I, "this child is a beginner. Is it right for us to refuse so trifling an encouragement? Who knows to what useful ends it may lead? You remember how difficult it was for me to procure the plants, and how keenly you felt my trouble. Will you inflict a keener one on this child, whose heart seems bent on doing something for herself, and on whom disappointment will fall even more painfully than it did on me? Are we not all bound to do something for those who are more destitute than ourselves? and even if we lose what we let her have, it will never be missed."

The poor girl looked up imploringly into my face as I pleaded for her, her

eyes brightened with returning hopefulness, and again she besought us, —

"Dear lady, let me have a few; my mother knows you."

"Tell me your name," I replied.

"Lucy Varick, — mother says she knows you," was the answer.

"Varick!" replied my mother, quickly, surprised as well as evidently pleased. "You shall have all you can sell."

She was the daughter of the miserable man whose terrible deathbed we had both witnessed, and my mother had no difficulty in trusting to her honesty. Her basket would contain but a few quarts, and these we had already gathered. I filled her little pasteboard boxes immediately, with the fruit just as picked from the vines. The poor child fairly capered with joy as she witnessed the operation. She saw her fortune in a few quarts of strawberries! I think that as she tripped nimbly through the gate, my gratification at seeing how cheerfully she thus began her life of toil was equal to all that she could have experienced herself.

Before the afternoon was half gone, Lucy surprised us by returning with an empty basket. She had found customers wherever she went, and wanted a fresh supply of fruit. This was promptly given to her, for she had obtained even better prices than the widow was getting for us in the market. That afternoon she made the first half-dollar she ever earned, and during the entire season she continued to find plenty of the best of customers at their own doors.

I had long since made up my mind that our pastor was entitled to some recognition of the substantial kindnesses he had extended to us at the time of our deep affliction. We had seen him regularly at the Sunday school, but he knew nothing of my conversion into a strawberry-girl. What else could we do, in remembrance of his friendship, but to make him a present of our choicest fruit? Never were strawberries more carefully selected than those with which I filled a new basket of ample size, as a gift for him. On my way to

the factory the next morning, I delivered the basket at his door, with a little note expressive of our continued gratitude, and begging him to accept its contents as being fruit which I had myself raised. I knew it was but a trifle, but what else than trifles had I to offer even to the kindest friend we had ever known?

That very afternoon, while my mother and I were at our usual occupation of picking, I heard the gate open at the other end of the garden, and, looking up, saw two gentlemen approaching us. They advanced slowly around the strawberry-beds, apparently examining the plants and fruit, frequently stooping to turn over the great clusters on a portion of the ground which we had not yet picked. I saw that one of them was our pastor, but the other was a stranger. As they drew nearer, we rose to receive them. No words can describe the confusion which overcame me as I recognized in the stranger the same gentleman whom I had encountered, the preceding summer, as the first customer for my strawberries, at the widow's stand in the market-house. I had never forgotten his face. Mr. Seeley introduced him as his friend Mr. Logan. Somehow I felt certain that he also recognized me. I was confused enough at being thus taken by surprise. It is true that my sun-bonnet, though of prodigious size, was neatly cut and handsomely fashioned, even becoming, as I supposed, and that I was fortunately habited in a plain, but entirely new dress, that was more than nice enough for the work I was performing. But the hot sun, in spite of my bonnet, had already turned my face brown. My hands, exposed to its fiercest rays, were even more tanned, while the stain of fruit was visible on my fingers. I was in no condition to receive company of this unexpected description.

But the gentlemen were affable, and I soon became at ease with them. Mr. Seeley had received my basket, and had come to thank me for it. Mr. Logan had been dining with him, and was enthusiastic over the quality of my

strawberries. He had never seen them equalled, though devoting all his leisure to horticulture; and learning that they were raised by a lady, insisted on coming down, not only to look into her mode of culture, but to see the lady herself. It was pleasant thus to meet our friend the pastor, and I did my utmost to render the visit agreeable to him and his companion. My mother gave up the care of their entertainment to me; so, dropping my basket in the unfinished strawberry-row, I left her to continue the afternoon picking alone.

The gentlemen seemed in no haste to leave us. I was surprised that they could find so much to interest them in a spot which I had supposed could be interesting only to ourselves. Mr. Seeley was pleased with all that he saw, but Mr. Logan was polite enough to be much more demonstrative in his admiration. I think the visit of the former would have been much briefer but for the presence of the latter, who seemed in no hurry to depart. He was generous in praise of my flowers, and was inquisitive about my strawberries. He had many of the most celebrated varieties, and was kind enough to offer me such as I might desire. He thought that I could teach him lessons in horticulture more valuable than any he had yet picked up, either in books or in his own garden, and asked permission to come down often during the fruit season, to see and learn. I was surprised that he should think it possible for a young strawberry-girl like myself to teach anything to one who was evidently so much better informed. Then I told him that what he saw was the result of an endeavor to determine whether there was not some better dependence for a woman than the needle, that I had accomplished all this by my own zeal and perseverance, and that this season promised complete success.

"I cannot give you too much praise," he observed. "Your tastes harmonize admirably with my own. I have long believed that women are confined to too small a circle of useful occupations.

They too seldom teach themselves, and are too little taught by others whose duty it is to enlarge their sphere of action. All my sisters have learned what you may call trades,—that is, to support themselves, if ever required to do so, by employments particularly adapted to their talents. You have chosen the garden, and you seem in a fair way to succeed. I must know how much your strawberry-crop will yield you."

On thus discovering the object I had in view, and that this was my own experiment, his interest in all that he saw appeared to increase. The very tones of his voice became softer and kinder. There was nothing patronizing in his manner; it was deferential, and so sympathetic as to impress me very strongly. I felt that he understood the train of thought that had been running through my mind, and that he heartily entered into and approved of my plans.

My first false shame at being known as a strawberry-girl now gave place to a feeling of pride and emulation. Here was one who could appreciate as well as encourage. Hence my explanations were as full as it was proper to set before a stranger. Our pastor listened to them with surprise, as most of them were new even to him, nor did he fail to unite with his companion in encouragement and congratulation. Long acquaintance gave him the privilege to be familiar and inquisitive. It is possible that in place of being abashed and humble, I may now have been confident and boastful.

Our visitors left us with promises to repeat their call; and with a lighter heart than ever, I went again to assist in picking.

The fruit continued to turn out well, and our widow in the market-house proved true to the promises she had made,—there was no difficulty in finding a sale for it, and somehow it yielded even better prices than the year before. She said that others were complaining of a drought, and that the fruit in consequence was generally inferior in size, so that those who, like myself, had been lucky enough, or painstaking enough,

to secure a full crop, were doing better than ever. Then our little strawberry-peddler, Lucy Varick, was doing a thriving business. She established a list of customers among the great ladies in the city, who bought large daily supplies from her, paying her the highest prices. Her young heart seemed overflowing with joyfulness at her unexpected success. It enabled her to take home many a dollar to her mother. Alas! she seemed to think—if, indeed, she thought at all upon the subject—that the strawberry season would be a perpetual harvest.

We throve so satisfactorily that my mother seemed to have given up her cherished longing for a strawberry-garden. Now that we had a new class of visitors who were likely to be frequent in their calls, I think she felt a kind of pride in abandoning the project. There was a sort of dignity in the production of fruit, but something humiliating in the idea of keeping an eating-house. She even went so far as to decline all applications from transient callers who had mistaken our premises for those of our neighbors, thus leaving the latter in undisturbed possession of their long trains of customers. They were not slow in discovering that we had ceased to be rivals in this branch of their business; and finding themselves mistaken in supposing that my strawberry-crop would come into ruinous competition with theirs, they seemed disposed to be a little friendly toward us. Indeed, on one or two occasions, Mrs. Tetchy herself came to us for a large basketful of fruit, declaring that their own supply was not equal to the demand. She was unusually pleasant on those occasions, but at the same time insisted on having the fruit at less than we were getting for it. My mother could not contend with such a woman, and so submitted to her exactions. I feel satisfied, however, that her visits were to be attributed quite as much to a desire to gratify her curiosity as to any want of strawberries; for I noticed that she never came on these errands without impudently walking all over our garden, scrutinizing whatever we were

doing, how the beds were arranged, and particularly inspecting and even handling the fruit. Of course we had nothing to be ashamed of; but though everything about the garden was much neater than hers, she never dropped a word of commendation.

Only a day or two after the gentlemen had been down to see us, we found it necessary to resume the task of weeding between the rows. The drought at the beginning of the season had been succeeded by copious rains, with warm southerly winds, under which the weeds were making an alarming growth, notwithstanding the trampling which they received from the pickers. I confess that our heavy hoes made this so laborious an operation that I rather dreaded its necessity; but a hot sun was now shining, which would be sure to kill the weeds, if we cut them off, so all hands were turned in to accomplish the work. While thus busily occupied, whom should I see coming into the gate but Mr. Logan?

"Capital exercise, Miss, and a fine day for it!" he exclaimed, as he came up to me. "No successful gardening where the weeds are permitted to grow! I have the same pests to contend against, but I apply the same remedy. There is nothing like a sharp hoe."

"Nothing indeed, if one only knew how to make it so," I replied.

As he spoke, his eye glanced at the uncouth implement I was using, and reaching forth his hand he took it from me. Examining it carefully, a smile came over his handsome face, and he shook his head, as if thinking that would never do. It was one of the old tools my father had used, heavy and tiresome for a woman's hand, with a blade absurdly large for working among strawberries, and so dull as to hack off instead of cutting up a weed at one stroke. Fred had undertaken to keep our hoes sharp for us, but this season he had somehow neglected to put them in order.

"This will never do, Miss," he observed. "Your hoe is heavy enough to break you down. This is not exercise such as a lady should take, but down-

right hard work. I must get you such as my sisters use; and now I mean to do your day's work for you."

Then, taking my place, he proceeded during the entire morning to act as my substitute. We were surprised at his affability, as well as at his industry. It was evident that grubbing up weeds was no greater novelty to him than to us. All the time he had something pleasant to say, and thus conversation and work went on together: for, not thinking it polite to leave him to labor alone, I procured a rake, and contrived to keep him company in turning up the weeds to the sun, the more effectually to kill them.

Now I had never been able to learn the botanical names of any of these pests of the garden, nor whether any of them were useful to man, nor how it was that the earth was so crowded with them. Neither did I know the annuals from the perennials, nor why one variety was invariably found flourishing in moist ground, while another preferred a drier situation. If I had had a desire to learn these interesting particulars of things that were my daily acquaintances, I had neither books to consult nor time to devote to them.

But it was evident from Mr. Logan's conversation that he was not only a horticulturist, but an accomplished botanist. Both my mother and myself were surprised at the new light which he threw upon the subject. I was tugging with my fingers at a great dandelion which had come up directly between two strawberry-plants, trying to pull it up, when its brittle leaves broke off in my hand, leaving the root in the ground. Mr. Logan, seeing the operation, observed,—

"No use in cutting it off; the root must come out, or it will grow thicker and stronger, and plague you every season"; and plying the corner of his hoe all round the neck of the dandelion, so as to loosen the earth a considerable depth, he thrust his fingers down, seized the root, and drew forth a thick white fibre at least a foot long.

"That fellow must be three years old," said he, holding it up for me to examine. "Very likely you have cut

off the top every season, supposing you were killing it. But the dandelion can be exterminated only by destroying the root.

"Then," he continued, "there is the dock, more prolific of seeds than the dandelion, and the red-sorrel, worse than either, because its roots travel under ground in all directions, throwing up suckers at every inch, while its tops are hung with myriads of seeds,—the hoe will never exterminate these pests. You must get rid of the roots; throw them out to such a sun as this, and then you may hope to be somewhat clear of them."

All this was entirely new to me, as well as the botanical names, with which he seemed to be as familiar as with the alphabet. I had often wondered how it was that the dandelions in our garden never diminished in number, though not one had usually been allowed to go to seed. I now saw, that, instead of destroying the plant itself, we had only been removing the tops.

"But how is it, Mr. Logan," I inquired, "that the weeds are everywhere more numerous than the flowers?"

"Ah, Miss," he replied, resting the hoe upon his shoulder, taking off his hat, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "I sometimes think the weeds are immortal, but that the flowers are not. Some one has said that the earth is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother to the flowers. I think it is really so. We who cultivate the soil must maintain against them, as against sin, a perpetual warfare."

"This is hoeing made easy," said my sister, as Mr. Logan walked away toward the house for a glass of water. "A nice journeyman, Lizzie, eh? Don't seem as if he could ever be tired! Will you ask him to come again?"

"Why, Jane, you are foolish!" I replied.

But there was an arch smirk on her countenance, and she continued looking at me with so much latent meaning in the expression of her eye, that I was fairly compelled to turn away.

Noon came, that witching time with all who labor in the fields or woods, and

not until then did Mr. Logan lay down his clumsy hoe. I half pitied his condition as we came out of the hot sun into the shelter of a trellis which ran along the side of the house, over which a dozen grape-vines were hanging so thickly as to exclude even the noonday glare. It was a sweltering day for a gentleman to work among the weeds in a strawberry-field, in coat and cravat. But he made very light of it, and declared that he would come the next morning and see us through the job, and even another, if we thought there would be room for him. After he had gone, Jane reminded me of these offers, adding, —

"I felt quite sure he would be down again, even without your inviting him. He seems to admire something else here besides strawberries. What do you think it can be?"

But I considered her inquiries too ridiculous to be worth replying to.

After dinner we gave up hoeing for the day, and went to our usual afternoon occupation of picking the next morning's supply for the widow. She not only sold readily all we could gather, and at excellent prices, but even called for more. It seemed that her customers were also increasing, as well as those of our neighbors. Indeed, her urgency for more fruit was such, during the entire season, that the question repeatedly crossed my mind, whether we could not appropriate more ground to strawberries by getting rid of some of the flowers. They were beautiful things, but then they paid no profit.

When one strikes a vein that happens to be profitable, he is apt to become impatient of doing well in a small way, and forthwith casts about for ways and means to increase its productiveness, as he thinks, by enlarging his operations. It was natural for me to conclude, that, if I were thus fortunate on one acre, I could do much better by cultivating more. I presume this hankering after additional acres must be a national weakness, as there were numerous disquisitions on the subject scattered through my agricultural pa-

pers, in many of which I noticed that there was great fault-finding because men in this country undertook the cultivation of twice as much land as they could properly manage. The propensity for going on and enlarging their possessions seemed a very general one. Thus even I, in my small way, was insensibly becoming a disciple of these deluded people. But there was this comfort in my case, that, while others were able to enlarge, even to their ruin, there was a limit to my expansion, as it was impossible for me to go beyond an acre and a half.

That afternoon we had just got well under way at picking, when a man came into the garden with a bundle of hoes and rakes on his shoulder, and coming up to us, took off his hat and bowed with the utmost deference, then drew from his pocket a letter, which, singularly enough, he handed to me, instead of giving it either to my mother or Jane. On opening it, I found it to be a note from Mr. Logan, in which he said he had noticed that our garden-tools were so heavy as to be entirely unfit for ladies' use, and he had therefore taken the liberty of sending me a variety of others that were made expressly for female gardeners, asking me to do him the great favor to accept them. Both my mother and Jane had stopped picking, as this unexpected donation was laid before us, so I read the note aloud to them, the messenger having previously taken his leave. I think, altogether, it was the greatest surprise we had ever had.

"The next thing, I suppose," said Jane, "you'll have him down here to show you how to use them"; and she laughed so heartily as quite to mortify me. I understood her meaning, but my mother did not appear to comprehend it, for she replied, with the utmost gravity, —

"No need of his coming to teach us; have n't we been hoeing all our lives?"

"Not *us*, mother," interrupted Jane, in her peculiarly provoking way, "but *her*; he won't come to teach *us*, — one will be enough. As to the *need* of his

coming, it looks to me to be growing stronger and stronger."

She fairly screamed with laughter, as she said this. I was so provoked at her, that I was almost ready to cry; and as to answering her as she deserved, it seemed beyond my power. My mother could not understand what she meant; but while Jane was going on in this foolish way, she had untied the bundle and was examining the tools. There were three hoes, and as many rakes. Observing this, Jane again cried out, —

"What! all for *you*? Well, Lizzie, you are making a nice beginning! I suppose you will now have more conversational topics than ever, though there seemed to be plenty of them this morning!"

One would think that this was quite enough, but she went on with, —

"Don't you wish the weeds would last all summer? for what is to become of you when they are gone?"

Still I made no reply, and Jane persisted in her jokes and laughter. But I think one can always tell when one is blushing. So I held down my head and concealed my face in my sun-bonnet, as I felt the blood rushing up into my cheeks, and was determined that she should not have the satisfaction of discovering it.

These garden-tools were the most beautiful I had ever seen, and there was evidently a hoe and a rake for each of us. They were made of polished steel, with slender handles, all rubbed so smooth as to make it a pleasure to take hold of them. The blades had been sharpened beyond anything that Fred had been able to achieve. Being semicircular in shape, they had points at the corners, adapted to reaching into out-of-the-way places, — as after a weed that had grown up in the middle of a strawberry-row, thinking, perhaps, that a shelter of that kind would preserve it from destruction. Then they were so light that even a child could ply them all day without their weight occasioning the least fatigue. The rakes were equally complete, with long and sharp teeth, which entered the ground with

far greater facility than the old-time implements we had been using. Indeed, they were the very tools we had been promising ourselves out of the profits of our second year. My mother was especially pleased with them, as she was not of very robust constitution, and found the old heavy tools a great drag upon her strength. I think no small present I have ever received was so acceptable as this.

Whoever first manufactured and introduced these beautiful and appropriate garden-tools for ladies has probably done as much to make garden-work attractive to the sex as half the writers on fruits and flowers. It is vain to expect them to engage in horticulture, unless the most complete facilities are provided for them. Their physical strength is not equal to several hours' labor with implements made exclusively for the hands of strong men; and when garden-work, instead of proving a pleasant recreation, degenerates into drudgery, one is apt to become disgusted with it, and will thus give up an occupation truly feminine, invariably healthful, and in many cases highly profitable.

True to his promise of the preceding day, Mr. Logan came down next morning to help us through with our job of hoeing, but rather better prepared to operate under a broiling June sun. My mother, seeing his determination to assist us, invited him to take off his coat, and brought out Fred's straw hat for him to wear. He seemed truly grateful for these marks of consideration for his comfort, and in consequence there sprung up quite a cordiality between them. There was of course a profusion of thanks given to him for the handsome and appropriate present he had made, but he seemed to consider it a very small affair. Still, I think he appeared as much gratified at finding he had thus anticipated our wishes as we were ourselves. It is singular how far a little act of kindness, especially when its value is enhanced by its appropriateness and the delicacy with which it is performed, will go toward establishing

a bond of sympathy between giver and receiver.

I may here say, that, the better we became acquainted with Mr. Logan, the more evident it was that his heart was made up of kindness. He seemed to consider himself as almost nothing, and his neighbor as everything. His spirit was of that character that wins its way through life, tincturing every action with good-will for others, and seeking to promote the happiness of all around him in preference to his own. He once remarked, that we must not look for happiness in the things of the world, but within ourselves, in our hearts, our tempers, and our dispositions. On another occasion he quoted to me something he had just been reading in an old author, who said that men's lives should be like the day, most beautiful at eventide, — or like the autumn rich with golden sheaves, where good works have ripened into an abundant harvest.

Of course, at that time, we knew nothing of who or what he was, beyond an assurance incidentally given by our pastor, that he was the worthiest young man of his acquaintance, and that he hoped we would entertain him in the best way we could, as his passion for the pursuits he discovered me to be engaged in, coupled with what he had learned of the great object I had in view, had so much interested him in my behalf that he thought it likely Mr. Logan would often come down to watch my progress, and very possibly in some way assist me. This recommendation was quite sufficient to make him a welcome visitor at our little homestead. But even without that, we all felt he would have no difficulty in winning his way wherever he might think it desirable to make a favorable impression. Though he was evidently highly educated, and had been brought up in a superior circle to ours, and, for aught we knew, might be very wealthy, yet his whole manner was so free from pretension to superiority of any kind, that we never felt the least constraint in his company.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. Logan

came down to assist me in my weeding. Jane had gone to the factory, telling me that I should have help enough to do her share of the hoeing. I was really not sorry for her absence, as she seemed to have taken up some very strange notions, which led her into remarks that annoyed me. Besides, she was sometimes so impetuous in giving utterance to these notions, that I was afraid she might thoughtlessly break out where he would overhear. I might have had other reasons, not worth while to allude to, for not regretting her absence; but this dangerous propensity was quite sufficient. Hence that was a most agreeable morning. It is true that my mother was a good deal absent, having something extra to do within doors, thus leaving Mr. Logan and myself sole tenants of the garden for probably an hour at a time. But it did not occur to me that her presence would have made the time pass away any more quickly, or that any remarks from her would have made our interchange of ideas more interesting. There was abundance of conversation between us, as he seemed at no fault for either words or topics. Then there were long pauses in the work, when we would rest upon the handles of our hoes, and discuss some point that one of us had started. On these occasions I was struck with the extreme politeness and deference of his manner toward me. The very tones of his voice were different from any I had ever heard. How different, indeed, from those of the coarse and mercenary creatures it had been my fortune to encounter elsewhere! It was impossible to overlook the contrast. What wonder, then, that the softness with which they were modulated, when conversing with me, should fall with grateful impressiveness on my heart?

But this pleasant acquaintance occasioned no interruption of my labors in harvesting my strawberry-crop. It was picked regularly every afternoon, and I went with Fred every morning by daylight to see it safely delivered to the widow. The sale kept up as briskly as ever, though the price gradually declined

as the season advanced, — not, as the widow informed me, because the people had become tired of strawberries, but because the crops from distant fields were now crowding into market. Then, too, she said, as other delicacies came forward, buyers were disposed to change a little for something different.

It was a striking feature of the business, that, however abundant the strawberries might be, selected fruit always commanded a higher price than that which went to market in a jumble just as it came from the vines. This is a matter which it is important for all cultivators to keep in remembrance, as attention to it is a source of considerable profit. We all know that the large berries are no better or sweeter than the smaller ones; but then we are the growers, not the consumers, and the public have set their hearts on having the largest that can be produced. In fruits, as in other things, it seems that “the world is still deceived by ornament.” Moreover, people are willing to pay liberal prices for it, and thus the producer is sure of being rewarded for a choice article. I never discovered that a pumpkin or a turnip possessed any superior flavor because it had been stimulated to mammoth size. But such being the public craving for vegetable monsters, the shrewd cultivator is constantly on the alert to minister to it, knowing that it pays.

Fred kept his usual tally of the number of baskets we took to market, and how much money each lot produced. His ridiculous miscalculation, the previous year, of what our profits would be, had so moderated his enthusiasm, that during all this season his anticipations were confined within very modest bounds. But as his column of figures lengthened, and he ciphered out for us the average price for each day's sales, it was remarkable how much higher it stood than that of most of the fruit I saw in the market. It was evident that our care in assorting our berries was giving a good account of itself. Besides, I saw that the widow had the jumbled-up berries of others on her

stand, and heard her complain that they remained on hand some hours after all mine had been sold. Then, was it not the superiority of mine that had drawn forth such strong commendation from my first customer, Mr. Logan? and had he not continued to admire all that I did in the strawberry way? Setting aside the high prices, I sometimes thought that this alone was worth all the pains we had taken.

The season lasted about three weeks, during all which time our pastor was a frequent visitor at our garden. As both he and Mr. Logan had been made acquainted with my general object and plans, so from generals they were at last taken into confidence as to particulars. I showed them Fred's tally, and it appeared to me they entered into the study of it with almost as much interest as we did ourselves. Though in many respects a very small affair, yet it involved great results for me, and our visitors both thought it might be turned to the advantage of others also.

"I am astonished," said Mr. Seeley, one day, after examining Fred's tally, and expressing himself in terms of admiration at the success of our enterprise, — "I am astonished at the wasteful lives which so many of our women are living. They seem utterly destitute of purpose. They make no effort to give them shape or plan, or to set up a goal in the distance, to be reached by some kind of industrious application. They drift along listlessly and mechanically, in the old well-worn tracks, trusting to accident to give them a new direction. It is a sad thing, this waste of human existence!"

"But consider, Sir," I replied, "how limited are our opportunities, how circumscribed the circle in which we are compelled to move, and with how much jealousy the world stands guard upon its boundaries, as if it were determined we should not overstep them. When women succeed, is it not solely by accident, or, if there be such a thing, by luck?"

"Accident, Miss," replied Mr. Logan, "undoubtedly has something to

do with it. But observation, energy, and tact are much more important elements of success. More than sixty years ago a young New-England girl fell desperately in love with an imported straw bonnet which she accidentally met with in a shop. The price was too large for her slender purse, so she determined to make one for herself. With no guide but recollection of the charming novelty she had seen, no other pattern to work by, no opportunity of unbraiding it to see how it was made, no instruction whatever, she persevered until she had produced a bonnet that filled the hearts of her female friends with envy, as well as with ambition to copy it. This was the origin of the once famous Dunstable bonnet. From this accidental beginning there sprung up a manufacture which now employs ten thousand persons, most of whom are women, and the product of which, in Massachusetts alone, amounts to six millions of hats and bonnets annually. This girl thus became a public benefactor. She opened a new and profitable employment to women, and at the same time enriched herself."

"Yes," added Mr. Seeley, "and there are many other employments for female skill and labor that may yet be opened up. This that you are toiling in, Lizzie, may turn out something useful. I presume that even bonnets cannot be more popular than strawberries."

"I should think so," interrupted Fred. "It is the women only who wear the one, but it looks to me as if the whole world wanted the other."

Well, when our little crop had all been sold, I found that it amounted to nearly twelve hundred quarts, and that it produced three hundred and eighty dollars clear of expenses. This was quite as much as we expected; besides, it was enough to enable me to quit the factory altogether, and stay at home with my mother. And there was a fair prospect of this release being a permanent one, as it was very certain I now understood the whole art and mystery of cultivating strawberries. There was another encouraging incident connected with this

season's operations. It appeared that our pastor had mentioned me and my labors to a number of his friends, among whom was one who wanted to set out a large field with plants, all of which he purchased of me, amounting to sixty dollars. This was a most unexpected addition to our income.

But my sister Jane did not seem at all anxious to give up the factory. I had, a good while before, let in an idea that there was some other attraction about the establishment besides the sewing-machine. I noticed, that, now we had so considerably increased our means, she was more dressy than ever, and spent a great deal more time at her toilet before leaving for the factory, as if there were some one there to whom she wanted to appear more captivating than usual. Poor girl! I know it was very natural for her to do so. Indeed, I must confess to some little weakness of the same description myself. We had drawn to us quite a new set of visitors, and it was natural that I should endeavor to make our house as attractive to them as possible. As all our previous earnings had gone into a common purse, from which my mother made distribution among us, so the new accession from the garden went into the same repository. Jane was much more set up with this flourishing condition of our finances than myself. In addition to beautiful new bonnets and very gay shawls which we bought, she began to tease my mother for a silk dress, an article which had never been seen in our house. But as the latter prudently insisted on treating us with equal indulgence, and as I thought my time for such finery had not come, I was unwilling to go to that expense, so Jane was obliged to do without it. But I was now to have a sewing-machine.

Time passed more pleasantly than I had ever known. It was a great happiness to be able to devote an hour or two to reading every day, and leisure prompted me to some little enterprises for the improvement of the surroundings of the old homestead. It seemed to me the easiest thing in the world to invest even the rudest exterior with

true elegance, and I found that the indulgence of a little taste in this way could be had for a very small outlay. A silk dress, in my opinion, was not to be compared with such an object.

I scarcely know how it happened, but, instead of the end of the strawberry-season being the termination of Mr. Logan's visits, they continued full as frequent as when there was really pressing work for him to assist in. It could not have been because his curiosity to see how my crop would turn out was still ungratified, as he knew all about it, how much we had sold, and what money it produced. But he seemed to have quite fallen in love with the garden; and, indeed, he one day observed, that "there would ever be something in that garden to interest him." Then in my little improvements about the house, in fixing up some of our old trellises, in planting new vines and flowers, and in transplanting trees and shrubs, he insisted on helping me nearly half the week. He really performed far more work of this kind than Fred had ever done, and appeared to be perfectly familiar with such matters. Moreover, he approved so generally of my plans that I at last felt it would be difficult to do without him. But I could not help considering it strange that he should so frequently give up the higher society to which he was accustomed in the city, and spend so much of his time at our humble cottage.

Thus the season went on until August came in, when the strawberry-ground was becoming thickly covered with runners, especially from the newly planted half-acre. I had intended bestowing no particular care on these, except to keep down the weeds so that the runners could take root. But when Mr. Logan learned this, he said it would never do. Besides, he said, the ground looked to him as if it were not rich enough. So, if he could have his own way, he would show me how the thing should be managed. Well, as by this time he really appeared to have as much to say about the garden as any of us, what could I do but consent? First,

then, with my assistance, he turned back the runners into the rows, and then had the spaces between covered with a thick coat of fine old compost, which he probably bought somewhere in the neighborhood,—but how much it cost we could never get him to say. Then he brought in a man with a plough, who broke up the ground, turning the manure thoroughly in, and then harrowing it until the surface was as finely pulverized as if done with a rake. Then we spread out the runners again, and he showed me how to fasten them by letting them down into the soft earth with the point of my hoe. I told him I never should have thought of taking so much trouble; but he said there was no other way by which the runners could be converted into robust plants, certain to produce a heavy crop the next season. They must have a freshly loosened soil to run over, and in which to form strong roots; and as to enriching the ground, it was absolutely indispensable. To be sure, I could produce fruit without it, but it would be of very inferior quality.

One may well suppose that this intimate association, this almost daily companionship, this grateful interchange of thoughts and feelings that seemed to flow in one harmonious current from a common fountain, should have exerted a powerful influence over me. Such intercourse with one so singularly gifted with the faculty of winning favor from all who knew him gave birth to emotions within me such as I had never experienced. Am I to blame for being thus affected, or in confessing that every long October evening was doubly pleasant when it brought him down to see us? Indeed, I had insensibly begun to expect him. There was an indescribable something in his manner, especially when we happened to be alone, that I thought it impossible to misunderstand. Once, when strolling round the garden, I directed his attention to a group of charming autumn flowers. But, instead of noticing them, he looked at me, and replied,—

“Ah, Miss Lizzie, I long since dis-

covered that this garden contains a sweeter flower than any of these!”

I turned away from him, abashed and silent, for I was confused and frightened by the idea that he was alluding to me, and it was a long time before I could venture to raise my eyes to his. I thought of what he had said, and of the studied tenderness of voice with which he had spoken, all through our lengthened walk, and until I rested upon my pillow; and the strange sensations it awakened came over my spirit in repeated dreams.

Thus forewarned, as I thought, I was not slow in afterwards detecting fresh manifestations of a tenderer interest for me than I had supposed it possible for him to entertain.

One evening in November, when the moon was shining with her softest lustre through the deep haze peculiar to our Indian summer, he came as usual to our little homestead. Somehow, I can scarcely tell why, I had been expecting him. He had dropped something the previous evening which had awakened in my mind the deepest feeling, and I was half sure that he would come. I felt that there were quicker pulses dancing through my veins, a flutter in my heart such as no previous experience had brought, a doubt, a fear, an expectation, as well as an alarm, which no reflection could analyze, no language could describe, all contending within me for ascendancy. Who that has human sympathies, who that is young as I was, diffident of herself, and comparatively alone and friendless, will wonder that I should be thus overcome, or reproach me for giving way to impulses which I felt it impossible to control? There was a terror of the future, which even recollection of the happy past was powerless to dissipate. Society, even books, became irksome, and I went out into the garden alone, there to have uninterrupted communion with myself.

There was an old arbor in a by-place of the garden, covered with creeper and honeysuckle, and though rudely built, yet there was a quiet retirement about it that I felt would be grateful to my

spirit. Its rustic fittings, its heavy old seats, its gravelled floor, had been the scene of a thousand childish gambols with my brother and sister. Old memories clung to it with a loving fondness. Even when the sports of childhood gave place to graver thoughts and occupations, the cool retirement of this rustic solitude had never failed to possess the strongest attractions for me. The song-birds built their little nests within the overhanging foliage, and swarms of bees gave melodious voices to the summer air as they hovered over its honey-yielding flowers. The past united with the present to direct my steps toward this favorite spot. I entered, and, seating myself on one of the old low branches that encircled it, was looking up through the straggling vines that festooned the entrance, admiring the soft haze through which the cloudless moon was shedding a peculiar brilliancy on all around, when I heard a step approaching from the house.

I stopped the song which I had been humming, and listened. It is said that there are steps which have music in them. I am sure, the cadences of that music which the poet has so immortalized sounded distinctly in my listening ear. It was the melody of recognition. I knew instinctively the approaching step, and in a moment Mr. Logan stood before me.

"What!" said he, extending his hand as I rose, and pressing mine with a warmth that was unusual, even retaining it until we were seated,—"ever happy! There must be a perpetual sunshine in your heart!"

"Oh, no!" I replied. "Happiness is a creation of the fireside. One does not find it in his neighbor's garden, and many times not even in his own."

"For once, dear Lizzie, I only half agree with you," he replied, again taking my hand, and pressing it in both of his.

I sought in vain to withdraw it, but he held it with an embarrassing tenacity. He had never spoken such words before, never used my name even, without the usual prefix which politeness exacts. I was glad that the moonlight

found but feeble entrance into the arbor, as the blood mounted from my heart into my face, and I felt that I must be a spectacle of confusion. I cannot now remember how long this indescribable embarrassment kept possession of me, but I did summon strength to say,—

"Your language surprises me, Mr. Logan."

"But, dear Lizzie," he rejoined, "my deportment toward you ought to lessen that surprise, and become the apology for my words. Others may find no happiness in their neighbor's garden, but I have discovered that mine is concentrated in yours. You, dear Lizzie, are its fairest, choicest flower, which I seek to transplant into my own, there to flourish in the warmth of an affection such as I have felt for no one but yourself. Never has woman been so loved as you. Let me add fresh blessings to the day on which I first met you here, by claiming you as my wife."

Oh, how can I write all this? But memory covers every incident of the past with flowers. What I said in reply to that overwhelming declaration has all gone from me. I may have been silent,—I think I must have been,—under the crowd of conflicting sensations,—amazement, modesty, a happiness unspeakable,—which came thronging over my heart. I cannot remember all, but I covered my face, and the tears came into my eyes. Still keeping my hand, he placed his arm around me, drew me yet closer to him,—my head fell upon his breast,—I think he must have kissed me.

If other evenings fled on hasty wings, how rapid was the flight of what remained of this! I cannot repeat the thoughts we uttered to each other, the confidences we exchanged, the glimpses of the happy future that broke upon me. Joy seemed to fill my cup even to overflowing; happiness danced before my bewildered mind; the longing of my womanly nature was satisfied with the knowledge that my affection was returned. Out of all the world in which he had to choose, he had preferred *me*.

That night was made restless by the

very fulness of my happiness. At breakfast the next morning, Jane questioned me on my somewhat haggard looks, and was inquisitive to know if anything had happened. Somehow she was unusually pertinacious; but I parried her inquiries. I was unwilling that others, as yet, should become sharers of my joy. But when she left upon her usual duties, I put on my best attire, with all the little novelties in dress which we had recently been able to purchase, making my appearance as genteel as possible. For the first time in my life I did think that silk would be becoming, and was vexed with myself for being without it. I was now anxious to be found agreeable. But it really made no difference.

Presently a knock was heard at the front door; and on my mother's opening it, Mr. Logan entered, with a young lady whom he introduced as his sister. The room was so indifferently lighted that I could not at first distinguish her features, but, on her throwing up her veil, I instantly recognized in her my fellow-pupil at the sewing-school,—my “guide, philosopher, and friend,” Miss Effie Logan!

“Two years, dear Lizzie, since we met!” she exclaimed, “and what a meeting now! You see I know it all. Henry has told me everything. I am half as happy as yourself!”

She took me in her arms, embraced me, kissed me with passionate tenderness, and called me “sister.” What a recognition it was for me! Her beautiful face, lighted up with a new animation, appeared more lovely than ever. There was the same open-hearted manner of other days, now made doubly engaging by the warmest manifestation of genuine affection. I had never dreamed that Mr. Logan was the brother of whom this loving girl had so often spoken to me at the sewing-school, nor that the inexpressible happiness of calling her my sister was in store for me. But now I could readily discover resemblances which it was no wonder I had heretofore overlooked. If he, in sweetness of disposition, were to prove the

counterpart of herself, what more could woman ask? It was not possible for a recognition to be more joyful than this.

My mother stood by, witnessing these incomprehensible proceedings, silent, yet anxious as to their meaning. Effie took her into the adjoining room,—she was far readier of speech than myself,—and there explained to her the mystery of my new position with Mr. Logan. She told me that my mother was overcome with surprise, for, dearly as she loved her children, she had been strangely dull in her apprehension of what had been so long enacting within her own domestic circle. But why should I amplify these homely details? They are daily incidents the world over, varied, it is true, by circumstances; for everywhere the human heart is substantially the same mysterious fountain of emotion.

A secret of this sort, once known, even to one's mother only, travels with miraculous rapidity, until the whole gaping neighborhood becomes confidentially intrusted with its keeping. It seems that ours had been more observant and suspicious than even my dear mother. But such eager care-takers of other people's affairs exist wherever human beings may chance to congregate. Humble life secured us no exemption.

Our pastor was one of the first to hear of the interesting event. It may be that Mr. Logan had given him some inkling of it beforehand, for he was early in his congratulations. Jane, as might be expected, declared that it was no surprise to her, and was sure that my mother would not think of having the wedding without indulging her in her long-coveted silk. Fred took to Mr. Logan with almost as much kindness as even myself. Throughout the neighborhood the affair created an immense sensation, as it was currently believed that Mr. Logan was exceedingly rich, and that now I was likely to become a lady. While poor, I was only a strawberry-girl; but rich, I would be a lady! Who is to ac-

count for these false estimates of human life? Who is mighty enough to correct them?

Nothing had ever so melted down the rude stiffness of the Tetchy family as this wonderful revolution in my domestic prospects. They became amusingly disposed to sociability, as well as to inquisitiveness. But I was glad to see my mother stiffen up in proportion to their sudden condescension, for she would have nothing to do with them.

Who, among casuists, can account for the contagious sympathy that seems to govern the affections? I had often heard it said that one wedding generally leads the way to another. Not a fortnight after these important events, Jane gave a new surprise to the household by introducing to us a lover of her own. It appeared that everything had been arranged between them before we knew a word about it. The happy young man in this case was a junior partner in the factory; and this, as I had long suspected, was the great secret of her attraction there. How my mother could have been so blind to the signs of coming events, such as were developing around her, I could not understand. But both affairs were real surprises to her. If we had depended on her genius as a matchmaker, I fear that both Jane and myself would

have had a very discouraging experience!

Thus the services of our pastor were likely to be in great request, for Jane insisted that he should officiate at her wedding, and Mr. Logan would think of no other for his own; and for myself, I thought it best, as this was the first time, not to let it be said that I had volunteered to make a difficulty by being contrary on such a point! Effie offered to be my bridesmaid, and Mr. Logan declared that Fred should be his first groomsmen. It was a hazardous venture, Fred being as much a novice at such performances as myself,—who had never officiated even as bride! With a little tutoring, however, he turned out a surprising success. Lucy, no longer a little barefoot fruit-peddler, was promoted to be my waiting-maid.

The new year came, bringing with it silks and jewels, and the double wedding. If I write that I am married, I must add that I am still without a sewing-machine. To me the garden has been better than the needle.

There is a moral to be drawn from all that I have written, wherein it may be seen that the field of my choice is wide enough for many others. If I retire from market as a strawberry-girl, it must not be inferred that it is because the business has been overdone.

JOHN JORDAN,

FROM THE HEAD OF BAINE.

AMONG the many brave men who have taken part in this war,—whose dying embers are now being trodden out by a “poor white man,”—none, perhaps, have done more service to the country, or won less glory for themselves, than the “poor whites” who have acted as scouts for the Union ar-

mies. The issue of battles, the result of campaigns, and the possession of wide districts of country, have often depended on their sagacity, or been determined by the information they have gathered; and yet they have seldom been heard of in the newspapers, and may never be read of in history.

Romantic, thrilling, and sometimes laughable adventures have attended the operations of the scouts of both sections; but more difficulty and danger have undoubtedly been encountered by the partisans of the North than of the South. Operating mostly within the circle of their own acquaintance, the latter have usually been aided and harbored by the Southern people, who, generally friendly to Secession, have themselves often acted as spies, and conveyed dispatches across districts occupied by our armies, and inaccessible to any but supposed loyal citizens.

The service rendered the South by these volunteer scouts has often been of the most important character. One stormy night, early in the war, a young woman set out from a garrisoned town to visit a sick uncle residing a short distance in the country. The sick uncle, mounting his horse at midnight, rode twenty miles in the rain to Forrest's head-quarters. The result was, the important town of Murfreesboro' and a promising Major-General fell into the hands of the Confederates; and all because the said Major-General permitted a pretty woman to pass his lines on "a mission of mercy."

At another time, a Rebel citizen, professing disgust with Secession for having the weakness to be on "its last legs," took the oath of allegiance and assumed the Union uniform. Informing himself fully of the disposition of our forces along the Nashville Railroad, he suddenly disappeared, to reappear with Basil Duke and John Morgan in a midnight raid on our slumbering outposts.

Again, a column on the march came upon a wretched woman, with a child in her arms, seated by the dying embers of a burning homestead, — burning, she said, because her sole and only friend, her uncle, (these ladies seldom have any nearer kin,) "stood up stret fur the kentry." No American soldier ever refused a "lift" to a woman in distress. This woman was soon "lifted" into an empty saddle by the side

of a staff-officer, who, with many wise winks and knowing nods, was discussing the intended route of the expedition with a brother simpleton. A little farther on the woman suddenly remembered that another uncle, who did not stand up quite so "stret fur the kentry," and, consequently, had a house still standing up for him, lived "plumb up thet 'ar' hill ter the right o' the high-road." She was set down, the column moved on, and — Streight's well planned expedition miscarried. But no one wasted a thought on the forlorn woman and the sallow baby whose skinny faces were so long within earshot of the wooden-headed staff-officer.

Means quite as ingenious and quite as curious were often adopted to conceal dispatches, when the messenger was in danger of capture by an enemy. A boot with a hollow heel, a fragment of corn-pone too stale to tempt a starving man, a strip of adhesive plaster over a festering wound, or a ball of cotton-wool stuffed into the ear to keep out the west wind, often hid a message whose discovery would cost a life, and perhaps endanger an army. The writer has himself seen the hollow half-eagle which bore to Burnside's beleaguered force the welcome tidings that in thirty hours Sherman would relieve Knoxville.

The perils which even the "native" scout encountered can be estimated only by those familiar with the vigilance that surrounds an army. The casual meeting with an acquaintance, the slightest act inconsistent with his assumed character, or the smallest incongruity between his speech and that of the district to which he professed to belong, has sent many a good man to the gallows. One of the best of Rosecrans's scouts — a native of East Kentucky — lost his life because he would "bounce" (mount) his nag, "pack" (carry) his gun, eat his bread "dry so," (without butter,) and "guzzle his peck o' whiskey," in the midst of Bragg's camp, when no such things were done there, nor in the mountains of Alabama, whence he professed to come. Acquainted only with

a narrow region, the poor fellow did not know that every Southern district has its own dialect, and that the travelled ear of a close observer can detect the slightest deviation from its customary phrases. But he was not alone in this ignorance. Almost every Northern writer who has undertaken to describe Southern life has fallen into the same error. Even Olmstead, who has caught the idioms wonderfully, confounds the dialects of different regions, and makes a Northern Georgian "right smart," when he had been only "powerful stupid" all his life.

The professional scout generally was a native of the South, — some illiterate and simple-minded, but brave and self-devoted "poor white man," who, if he had worn shoulder-straps, and been able to write "interesting" dispatches, might now be known as a hero half the world over. Some of these men, had they been born at the North, where free schools are open to all, would have led armies, and left a name to live after them. But they were born at the South, had their minds cramped and their souls stunted by a system which dwarfs every noble thing; and so, their humble mission over, they have gone down unknown and unhonored, amid the silence and darkness of their native woods.

I hope to rescue the memory of one of these men — John Jordan, from the head of Baine — from utter oblivion by writing this article. He is now beyond the hearing of my words; but I would record one act in his short career, that his pure patriotism may lead some of us to know better and love more the much-abused and misunderstood class to which he belonged.

Early in the war the command of an important military expedition was intrusted to the president of a Western college. Though a young man, this scholar had already achieved a "character" and a history. Beginning life a widow's son, his first sixteen years were passed between a farm, a canal, and a black-saltern. Being an intelligent,

energetic lad, his friends formed the usual hopes of him; but when he apprenticed himself to a canal-boat, their faith failed, and, after the fashion of Job's friends, they comforted his mother with the assurance that her son had taken the swift train to the Devil. But, like Job, she knew in whom she believed, and the boy soon justified her confidence. An event shortly occurred which changed the current of his life, gave him a purpose, and made him a man.

One dark midnight, as the boat on which he was employed was leaving one of those long reaches of slackwater which abound in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, he was called up to take his turn at the bow. Tumbling out of bed, his eyes heavy with sleep, he took his stand on the narrow platform below the bow-deck, and began uncoiling a rope to steady the boat through a lock it was approaching. Slowly and sleepily he unwound it, till it knotted, and caught in a narrow cleft in the edge of the deck. He gave it a sudden pull, but it held fast; then another and a stronger pull, and it gave way, but sent him over the bow into the water. Down he went into the dark night and the still darker river; and the boat glided on to bury him among the fishes. No human help was near. God only could save him, and He only by a miracle. So the boy thought, as he went down saying the prayer his mother had taught him. Instinctively clutching the rope, he sunk below the surface; but then it tightened in his grasp, and held firmly. Seizing it hand over hand, he drew himself up on deck, and was again a live boy among the living. Another kink had caught in another crevice, and saved him! Was it that prayer, or the love of his praying mother, which wrought this miracle? He did not know, but, long after the boat had passed the lock, he stood there, in his dripping clothes, pondering the question.

Coiling the rope, he tried to throw it again into the crevice; but it had lost the knack of kinking. Many times

he tried, — six hundred, says my informant, — and then sat down and reflected. "I have thrown this rope," he thought, "six hundred times; I might throw it ten times as many without its catching. Ten times six hundred are six thousand, — so, there were six thousand chances against my life. Against such odds, Providence only could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it worth saving; and if that's so, I won't throw it away on a canal-boat. I'll go home, get an education, and be a man."

He acted on this resolution, and not long afterwards stood before a little log cottage in the depths of the Ohio wilderness. It was late at night; the stars were out, and the moon was down; but by the fire-light that came through the window, he saw his mother kneeling before an open book which lay on a chair in the corner. She was reading; but her eyes were off the page, looking up to the Invisible. "Oh, turn unto me," she said, "and have mercy upon me! give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid!" More she read, which sounded like a prayer, but this is all that the boy remembers. He opened the door, put his arm about her neck, and his head upon her bosom. What words he said I do not know; but there, by her side, he gave back to God the life which He had given. So the mother's prayer was answered. So sprang up the seed which in toil and tears she had planted.

The boy worked, the world rolled round, and twelve years later Governor Dennison offered him command of a regiment. He went home, opened his mother's Bible, and pondered upon the subject. He had a wife, a child, and a few thousand dollars. If he gave his life to the country, would God and the few thousand dollars provide for his wife and child? He consulted the Book about it. It seemed to answer in the affirmative; and before morning he wrote to a friend, — "I regard my life as given to the country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as pos-

sible before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

To this man, who thus went into the war with a life not his own, was given, on the 16th of December, 1861, command of the little army which held Kentucky to her moorings in the Union.

He knew nothing of war beyond its fundamental principles, — which are, I believe, that a big boy can whip a little boy, and that one big boy can whip two little boys, if he take them singly, one after the other. He knew no more about it; yet he was called upon to solve a military problem which has puzzled the heads of the greatest generals: namely, how two small bodies of men, stationed widely apart, can unite in the presence of an enemy, and beat him, when he is of twice their united strength, and strongly posted behind intrenchments. With the help of many "good men and true," he solved this problem; and in telling how he solved it, I shall come naturally to speak of John Jordan, from the head of Baine.

Humphrey Marshall with five thousand men had invaded Kentucky. Entering it at Pound Gap, he had fortified a strong natural position near Paintville, and, with small bands, was overrunning the whole Piedmont region. This region, containing an area larger than the whole of Massachusetts, was occupied by about four thousand blacks and one hundred thousand whites, — a brave, hardy, rural population, with few schools, scarcely any churches, and only one newspaper, but with that sort of patriotism which grows among mountains and clings to its barren hillsides as if they were the greenest spots in the universe. Among this simple people Marshall was scattering firebrands. Stump-orators were blazing away at every cross-road, lighting a fire which threatened to sweep Kentucky from the Union. That done, — so early in the war, — dissolution might have followed. To the Ohio canal-boy was committed the task of extinguishing this conflagration. It was a difficult task, one which, with

the means at command, would have appalled any man not made equal to it by early struggles with hardship and poverty, and entire trust in the Providence that guards his country.

The means at command were twenty-five hundred men, divided into two bodies, and separated by a hundred miles of mountain country. This country was infested with guerrillas, and occupied by a disloyal people. The sending of dispatches across it was next to impossible; but communication being opened, and the two columns set in motion, there was danger that they would be fallen on and beaten in detail before they could form a junction. This was the great danger. What remained — the beating of five thousand Rebels, posted behind intrenchments, by half their number of Yankees, operating in the open field — seemed to the young Colonel less difficult of accomplishment.

Evidently, the first thing to be done was to find a trustworthy messenger to convey dispatches between the two halves of the Union army. To this end, the Yankee commander applied to the Colonel of the Fourteenth Kentucky.

"Have you a man," he asked, "who will die, rather than fail or betray us?"

The Kentuckian reflected a moment, then answered: "I think I have, — John Jordan, from the head of Baine."*

Jordan was sent for. He was a tall, gaunt, sallow man of about thirty, with small gray eyes, a fine, falsetto voice, pitched in the minor key, and his speech the rude dialect of the mountains. His face had as many expressions as could be found in a regiment, and he seemed a strange combination of cunning, simplicity, undaunted courage, and undoubting faith; yet, though he might pass for a simpleton, he talked a quaint sort of wisdom which ought to have given him to history.

The young Colonel sounded him thor-

oughly; for the fate of the little army might depend on his fidelity. The man's soul was as clear as crystal, and in ten minutes the Yankee saw through it. His history is stereotyped in that region. Born among the hills, where the crops are stones, and sheep's noses are sharpened before they can nibble the thin grass between them, his life had been one of the hardest toil and privation. He knew nothing but what Nature, the Bible, the "Course of Time," and two or three of Shakspeare's plays had taught him; but somehow in the mountain air he had grown to be a man, — a man as civilized nations account manhood.

"Why did you come into the war?" at last asked the Colonel.

"To do my sheer fur the kentry, Gin'ral," answered the man. "And I did n't druv no barg'in wi' th' Lord. I guv Him my life squar' out; and ef He 's a mind ter tuck it on this tramp, why, it 's a His'n; I 've nothin' ter say agin it."

"You mean that you 've come into the war not expecting to get out of it?"

"That 's so, Gin'ral."

"Will you die rather than let the dispatch be taken?"

"I wull."

The Colonel recalled what had passed in his own mind when poring over his mother's Bible that night at his home in Ohio; and it decided him. "Very well," he said; "I will trust you."

The dispatch was written on tissue paper, rolled into the form of a bullet, coated with warm lead, and put into the hand of the Kentuckian. He was given a carbine, a brace of revolvers, and the fleetest horse in his regiment, and, when the moon was down, started on his perilous journey. He was to ride at night, and hide in the woods or in the houses of loyal men in the day-time.

It was pitch-dark when he set out; but he knew every inch of the way, having travelled it often, driving mules to market. He had gone twenty miles by

* The Baine is a small stream which puts into the Big Sandy, a short distance from the town of Louisa, Ky.

early dawn, and the house of a friend was only a few miles beyond him. The man himself was away; but his wife was at home, and she would harbor him till nightfall. He pushed on, and tethered his horse in the timber; but it was broad day when he rapped at the door, and was admitted. The good woman gave him breakfast, and showed him to the guest-chamber, where, lying down in his boots, he was soon in a deep slumber.

The house was a log cabin in the midst of a few acres of deadening, — ground from which trees have been cleared by girdling. Dense woods were all about it; but the nearest forest was a quarter of a mile distant, and should the scout be tracked, it would be hard to get away over this open space, unless he had warning of the approach of his pursuers. The woman thought of this, and sent up the road, on a mule, her whole worldly possessions, an old negro, dark as the night, but faithful as the sun in the heavens. It was high noon when the mule came back, his heels striking fire, and his rider's eyes flashing, as if ignited from the sparks the steel had emitted.

"Dey 'm comin', Missus!" he cried, — "not haff a mile away, — twenty Se-cesh, — ridin' as ef de Debil wus arter 'em!"

She barred the door, and hastened to the guest-chamber.

"Go," she cried, "through the winder, — ter the woods! They 'll be here in a minute."

"How many is thar?" asked the scout.

"Twenty, — go, — go at once, — or you 'll be taken!"

The scout did not move; but, fixing his eyes on her face, he said, —

"Yes, I yere 'em. Thar 's a sorry chance for my life a'ready. But, Rachel, I 've thet 'bout me thet 's wuth more 'n my life, — thet, may-be, 'll save Kaintuck. If I 'm killed, wull ye tuck it ter Cunnel Cranor, at Paris?"

"Yes, yes, I will. But go: you 've not a minnit to lose, I tell you."

"I know, but wull ye swar it, — swar

ter tuck this ter Cunnel Cranor 'fore th' Lord thet yeres us?"

"Yes, yes, I will," she said, taking the bullet. But horses' hoofs were already sounding in the door-yard. "It 's too late," cried the woman. "Oh, why did you stop to parley?"

"Never mind, Rachel," answered the scout. "Don't tuck on. Tuck ye keer o' th' dispatch. Valu' it loike yer life, — loike Kaintuck. The Lord 's callin' fur me, and I 'm a'ready."

But the scout was mistaken. It was not the Lord, but a dozen devils at the door-way.

"What does ye want?" asked the woman, going to the door.

"The man as come from Garfield's camp at sun-up, — John Jordan, from the head o' Baine," answered a voice from the outside.

"Ye karn't hev him fur th' axin'," said the scout. "Go away, or I 'll send some o' ye whar the weather is warm, I reckon."

"Pshaw!" said another voice, — from his speech one of the chivalry. "There are twenty of us. We 'll spare your life, if you give up the dispatch; if you don't, we 'll hang you higher than Haman."

The reader will bear in mind that this was in the beginning of the war, when swarms of spies infested every Union camp, and treason was only a gentlemanly pastime, not the serious business it has grown to be since traitors are no longer dangerous.

"I 've nothin' but my life thet I 'll gup up," answered the scout; "and ef ye tuck thet, ye 'll hev ter pay the price, — six o' yourn."

"Fire the house!" shouted one.

"No, don't do thet," said another. "I know him, — he 's cl'ar grit, — he 'll die in the ashes; and we won't git the dispatch."

This sort of talk went on for half an hour; then there was a dead silence, and the woman went to the loft, whence she could see all that was passing outside. About a dozen of the horsemen were posted around the house; but the remainder, dismounted, had gone to the

edge of the woods, and were felling a well-grown sapling, with the evident intention of using it as a battering-ram to break down the front door.

The woman, in a low tone, explained the situation ; and the scout said, —

"It 'r' my only chance. I must run fur it. Bring me yer red shawl, Rachel."

She had none, but she had a petticoat of flaming red and yellow. Handling it as if he knew how such articles can be made to spread, the scout softly unbarred the door, and, grasping the hand of the woman, said, —

"Good bye, Rachel. It 'r' a right sorry chance ; but I may git through. Ef I do, I 'll come ter night ; ef I don't, git ye the dispatch ter the Cunnel. Good bye."

To the right of the house, midway between it and the woods, stood the barn. That way lay the route of the scout. If he could elude the two mounted men at the door-way, he might escape the other horsemen ; for they would have to spring the barn-yard fences, and their horses might refuse the leap. But it was foot of man against leg of horse, and "a right sorry chance."

Suddenly he opened the door, and dashed at the two horses with the petticoat. They reared, wheeled, and bounded away like lightning just let out of harness. In the time that it takes to tell it, the scout was over the first fence, and scaling the second ; but a horse was making the leap with him. The scout's pistol went off, and the rider's earthly journey was over. Another followed, and his horse fell mortally wounded. The rest made the circuit of the barn-yard, and were rods behind when the scout reached the edge of the forest. Once among those thick laurels, nor horse nor rider can reach a man, if he lies low, and says his prayer in a whisper.

The Rebels bore the body of their comrade back to the house, and said to the woman, —

"We 'll be revenged for this. We know the route he 'll take, and will have his life before to-morrow ; and

you — we 'd burn your house over your head, if you were not the wife of Jack Brown."

Brown was a loyal man, who was serving his country in the ranks of Marshall. Thereby hangs a tale, but this is not the time to tell it. Soon the men rode away, taking the poor woman's only wagon as a hearse for their dead comrade.

Night came, and the owls cried in the woods in a way they had not cried for a fortnight. "T'whoot ! t'whoot !" they went, as if they thought there was music in hooting. The woman listened, put on a dark mantle, and followed the sound of their voices. Entering the woods, she crept in among the bushes, and talked with the owls as if they had been human.

"They know the road ye 'll take," she said ; "ye must change yer route. Here ar' the bullet."

"God bless ye, Rachel !" responded the owl, "ye 'r' a true 'ooman !" — and he hooted louder than before, to deceive pursuers, and keep up the music.

"Ar' yer nag safe ?" she asked.

"Yes, and good for forty mile afore sun-up."

"Well, here ar' suthin' ter eat : ye 'll need it. Good bye, and God go wi' ye !"

"He 'll go wi' ye, fur He loves noble wimmin."

Their hands clasped, and then they parted : he to his long ride ; she to the quiet sleep of those who, out of a true heart, serve their country.

The night was dark and drizzly ; but before morning the clouds cleared away, leaving a thick mist hanging low on the meadows. The scout's mare was fleet, but the road was rough, and a slosh of snow impeded the travel. He had come by a strange way, and did not know how far he had travelled by sunrise ; but lights were ahead, shivering in the haze of the cold, gray morning. Were they the early candles of some sleepy village, or the camp-fires of a band of guerrillas ? He did not know, and it would not be safe to go on till he did

know. The road was lined with trees, but they would give no shelter; for they were far apart, and the snow lay white between them. He was in the blue grass region. Tethering his horse in the timber, he climbed a tall oak by the roadside; but the mist was too thick to admit of his discerning anything distinctly. It seemed, however, to be breaking away, and he would wait until his way was clear; so he sat there, an hour, two hours, and ate his breakfast from the satchel John's wife had slung over his shoulder. At last the fog lifted a little, and he saw close at hand a small hamlet,—a few rude huts gathered round a cross-road. No danger could lurk in such a place, and he was about to descend, and pursue his journey, when suddenly he heard, up the road by which he came, the rapid tramp of a body of horsemen. The mist was thicker below; so half-way down the tree he went, and waited their coming. They moved at an irregular pace, carrying lanterns, and pausing every now and then to inspect the road, as if they had missed their way or lost something. Soon they came near, and were dimly outlined in the gray mist, so the scout could make out their number. There were thirty of them,—the original band, and a reinforcement. Again they halted when abreast of the tree, and searched the road narrowly.

"He must have come this way," said one,—he of the chivalry. "The other road is six miles longer, and he would take the shortest route. It's an awful pity we did n't head him on both roads."

"We kin come up with him yit, ef we turn plumb round, and foller on t'other road,—whar we lost the trail,—back thar, three miles ter the deadnin'."

Now another spoke, and his voice the scout remembered. He belonged to his own company in the Fourteenth Kentucky. "It 'so," he said; "he has tuck t' other road. I tell ye, I 'd know thet mar's shoe 'mong a million. Nary one loike it was uver seed in all Kaintuck,—only a d—d Yankee could ha' invented it."

"And yere it ar'," shouted a man with one of the lanterns, "plain as sun-up."

The Fourteenth Kentuckian clutched the light, and, while a dozen dismounted and gathered round, closely examined the shoe-track. The ground was bare on the spot, and the print of the horse's hoof was clearly cut in the half-frozen mud. Narrowly the man looked, and life and death hung on his eyesight. The scout took out the bullet, and placed it in a crotch of the tree. If they took him, the Devil should not take the dispatch. Then he drew a revolver. The mist was breaking away, and he would surely be discovered, if the men lingered much longer; but he would have the value of his life to the uttermost farthing.

Meanwhile, the horsemen crowded around the foot-print, and one of them inadvertently trod upon it. The Kentuckian looked long and earnestly, but at last he said,—

"'T a'n't the track. Thet 'ar' mar' has a sand-crack on her right fore-foot. She did n't take kindly to a round shoe; so the Yank, he guv her one with the cork right in the middle o' the quarter. 'T was a durned smart contrivance; fur ye see, it eased the strain, and let the nag go nimble as a squirrel. The cork ha'n't yere,—'t a'n't her track,—and we 're wastin' time in luckin'."

The cork was not there, because the trooper's tread had obliterated it. Reader, let us thank him for that one good step, if he never take another; for it saved the scout, and, may-be, it saved Kentucky. When the scout returned that way, he halted abreast of that tree, and examined the ground about it. Right there, in the road, was the mare's track, with the print of the man's foot still upon the inner quarter! He uncovered his head, and from his heart went up a simple thanksgiving.

The horsemen gone, the scout came down from the tree, and pushed on into the misty morning. There might be danger ahead, but there surely was danger behind him. His pursuers were

only half convinced that they had struck his trail; and some sensible fiend might put it into their heads to divide and follow, part by one route, part by the other.

He pushed on over the sloshy road, his mare every step going slower and slower. The poor beast was jaded out; for she had travelled sixty miles, eaten nothing, and been stabled in the timber. She would have given out long before, had her blood not been the best in Kentucky. As it was, she staggered along as if she had taken a barrel of whiskey. Five miles farther on was the house of a Union man. She must reach it, or die by the wayside; for the merciful man regardeth not the life of his beast, when he carries dispatches.

The loyalist did not know the scout, but his honest face secured him a cordial welcome. He explained that he was from the Union camp on the Big Sandy, and offered any price for a horse to go on with.

"Yer nag is wuth ary two o' my critters," said the man. "Ye kin take the best beast I've got; and when ye'r ag'in this way, we'll swop back even."

The scout thanked him, mounted the horse, and rode off into the mist again, without the warm breakfast which the good woman had, half-cooked, in the kitchen. It was eleven o'clock; and at twelve that night he entered Colonel Cranor's quarters at Paris, — having ridden a hundred miles with a rope round his neck, for thirteen dollars a month, hard-tack, and a shoddy uniform.

The Colonel opened the dispatch. It was dated, Louisa, Kentucky, December 24th, midnight; and directed him to move at once with his regiment, (the Fortieth Ohio, eight hundred strong,) by the way of Mount Sterling and McCormick's Gap, to Prestonburg. He would incumber his men with as few rations and as little luggage as possible, bearing in mind that the safety of his command depended on his expedition. He would also convey the dispatch to Lieutenant-Colonel Woolford, at Stamford, and direct him to

join the march with his three hundred cavalry.

Hours now were worth months of common time, and on the following morning Cranor's column began to move. The scout lay by till night, then set out on his return, and at daybreak swapped his now jaded horse for the fresh Kentucky mare, even. He ate the housewife's breakfast, too, and took his ease with the good man till dark, when he again set out, and rode through the night in safety. After that his route was beset with perils. The Providence which so wonderfully guarded his way out seemed to leave him to find his own way in; or, as he expressed it, "Ye see, the Lord, He keered more fur the dispatch nor He keered fur me: and 't was nateral He should; 'case my life only counted one, while the dispatch, it stood fur all Kaintuck."

Be that as it may, he found his road a hard one to travel. The same gang which followed him out waylaid him back, and one starry midnight he fell among them. They lined the road forty deep, and seeing he could not run the gauntlet, he wheeled his mare and fled backwards. The noble beast did her part; but a bullet struck her, and she fell in the road dying. Then—it was Hobson's choice—he took to his legs, and, leaping a fence, was at last out of danger. Two days he lay in the woods, not daring to come out; but hunger finally forced him to ask food at a negro shanty. The dusky patriot loaded him with bacon, brown bread, and blessings, and at night piloted him to a Rebel barn, where he enforced the Confiscation Act, to him then "the higher law," — necessity.

With his fresh horse he set out again; and after various adventures and hair-breadth escapes, too numerous to mention,—and too incredible to believe, had not similar things occurred all through the war,—he entered, one rainy midnight, (the 6th of January,) the little log hut, seven miles from Paintville, where Colonel Garfield was sleeping.

The Colonel rubbed his eyes, and raised himself upon his elbow.

"Back safe?" he asked. "Have you seen Cranor?"

"Yes, Gin'ral. He can't be more 'n two days ahind o' me, nohow."

"God bless you, Jordan! You have done us great service," said Garfield, warmly.

"I thanks ye, Gin'ral," said the scout, his voice trembling. "Thet 's more pay 'n I expected."

To give the reader a full understanding of the result of the scout's ride, I must now move on with the little army. They are only fourteen hundred men, worn out with marching, but boldly they move down upon Marshall. False scouts have made him believe they are as strong as he: and they are; for every one is a hero, and they are led by a general. The Rebel has five thousand men, — forty-four hundred infantry and six hundred cavalry, — besides twelve pieces of artillery, — so he says in a letter to his wife, which Buell has intercepted and Garfield has in his pocket. Three roads lead to Marshall's position: one at the east, bearing down to the river, and along its western bank; another, a circuitous one, to the west, coming in on Paint Creek, at the mouth of Jenny's Creek, on the right of the village; and a third between the others, a more direct route, but climbing a succession of almost impassable ridges. These three roads are held by strong Rebel pickets, and a regiment is outlying at the village of Paintville.

To deceive Marshall as to his real strength and designs, Garfield orders a small force of infantry and cavalry to advance along the river, drive in the Rebel pickets, and move rapidly after them as if to attack Paintville. Two hours after this force goes off, a similar one, with the same orders, sets out on the road to the westward; and two hours later still, another small body takes the middle road. The effect is, that the pickets on the first route, being vigorously attacked and driven, retreat in confusion to Paintville, and dispatch word to Marshall that the Union army is advancing along the river. He

hurries off a thousand infantry and a battery to resist the advance of this imaginary column. When this detachment has been gone an hour and a half, he hears, from the routed pickets on the right, that the Federals are advancing along the western road. Countermanding his first order, he now directs the thousand men and the battery to check the new danger; and hurries off the troops at Paintville to the mouth of Jenny's Creek to make a stand there. Two hours later the pickets on the central route are driven in, and, finding Paintville abandoned, flee precipitately to the fortified camp, with the story that the Union army is close at their heels and occupying the town. Conceiving that he has thus lost Paintville, Marshall hastily withdraws the detachment of one thousand men to his fortified camp; and Garfield, moving rapidly over the ridges of the central route, occupies the abandoned position.

So affairs stand on the evening of the 8th of January, when a spy enters the camp of Marshall, with tidings that Cranor, with thirty-three hundred (!) men, is within twelve hours' march at the westward. On receipt of these tidings, the "big boy," — he weighs three hundred pounds by the Louisville hay-scales, — conceiving himself outnumbered, breaks up his camp, and retreats precipitately, abandoning or burning a large portion of his supplies. Seeing the fires, Garfield mounts his horse, and, with a thousand men, enters the deserted camp at nine in the evening, while the blazing stores are yet unconsumed. He sends off a detachment to harass the retreat, and waits the arrival of Cranor, with whom he means to follow and bring Marshall to battle in the morning.

In the morning Cranor comes, but his men are footsore, without rations, and completely exhausted. They cannot move one leg after the other. But the canal-boy is bound to have a fight; so every man who has strength to march is ordered to come forward. Eleven hundred — among them four hundred of Cranor's tired heroes — step from the

ranks, and with them, at noon of the 9th, Garfield sets out for Prestonburg, sending all his available cavalry to follow the line of the enemy's retreat and harass and delay him.

Marching eighteen miles, he reaches at nine o'clock that night the mouth of Abbott's Creek, three miles below Prestonburg,—he and the eleven hundred. There he hears that Marshall is encamped on the same stream, three miles higher up; and throwing his men into bivouac, in the midst of a sleety rain, he sends an order back to Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon, who is left in command at Paintville, to bring up every available man, with all possible dispatch, for he shall force the enemy to battle in the morning. He spends the night in learning the character of the surrounding country and the disposition of Marshall's forces; and now again John Jordan comes into action.

A dozen Rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen honest men come upon them, steal their corn, and make them prisoners. The miller is a tall, gaunt man, and his clothes fit the scout as if they were made for him. He is a Disunionist, too, and his very raiment should bear witness against this feeding of his enemies. It does. It goes back to the Rebel camp, and—the scout goes in it. That chameleon face of his is smeared with meal, and looks the miller so well that the miller's own wife might not detect the difference. The night is dark and rainy, and that lessens the danger; but still he is picking his teeth in the very jaws of the lion,—if he can be called a lion, who does nothing but roar like unto Marshall.

Space will not permit me to detail this midnight ramble; but it gave Garfield the exact position of the enemy. They had made a stand, and laid an ambuscade for him. Strongly posted on a semicircular hill, at the forks of Middle Creek, on both sides of the road, with cannon commanding its whole length, and hidden by the trees, they were waiting his coming.

The Union commander broke up his

bivouac at four in the morning and began to move forward. Reaching the valley of Middle Creek, he encountered some of the enemy's mounted men, and captured a quantity of stores they were trying to withdraw from Prestonburg. Skirmishing went on until about noon, when the Rebel pickets were driven back upon their main body, and then began the battle. It is not my purpose to describe it; for that has already been ably done, in thirty lines, by the man who won it.

It was a wonderful battle. In the history of this war there is not another like it. Measured by the forces engaged, the valor displayed, and the results which followed, it throws into the shade even the achievements of the mighty hosts which saved the nation. Eleven hundred men, without cannon, charge up a rocky hill, over stumps, over stones, over fallen trees, over high intrenchments, right into the face of five thousand, and twelve pieces of artillery!

For five hours the contest rages. Now the Union forces are driven back; then, charging up the hill, they regain the lost ground, and from behind rocks and trees pour in their murderous volleys. Then again they are driven back, and again they charge up the hill, strewn the ground with corpses. So the bloody work goes on; so the battle wavers, till the setting sun, wheeling below the hills, glances along the dense lines of Rebel steel moving down to envelop the weary eleven hundred. It is an awful moment, big with the fate of Kentucky. At its very crisis two figures stand out against the fading sky, boldly defined in the foreground.

One is in Union blue. With a little band of heroes about him, he is posted on a projecting rock, which is scarred with bullets, and in full view of both armies. His head is uncovered, his hair streaming in the wind, his face upturned in the darkening daylight, and from his soul is going up a prayer,—a prayer for Sheldon and Cranor. He turns his eyes to the northward, and his lip tightens, as he throws off his

coat, and says to his hundred men, — "Boys, *we* must go at them!"

The other is in Rebel gray. Moving out to the brow of the opposite hill, and placing a glass to his eye, he, too, takes a long look to the northward. He starts, for he sees something which the other, on lower ground, does not distinguish. Soon he wheels his horse, and the word "RETREAT" echoes along the valley between them. It is his last word; for six rifles crack, and the Rebel Major lies on the ground quivering.

The one in blue looks to the north again, and now, floating proudly among the trees, he sees the starry banner. It is Sheldon and Cranor! The long ride of the scout is at last doing its work for the nation. On they come like the rushing wind, filling the air with their shouting. The rescued eleven hundred take up the strain, and then, above the swift pursuit, above the lessening conflict, above the last boom of the wheeling cannon, goes up the wild huzza of Victory. The gallant Garfield has won the day, and rolled back the disastrous tide which has been sweeping on ever since Big Bethel. In ten days Thomas routs Zollicoffer, and then we have and hold Kentucky.

Every one remembers a certain artist, who, after painting a "neighing steed," wrote underneath the picture, "This is a horse," lest it should be mistaken for an alligator. I am tempted to imitate his example, lest the reader, otherwise, may not detect the rambling parallel I have herein drawn between a Northern and a Southern "poor white man."

President Lincoln, when he heard of the Battle of Middle Creek, said to a distinguished officer, who happened to be with him, —

"Why did Garfield in two weeks do what would have taken one of you Regular folks two months to accomplish?"

"Because he was not educated at West Point," answered the West-Point-er, laughing.

"No," replied Mr. Lincoln. "That was n't the reason. It was because, when he was a boy, he had to work for a living."

But our good President, for once, was wrong, — for once, he did not get at the core of the matter. Jordan, as well as Garfield, "had, when a boy, to work for a living." The two men were, perhaps, of about equal natural abilities, — both were born in log huts, both worked their own way to manhood, and both went into the war consecrating their very lives to their country: but one came out of it with a brace of stars on his shoulder, and honored by all the nation; the other never rose from the ranks, and went down to an unknown grave, mourned only among his native mountains. Something more than *work* was at the bottom of this contrast in their lives and their destinies. It was FREE SCHOOLS, which the North gave the one, and of which the South robbed the other. Plant a free school at every Southern cross-road, and every Southern Jordan will become a Garfield. Then, and not till then, will this Union be "reconstructed."

N O Ë L . *

L'Académie en respect,
Nonobstant l'incorrection,
A la faveur du sujet,
Ture-lure,
N'y fera point de rature ;
Noël ! ture-lure-lure.

GUI-BARÔZAI.

1.

QUAND les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,
" Bons amis,
Allons donc chez Agassiz ! "

2.

Ces illustres Pèlerins
D'Outre-Mer, adroits et fins,
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
A l'envi se vantaient d'être
" Bons amis
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz ! "

3.

Ceil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,
" Bons amis,
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz ! "

4.

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,
Mais des environs d'Avize,
Fredonne, à mainte reprise,
" Bons amis,
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz ! "

5.

A côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux ;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !
" Bons amis,
J'ai diné chez Agassiz ! "

* Sent to Mr. Agassiz, with a basket of wine, on Christmas Eve, 1864.

6.

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,
Parfumé de poésie
Riait, chantait plein de vie,

“ Bons amis,
J'ai soupé chez Agassiz ! ”

7.

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
Bras dessus et bras dessous,
Mine altière et couleur terne,
Vint le Sire de Sauterne :

“ Bons amis,
J'ai couché chez Agassiz ! ”

8.

Mais le dernier de ces preux
Était un pauvre Chartreux,
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,
“ Bénédiction sur le Juste !

Bons amis,
Bénéissons Père Agassiz ! ”

9.

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,

Bons amis,
A la porte d'Agassiz !

10.

“ Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,

Bons amis
De la famille Agassiz ! ”

11.

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;
Épargnez aux Philosophes
Vos abominables strophes !

Bons amis,
Respectez mon Agassiz !

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP.

SECOND PAPER.

IN a preceding paper I have sought to trace the main lines of spiritual growth, as these appear in Goethe's great picture. But is such growth possible in this world? Do the circumstances in which modern men are placed comport with it? Or is it, perhaps, a cherub only *painted* with wings, and despite the laws of anatomy? These questions are pertinent. It concerns us little to know what results the crescent powers of life might produce, if, by good luck, Eden rather than our struggling century, another world instead of this world, were here. This world, it happens, is here undoubtedly; our century and our place in it are facts, which decline to take their leave, bid them good morning and show them the door how one may. Let us know, then, what of good sufficing may be achieved in their company. If Goethe's picture be only a picture, and not a possibility, we will be pleased with him, provided his work prove pleasant; we will partake of his literary dessert, and give him his meed of languid praise. But if, on the other hand, his book be written in full, unblinking view of all that is fixed and liminary in man and around him, and if, in face of this, it conduct growth to its consummation, then we may give him something better than any praise, — namely, heed.

Is it, then, written in this spirit of reality? In proof that it is so, I call to witness the most poignant reproach, save one, ever uttered against it by a superior man. Novalis censured it as "thoroughly modern and prosaic." Well, *on one side*, it is so, — just as modern and prosaic as the modern world and actual European civilization. What is this but to say that Goethe faces the facts? What is it but to say that he accepts the conditions of his problem? He is to show that the high possibilities of growth can be realized

here. To run off, get up a fancy world, and then picture these possibilities as coming to fruition *there*, would be a mere toying with his readers. Here is modern civilization, with its fixed forms, its rigid limits, its traditional mechanisms. Here is this life, where men make, execute, and obey laws, own and manage property, buy and sell, plant, sail, build, marry and beget children and maintain households, pay taxes, keep out of debt, if they are wise, and go to the poorhouse, or beg, or do worse, if they are unwise or unfortunate. Here such trivialities as starched collars, blacked boots, and coats according to the mode compel attention. Society has its fixed rules, by which it enforces social continuity and connection. To neglect these throws one off the ring; and, with rare exceptions, isolation is barrenness and death. One cannot even go into the street in a wilfully strange costume, without establishing repulsions and balking relations between him and his neighbors which destroy their use to each other. Every man is bound to the actual form of society by his necessities at least, if not by his good-will.

To step violently out of all this puts one in a social vacuum, — a position in which few respire well, while most either perish or become in some degree monstrous. It is necessary that one should live and work with his fellows, if he is to obtain the largest growth. On the other hand, to be merely in and of this — a wheel, spoke, or screw, in this vast social mechanism — makes one, not a man, but a thing, and precludes all growth but such as is obscure and indirect. Thousands, indeed, have no desire but to obtain some advantageous place in this machinery. Meanwhile this enormous conventional civilization strives, and must strive, to make every soul its puppet. Let each fall into the

routine, pursue it in some shining manner, asking no radical questions, and he shall have his heart's desire. "Blessed is he," it cries, "who handsomely and with his whole soul reads upwards from man to position and estate, — from man to millionaire, judge, lord, bishop! Cursed is he who questions, who aims to strike down beneath this great mechanism, and to connect himself with the primal resources of his being! There are no such resources. It is a wickedness to dream of them. Man has no root but in tradition and custom, no blessing but in serving them."

As that assurance is taken, and as that spirit prevails, man forfeits his manhood. His life becomes mechanical. Ideas disappear in the forms that once embodied them; imagination is buried beneath symbol; belief dies of creed, and morality of custom. Nothing remains but a world-wide pantomime. Worship itself becomes only a more extended place-hunting, and man the walking dummy of society. And then, since man no longer is properly vitalized, disease sets in, consumption, decay, putrefaction, filling all the air with the breath of their foulness.

The earlier part of the eighteenth century found all Europe in this stage. Then came a stir in the heart of man: for Nature would not let him die altogether. First came recoil, complaint, reproach, mockery. Voltaire's light, piercing, taunting laugh — with a screaming wail inside it, if one can hear well — rang over Europe. "Aha, you are found out! Up, toad, in your true shape!" Then came wild, shallow theories, half true; then wild attempt to make the theories real; then carnage and chaos.

Accompanying and following this comes another and purer phase of reaction. "Let us get out of this dead, conventional world!" cry a few noble spirits, in whose hearts throbs newly the divine blood of life. "Leave it behind; it is dead. Leave behind all formal civilization; let us live only from within, and let the outward be formless,

— momentarily created by our souls, momentarily vanishing."

The noblest type I have ever known of this *extra-vagance*, this wandering outside of actual civilization, was Thoreau. With his purity, as of a newborn babe, — with his moral steadiness, unsurpassed in my observation, — with his indomitable persistency, — by the aid also of that all-fertilizing imaginative sympathy with outward Nature which was his priceless gift, — he did, indeed, lend to his mode of life an indescribable charm. In him it came at once to beauty and to consecration.

Yet even he must leave out marriage, to make his scheme of life practicable. He must ignore Nature's demand that humanity continue, or recognize it only with loathing. "Marriage is that!" said he to a friend, — and held up a carrion-flower.

Moreover, the success of his life — nay, the very quality of his being — implied New England and its civilization. To suppose him born among the Flathead Indians were to suppose *him*, the Thoreau of our love and pride, unborn still. The civilization he slighted was an air that he breathed; it was implied, as impulse and audience, in those books of his, wherein he enshrined his spirit, and whereby he kept its health.

A fixed social order is indirectly necessary even to him who, by rare gifts of Nature, can stand nobly and unfalteringly aside from it. And it is directly, instantly necessary to him who, either by less power of self-support or by a more flowing human sympathy, *must* live with men, and *must* comply with the conditions by which social connection is preserved.

The problem, therefore, recurs. Here are the two terms: the soul, the primal, immortal imagination of man, on the one side; the enormous, engrossing, dehumanizing mechanism of society, on the other. A noble few elect the one; an ignoble multitude pray to its opposite. The reconciling word, — is there a reconciling word?

Here, now, comes one who answers,

Yes. And he answers thus, not by a bald assertion, but by a picture wherein these opposites lose their antagonism, — by a picture which is true to both, yet embraces both, and shapes them into a unity. That is Goethe. This attempt represents the grand *nisus* of his life. It is most fully made in "Wilhelm Meister."

Above the world he places the growing spirit of man, the vessel of all uses, with his resource in eternal Nature. Then he seizes with a sovereign hand upon actual society, upon formal civilization, and of it all makes food and service for man's spirit. This prosaic civilization, he says, is prosaic only in itself, not when put in relation to its true end. So he first recognizes it with remorseless verity, depicts it in all its littleness and limitation; then strikes its connection with growth: and lo, the littleness becomes great in serving the greater; the harsh prosaicism begins to move in melodious measure; and out of that jarring, creaking mechanism of conventional society arise the grand rolling organ-harmonies of life.

That he succeeds to perfection I do not say. I could find fault enough with his book, if there were either time or need. There is no need: its faults are obvious. In binding himself by such unsparing oaths to recognize and admit all the outward truth of society, he has, indeed, grappled with the whole problem, but also made its solution a little cumbrous and incomplete. Nay, this which he so admits in his picture was also sufficiently, perhaps a touch more than sufficiently, admitted in his own being. He would have been a conventionalist and epicurean, unless he had been a seer. He would have been a mere man of the world, had he not been Goethe. But whereas a man of the world reads up from man to dignity, estate, and social advantage, he reverses the process, and reads up from these to man. Say that he does it with some stammering, with some want of the last nicety. What then? It were enough, if he set forth upon the true road, though his own strength fail before the end is

reached. It is enough, if, falling midway, even though it be by excess of the earthly weight he bears, he still point forward, and his voice out of the dust whisper, "There lies your way!" This alone makes him a benefactor of mankind.

This specific aim of Goethe's work makes it, indeed, a novel. Conventional society and the actual conditions of life are, with respect to eternal truth, but the *novelties* of time. The novelist is to picture these, and, in picturing, subordinate them to that which is perpetual and inspiring. Just so far as he opens the ravishing possibilities of life in commanding reconciliation with the formal civilization of a particular time, he does his true work.

The function of the poet is different. His business it is simply to *refresh* the spirit of man. To its lip he holds the purest ichors of existence; with ennobling draughts of awe, pity, sympathy, and joy, he quickens its blood and strengthens its vital assimilations. The particular circumstances he uses are merely the cup wherein this wine of life is contained. This he may obtain as most easily he can; the world is all before him where to choose.

The novelist has no such liberty. His business it is to find the ideal possibilities of man *here*, in the midst of actual society. He shall teach us to free the heart, while respecting the bonds of circumstance. And the more strictly he clings to that which is central in man on the one hand, and the more broadly and faithfully he embraces the existing prosaic limitations on the other, the more his work answers to the whole nature of his function. Goethe has done the latter thoroughly, his accusers themselves being judges; that he has done the other, and how he has done it, I have sought to show in a preceding paper. He looks on actual men and actual society with an eye of piercing observation; he depicts them with remorseless verity; and through and by all builds, builds at the great architectures of spiritual growth.

Hence the difference between him and

satirists like Thackeray, who equal him in keenness of observation, are not behind him in verity of report, while surpassing him often in pictorial effect, — but who bring to the picture out of themselves only a noble indignation against baseness. They condemn; he uses. They cry, "Fie!" upon unclean substances; he ploughs the offence into the soil, and sows wheat over it. They see the world as it is; he sees it, and through it. They probe sores; he leads forth into the air and the sunshine. They tinge the cheek with blushes of honorable shame; he paints it with the glow of wholesome activity. Their point of view is that of pathology; his, that of physiology. The great satirists, at best, give a medicine to sickness; Goethe gives a task to health. They open a door into a hospital; he opens a door out of one, and cries, "Lo, the green earth and blue heaven, the fields of labor, the skies of growth!"

On the other hand, by this relentless fidelity to observation, by his stern refusal to give men supposititious qualities and characters, by his resolute acceptance of European civilization, by his unalterable determination to practicable results, by always limiting himself to *that which all superior men might be expected not merely to read of with gusto, but to do*, he is widely differenced from novelists like the authoress of "Consuelo." He does not propose to furnish a moral luxury, over which at the close one may smack the lips, and cry, "How sweet!" No gardener's manual ever looked more simply to results. His aim is, to get something *done*, to get *all* done which he suggests. Accordingly, he does not gratify us with vasty magnanimities, holy beggaries voluntarily assumed, Bouddhistic "missions"; he shows us no more than high-minded, incorruptible men, fixed in their regards upon the high ends of life, established in noble, fruitful fellowship, willing and glad to help others so far as they can clearly see their way, not making public distribution of their property, but managing it so that it shall in themselves and others serve culture, health,

and all well-being of body and mind. Wealth here is a trust; it is held for use; its uses are, to subserve the high ends of Nature in the spirit of man. Lothario seeks association with all who can aid him in these applications. So intent is he, that he *loves* Theresa because she has a genius at once for economizing means and for seeing where they may be applied to the service of the more common natures. He keeps the great-minded, penetrating, providential Abbé in his pay, that this inevitable eye may distinguish for him the more capable natures, and find out whether or how they may be forwarded on their proper paths. Here are no sublime professions, but a steady, modest, resolute, discriminate doing.

For suggestion of what one may really *do*, and for impelling one toward the practicable best, I find this book worth a moonful of "Consuelos." The latter work has, indeed, beautiful pictures; and simply as a picture of a fresh, sweet, young life, it is charming. But in its aim at a higher import I find it simply an arrow shot into the air, going *so* high, but at — nothing! If one crave a moral luxury, it is here. If he desire a lash for egoism, this, perhaps, is also here. If he is already praying the heavens for a sufficing worth and work in life, and is asking only the *what* and *how*, this book, taken in connection with its sequel, says, "Distribute your property, and begin wandering about and 'doing good.'"

I decline. After due consideration, I have fully determined to own a house, and provide each day a respectable dinner for my table, if the fates agree; to secure, still in submission to the fates, such a competency as will give me leisure for the best work I can do; to further justice and general well-being, so far as is in me to further or hinder, but always on the basis of the existing civilization; to cherish sympathy and goodwill in myself, and in others by cherishing them in myself; to help another when I clearly can; and to give, when what I give will obviously do more service toward the high ends of life in the

hands of another than in my own. Toward carrying out these purposes "Consuelo" has not given me a hint; not one; "Wilhelm Meister" has given me invaluable hints. Therefore I feel no great gratitude to the one, and am profoundly grateful to the other.

It is not the mere absence of suffering, it is not a pound of beef on every peasant's plate, that makes life worth living. Health, happiness, even education, however diffused, do not alone make life worth living. Tell me the quality of a man's happiness before I can very rapturously congratulate him upon it; tell me the quality of his suffering before I can grieve over it without solace. Noble pain is worth more than ignoble pleasure; and there is a health in the *dying* Schiller which beggars in comparison that of the fat cattle on a thousand hills. All the world might be well fed, well clothed, well sheltered, and very properly behaved, and be a pitiful world nevertheless, were this all.

Let us get out of this business of merely improving *conditions*. There are two things which make life worth living. First, the absolute worth and significance of man's spirit in its harmonious completeness; and hence the absolute value of culture and growth in the deepest sense of the words. Secondly, the relevancy of actual experience and the actual world to these ends. Goethe attends to both these, and to both in a spirit of great sanity. He fixes his eye with imperturbable steadiness on the central fact, then with serene, intrepid modesty suggests the relevancy to this of the world as it is around us, and *then trusts the healthy attraction of the higher to modify and better the lower*. Give man, he says, something to work *for*, namely, the high uses of his spirit; give him next something to work *with*, namely, actual civilization, the powers, limits, and conditions which actually exist in and around him; and if these instruments be poor, be sure he will begin to improve upon them, the moment he has found somewhat inspiring and sufficing to do with them. Actual conditions will improve precisely in proportion as *all*

conditions are utilized, are placed in relations of service to a result which contents the soul of men. And to establish in this relation all the existing conditions of life, natural and artificial, is the task which Goethe has undertaken.

I invite the reader to dwell upon this fact, that, the moment life has an inspiring significance, and the moment also the men, industries, and conditions around us become instrumental toward resolving that, in this moment one must begin, so far as he may, bettering these conditions. If I hire a man to work in my garden, how much is it worth to me, if he bring not merely his hands and gardening skill, but also an appreciable soul, with him! So soon as that fact is apparent, fruitful relations are established between us, and sympathies begin to fly like bees, bearing pollen and winning honey, from each heart to the other. To let a man be degraded, or stupid, or thwarted in all his inward life, when I *can* make it otherwise? Not unless I am insensate. To allow anywhere a disserviceable condition, when I could make it serviceable? Not in full view of the fact that all which thwarts the inward being of another thwarts me. If there be in the world a man who might write a grand book, but through ill conditions cannot write it, then in me and you a door will remain closed, which might have opened — who knows upon what treasure? With the high ends of life before him, no man can *afford* to be selfish. With the fact before him that formal civilization is instrumental, no man can afford to run away from it. With the fact in view that each man needs every other, and needs that every other should do and be the best he can, no one can afford to withhold help, where it can be rendered. Finally, seeing that means are limited, and that the means and services which are crammed into others, without being spiritually assimilated, breed only indigestion, no one must throw his services about at random, but see where Nature has prepared the way for him, and there in modesty do what he can.

To strike the connection, then, be-

tween the inward and the outward, between the spiritual and the conventional, between man and society, between moral possibility and formal civilization, — to give growth, with all its immortal issues, a place, and means, and opportunity, — this was Goethe's aim; and if the execution be less than perfect, as I admit, it yet suggests the whole; and if the shortcoming be due in part to his personal imperfections, which doubtless may be affirmed, it yet does not mar the sincerity of his effort. His hand trembles, his aim is not nicely sure, but it is an aim at the right object nevertheless.

There are limits and conditions in man, as well as around him, to which the like justice is done. Such are Special Character, Natural Degree and Vocation, Moral Imperfection, and Limitation of Self-Knowledge. Each of these plays a part of vast importance in life; each is portrayed and used in Goethe's picture. But, though with reluctance, I must merely name and pass them by. Enough to say here, that he sees them and sees through them. Enough that they appear, and as means and material. Nor does he merely distinguish and harp upon them, after the hard analytic fashion one would use here; but, as the violinist sweeps all the strings of his instrument, not to show that one sounds *so* and another *so*, but out of all to bring a complete melody, so does this master touch the chords of life, and, in thus recognizing, bring out of them the melodious completeness of a human soul.

One inquiry remains. What of inspirational impulse does Goethe bring to his work? He depicts growth; what leads him to do so? Is it nothing but cold curiosity? and does he leave the reader in a like mood? Or is he commanded by some imperial inward necessity? and does he awaken in the reader a like noble necessity, not indeed to write, but to *live*?

The inspiration which he feels and communicates is an infinite, unspeakable reverence for Personality, for the completed, spiritual reality of man. Literally unspeakable, it is the silent spirit in which he writes, sovereign in him

and in his work, — the soul of every sentence, and professed in none. You find it scarcely otherwise than in his manner of treating his material. But there you *may* find it: the silent, majestic homage that he pays to every *real* grace and spiritual accomplishment of man or woman. Any smallest trait of this is delineated with a heed that makes no account of time or pains, with a venerating fidelity and religious care that *unutterably* imply its preciousness. Indeed, it is one point of his art to bestow elaborate, reverential attention upon some minor grace of manhood or womanhood, that one may say, "If this be of such price, how priceless is the whole!" He resorts habitually to this inferential suggestion, — puzzling hasty readers, who think him frivolously exalting little things, rather than hinting beyond all power of direct speech at the worth of the greater. In landscape paintings a bush in the foreground may occupy more space than a whole range of mountains in the distance: perhaps the bush is there to show the scale of the drawing, and intimate the greatness, rather than littleness, of the mountains.

The undertone of every page, should we mask its force in hortatives, would be, — "Buy manhood; buy verity and completeness of being; buy spiritual endowment and accomplishment; buy insight and clearness of heart and wholeness of spirit; pay ease, estimation, estate, — never consider what you pay: for though pleasure is not despicable, though wealth, leisure, and social regard are good, yet there is no tint of inherent grace, no grain nor atom of man's spiritual substance, but it outweighs kingdoms, outweighs all that is external to itself."

But hortatives and assertions represent feebly, and without truth of tone, the subtle, sovereign persuasion of the book. This is said sovereignly by *not* being said expressly. We are at pains to affirm only that which may be conceived of as doubtful, therefore admit a certain doubtfulness by the act of asserting. When one begins to asseverate his honesty, his hearers begin to

question it. The last persuasion lies in assumptions, — not in assumptions made consciously and with effort, but in those which one makes because he cannot help it, and even without being too much aware what he does. All that a man of power assumes utterly, so that he were not himself without assuming it, he will impress upon others with a persuasion that has in it somewhat of the infinite. Jesus never said, "There is a God," — nor even, "God is our Father," — nor even, "Man is immortal"; he took all this as implicit basis of labor and prayer. Implicit assumptions rule the world; they build and destroy cities, make and unmake empires, open and close epochs; and whenever Destiny in any powerful soul has ripened a new truth to this degree, — made it for him an *inevitable* assumption, — then there is in history an end and a beginning. Goethe's homage to Personality, to the full spiritual being of man, is of this degree, and is a soul of eloquence in his book.

Nor can we set this aside as a piece of blind and gratuitous sentiment. Blind and gratuitous sentiment is clearly not his forte. Every line of every page exhibits to us a man who has betaken himself, once for all, to the use of his eyes. All sentiment, as such, he ruled back, with a sovereign energy, into his heart, — and then, as it were, compelling his heart into his eyes, made it an organ for discerning truth. His head was an observatory, and every power of his soul did duty there. He enjoyed, he suffered, intensely; but behind joy and pain alike lay the sleepless questioner, demanding of each its message. And this, the supreme function, the exceeding praise and preciousness of the man, the one thing that he was born to do, and religiously did, this has been made his chief reproach.

No zealot, then, no sentimentalist, no devotee of the god Wish, have we here; but an imperturbable beholder, whose dauntless and relentless eyeballs, telescopic and microscopic by turns, can and will see what the fact *is*. If the universe be bad, as some dream, he

will see how bad; if good, he will perceive and respect its goodness. A man, for once, equal to the act of seeing! Having, as the indispensable preliminary, encountered himself, and victoriously fought on all the fields of his being the battle against self-deception, he now comes armed with new and strange powers of vision to encounter life and the world, — ready either to soar or dive, — above no fact, beneath none, by none appalled, by none dazzled, — a falcon, whose prey is truth, and whose wing and eye are well mated. And *he* it is who sets that ineffable price on the being of a real man.

This is manifested in many ways, all of them silent, rather than obstreperous and obtrusive. It is shown by a certain gracious, ineffable expectation with which for the first time he approaches any human soul, as if unknown and incalculable possibilities were opening here; by a noble ceremonial which he ever observes toward his higher characters, standing uncovered in their presence; by the space in his eye, not altogether measurable, which a man of worth is perceived to fill. Each of his principal characters has an atmosphere about him, like the earth itself; each has a vast perspective, and rounds off into mystery and depths of including sky.

The common novelist holds his characters in the palm of his hand, as he would his watch; winds them up, regulates, pockets them, is exceedingly handy with them. He may continue some little, pitiful puzzle about them for his readers; but *he* can see over, under, around them, and can make them stop or go, tick or be silent, altogether at pleasure. To Goethe his characters are as intelligible and as mysterious as Nature herself. He sees them, studies them, and with an eye how penetrating, how subtle and sure! But over, under, and around them he would hold it for no less than a profanity to pretend that he sees. They come upon the scene to prove what they are; he and the reader study them together; and when best known, their possibilities are obviously unexhausted, the unknown re-

mains in them still. They go forward into their future, with a real future before them, with an unexplained life to live: not goblets whose contents have been drained, but fountains that still flow when the traveller who drank from them has passed on. Jarno, for example, a man of firm and definite outlines, and drawn here with masterly distinctness, without a blur or a wavering of the hand in the whole delineation, is yet the unexplained, unexhausted Jarno, when the book closes. He goes forward with the rest, known and yet unknown, a man of very definite limitations, and yet also of possibilities which the future will ever be defining.

In this sense, the book, almost alone among novels, consists with the hope of immortality. In average novels there is nothing left of the hero when the book ends. "He is utterly married," as "Eothen" says. Utterly, sure enough! He ends at the altar, like a burnt-out candle over which the priest puts an extinguisher to keep it from smoking. One yawns over the last page, not considering himself any longer in company. Think of giving perpetuity to such lives! What could they do but get unmarried, and begin fussing at courtship again? But when Goethe's characters leave the stage, they seem to be rather entering upon life than quitting it; possibility opens, expectation runs before them, and our interest grows where observation ceases.

Goethe looks at Personality as through a telescope, and sees it shade away, beyond its cosmic systems, into star-dust and shining nebulae; he inspects it as with a microscope, and on that side also resolves it only in part. He brings to it all the most spacious, all the most delicate interpretations of his wit, yet confessedly leaves more beyond.

Now it is this large-eyed, liberal regard of man, this grand, childlike, all-credent appreciation, which distinguishes the earlier and Scriptural literatures. Abraham fills up all the space between earth and heaven. Later, we arrive at limitations and secondary laws; we heap these up till the primal fact is obscured,

is hidden by them. Then ensues an impression of man's littleness, emptiness, insignificance, utter, mechanical limitation. Then sharp-eyed gentlemen discover that man has a trick of dressing up his littleness in large terms,—liberty, intuition, inspiration, immortality,—and that he only is a philosopher, who cannot be deceived by this shallow stratagem. Your "philosopher" sees what men are made of. Populaces may fancy that man is central in the world, that he is the all-containing vessel of its uses: but your philosopher, admirable gentleman, sees through all that; he is superior to any such vulgar partiality for that particular species of insect to which he happens to belong. "A fly thinks himself the greatest of created beings," says philosopher; "man flatters himself in the same way; but I, I am not merely man, I am philosopher, and know better."

The early seers and poets had not attained to this sublime superciliousness of self-contempt; for this, of course, is a fruit to be borne only by the "progress of the species." They are still weak enough to believe in gods and godlike men, in spirit and inspiration, in the ineffable fulness and meaning of a noble life, in the cosmic relationship of man, in the *divineness* of speech and thought. In their books man is placed in a large light; honor and estimation come to him out of the heavens; what he does, if it be in any profound way characteristic, is told without misgiving, without fear to be superfluous; he is the care, or even the companion, of the immortals. To go forth, therefore, from our little cells of criticism and controversy, and to enter upon the pages where man's being appears so spacious and significant,—where, at length, it is really *imagined*,—is like leaving stove-heated, paper-walled rooms, and passing out beneath the blue cope and into the sweet air of heaven.

Quite this epic boldness and wholeness we cannot attribute to Goethe. He is still a little straitened, a little pestered by the doubting and critical optics which our time turns upon man, a little victim-

ized by his knowledge of liminary conditions and secondary laws. Nevertheless, a noble man is not to his eye "contained between hat and boots," but is of untold depth and dimension. He indicates traits of the soul with that repose in his facts and respect for them which Lyell shows in spelling out terrestrial history, or Herschel in tracing that of the solar system. Observe how he relates the plays of a child,—with what grave, imperial respect, with what undoubting, reverential minuteness! He does not say, "Bear with me, ladies and gentlemen; I will come to something of importance soon." This is important,—the formation of suns not more so.

In this respect he stands in wide contrast to the prevailing tone of the time. It seems right and admirable that Tynedale should risk life and limb in learning the laws of glaciers, that large-brained Agassiz should pursue for years, if need be, his microscopic researches into the natural history of turtles; and were life or eyesight lost so, we should all say, "Lost, but well and worthily." But ask a conclave of sober *savans* to listen to reports on the natural-spiritual history of babies and little children,—ask them to join, one and all, in this piece of discovery, spending labor and lifetime in watching the sports, the moods, the imaginations, the fanciful loves and fears, the whole baby unfolding of these budding revelations of divine uses in Nature,—and see what they will think of your sanity. You may, indeed, if such be your humor, observe these matters, nay, even write books upon them, and still escape the lunatic asylum,—*provided* you do so in the way of pleasantry. In this case, the gravest *savant*, if he have children, may condescend to listen, and even to smile. But ask him to attend to this *in his quality of man of science*, and no less seriously than he would investigate the history of mud-worms, and you become ridiculous in his eyes.

Goethe is guiltless of this inversion of interest. Truth of outward Nature he respects; truth of the soul he rever-

ences. He can really *imagine* men,—that is, can so depict them that they shall not be mere bundles of finite quantities, a yard of this and a pound of that, but so that the illimitable possibilities and immortal ancestries of man shall look forth from their eyes, shall show in their features, and give to them a certain grace of the infinite. The powers which created for the Greeks their gods are active in him, even in his observation of men; and this gives him that other eye, without which the effigies of men are seen, but never man himself. And because he has this divine eye for the inner reality of personal being, and yet also that eagle eye of his for conditions and limits,—because he can see man as central in Nature, the sum of all uses, the vessel of all significance, and yet has no "carpenter theory" of the universe,—and because he can discern the substance and the *revealing* form of man, while yet no satirist sees more clearly man's accidental and concealing form,—because of this, history comes in him to new blood, regaining its inspirations without forfeiture of its experience.

Carlyle has the same eye, but less creative, and tintured always with the special humors of his temperament; yet the attitude he can hold toward a human personality, the spirit in which he can contemplate it, gives that to his books which will keep them alive, I think, while the world lasts.

Among the recent writers of prose fiction in England, I know of but one who, in a degree worth naming in this connection, has regarded and delineated persons in the large, old, believing way. That one is the author of "Counterparts." In many respects her book seems to me weak; its theories are crude, its tone extravagant. But man and woman are wonderful to her; and when she names them in full voice of admiration, one thinks he has never heard the words before. And this merit is so commanding, that, despite faults and imbecilities, it renders the book almost unique in excellence. Saronia is impossible: thanks for that noble im-

possibility! Impossible, he yet embodies more reality, more true suggestion of human possibility and resource, than a whole swarming limbo of the ordinary heroes of fiction, — very credible, and the more 's the pity! He is finely *imagined*, and poorly *conceived*, — true, that is, to the inspiring substance of man, but not true to his liminary form: for imagination gives the revealing form, conception the form which limits and conceals.

In spite, therefore, of marked infirmities and extravagances, the book remains a superior, perhaps a great work. The writer can look at a human existence with childlike, all-believing, Homeric eyes. That creative vision which of old peopled Olympus still peoples the world for her, beholding gods where the skeptic, critical eye sees only a medical doctor and a sick woman. So is she stamped a true child of the Muse, descended on the one side from Memory, or superficial fact, but on the other

from Zeus, the *soul* of fact; and being gifted to discern the divine halo on the brows of humanity, she rightly obtains the laurel upon her own.

Goethe, at least, rivals her in this Olympic intelligence, while he combines it with a practical wisdom far profounder, with a survey and a fulness of knowledge incomparably wider and more various, with a tone tempered to the last sobriety, with an eye for conditions and limits, for the whole of actual life, which no man of the world ever surpassed, and no seer ever equalled. And thus I must abide in my opinion, that he has given us the one prose epic of the world, up to this date. In other words, he has best reconciled World with the final vessel of its uses, Man, — and best reconciled actual civilization and the fixed conditions of man with the uses of that in which all the meaning of his existence is summed, his seeing and unseen spirit.

DOCTOR JOHNS.

XXXIV.

REUBEN has in many respects vastly improved under his city education. It would be wrong to say that the good Doctor did not take a very human pride in his increased alertness of mind, in his vivacity, in his self-possession, — nay, even in that very air of world-acquaintance which now covered entirely the old homely manner of the country lad. He thought within himself, what a glad smile of triumph would have been kindled upon the face of the lost Rachel, could she but have seen this tall youth with his kindly attentions and his graceful speech. May-be she did see it all, — but with far other eyes, now. Was the child ripening into fellowship with the sainted mother?

The Doctor underneath all his pride carried a great deal of anxious doubt;

and as he walked beside his boy upon the thronged street, elated in some strange way by the touch of that strong arm of the youth, whose blood was his own, — so dearly his own, — he pondered gravely with himself, if the mocking delusions of the Evil One were not the occasion of his pride? Was not Satan setting himself artfully to the work of quieting all sense of responsibility in regard to the lad's future, by thus kindling in his old heart anew the vanities of the flesh and the pride of life?

"I say, father, I want to put you through now. It'll do you a great deal of good to see some of our wonders here in the city."

"The very voice, — the very voice of Rachel!" says the Doctor to himself, quickening his laggard step to keep pace with Reuben.

"There are such lots of things to

show you, father! Look in this store, now. You can step in, if you like. It's the largest carpet-store in the United States, three stories packed full. There's the head man of the firm,—the stout man in a white choker; with half a million, they say: he's a deacon in Mowry's church."

"I hope, then, Reuben, that he makes a worthy use of his wealth."

"Oh, he gives thunderingly to the missionary societies," said Reuben, with a glibness that grated on the father's ear.

"You see that building yonder? That's Gothic. They've got the finest bowling-alleys in the world there."

"I hope, my son, you never go to such places?"

"Bowl? Oh, yes, I bowl sometimes: the physicians recommend it; good exercise for the chest. Besides, it's kept by a fine man, and he's got one of the prettiest little trotting horses you ever saw in your life."

"Why, my son, you don't mean to tell me that you know the keeper of this bowling-alley?"

"Oh, yes, father,—we fellows all know him; and he gave me a splendid cigar the last time I was there."

"You don't mean to say that you smoke, Reuben?" said the old gentleman, gravely.

"Not much, father: but then everybody smokes now and then. Mowry—Dr. Mowry smokes, you know; and they say he has prime cigars."

"Is it possible? Well, well!"

"You see that fine building over there?" said Reuben, as they passed on.

"Yes, my son."

"That's the theatre,—the Old Park."

The Doctor ran his eye over it, and its effigy of Shakspeare upon the niche in the wall, as Gabriel might have looked upon the armor of Beelzebub.

"I hope, Reuben, you never enter those doors?"

"Well, father, since Kean and Mathews are gone, there's really nothing worth the seeing."

"Kean! Mathews!" said the Doctor,

stopping in his walk and confronting Reuben with a stern brow,—"is it possible, my son, that I hear you talking in this familiar way of play-actors? You don't tell me that you have been a participant in such orgies of Satan?"

"Why, father," says Reuben, a little startled by the Doctor's earnestness, "the truth is, Aunt Mabel goes occasionally, like 'most all the ladies; but we go, you know, to see the moral pieces, generally."

"Moral pieces! moral pieces!" says the Doctor, with a withering scowl. "Reuben! those who go thither take hold on the door-posts of hell!"

"That's the Tract.Society building yonder," said Reuben, wishing to divert the Doctor, if possible, from the special object of his reflections.

"Rachel's voice!—always Rachel's voice!"—said the Doctor to himself.

"Would you like to go in, father?"

"No, my son, we have no time; and yet"—meditating, and thrusting his hand in his pocket—"there is a tract or two I would like to buy for you, Reuben."

"Go in, then," says Reuben. "Let me tell them who you are, father, and you can get them at wholesale prices. It's the merest song."

"No, my son, no," said the Doctor, disheartened by the blithe air of Reuben. "I fear it would be wasted effort. Yet I trust that you do not wholly neglect the opportunities for religious instruction on the Sabbath?"

"Oh, no," says Reuben, gayly. "I see Dr. Mowry off and on, pretty often. He's a clever old gentleman,—Dr. Mowry."

Clever old gentleman!

The Doctor walked on oppressed with grief,—silent, but with lips moving in prayer,—beseeching God to take away the stony heart from this poor child of his, and to give him a heart of flesh.

Reuben had improved, as we said, by his New York schooling. He was quick of apprehension, well informed; and his familiarity with the counting-room of Mr. Brindlock had given him

a business promptitude that was specially agreeable to the Doctor, whose habits in that regard were of woful slackness. But religiously, the good man looked upon his son as a castaway. It was only too apparent that Reuben had not derived the desired improvement from attendance at the Fulton-Street Church. That attendance had been punctual, indeed, for nearly all the first year of his city life, in virtue of the inexorable habit of his education; but Dr. Mowry had not won upon him by any personal magnetism. The city Doctor was a ponderously good man, preaching for the most part ponderous sermons, and possessed of a most imposing friendliness of manner. When Reuben had presented to him the credentials from his father, (which he could hardly have done, save for the urgency of the Brindlocks,) the ponderous Doctor had patted him upon the shoulder, and said, —

“My young friend, your father is a most worthy man, — most worthy. I should be delighted to see you following in his steps. I shall be most glad to be of service to you. Our meetings for Bible instruction are on Wednesdays, at seven: the young men upon the left, the young ladies on the right.”

The Doctor appeared to Reuben a man solemnly preoccupied with the immensity of his charge; and it seemed to him (though it was doubtless a wicked thought of the boy) that the ponderous minister would have counted it a matter of far smaller merit to instruct, and guide, and save a wanderer from the country, than to perform the same offices for a good fat sinner of the city.

As we have said, the memory of old teachings for a year or more made any divergence from the severe path of boyhood seem to Reuben a sin; and these divergencies so multiplied by easy accessions as to have made him, after a time, look upon himself very confidentially, and almost cheerily, as a reprobate. And if a reprobate, why not taste the Devil's cup to the full?

That first visit to the theatre was

like a bold push into the very domain of Satan. Even the ticket-seller at the door seemed to him on that eventful night an understrapper of Beelzebub, who looked out at him with the goggle eyes of a demon. That such a man could have a family, or family affections, or friendships, or any sense of duty or honor, was to him a thing incomprehensible; and when he passed the wicket for the first time into the vestibule of the old Park Theatre, the very usher in the corridor had to his eye a look like the Giant Dagon, and he conceived of him as mumbling, in his leisure moments, the flesh from human bones. And when at last the curtain rose, and the damp air came out upon him from behind the scenes as he sat in the pit, and the play began with some wonderful creature in tight bodice and painted cheeks, sailing across the stage, it seemed to him that the flames of Divine wrath might presently be bursting out over the house, or a great judgment of God break down the roof and destroy them all.

But it did not; and he took courage. It is so easy to find courage in those battles where we take no bodily harm! If conscience, sharpened by the severe discipline he had known, pricked him awkwardly at the first, he bore the stings with a good deal of sturdiness. A sinner, no doubt, — that he knew long ago: a little slip, or indeed no slip at all, had ranked him with the unregenerate. Once a sinner, (thus he pleasantly reasoned,) and a fellow may as well be ten times a sinner: a bad job anyhow. If in his moments of reflection — these being not yet wholly crowded out from his life — there comes a shadowy hope of better things, of some moral poise that should be in keeping with the tenderer recollections of his boyhood, — all this can never come, (he bethinks himself, in view of his old teaching,) except on the heel of some terrible conviction of sin; and the conviction will hardly come without some deeper and more damning weight of it than he feels as yet. A heavy cumulation of the weight may some day serve him a good turn. Thus

the Devil twists his vague yearning for a condition of spiritual repose into a pleasantly smacking lash with which to scourge his grosser appetites; so that, upon the whole, Reuben drives a fine, showy team along the high-road of indulgence.

Yet the minister's son had no love for gross vices; there were human instincts in him (if it may be said) that rebelled against his more deliberate sinnings. Nay, he affected with his boon companions an enjoyment of wanton excesses that he only half felt. A certain adventurous, dare-devil reach in him craved exercise. The character of Reuben at this stage would surely have offered a good subject for the study and the handling of Dr. Mowry, if that worthy gentleman could have won his way to the lad's confidence; but the ponderous methods of the city parson showed no fineness of touch. Even the father, as we have seen, could not reach down to any religious convictions of the son; and Reuben keeps him at bay with a banter, and an exaggerated attention to the personal comforts of the old gentleman, that utterly baffle him. Reuben holds too much in dread the old catechismal dogmas and the ultimate "anathema maran-atha."

So it was with a profound sigh that the father bade his son adieu after this city visit.

"Good bye, father! Love to them all in Ashfield."

So like Rachel's voice! So like Rachel's! And the heart of the old man yearned toward him and ached bitterly for him. "*O my son Absalom! my son! my son Absalom!*"

XXXV.

MAVERICK hurried his departure from the city; and Adèle, writing to Rose to announce the programme of her journey, says only this much of Reuben:—"We have of course seen R—, who was very attentive and kind. He has grown tall,—taller, I should think, than Phil; and he is quite well-looking and

gentlemanly. I think he has a very good opinion of himself."

The summer's travel offered a season of rare enjoyment to Adèle. The lively sentiment of girlhood was not yet wholly gone, and the thoughtfulness of womanhood was just beginning to tone, without controlling, her sensibilities. The delicate attentions of Maverick were more like those of a lover than of a father. Through his ever watchful eyes, Adèle looked upon the beauties of Nature with a new halo on them. How the water sparkled to her vision! How the days came and went like golden dreams!

Ah, happy youth-time! The Hudson, Lake George, Saratoga, the Mountains, the Beach,—to us old stagers, who have breasted the tide of so many years, and flung off long ago all the iridescent sparkles of our sentiment, these are only names of summer thronging-places. Upon the river we watch the growth of the crops, or ask our neighbors about the cost of our friend Faro's new country-seat; we lounge upon the piazzas of the hotels, reading price-lists, or (if not too old) an editorial; we complain of the windy currents upon the lake, and find our chiefest pleasure in a trout boiled plain, with a dressing of Champagne sauce; we linger at Fabian's on a sunny porch, talking politics with a rheumatic old gentleman in his overcoat, while the youngsters go ambling through the fir woods and up the mountains with shouts and laughter. Yet it was not always thus. There were times in the lives of us old travelers—let us say from sixteen to twenty—when the great river was a glorious legend trailing its storied length through the Highlands; when in every opening valley there lay purple shadows whereon we painted castles; when the corridors and shaded walks of the "United States" were like a fairy land, with flitting skirts and waving plumes, and some delicately gloved hand beating its reveille upon the heart; and when every floating film of mist along the sea, whether at Newport or Nahant, tenderly entreated the fancy.

But we forget ourselves, and we forget Adèle. In her wild exuberance of joy Maverick shares with a spirit that he had believed to be dead in him utterly. And if he finds it necessary to check from time to time the noisy effervescence of her pleasure, as he certainly does at the first, he does it in the most tender and considerate way; and Adèle learns, what many of her warm-hearted sisters never do learn, that a well-bred control over our enthusiasms in no way diminishes the exquisiteness of their savor.

Maverick should be something over fifty now, and his keenness of observation in respect to feminine charms is not perhaps so great as it once was; but even he cannot fail to see, with a pride that he makes no great effort to conceal, the admiring looks that follow the lithe, graceful figure of Adèle, wherever their journey may lead them. Nor, indeed, were there any more comely toilettes for a young girl to be met with anywhere than those which had been provided for the young traveller under the advice of Mrs. Brindlock.

It may be true — what his friend Papiol had predicted — that Maverick will be too proud of his child to keep her in a secluded corner of New England. For his pride there is certainly abundant reason; and what father does not love to see the child of whom he is proud admired?

Yet weeks had run by and Maverick had never once broached the question of a return. The truth was, that the new experience was so charming and so engrossing for him, the sweet, intelligent face ever at his side was so full of eager wonder, and he so delightfully intent upon providing new sources of pleasure and calling out again and again the gushes of her girlish enthusiasm, that he shrunk instinctively from a decision in which must be involved so largely her future happiness.

At last it was Adèle herself who suggested the inquiry, —

"Is it true, dear papa, what the Doctor tells me, that you may possibly take me back to France with you?"

"What say you, Adèle? Would you like to go?"

"Dearly!"

"But," said Maverick, "your friends here, — can you so easily cast them away?"

"No, no, no!" said Adèle, — "not cast them away! Could n't I come again some day? Besides, there is your home, papa; I should love any home of yours, and love your friends."

"For instance, Adèle, there is my book-keeper, a lean Savoyard, who wears a red wig and spectacles, — and Lucille, a great, gaunt woman, with a golden crucifix about her neck, who keeps my little parlor in order, — and Papiol, a fat Frenchman, with a bristly moustache and iron-gray hair, who, I dare say, would want to kiss the pet of his dear friend, — and Jeannette, who washes the dishes for us, and wears great wooden sabots" —

"Nonsense, papa! I am sure you have other friends; and then there's the good godmother."

"Ah, yes, — she indeed," said Maverick; "what a precious hug she would give you, Adèle!"

"And then — and then — should I see mamma?"

The pleasant humor died out of the face of Maverick on the instant; and then, in a slow, measured tone, —

"Impossible, Adèle, — impossible! Come here, darling!" and as he fondled her in a wild, passionate way, "I will love you for both, Adèle; she was not worthy of you, child."

Adèle, too, is overcome with a sudden seriousness.

"Is she living, papa?" And she gives him an appealing look that must be answered.

And Maverick seems somehow appalled by that innocent, confiding expression of hers.

"May-be, may-be, my darling; she was living not long since; yet it can never matter to you or me more. You will trust me in this, Adèle?" And he kisses her tenderly.

And she, returning the caress, but bursting into tears as she does so, says, —

"I will, I do, papa."

"There, there, darling!" — as he folds her to him; "no more tears, — no more tears, *chérie!*"

But even while he says it, he is nervously searching his pockets, since there is a little dew that must be wiped from his own eyes. Maverick's emotion, however, was but a little momentary contagious sympathy with the daughter, — he having no understanding of that unsatisfied yearning in her heart of which this sudden tumult of feeling was the passionate outbreak.

Meantime Adèle is not without her little mementos of the life at Ashfield, which come in the shape of thick double letters from that good girl Rose, — her dear, dear friend, who has been advised by the little traveller to what towns she should direct these tender missives; and Adèle is no sooner arrived at these postal stations than she sends for the budget which she knows must be waiting for her. And of course she has her own little pen in a certain travelling-escritoire the good papa has given her; and she plies her white fingers with it often and often of an evening, after the day's sight-seeing is over, to tell Rose, in return, what a charming journey she is having, and how kind papa is, and what a world of strange things she is seeing; and there are descriptions of sunsets and sunrises, and of lakes and of mountains, on those close-written sheets of hers, which Rose, in her enthusiasm, declares to be equal to many descriptions in print. We dare say they were better than a great many such.

Poor Rose feels that she has only very humdrum stories to tell in return for these; but she ekes out her letters pretty well, after all, and what they lack in novelty is made up in affection.

"There is really nothing new to tell," she writes, "except it be that our old friend, Miss Almira Tourtelot, astonished us all with a new bonnet last Sunday, and with new saffron ribbons; and she has come out, too, in the new tight sleeves, in which she looks drolly

enough. Phil is very uneasy, now that his schooling is done, and talks of going to the West Indies about some business in which papa is concerned. I hope he will go, if he does n't stay too long. He is such a dear, good fellow! Madame Arles asks after you, when I see her, which is not very often now; for since the Doctor has come back from New York, he has had a new talk with mamma, and has quite won her over to *his view of the matter*. So good bye to French for the present! Heigho! But I don't know that I'm sorry, now that you are not here, dear Ady.

"Another queer thing I had almost forgotten to tell you. The poor Boody girl, — you must remember her? Well, she has come back on a sudden; and they say her father would not receive her in his house, — there are *terrible stories* about it! — and now she is living with an old woman far out upon the river-road, — only a little garret-chamber for herself and *the child she brought back with her*. Of course *nobody* goes near her, or looks at her, if she comes on the street. But — the queerest thing! — when Madame Arles heard of it and of her story, what does she do but *walk far out to visit her*, and talked with her in her broken English for an hour, they say. Papa says she (Madame A.) must be a very bad woman or a very good woman. Miss Johns says *she always thought she was a bad woman*. The Bowriggs are, of course, very indignant, and I doubt if Madame A. comes to Ashfield again with them."

And again, at a later date, Rose writes, —

"The Bowriggs are all off for the winter, and the house closed. Reuben has been here on a flying visit to the parsonage; and how proud Miss Eliza was of *her nephew!* He came over to see Phil, I suppose; but Phil had gone two weeks before. Mamma thinks he is *fine-looking*. I fancy he will never live in the country again. When shall I see you again, dear, dear Ady? I have *so much* to talk to you about!"

A month thereafter Maverick and his

daughter find their way back to Ashfield. Of course Miss Johns has made magnificent preparations to receive them. She surpassed herself in her toilette on the day of their arrival, and fairly astonished Maverick with the warmth of her welcome to his child. Yet he could not help observing that Adèle met it more coolly than was her wont, and that her tenderest words were reserved for the good Doctor. And how proud she was to walk with her father upon the village street, glancing timidly up at the windows from which she knew those stiff old Miss Hapgoods must be peeping out! How proud to sit beside him in the parson's pew, feeling that the eyes of half the congregation were fastened on the tall gentleman beside her! Ah, happy daughter! may your beautiful filial pride never have a fall!

Important business letters command Maverick's early presence abroad; and, after conference with the Doctor, he decides to leave Adèle once more under the roof of the parsonage.

"Under God, I will do for her what I can," said the Doctor.

"I know it, I know it, my good friend," says Maverick. "Teach her self-reliance; she may need it some day. And mind what I have said of this French woman. Adèle seems to have a *tendresse* that way. Those French women are very insidious, Johns."

"You know their ways better than I," said the Doctor, dryly.

"Good! a smack of the old college humor there, Johns. Well, well, at least you don't doubt the sacredness of my love for Adèle?"

"I trust, Maverick, I may never doubt the sacredness of your love in any direction. I only hope you may direct it where I fear you do not."

"God bless you, Johns! I wish I were as good a man as you."

A little afterwards Maverick was humming a snatch from an opera under the trees of the orchard; and Adèle went bounding toward him, to take the last walk with him for so long,—so long!

XXXVI.

AUTUMN and winter passed by, and the summer of 1838 opened upon the old quiet life of Ashfield. The stiff Miss Johns, busy with her household duties, or with her stately visitings. The Doctor's hat and cane in their usual place upon the little table within the door, and of a Sunday his voice is lifted up under the old meeting-house roof in earnest expostulation. The birds pipe their old songs, and the orchard has shown once more its wondrous glory of bloom. But all these things have lost their novelty for Adèle. Would it be strange, if the tranquil life of the little town had lost something of its early charm? That swift French blood of hers has been stirred by contact with the outside world. She has, perhaps, not been wholly insensible to those admiring glances which so quickened the pride of the father. Do not such things leave a hunger in the heart of a girl of seventeen which the sleepy streets of a country town can but poorly gratify?

The young girl is, moreover, greatly disturbed at the thought of the new separation from her father for some indefinite period. Her affections have knitted themselves around him, during that delightful journey of the summer, in a way that has made her feel with new weight the parting. It is all the worse that she does not clearly perceive the necessity for it. Is she not of an age now to contribute to the cheer of whatever home he may have beyond the sea? Why, pray, has he given her such uninviting pictures of his companions there? Or what should she care for his companions, if only she could enjoy his tender watchfulness? Or is it that her religious education is not yet thoroughly complete, and that she still holds out against a full and public avowal of all the doctrines which the Doctor urges upon her acceptance? And the thought of this makes his kindly severities appear more irksome than ever.

Another cause of grief to Adèle is the extreme disfavor in which she finds

that Madame Arles is now regarded by the townspeople. Her sympathies had run out towards the unfortunate woman in some inexplicable way, and held there even now, so strongly that contemptuous mention of her stung like a reproach to herself. At least she was a countrywoman, and alone among strangers; and in this Adèle found abundant reason for a generous sympathy. As for her religion, was it not the religion of her mother and of her good godmother? And with this thought flaming in her, is it wonderful, if Adèle toys more fondly than ever, in the solitude of her chamber, with the little rosary she has guarded so long? Not, indeed, that she has much faith in its efficacy; but it is a silent protest against the harsh speeches of Miss Eliza, who had been specially jealous of the influence of the French teacher.

"I never liked her countenance, Adèle," said the spinster, in her solemn manner; "and I am rejoiced that you will not be under her influence the present summer."

"And I'm sorry," said Adèle, petulantly.

"It is gratifying to me," continued Miss Eliza, without notice of Adèle's interruption, "that Mr. Maverick has confirmed my own impressions, and urged the Doctor against permitting so unwise association."

"When? how?" said Adèle, sharply. "Papa has never seen her."

"But he has seen other French women, Adèle, and he fears their influence."

Adèle looked keenly at the spinster for a moment, as if to fathom the depth of this reply, then burst into tears.

"Oh, why, why did n't he take me with him?" But this she says under breath, and to herself, as she rushes into the Doctor's study to question him.

"Is it true, New Papa, that papa thought badly of Madame Arles?"

"Not personally, my child, since he had never seen her. But, Adaly, your father, though I fear he is far away from the true path, wishes you to find it, my

child. He has faith in the religion we teach so imperfectly; he wishes you to be exposed to no influences that will forbid your full acceptance of it."

"But Madame Arles never talked of religion to me"; and Adèle taps impatiently upon the floor.

"That may be true, Adaly, — it may be true; but we cannot be thrown into habits of intimacy with those reared in iniquity without fear of contracting stain. I could wish, my child, that you would so far subdue your rebellious heart, and put on the complete armor of righteousness, as to be able to resist all attacks."

"And it was for this papa left me here?" And Adèle says it with a smile of mockery that alarms the good Doctor.

"I trust, Adaly, that he had that hope."

The good man does not know what swift antagonism to his pleadings he has suddenly kindled in her. The little foot taps more and more impatiently as he goes on to set forth (as he had so often done) the heinousness of her offences and the weight of her just condemnation. Yet the antagonism did not incline her to open doubt; but after she had said her evening prayer that night, (taught her by the parson,) she drew out her little rosary and kissed reverently the crucifix. It is so much easier at this juncture for her tried and distracted spirit to bolster its faith upon such material symbol than to find repose in any merely intellectual conviction of truth!

Adèle's intimacy with Rose and with her family retained all its old tenderness, but that good fellow Phil was gone. A blithe and merry companion he had been! Adèle missed his kindly attentions more than she would have believed. The Bowriggs have come to Ashfield, but their clamorous friendship is more than ever distasteful to Adèle. Over and over she makes a feint of illness to escape the noisy hilarity. Nor, indeed, is it wholly a feint. Whether it were that her state of moral perturbation and unrest reacted upon the physical system, or that there were other dis-

turbing causes, certain it was that the roses were fading from her cheeks, and that her step was losing day by day something of its old buoyancy. It is even thought best to summon the village doctor to the family council. He is a gossiping, kindly old gentleman, who spends an easy life, free from much mental strain, in trying to make his daily experiences tally with the little fund of medical science which he accumulated thirty years before.

The serene old gentleman feels the pulse, with his head reflectively on one side, — tells his little jokelet about Sir Astley Cooper, or some other worthy of the profession, — shakes his fat sides with a cheery laugh, — “And now, my dear,” he says, “let us look at the tongue. Ah, I see, I see, — the stomach lacks tone.”

“And there’s dreadful lassitude, sometimes, Doctor,” speaks up Miss Eliza.

“Ah, I see, — a little exhaustion after a long walk, — is n’t it so, Miss Maverick? I see, I see; we must brace up the system, Miss Johns, — brace up the system.”

And the kindly old gentleman prescribes his little tonics, of which Adèle takes some, and throws more out of the window.

Adèle does not mend, and the rumor is presently current upon the street that “Miss Adeel is in a decline.” The spinster shows a solicitude in the matter which almost touches the heart of the French girl. For Adèle had long before decided that there could be no permanent sympathy between them, and had indulged latterly in no little bitterness of speech toward her. But the acute spinster had forgiven all. Never once had she lost sight of her plan for the ultimate disposal of Adèle and of her father’s fortune. Of course the life of Adèle was very dear to her, and the absence of Phil she looked upon as Providential.

Weeks pass by, but still the tonics of the kindly old physician prove of little efficacy. One day the Bowriggs come blustering in, as is their wont.

“Such assurance! Did you ever hear the like? Madame Arles writes us that she is coming to see Ashfield again, and of course coming to us. The air of the town agrees with her, and she hopes to find lodgings.”

The eyes of Adèle sparkle with satisfaction, — not so much, perhaps, by reason of her old sympathy with the poor woman, which is now almost forgotten, as because it will give some change at least to the dreary monotony of the town life.

“Lodgings, indeed!” says the younger Miss Bowrigg. “I wonder where she will find them!”

It is a matter of great doubt, to be sure, — since the sharp speech of the spinster has so spread the story of her demerits, that not a parishioner of the Doctor but would have feared to give the poor woman a home.

Adèle still has strength enough for an occasional stroll with Rose, and, in the course of one of them, comes upon Madame Arles, whom she meets with a good deal of her old effusion. And Madame, touched by her apparent weakness, more than reciprocates it.

“But you suffer, you are unhappy, my child, — pining at last for the sun of Provence. Is n’t it so, *mon ange*? No, no, you were never meant to grow up among these cold people. You must see the vineyards, and the olives, and the sea, Adèle; you must! you must!”

All this, uttered in a torrent, which, with its *tutoiements*, Rose can poorly comprehend.

Yet it goes straight to the heart of Adèle, and her tongue is loosened to a little petulant, fiery *roulade* against the severities of the life around her, which it would have greatly pained poor Rose to listen to in any speech of her own.

But such interviews, once or twice repeated, come to the knowledge of the watchful spinster, who clearly perceives that Adèle is chafing more and more under the wonted family regimen. With an affectation of tender solicitude, she volunteers herself to attend Adèle upon her short morning strolls, and she learns presently, with great triumph, that Ma-

dame Arles has established herself at last under the same roof which gives refuge to the outcast Boody woman. Nothing more was needed to seal the opinion of the spinster, and to confirm the current village belief in the heathenish character of the French lady. Dame Tourtelot was shrewdly of the opinion that the woman represented some Popish plot for the abduction of Adèle, and for her incarceration in a nunnery, — a theory which Miss Almira, with her natural tendency to romance, industriously propagated.

Meantime the potions of the village doctor have little effect, and before July is ended a serious illness has declared itself, and Adèle is confined to her chamber. Madame Arles is among the earliest who come with eager inquiries, and begs to see the sufferer. But she is confronted by the indefatigable spinster, who, cloaking her denial under ceremonious form, declares that her state of nervous prostration will not admit of it. Madame withdraws, sadly; but the visit and the claim are repeated from time to time, until the stately civility of Miss Johns arouses her suspicions.

"You deny me, Madame. You do wrong. I love Adèle; she loves me. I know that I could comfort her. You do not understand her nature. She was born where the sky is soft and warm. You are all cold and harsh, — cold and harsh in your religion. She has told me as much. I know how she suffers. I wish I could carry her back to France with me. I pray you, let me see her, good Madame!"

"It is quite impossible, I assure you," said the spinster, in her most aggravating manner. "It would be quite against the wishes of my brother, the Doctor, as well as of Mr. Maverick."

"Monsieur Maverick! *Mon Dieu*, Madame! He is no father to her; he leaves her to die with strangers; he has no heart; I have better right: I love her. I must see her!"

And with a passionate step, — those eyes of hers glaring in that strange double way upon the amazed Miss Eli-

za, — she strides toward the door, as if she would overcome all opposition. But before she has gone out, that cruel pain has seized her, and she sinks upon a chair, quite prostrated, and with hands clasped wildly over that burden of a heart.

"Too hard! too hard!" she murmurs, scarce above her breath.

The spinster is attentive, but is untouched. Her self-poise never deserts her. And not then, or at any later period, did poor Madame Arles succeed in overcoming the iron resolve of Miss Johns.

The good Doctor is greatly troubled by the report of Miss Eliza. Can it be possible that Adèle has given a confidence to this strange woman that she has not given to them? Cold and harsh! Can Adèle, indeed, have said this? Has he not labored with a full heart? Has he not agonized in prayer to draw in this wandering lamb to the fold? He has seen, indeed, that the poor child has chafed much latterly, that the old serenity and gayety are gone. But is it not a chafing under the fetters of sin? Is it not that she begins to see more clearly the fiery judgments of God which will certainly overwhelm the wrongdoers, whatever may be the unsubstantial and evanescent graces of their mortal life?

Yet, with all the rigidity of his doctrine, which he cannot in conscience mollify, even for the tender ears of Adèle, it disturbs him strangely to hear that she has qualified his regimen as harsh or severe. Has he not taught, in season and out of season, the fulness of God's promises? Has he not labored and prayed? Is it not the ungodly heart in her that finds his teaching a burden? Is not his conscience safe? Yet, for all this, it touches him to the quick to think that her childlike, trustful confidence is at last alienated from him, — that her affection for him is so dis-tempered by dread and weariness. For, unconsciously, he has grown to love her as he loves no one save his boy Reuben; unconsciously his heart has mellowed under her influence. Through

her winning, playful talk, he has taken up that old trail of worldly affections which he had thought buried forever in Rachel's grave. That tender touch of her little fingers upon his cheek has seemed to say, "Life has its joys, old man!" The patter of her feet along the house has kindled the memories of other gentle steps that tread now silently in the courts of air. Those songs of hers,—how he has loved them! Never confessing even to Miss Eliza, still less to himself, how much his heart is bound up in this little winsome stranger, who has shone upon his solitary parsonage like a sunbeam.

And the good man, with such thoughts thronging on him, falls upon his knees, beseeching God to "be over the sick child, to comfort her, to heal her, to pour down His divine grace upon her, to open her blind eyes to the richness of His truth, to keep her from all the machinations and devices of Satan, to arm her with true holiness, to make her a golden light in the household, to give her a heart of love toward all, and most of all toward Him who so loved her that He gave His only begotten Son."

And the Doctor, rising from his attitude of prayer, and going toward the little window of his study to arrange it for the night, sees a slight figure in black pacing up and down upon the opposite side of the way, and looking up from time to time to the light that is burning in the window of Adèle. He knows on the instant who it must be, and fears more than ever the possible influence which this strange woman, who is so persistent in her attention, may have upon the heart of the girl. The Doctor had heretofore been disposed to turn a deaf ear to the current reproaches of Madame Arles for her association with the poor outcast daughter of the village; but her appearance at this unseemly hour of the night, coupled with his traditional belief in the iniquities of the Romish Church, excited terrible suspicions in his mind. Like most holy men, ignorant of the crafts and devices of the world, he no sooner blundered

into a suspicion of some deep Devil's cunning than every footfall and every floating zephyr seemed to confirm it. He bethought himself of Maverick's earnest caution; and before he went to bed that night, he prayed that no designing Jezebel might corrupt the poor child committed to his care.

The next night the Doctor looked again from his window, after blowing out his lamp, and there once more was the figure in black, pacing up and down. What could it mean? Was it possible that some Satanic influence could pass over from this emissary of the Evil One, (as he firmly believed her to be,) for the corruption of the sick child who lay in the delirium of a fever above?

The extreme illness of Adèle was subject of common talk in the village, and the sympathy was very great. On the following night Adèle was far worse, and the Doctor, at about his usual bedtime, went out to summon the physician. At a glance he saw in the shadow of the opposite houses the same figure pacing up and down. He hurried his steps, fearing she might seek occasion to dart in upon the sick-chamber before his return. But he had scarcely gone twenty paces from his door, when he heard a swift step behind, and in another instant there was a grip, as of a tigress, upon his arm.

"Adèle,—how is she? Tell me!"

"Ill,—very ill," said the Doctor, shaking himself from her grasp, and continued in his solemn manner, "it is an hour to be at home, woman!"

But she, paying no heed to his admonition, says,—

"I must see her, — I *must*!" — and dashes back toward the parsonage.

The Doctor, terrified, follows after. But he can keep no manner of pace with that swift, dark figure that glides before him. He comes to the porch panting. The door is closed. Has the infuriated woman gone in? No, for presently her grasp is again upon his arm: for a moment she had sunk, exhausted by fatigue, or overcome by emotion, upon the porch. Her tone is more subdued.

"I entreat you, good Doctor, let me

see Adèle!—for Christ's sake, if you be His minister, let me see her!"

"Impossible, woman, impossible!" says the Doctor, more than ever satisfied of her Satanic character by what he counts her blasphemous speech. "Adaly is delirious,—fearfully excited: it would destroy her. The only hope is in perfect quietude."

The woman releases her grasp.

"Please, Doctor, let me come to-morrow. I must see her! I will see her!"

"You shall not," said the Doctor, with solemnity, — "never, with my permission. Go to your home, woman, and pray God to have mercy on you."

"Monster!" exclaimed she, passionately, as she shook the Doctor's arm, still under her grasp; and murmuring other words in language the good man did not comprehend, she slipped silently down the yard,—away into the darkness.

DOWN THE RIVER.

SHE was of pure race, black as her first ancestor,—if, indeed, she ever had an ancestor, and were not an indigenous outcrop of African soil,—so black that the sun could gild her. Her countenance was as unlovely as it is possible for one to be that owns the cheeriest of smiles and the most dazzling of teeth. It would have been difficult to say how old she was, though she had the effect of being undersized, and, with sharp shoulders, elbows, and knees, seemed scarcely possessed of a rounded muscle in all her lithe and agile frame.

Nevertheless, she was a dancer by profession,—if she could have dignified her most frequent occupation by the title of profession. With a thin blue scarf turbaned round her head in floating ends, and with scanty and clinging array otherwise, tossing a tambourine, and singing wild, meaningless songs, she used to whirl and spring on the grass-plot of an evening, the young masters and mistresses smiling and applauding from the verandah, while the wind-blown flame of a flaring pitch-pine knot, held by little Pluto, gave her strange careering shadows for partner.

She had not yet been allotted to any particular task by day, now running the

errands of the house, now tending the sick, now, in punishment of misdemeanors, relieving an exhausted hand in the field,—for, though all along the upland lay the piny woods of the turpentine-orchards, she belonged to an estate whose rich lowlands were devoted to cotton-bearing. But whatever she did by day, she danced by night, with her wild gyration and gesture, as naturally as a moth flies; and when not in demand with the seignior, was wont to perform in even keener force and fire at the quarters, to an admiring circle of her own kind, with ambitious imitators on the outskirts.

It was not, however, an indiscriminate assemblage even there that encouraged her rude art. There are circles within circles, and the more decorous of the slaves gave small favor to the young posturer, although the patronage she received from the house enabled her to meet their disapprobation defiantly; while to the younger portion, in the vague sense that there was something wrong about it, her dance became surrounded by all the attraction and allurements of seeing life. It was not that the frowning ones did not go through many of the same motions themselves; but theirs were occasioned by the frenzy of religious excitement, where pious rap-

ture and ecstasy were to be expressed by nothing but the bodily exertion of the Shout: the objectless dance of the dancer was a thing beyond their comprehension, dimly at first, and then positively, associated with sin. But she laughed them down with a gibe; she felt triumphant in the possession of her secret, known to none of them: her dance was not objectless, but the perpetual expression of all emotions, whether of beauty or joy or gratitude or praise. Some one at the house had given her a pair of little hoops with bells attached, which she was wont to wear about her ankles, and it afforded her malicious enjoyment to scatter her opponents by the tintinnabulation of her step. For all that levity, she was not destitute of her peculiar mode of adoration. For the religion of the Shout she had no absorbents whatever; she furtively watched it, and openly ridiculed it; but she had a religion of her own, notwithstanding, — a sort of primitive and grand religion, Fetich though it was. She reasoned, that the kindly brown earth produces us, bears us along on its flight, nourishes us, gives us the delights of life, takes us back into its bosom at last. She worshipped the great dark earth, imparted to it her confidence, asked of it her boons. As she grew older, and her logic or her fancy strengthened, she might have felt the sun supplying the earth, and the beings of the earth, with all their force, and have become a fire-worshipper, until further light broke on her, and she sought and found the Power that feeds the very sun himself. But at present the dust of which she was made was what she could best comprehend. So, fortified by her inward faith, and feeling herself fast friends with the ancient earth, she continued to ring her silver bells and spin her bare twinkling feet with contented disregard of those, few of whom in their unseemly worship had the faintest idea of what it was that ailed them.

Although known by various titles on the plantation, objurgatory among the hands, facetious among the heads, such as Dancing Devil, Spinning Jenny, Ta-

rantella, Herodias's Daughter, — which last, simplifying itself into Salome, became in its diminutives the most prevalent, — the creature had a name of her own, the softest of syllables. Black and uncouth as she was, a word, one of those the whitest and most beautiful, named her; and since they tell us that every appellation has its significance for the wearer, we must suppose that somewhere in her soul that white and blossoming thing was to be found which answered to the name of Flor.

She possessed a kind of freehold in the cabin of an old negress yclept Zoë; but she seldom claimed it, for Zoë was outspoken; she preferred, instead, to lie down by night on a mat in Miss Emma's room, in a corner of the staircase, on the hall-floor, oftenest fallen wherever sleep happened to overtake her; — having so many places in which to lay her head was very like having none at all. She was at the bidding of every one, but seldom received a heavy blow; as for a round of angry words, she liked nothing better. She fell heir to much flimsy finery, as a matter of course, and to many a tidbit, cake or sweetmeat; she made herself gaudy as a butterfly with the one, and never went into a corner with the other. Of late, however, the finery and the delicacies had become more uncommon things: Miss Emma wore a homespun gingham, her muslins, and Miss Agatha's, draped the windows, — for curtains and carpets had all gone to camp; bacon had ceased to be given out to the hands, who lived now on corn-meal and yams; the people at the house were scarcely better off, — for, though, as no army had passed that way, the chickens still peopled the place, they were reserved for special occasions, and it was only at rare intervals that one indulged at table in the luxury of a fowl. This was no serious regret to Flor on her own account: the less viands, the less dishes, she could oftener pause in the act of wiping a plate and perform an original hornpipe by herself, tossing the thin translucent china, and rapping it with her knuckles till it rang again. She had, however, a pang once when

she saw Miss Emma lunching with relish on cold sweet potato. She spent all the rest of the day floating on the tide in an old abandoned scow secured by a long rope to the bank, and afterwards wading up and down the bed of a brook that ran into the river, until, having left a portion of her provision, to be sure, at Aunt Zoë's cabin, she busied herself over a fire out-of-doors, and served up at last before Miss Emma as savory a little terrapin stew as ever simmered on coals, capering over her success, and standing on her head in the midst of all her scattered embers, afterwards, with pure delight. The next day she came in at noon from the woods, a mile down the river-bank, with her own dark lips cased and coated in golden sweets, and, after a wordy skirmish with the cook, presented to Miss Emma a great cake of brown and fragrant honey from a nest she had discovered and neglected in better seasons, and said nothing about her half-dozen swollen and smarting stings. Mas'r Rob having shouldered his gun and taken himself off, and Mas'r Andersen having followed his example, but not his footsteps, long ago, there was nobody to fill the deficiencies of the larder with game; and thus Flor, with her traps and nets and devices, making her value felt every day, became, for Miss Emma's sake, a petted person, was put on more generous terms with those above her, and allowed a freedom of action that no other servant on the place dreamed of desiring. Such consideration was very acceptable to the girl, who was well content to go fasting herself a whole day, provided Miss Emma condescended to her offerings, and, in turn, vouchsafed her her friendship. She had no such daring aspirations towards the beautiful Miss Agatha, young Mas'r Andersen's wife, and admired her at an awful distance, never venturing to offer her a bit of broiled lark, or set before her a dish of crabs,—beaming back with a grin from ear to ear, if Miss Agatha so much as smiled on her, breaking into the wildest of dances and shuffling out the shrillest of tunes after every such incident. Moreover, Miss Agatha was

hedged about with a dignity of grief, and the indistinct pity given her made her safe from other intrusion; for Mas'r Andersen, in bringing home a Northern wife, had brought home Northern principles, and, in his sudden escape forced to leave her in the only home she had, was away fighting Northern battles. This was a dreadful thing, and Mas'r Andersen was a traitor to somebody,—so much Flor knew,—it might be the Government, it might be the South, it might be Miss Agatha; her ideas were nebulous. Whatever it was, Mas'r Rob and his gun were on the other side, and woe be to Mas'r Andersen when they met! Mas'r Rob and his friends were beating back the men that meant to take away Flor and all her kind to freeze and starve; 't was very good of him, Flor thought, and there ceased consideration. Meanwhile, wherever Mas'r Andersen might be, and whether he were so much as alive or not, Miss Agatha was not the one that knew; and Flor adapted many a rigadon to her conjectured feelings, now swaying and bending with sorrow and longing, head fallen, arms outstretched, now hands clasped on bosom, exultant in welcome and possession.

The importance to which Flor gradually rose by no means led her to the exhibition of any greater decorum; on the contrary, it seemed to impart to her the secret of perpetual motion; and, aware of her impunity, she danced with fresher vigor in the very teeth of her censurers and their reproaches.

"Go 'long wid yer capers, ye Limb!" said Zoë to her, late one afternoon, as she entered with the half of a rabbit she had caught, and, having deposited it, went through the intricacies of her most elaborate figure in breathless listening to an unheard tune. "Ef I had dem sticks o' legs, dey 'd do ber-rer wor nor twirlin' me like I was a factotum."

At this, Flor suddenly spun about on the tip of one toe for the space of three minutes, with a buzzing noise like that of a top in hot motion, pausing at last to inquire, "Well, Maum Zoë, an'

w'at 's dat?" and be off again in another whirl.

"I 'd red Mas'r Henry ob sich a wurfless nigger."

"Wurfless?" inquired Flor, still spinning.

"Wuss 'n wurfless."

"How 'd y' do it?"

"I 'd jus' foller dat ar Sarp," said Zoë, turning over the rabbit, and considering whether a pepper-corn and a little onion out of her own patch would n't improve the broth she meant to make of it.

"Into de swamps?" said Flor, in a high key. "Sarp 's a fool. I heerd Mas'r Henry say so. Dey 'll gib him a blue-pill, for sartain."

"Humph!" said Aunt Zoë, as if she could say a great deal more.

"Tell ye w'at, Maum Zoë," replied Flor, shaking her sidelong head at every syllable, and accentuating her remarks with her forefinger and both her little sparkling eyes, "I 'll 'form on ye for 'ticin' Mas'r Henry's niggers run away."

"None o' yer sass here!" said Maum Zoë, with a flashing glance.

"You take my rabbit, you mus' *hab* my sass," answered Flor, delicacy not being ingrain with her. "W'at 'ud I cut for to de swamps, d' ye 's'pose?" she said, slapping the soles of her feet in her emphasis, and pausing for breath. "Dar neber was a lash laid on dat back" —

"No fault o' dat back, dough," interposed Aunt Zoë.

"Dar neber was a lash on dat back. Dar a'n't a person on de place hab sich treatem as dis yere Limb o' yourn. Miss Emma done gib me her red ribbins on'y Sa'd'y for my har. An' Mas'r Henry, he jus' pass an' say to me, 'Dono w'at Miss Emma 'd do widout ye, Lomy. Scairt, ye hussy!' So!"

"Zackly. We 's 'mos' w'ite, we be! How much dey do make ob us up to de house! De leopard hab change him spots, an' we hab change our skin! W'at 's de use o' bein' free, w'en we 's w'ite folks a'ready? Tell me dat!" said Aunt Zoë, turning on her wither-

ingly, rising from a deep curtsy and smoothing down her apron. "Tell ye w'at, ye Debil's spinster!" added she, with a sudden change of tone, as Flor began to mimic one of Miss Agatha's opera-tunes and with her hands on her hips slowly balance up and down the room, and came at last, bending far on one side, to leer up in the face of her elder with such a smile as Cubas was wont to give her Spanish lover in the dance. "So mighty free wid yer dancin', 'pears like you 'll come to dance at a rope's end! W'at 's de use o' talkin' to you? 'Mortal sperit, it 's my b'lief dat ar mockin'-bird in de branches hab as good a lookout!"

"Heap better," said Flor acquiescently, and beginning to hold a whistling colloquy with the hidden voice.

"You won't bring him down wid yer tunes. He knows w'en he 's well off; he 's free, he is,—swingin' onto de bough, an' 'gwine whar he like."

"Leet de chil' alone, Zoë," said a superannuated old woman sitting in the corner by the fire always smouldering on Zoë's hearth, and leaning her white head on her cane. "You be berrer showin' her her duty in her place dan be makin' her discontented."

"She doan' make me disconnected, Maum Susie," said Flor. "'F he 's free, w'at 's he stayin' here for? Dar 's law for dat. Doan' want none o' yer free niggers hangin' roun' dis yeré. Chirrup!"

"Dar 's a right smart chance ob 'em, dough, jus' now," said Aunt Zoë, chuckling at first, and then breaking into the most boisterous of laughs. "Seems like we 's all ob us, ebery one, free as Sarp hisse'f. Mas'r Linkum say so. Yah, ha, ha!"

"Linkum!" said Flor. "Who dat ar? Some o' yer poor w'ite trash? Mas'r Henry doan' say so!"

"W'a' 's de matter wid dat ar boy Sarp, Zoë?" recommenced Flor, after a pause. "Mus' hab wanted suffin,—powerful,—to lib in de swamp, hab de dogs after him, an' a bullet troo de head mos' likely."

"Jus' dat. Wanted him freedom,"

said Zoë suddenly, with crackling stress, her eyes getting angry in their fervor, as she went on. "Wanted him body for him own. Tired o' usin' 'noder man's eyes, 'noder man's han's. Wanted him han's him own, wanted him heart him own! Had n' no breff to breathe 'cep' w'at Mas'r Henry gib out. Di'n' t'ink no t'oughts but Mas'r Henry's. Wanted him wife some day to hisse'f, wanted him chillen for him own property. Wanted to call no man mas'r but de Lord in heaben!"

"W'y, Maum Zoë, how you talk! Sarp had n' no wife."

"Neber would, w'ile he wor a slave."

"Hist now, Zoë!" said the old woman.

"I jus' done b'lieve you 's a bobolitionist!" said Flor, with wide eyes and a battery of nods.

"No 'casion, no 'casion," said Zoë, with the deep inner chuckle again. "We 's done 'bolished,—dat 's w'at we is! We 's a free people now. No more work for de 'bominationists!" And on the point of uncontrollable hilarity, she checked herself with the dignity becoming her new position. "You 's your own nigger now, Salome," said she.

"We? No, t'ank you. I 'longs to Miss Emma."

"You haan' no understandin' for liberty, chil'. Seems ef 't was like religion" —

"Ef I wor to tell Mas'r Henry, oh, would n' you catch it?"

"Go 'long!" cried Zoë, looking out for a missile. "Doan' ye bring no more o' yer rabbits here, ef ye 'r' gwine to fetch an' carry" —

"Lors, Aunt Zoë, 'pears like you 's out o' sorts. Haan' I got nof'n berrer to do dan be tellin' tales ob old women dat 's a-waitin' for de Lord's salvation?" said Flor, with a twang of great gravity,—and proceeded thereat to make her exit in a series of lively somersaults through the room and over the threshold.

Aunt Zoë, who, ever since she had lost the use of her feet, had been a little wild on the subject of freedom, knew very

well within that Flor would make no mischief for her; but, except for the excited state into which the news brought by some mysterious plantation runner had thrown her, she would scarcely have been so incautious. As it was, she had dropped a thought into Flor's head to ferment there and do its work. It was almost the first time in her life that the girl had heard freedom discussed as anything but a doubtful privilege. First awakening to consciousness in this state, it was with effort and only lately she had comprehended that there could be any other: a different condition from one in which Miss Emma was mistress and she was maid seemed at first preposterous, then fabulous, and still unnatural: nevertheless, there was a flavor of wicked pleasure in the thought. Flor looked with a sort of contempt on the little tumbling darkies who had never entertained it. Ever since she was born, however, she had frequently fancied she would like the liberty of rambling that the little wild creatures of the wood possess, but had felt criminal in the desire, and recently she had found herself enjoying the immunity of the mocking-bird on the bough, and was nearly as free in her going and coming as the same bird on the wing.

During the weeks that followed this conversation Flor's dances flagged. They existed, to be sure, but with an angularity that made them seem solutions of problems, rather than expressions of emotion; they were merely mechanical, for she had lost all interest in them. They became at last so listless as to exhibit, to more serious eyes, signs of grace in the girl. Flor wondered, if Zoë had spoken the truth, that nothing appeared changed on the plantation: all their own masters, why so obsequious to the driver still? This was one of the last of the great places; behind it, the small farms, with few hands, ran up the mountains; why was there no stampede of these ungarded slaves? She hardly understood. She listened outside the circle of the fire on the ground at night, where two or three old women mumbled together; she infer-

red, that, though no one of them would desert Mas'r Henry, they enjoyed the knowledge that they were at liberty to do so, if they wished. Flor laughed a bit at this, thinking where the poor things could possibly go, and how they could get there, if they would; but in her heart of hearts — though all the world but this one spot was a barren wilderness, and she never could desire to leave her dear Miss Emma, nor could find happiness away from her — it seemed a very pleasant thing to think that her devotion might be a voluntary affair, and she stayed because she chose. Still she was skeptical. The abstract question puzzled her a little, too. How came Mas'r Henry to be free? Because he was white; that explained itself. But Miss Emma — she was white, too, and yet somehow she seemed to belong to Mas'r Henry. She wondered if Mas'r Henry could sell Miss Emma; and then the thought occurred, and with the thought the fear, that, possibly, some day, he might sell her, Flor herself, away from Miss Emma and all these pleasant scenes. After such a thought had once come, it did not go readily. Flor let it linger, — turned it over in her mind; gradually familiarized with its hurt, it seemed as if she had half said farewell to the place. Better far to be a runaway than to be sold. But if it came to that, whither should she run? what was this world beyond? who was there in this sad wide world to take care of a little black image? And if she waited for it to come to that, could she get away at all? It was no wonder that in the midst of such new and grave speculations the girl's dance grew languid and her sharp tongue still. The earth was just as beautiful as ever, the skies were as deep, the flowers as intense in tint, the evening air laden with jasmine-scents as delicious as of old; but in these few weeks Flor had reached another standpoint. It seemed as if a film had fallen from her eyes, and she saw a blight on every blossom.

It was about this time, spring being at its flush, that some passing guest mentioned the march of a regiment,

the next day, from Cotesworth Court-House to the first railroad-station, on its way to the seat of war. The idea of the thing filled Miss Emma with enthusiasm. How they would look, so many together, in the beautiful gray uniform too, to any one standing on Longfer Hill! She longed to see the faces of men when they took their lives in their hand for a principle. She had practised the Bonny Blue Flag till there was nothing left of it; but if a band played it in the open air, with the rising and falling of the wind, and under waving banners and glittering guidons all the men with their pale faces and shining eyes went marching by —

The end of it was, that, as her father would never have listened to anything of the kind, Flor privately informed her of a short cut down the river-bank and round the edge of the swamp to the foot of Longfer Hill, — a walk they could easily take in a couple of hours. And as nobody was in the habit of missing Flor much, and her young mistress would be supposed, after her custom, to be spending half the day in naps, they accordingly took it. Nevertheless, it was an exceedingly secret affair, for Mas'r Henry had always strictly forbidden his daughter to leave his own grounds without fit escort.

This expedition seemed to Flor such a proud and gratifying confidence, that in her pleasure she forgot to think; she only danced round about her mistress, with a return of her old exuberance, till the more quiet path of the latter resembled a straight line surrounded by an arabesque of fantastic flourishes. But, in fact, the young patrician, unaccustomed to exertion, was well wearied before they reached the river-bank. They had yet the long border of the swamp to skirt, and there towered Longfer Hill. Why could they not go across, she wondered. They would sink, Flor answered her; and then the moccasins! But there were all those green hummocks, — skipping from one to another would be mere play, — and there were no moccasins for miles. And before Flor could gainsay her, she had sprung on, keep-

ing steadily ahead, in a determination to have her own way; and with no other course left her, Flor followed, though, at every spring, alighting on the hummocks that Miss Emma had trodden, the water splashed up about her bare ankles, and her heart shook within her at the thought of fierce runaways haunting these inaccessible hollows, and the myths of the deeper district. Before long, she had overtaken her young mistress, and they paused a moment for parley. Miss Emma was convinced, that, if it were no worse than this, it would be delightful. Flor assured her that she did not know the way any longer, for their winding path between the tall cypresses veiled in their swinging tangles of funereal moss had confused her, and she could only guess at the direction of Longer Hill. This, then, was an adventure. Miss Emma took the responsibility all upon herself, and plunged forward. Miss Emma must know best, of course, concerning everything. Nothing loth, and gayly, Flor plunged after.

The hummocks on which they went were light, spongy masses of greenery. Their footprints filled at once behind them with clear dark water; there were glistening little pools everywhere about them; the ground was so covered with mats of brilliant blossoms that what appeared solid for the foot was oftenest the most treacherous place of all; and at last they stayed to take breath, planting themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree so twisted and twined with variegated vines and flowers, and deadly, damp fungi, that it was like some gorgeous dais-seat. Behind them and beside them was the darkness of the cypress groves. Before them extended a smooth floor, a wide level region, carpeted in the most vivid verdure and sheeted with the sunshine, an immense bed of softest moss, underlaid with black bog, quaking at every step, and shaking a thousand diamonds into the light. Scarcely anything stirred through all the stretch; at some runnel along its nearer margin, where upon one side the more broken swamp recommenced, a rosy flamingo stood and fished, and,

still remoter, the melancholy note of a bird tolled its refrain, answered by an echoing voice from some yet inner depth of forest far away. Save for this, the silence was as intense as the vastness and color of the scene, till it opened and resolved itself into one broad insect hum. The children took a couple of steps forward, under their feet the elastic sod sank and rose with a spurt of silver jets; they sprang back to their seats, and the shading tree above shook down a shining shower in rillets of silver rain. They remained for a minute, then, resting there. Singularly enough, Longer Hill, which had previously been upon their left, now rose far away upon the right. When at length they comprehended its apparition, they looked at one another in complete bewilderment. Miss Emma began to cry; but Flor took it as only a fresh complication of this world, that was becoming for her feet a maze of intricacy.

"We must go back," said Miss Emma, at last. "I'm sure, if I'd known—— Of course we never can cross here. The very spoonbill wades. Oh, why did n't—— Well, there's no blame to you, Floss. I've nobody to thank but myself; that's a comfort."

"Lors, Miss Emma, it's my fault altogether. I should n' neber told ye. An' as for gwine back, it's jus' as bad as torrer."

"We can't stay here all night! Oh, I'm right tired out! If I could lie down"——

"'T would n' do no way, Miss Emma," answered Flor, in a fright for her friend, as a quick, poisonous-looking lizard slid along the log, like a streak of light, in the wake of a spider which was one blotch of scarlet venom.

Far ahead, the strong sun, piercing the marsh, drew up a vapor, that, blue as any distant haze in one part and lint-white in another, made itself aslant into low, delicious, broken prisms, melting all between. This, more than anything else, told the extent of the bog before them, and, hot as it was now, betrayed the deathly chill lurking under such a coverlet at night. In every other

direction lay the cypress jungle ; and whether they saw the front or back of Longfer Hill, and on which side the river ran, steering for which they could steer for home, they had not the skill to say. Thus, what way to go they still were undecided, when, at something moving near them, they started to their feet in a faint terror, delaying only a single instant to gaze at it, — a serpent, that, coiled round the stem above, had previously seemed nothing but a splendid parasite, and that just lifted its hooded head crusted with gems, and flickered a long cleft tongue of flame over them, while loosening in great loops from its basking-place. They vouchsafed it no second look, but, with one leap over the log, through the black mire, and from clump to clump of moss, sped away, — if that could be called speed which was hindered at each moment by waylaying briars and entangling ropes of blossoming vines, by delays in threatening quagmires and bewilderments in thickets beset by clouds of insects, by trips and stumbles and falls and bruises, and many a pause for tears and complaints and ejaculations of despair.

Meanwhile the heat of the day was mitigated by thin clouds sliding over the sun and banking up the horizon, though the hot wind still blew sweetly and steadily from the open quarter of the sky.

"Oh, what has become of us?" cried Miss Emma at length, when the shadows began to thicken, and out of the impenetrable forest and morass about them they could detect no path.

"We 's los' into de swamp, Miss, Emma," answered Flor, in a kind of gloomy defiance of the worst of it, — "da' 's all."

"And here we shall die!" cried the other.

And she flung herself, face down, upon the floor.

Flor was beside her instantly, taking her head upon her knee. Her own heart was sinking like lead ; but she plucked it up, and for the other's sake snapped her fingers at Fortune.

"Lors, Miss, dar 's so many berries we caan' starve nowes. I 's 'bout to build a fire soon 's it 's dark ; dis yere 's a dry spot, ye see now. An', bress you, dey 'll be out after us afore mornin', — de whole farm-full."

"With the dogs!" cried Miss Emma. "Oh, Floss, that I should live for that! to be hunted in the swamp with dogs!"

Flor was silent a moment or two. The custom personally affected her for the first time ; worse than the barbarity was the indignity.

"Dey are n't trained to hunt for you, Miss Emma," she said, more gloomily than she had ever spoken before. "Dey knows de diff'unce 'tween de dark meat and de light."

And then she laughed, as if her words meant nothing.

"They never shall touch *you*, Flor, while I 'm alive!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Emma, throwing her arms about her.

"Lors, Miss, how you talk!" cried Flor, and then broke into a gust of tears. "To t'ink ob you a-carin' so much for a little darky, Miss!" — and she set up a loud howl of joyful sorrow.

"You 're the best friend I 've got!" answered Miss Emma, hugging her with renewed warmth. "I love you worlds better than Agatha! And I 'll never let you leave me! Oh, Flor! what shall we do?"

Flor looked about her for reply, and then scrambled up a sycamore like a squirrel.

It was apparently an island in the swamp on which they were: for the earth, though damp, was firm beneath them ; and there was a thick growth of various trees about, although most were draped to the ground in the long, dark tresses of Spanish moss, waving dismally to and fro, with a dull, heavy motion of grief. On every other side from that by which they had come it appeared to be inaccessible, surrounded, as well as Flor could see, by glimmering sheets of water, which probably were too full of snags and broken stumps, still upright, for the navigation of boats

by any hands but those thoroughly acquainted with their wide region of stagnant pools. This island was not, however, a small spot, but one that comprised a variety of surfaces, having not only marsh and upland within itself, but something that in the distance bore a fearful resemblance to a young patch of standing corn, a suspicion confirmed into certainty by a blue thread of smoke ascending a little way and falling again in a cloud. Once, upon seeing such a sight, Flor might have fallen to the ground herself, — this could be no less than the abode of those sad runaways, those mythical Goblins of the Swamp, — but it would have been because she had forgotten then that she was not one of the strong white race that reared her. Now, at this moment, she felt a thrill of kinship with these creatures, hunted for with bloodhounds, as she would be to-morrow, perhaps.

"May-be I 'll not go back," said Flor.

She slipped down the tree, and went silently to work, heaping a bed of the hanging moss, less wet than the ground itself, for her young mistress. Miss Emma accepted it passively.

"Oh, it 's like sleeping on hearse-curtains !" was all she said.

It was already evening, but growing darker with the clouds that went on piling their purple masses and awaiting their signal. Suddenly the sweet, soft breeze trembled and veered, there was a brief calm, and the wind had hauled round the other way. A silence of preparation, answered by a long, low note of thunder, and the war had begun in heaven.

Miss Emma buried her face in the moss. But Flor, secretly relishing a good thunder-gust, drew up her knees and sat with equanimity, like a little black judge of the clouds ; for, in the moment's dull, indifferent mood, she felt prepared for either fate. It was long before the rain came ; then it plunged, a brief downfall, as if a cloud had been ripped and emptied, — a suffocating terror of rain, teeming with more appalling intimations than any-

thing else in the world. But the wind was a blind tornado. The boughs swung over them and swept them ; the swamp-water was lifted, and gluts of it slapped in Flor's face. She saw, not far away, a great solitary cypress rearing its head, and bearing aloft a broad eagle's nest, hurriedly seized in the grasp of the gale, twisted, raised, and snapped like a straw. The child began to shudder strangely at the breath of this blast that cried with such clamor out of the black vaults above, this unknown and tremendous power beneath which she was nothing but a mote ; she suffered an unexplained awe, as if this fearful wind were some supernatural assemblage of souls fleeting through space and making the earth tremble under their wild rush. All the while the heavy thunders charged on high in one unbroken roar, across whose base sharp bolts broke and burst perpetually ; and with the outer world wrapped in quivering curtains of blue flame, now and then a shaft of fire lanced its straight spear down the dense darkness of the woods behind in ghastly illumination, and a responsive spire shot up in some burning bush that blackened almost as instantly. Flor fancied that the lightning was searching for her, a runaway herself, and the burning bush answered, like a sentinel, that here she was. She cowered at length and sought the protection of the blind earth, full of awe and quaking, till by-and-by the last discharge, muffled and ponderous, rolled away, and, save for a muttered growl in some far distant den, the world was still and dark again.

Flor spoke to her mistress, and found, that, utterly worn out with fatigue and fright and exhausted electricity, she was asleep. She then got up and wrung out the rain from portions of her own and Miss Emma's dress, and heaped fresh armfuls of moss upon the sleeper in an original attempt at the pack ; then she proceeded to explore the neighborhood, to see if there were any exit in other directions from the terrors of the swamp.

Stars began to struggle through and

confuse their rays with the ravelled edges of the clouds. She groped along from tree to tree, looking constantly behind her at the clear, light opening of sky beneath which Miss Emma lay.

Perhaps she had come farther than she knew; for all at once, in the dread stillness that nothing but the dripping dampness broke, a sound smote her like a pang. It was an innocent and simple sound enough, a man's voice, clear and sweet, though measured somewhat, and suppressed in volume, chanting a slow, sad hymn, that had yet a kind of rejoicing about it:—

"Oh, no longer bond in Egypt,
No longer bond in Egypt,
No longer bond in Egypt.
The Lord hath set him free!"

It came from a hollow below her. Flor pushed aside the great, glistening leaves in silence, and looked tremblingly in. There were half-burnt brands on a broad stone, throwing out an uncertain red glimmer; there was an awning of plaited reeds reaching from bough to bough; there was an old man stretched upon the ground, and a stalwart man sitting beside him and chanting this song, as if it were a burial-service: for the old man was dead.

Flor began to tremble again, with that instinctive animal antipathy to death and dissolution. But in an instant a rekindling gleam of the embers, hardly quenched, shot over the singer's face. In the same instant Flor shook before the secret she had learned. Sarp was a runaway, to be sure; and runaways ate little girls, she knew. But Flor, having lately encouraged incredulity, could hardly find it in her heart to believe that the fact of having stolen himself could have so utterly changed the old nature of Sarp, the kind butler, who always had a pleasant word for her when others had a cuff. Yet should she hail him? Ah, no, never! But then—Miss Emma! Her young mistress would die of starvation and the damp.

"Sarp!" whispered Flor, huskily.

The man started and sprang to his

feet, alert and ready, waiting for his unseen enemy, — then half relapsed, thinking it might be nothing but the twitter of a bird.

"It 's me, Sarp."

Who that was did not seem so plain to Sarp; he darted his swift glance in her direction, then at one step parted the bushes and dragged her through, as if it were game that he had trapped.

"Oh, Sarp!" cried Flor, falling at his feet. "Doan' yer kill me now! I di'n' mean to ha' found yer. I 's done los' in de swamp, wid' —"

But Flor thought better of that.

The man raised her, but still held her out at arm's length, while he listened for further sound behind her.

"Oh, jus' le' go, Sarp, an' I 'll dance for you till I drap!" she cried.

"Is it a time for dancing," he replied, "and the earth open for burying?"

"Lors, Sarp!" cried Flor, shrinking from the shallow grave she had not seen, "how 's I to know dat?" — and she gave herself safe distance.

"Help me yere, then," said he.

But Flor remained immovable, and Sarp was obliged to perform by himself the last offices for the old slave, who, living out his term of harassments and hungers, had grown gray and died in the swamps. He went at last and brought an armful of broken sweet-flowering boughs and spread them over the place.

"Free among the dead," he said; then turned to Flor, who, having long since seen daylight through the darkness of her fears, proceeded glibly and volubly to pour out her troubles, on his beckoning her away, and to demand the help she had refused to render.

"There 's the boat," said Sarp, reflectively. "And the rain will float it 'most anywheres to-night. But—come so far and troo so much to go back?"

Flor flung up her face and held her head back proudly.

"Yes, Sah! Doan' s'pose I 'd be stealin' Mas'r Henry's niggers?"

For, having meditated upon it an hour

ago, she was able to repel the charge vigorously.

"Go'n' to stay a slave all your life?"

"All Miss Emma's life."

"And — afterwards" —

"Den I 'll go back to de good brown earth wid her," said Flor, solving the problem promptly. — "I doan' see de boat."

"Ah, she 'll make as brown dust as you, — Miss Emma, — that 's so! But the spirit, Lome!"

"Sperit?" said Flor, looking uneasily over her shoulder with her twinkling eyes.

"The part of you that doan' die, Lome."

"I haan' nof'n ter do wid dat; dat 'longs to dem as made it; none o' my lookout; dono nof'n 'bout it, an' doan' want ter hear nof'n about it!" said Flor; for, reasoning on the old adage of a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, she thought it more important just at present to save her body than to save her soul, admitting that she had one, and felt haste to be of more behoof than metaphysics.

There was a moon up now, and Flor could see her companion's dark face above her, a mere mass of shade: it did not reassure her any to remember that her own was just as black.

"Lome," said Sarp, setting his back against a tree like one determined to have attention, "never mind about the boat yet. You 've heard Aunt Zoë say how 't the grace of the Lord was free?"

"Yes, I 's heerd her kerwhoopin'. I 's in a hurry, Sarp!"

"But 's how 't the man that refuses to accept it, when it 's set before him, is done reckoned a sinner?"

"S'pose I has?" — and in her impatience she began to dance outright.

"It 's jus' so with the present hour," he continued, not giving her time to interpose about escape again. "You have liberty offered you. If you refuses, how can you answer for it when your spirit 'pears afore the Judge? You choose him, and you choose righteousness, you chooses the chance to make yourself white in the Lord's eyes, —

your spirit, Lome. Refuse, and you take sin and chains and darkness; you gets to deserve the place where they hab their share of fire and brimstone."

"Take mine wid 'lasses," said Flor, who, though inwardly a trifle cowed, never meant to show it. "W'a' 's de use o' boderin' 'bout all dat ar, w'en dar 's Miss Emma a-cotchin' her deff, an' I 's jus' starved? Ef you 's go'n' to help us, Sarp" —

"You don' know what chains means, chil," said the imperturbable Sarp. "They 're none the lighter because you can't see 'em. It a'n't jus' the power to sell your body and the work of your hands; it 's the power to sell your soul! Ef Mas'r Henry hab de min', — ef Mas'r Henry have the mind, I say, to make you go wrong, can you help it while you 's a slave?"

"'T aan' no fault o' mine ter be bad, ef I caan' help it. Come now," said Flor sullenly, seeing little hope of respite, — "should 'tink 't was de Ol' Sarpint hisself!"

"And 't aan' no virtue of yours to be good, ef you caan' help it; you 'd jus' stay put — jus' between — in de brown earth, as you said. You 'd never see that beautiful land beyond the grave, wid the river of light flowing troo der place, an' the people singing songs before the great white t'rone."

"Tell me 'bout dat ar, Sarp," said Flor, forgetfully.

"Dey 's all free there, Lome."

"How was dis dey got dere? Could n' walk nowes, an' could n' fly" —

"Haan' you seen into Miss Emma's prayer-book the angels with wings high and shining all from head to foot?"

"Yes," said Flor, — "*Angels*."

"And one of them you 'll be, Lome, ef you jus' choose, — ef, for instance, you choose liberty to-day."

"Lors now, Sarp, I doan' b'lieb a word you say! Get out wid yer co-nundrums! Likely story, little black nigger like dis yere am be put into de groun' an' come out all so great an' w'ite an' shinin'-like!"

"For God shall deliver my soul from the power of the grave." "*Shall*."

That 's a promise, — a promise in the Book. Di'n't yer eber plant a bean, Lome, — little hard black bean? And did a little hard black bean come up? No, but two wings of leaves, and a white blossom jus' ready to fly itself, and so sweet you could smell it acrost de field. So they plant your body in the earth, Lome" —

"You go 'long, Sarp! Ef you plant beans, beans come up," said Flor, decisively.

This direct and positive confutation rather nonplussed Sarp, his theory not being able at once to assimilate his fact, and he himself feeling, that, if he pushed the comparison farther, he would reach some such atrocity as that, if the white and shining flower produced in its season again the black bean from which it sprung, so the white and shining soul must once more clothe itself in the same sordid, unpurified body from which it first had sprung. He had a vague glimmer that perhaps his simile was too material, and that this very body was the clay in which the springing, germinating soul was planted to bloom out in heaven, but dared not pursue it unadvised, for fear of the quicksands into which it might betray him. He merely tied a knot in the thread of his discourse by answering, —

"Jus' so. The bean planted, the bean comes up. You planted, and what follows?"

"I come up," said Flor, consentingly, and quite as if he had got the better of the discussion.

Then he rose, and Flor led the way back to Miss Emma, — having first, upon Sarp's serious hesitation, pledged herself for Miss Emma's secrecy and gratitude with tears and asseverations.

In spite of the fact that he had never meant nor cared to see it again, there was something pleasant to Sarp in the face of the sleeper upturned in a moon-beam. He stooped and lifted her tenderly, and laid her head on his shoulder. The young girl opened her eyes vacantly, but heard Flor's voice beside her still, —

"Doan' ye be scaret now, honey! Bress you, 's a true frien': he 'll get us shet ob dis yere swamp mighty sudd'n!"

And soothed by the dreamy motion, entirely fatigued, borne swiftly along in strong arms, under the low, waving boughs in the dim forest darkness, she was drowsed again with slumber, from which she woke only on being placed in the bottom of a skiff to turn over into a deeper dream than before. Flor nodded triumphantly to her companion, in the beginning, keeping pace beside him with short runs, — there could be no fear of babble about that of which one knew nothing, — and took her seat at last in the boat as he directed, while with a long pole he pushed out into the deeper water away from the shadow of the shore, and then went steering between the jags and gnarls, that, half protruding from the dark expanses, seemed the heads of strange and preternatural monsters. Now and then a current carried them; now and then their boatman sculled, now and then in shallower places poled along; sometimes he rested, and in the intervals took occasion to continue his missionary labor upon Flor, — his first object being to convince her she had a soul, and his second that in bondage every chance to save that soul alive was against her. Then he drew slight pictures of a different way of things, such as had solaced his own imagination, rude, but happy idyls of freedom: the small house, one's own; the red light in the window, a guiding star for weary feet at night coming home to comfort and smiles and cheer; no dark, haunting fear of a hand to reach between one and those loved dearest; no more branding like cattle, manhood and womanhood acknowledged, met with help and welcome and kind hands, cringing no more, but standing erect, drinking God's free sunshine, and growing nearer heaven. How much or how little of all his dream poor Sarp realized, if ever he reached the land of his desire at all, Heaven only knows. But Flor listened to him as if he recited some delightful fairy-tale,

— charming indeed, but all as improbable as though one were telling her that black was white. Then, too, there was another dream of Sarp's, — the dream of a whole race loosening itself from the clinging clod. Flor got a glimmer of his meaning, — only a glimmer; it made her heart beat faster, but it was so grand she liked the other best.

So, creeping through narrow creeks, now they skirted the edges of the long, low, flat morass, — now wound round the giant trunk of a fallen tree that nearly bridged the pool whose dark mantle they severed, — now pushed the boat's head up into a wall of weeds, that bent back and let it through the deep cut flooded by the rain, where the wild growth shut off everything but the high hollow of a luminous sky, with ribbon-grasses and long prickly leaves brushing across their faces from either side, here and there a sudden dwarf palmetto bristling all its bayonets against the peaceful night, and all the way singular uncouth shapes of vegetation, like conjurations of magic, cutting themselves out with minuteness upon the vast clear background so darkly and weirdly that the voyagers seemed to be sliding along the shores of some new, strange under-world, — now they got out, and, wading ankle-deep in plashy bog, drew the boat and its slumberer heavily after them, — now went slowly along, afloat again, on the broad lagoons, which the moon, from the deep far heaven, shot into silver reaches, and, with the trees, a phantom company of shadows, weeping in their veils along the farther shore, with all the quaint outlines of darkness, the gauzy wings that flitted by, the sweet, wild scents across whose lingering current they drifted, the broad silence disturbed only by the lazy wash of a seldom ripple, made their progress, through heavy gloom and vivid light, an enchanted journey.

At length they lifted overhanging branches, and glided out upon a sheet of open water, a little lake fed by natural springs; and here, paddling over to the outlet, a tide took them down a

swift brook to the river. Sarp stemmed this tide, made the opposite bank of the brook, and paused.

"Have you chosen, Lome?" said he. "Will you go back with me, and so on to the Happy Land of Freedom? Not that I'll have my own liberty till I've earned it, — till I've won a country by fighting for it. But I'll see you safe; and if I'm spared, one day I'll come to you. Will you go?"

Flor hung back a moment. "I'd like to go, Sarp, right well," said she, twisting up the corner of her little tatter of an apron. "But dar am Miss Emma, you see."

"We can leave her on the bank here. She'll be all right when de day breaks, and fin' the house herself. There's as good as she without a roof this night."

"She's neber been use' to it. She would n' know a step o' de way. Oh, no, Sarp! I longs to Miss Emma; she could n' do widout me. She'd jus' done cry her eyes out an' die, — 'way here in de wood. No, Sarp, I mus' take her back. She's delicate, Miss Emma is. I'd like to go right well, Sarp, — 't a'n't much ob a 'sapp'intment, — I's use' to 'em, — I'd like for to go wid you."

Lingering, irresolute, she stood up in the swaying skiff, keeping her balance as if she were dancing; then, the motion, perhaps, throwing her back into her old identity, she sprang to the shore like a cat. Sarp laid Miss Emma beside her, and then shot away, back over all the desolate reaches and lonely shining pools; and Flor, with a little wail of despair, hid her face on the ground, that her weakened and bewildered little mistress might not see the flood of tears that wet the grass beneath it.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning, when, chilled, dragged, and dripping wet, they reached the house. Lights were moving everywhere about it: no one had slept there that night. There was a great shout from high and low as the two forlorn little objects crept into the ray. Miss Emma was

met with severe reproaches, afterwards with tears and embraces; and cordial drinks and hot flannels were made ready for her in a trice. As for Flor, she was warmed after another fashion, — being sent off for punishment; and, in spite of the implorations of Miss Emma and the interference of Miss Agatha, the order was executed. It was the first time she had ever received such reward of merit in form; and though it was a slight affair, after all, the hurt and wrong rankled for weeks, and, instead of the gay, dancing imp of former days, henceforth a silent, sullen shadow slipped about and haunted all the dark places of the house.

Mas'r Henry, being a native of Charleston, was also a gentleman of culture; and fond of the fine arts to some extent. Indeed, looking at it in a poetical view, the feudality of slavery, even more than the inevitable relation of property, was his strong tie to the institution. He had a contempt for modern progress so deeply at the root of his opinions that he was only half aware of it; and any impossible scheme to restore the political condition of what we call the Dark Ages, and retain the comforts of the present one, would have found in him a hearty advocate. One of his favorite books was a little green-covered volume, printed on coarse paper, and smelling of the sea which it had crossed: a book that seemed to bring one period of those past centuries up like a pageant, — so vividly, with all the flying dust of their struggle in the sunbeam before him, did its opulent vitality reproduce, in their splendors and their sins, the actual presences of those dead men and women, now more unreal substance than the dust of their shrouds. He liked to carry this mediæval Iliad round with him, and, taking it out at propitious places, go jotting his pencil down the page. He had heard it called an incomprehensible puzzle of poetry; it gave him pleasure, then, to unriddle and proclaim it plain as print. He was thus delectating himself one day, while Flor, still in her phase of moodiness, stood behind Miss Agatha's chair; and,

the passage pleasing him, he read it aloud to Miss Agatha, whom, in the absence of his son, her husband, he was wont to consider his opponent in the abstract, however dear and precious in the concrete.

"As, shall I say, some Ethiop, past pursuit
Of all enslavers, dips a shackled foot,
Burnt to the blood, into the drowsy, black,
Enormous watercourse which guides him back
To his own tribe again, where he is king:
And laughs, because he guesses, numbering
The yellower poison-wattles on the pouch
Of the first lizard wrested from its couch
Under the slime, (whose skin, the while, he strips
To cure his nostril with, and festered lips,
And eyeballs bloodshot through the desert blast,)
That he has reached its boundary, at last
Maybreathe; thinks o'er enchantments of the South,
Sovereign to plague his enemies, their mouth,
Eyes, nails, and hair; but, these enchantments tried
In fancy, puts them soberly aside
For truth, projects a cool return with friends,
The likelihood of winning mere amends
Erelong: thinks that, takes comfort silently,
Then from the river's brink his wrongs and he,
Hugging revenge close to their hearts, are soon
Offstriding to the Mountains of the Moon."

Flor stood listening, with eyes that shone strangely out of the gloom of her face.

"Well, child," said her master to Miss Agatha, "how does that little monodrame strike you? Which do you find preferable, tell me, Ashantee at home or Ashantee abroad? civilized or barbarized? the institution or the savage? Eh, Blossom," turning to Flor, "what do you think of the condition of that ancestor of yours?"

"Mas'r Henry," said Flor, gravely, "he was free."

"Eh? Free? What! are you bitten, too?"

And Mas'r Henry laughed at the thought, and pictured to himself his dancer dancing off altogether, like the swamp-fire she was. Then his tone changed.

"Flor," said he, sternly, "who has been talking to you lately? Do you know, Agatha? I have seen this for some time. I must learn what one among the hands it is that in these times dares breed disaffection."

"No one 's talked to me, Sah," said Flor, — "no one onter der place."

"Some one off of it, then."

"Mas'r Henry, I's been havin' my own t'oughts. Mas'r knows I could n' lebe Miss Emma nowes. Could n' tief her property nowes. But ef Mas'r Henry 'd on'y jus' 'sider an' ask li'l' Missy for to make dis chil' a presen' ob myse'f" —

"So that 's what it means!" And Mas'r Henry smiled a moment at the ludicrous idea presented to him.

"Flor," said he then, abruptly, "I have never heard the whole of that night in the swamp. It must be told."

"Lors, Sah! So long ago, I 's done forgot it!"

"You may have till to-morrow mornin' to quicken your memory."

"Haan' nof'n' more to 'member, Mas'r."

"You heard me. You have your choice to repeat it either now or to-morrow morning."

"Could n' make suf'n', whar nof'n' was. Could n' tink o' nof'n' all ter once. Could n' tell nof'n' at all in a hurry," said Flor, with a twinkle. "Guess I'll take tell de mornin', anywes, Mas'r." And she was off.

And Mas'r Henry went back to his book, — the watcher nodding on his spear, — and all the stormy scenes he expected soon to realize in his own life, when the sword of conscription had numbered his old head with the others.

Flor went out from the presence defiant, as became a rebel.

Although that special mode of martyrdom was not proper to the plantation, and Flor felt in herself few particles of the stuff of which martyrs are made, she was determined, that, as to telling so much as that Sarp was still in the swamp, let alone betraying the way to his late habitat, — even were she able, — she never would do it, though burned at the stake. The determination had a dark look; nevertheless, two glimmers lighted it: one was the hope, in a mistrust of her own strength, that Sarp had already gone; the other was a perception that the best way to keep Sarp's secret was to make off with it. She began to question what authority Mas'r Henry had to demand this secret from her; she

answered in her own mind, that he had no authority at all; — then she was doubly determined that he should not have it. She had heard talk of chivalry at table and among guests; she had half a comprehension of what it meant; she wondered if this were not a case in point, — if it were, after all, the color, and not the sex, that weighed. That aroused her indignation, aroused also a feeling of race: she would not have changed color that moment with the fairest Circassian of a harem, could the white slave have appeared in all the dazzle of her beauty. — Mas'r Henry had called that man, of whom he read aloud to-day, her ancestor. She knew what that was, for she had heard Miss Emma boast of her progenitors. But he was free; then it followed that she was not a slave by nature, only by vicious force of circumstance. Mas'r Henry had no right to her whatever; instead of her stealing herself, he was the thief who retained her against her will. What could be the name of the country where that man had lived? It was somewhere a long way from this place, down the river, perhaps beyond the sea; — there were others there, then, still, most likely. Flor had an idea that among them she might be a superior, possibly received with welcome, invested with honors; — she lingered over the pleasant vision. But how was one ever to find the spot? Ah, that book of Mas'r Henry's would tell, if she could but take it away to those kind people Sarp had told of. So she meditated awhile on the curious travels with Sordello for a guide-book, till old affections smote her for having thought of taking the thing, when "Mas'r Henry set so by it," and she put the vision aside, endeavoring to recall in its place all that Sarp had told her of the North. She realized then, personally, what a wide world it was. Why should she stay shut in this one point upon it all: a hill and the fir wood behind her; marshes on this side; woods again on the other; low hills far away before her; out of them all, the dark torrent of the river showing the swift way to freedom and the great sea? She drew

in a full breath, as if close air oppressed her. — A bird flew over her then, high above her head, careering in fickle circles, and at length sailing down out of sight far into other heavens. Flor watched him bitterly; she comprehended Zoë's scorn of her past content; — if only she had wings to spread! But Sarp had told her, that, if she went away, she would one day have wings. None of Sarp's other arguments weighed a doigt, — but wings to roam with over this beautiful world! The liberty of vagabondage! She watched the clouds chasing one another through the sunny heaven, watched their shadows chasing along the fields and hills below; her heart burned that everything in the world should be more free than she herself. She felt the wind fanning over her on its way, she took the rich odors that it brought, she looked after the flower-petal that fluttered away with it, she saw the strong sunshine penetrating among the shadows of a jungly spot and catching a thousand points of color in the gloom, she recognized the constant fluent interchange among all the atoms of the universe; — why was she alone, capable of flight, chained to one spot? — She gazed around her at the squalor and the want, the brutish shapes and faces, her own no better, at the narrow huts; thought of the dull routine of work never to enrich herself, the possibility of purchase and cruelty; — she sprung to her feet, all her blood boiling; it seemed out of the question for her to endure it another moment. — Mas'r Henry had told her once that he could make his fortune with her dancing, if he chose; she stood as much in need of a fortune as Mas'r Henry, — why not make it for herself? why not be off and away, her own mistress, earning and eating her own bread, sending some day for Zoë, finding Sarp in those far-off happy latitudes? — It occurred to her, like a discovery of her own, that, doing the work she was bidden, taking the food she was given, whipped at will, and bought and sold, she was no better than one among the cattle of the place; — the sudden sense of degradation made even her dark cheek burn.

She laid a hand down on the earth, her great Teraph, to see if it were possible it could still be warm and such a wrong done to her its child. Then, all at once, she understood that wood and river were open to her fugitive feet, and if she stayed longer in slavery, it was the fault of no one but herself. — She stood up, for some one called her; she obeyed the call with alacrity, for she found it in her power to do so or not as she chose. She felt taller as she stepped along, and held up her head with the dignity of personality. She acknowledged, perhaps, that she was no equal of Miss Emma's, — that the creative hand, making its first essay on her, rounded its complete work in Miss Emma; but she declared herself now no mere offshoot of the sod, — she was a human being, a being of beating pulses and affections, and something within her, stifled here, longing to soar and away.

It was dark before Flor had ceased her novel course of thinking, pursued through all her little tasks, — beautiful star-lighted dark, full of broken breezes, soft and warm, and loaded with passionate spices and flower-breaths; she was alone again, under the shadows of the trees, entirely surrendered to her whirling fancies. In these few hours she had lived to the effect of years. She was neither hungry nor tired; she was conscious of but a single thing, — her whole being seemed effervescing into one wild longing after liberty. It was not that she could no longer brook control and be at the beck of each; it was a natural instinct, awakened at last in all the strength of maturity, that would not let her breathe another breath in peace unless it were her own, — that made her feel as though her chains were chafing into the bone, — that taught her the unutterable vileness and loathliness of bonds, — that convicted her, in being a slave, of being something foul upon the fair face of creation. She sat casting about for ways of escape. It was absurd to think she could again blunder on that secure retreat of the swamp before being overtaken; no boats ever passed along down the foaming river;

if she were some little mole to hide and burrow in the ground till danger were over,—but no, she would rather front fear and ruin than lose one iota of her newly recognized identity. But there was no other path of safety; she clutched the ground with both hands in her powerlessness; in all the heaven and earth there seemed to be nothing to help her.

So at last Flor rose; since she could not get away, she must stay; as for the next day's punishment, she could laugh at it,—it was not its weight, but its wickedness, that troubled her; but escape, some time, she would. Lying in wait for method, ambushed for opportunity, it would go hard, if all failed. Of what value would life be then? she could but throw that after. So at some time, that was certain, she would go,—when, it was idle to say; it might be years before affairs were more propitious than now,—but then, at last, one day, the place that had known her should know her no more. Nevertheless, despite all this will and resolution, the heart of the child had sunk like a plummet at thought of leaving everything, at fear of future fortune; this deferring, after all, was half like respite.

Flor drew near the out-door fire, where Zoë and one or two others busied themselves. Something excited them extremely, it was plain to see and hear. Flor, beyond the circle of the light, strained her ears to listen. It was only a crumb of comfort that she obtained, but one of those miraculous crumbs to which there are twelve baskets of fragments: the Linkum gunboats were down at the mouth of the river. Oh! heaven a boat's length off! A day and night's drifting and rowing; then climbing the side slaves, treading the deck freemen,—the shackles fallen, the hands loosened, the soul saved!

But the boat? There was not such a thing along these banks. Improvise one. That was not possible. Flor listened, and the wild gasps of hope died out again into the dulness of despair. Some other time,—not this. As she stood still, idly and hopelessly heark-

ening to the mutter of the old women, with the patches of flickering firelight falling on their faces in strange play and revelation, there stole upon her ear a sweeter and distincter sound, the voice of Miss Agatha, as, leaning out upon the night, she sang a plaint that consorted with her melancholy mood, learned in her Northern home in happier hours, without a thought of the moment of misery that might make it real.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That reck's not the sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum;
Sooner or later on half-paused wing
The blue-bird's warble about me ring,—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me,
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later my darkling dews
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow
Sooner or later,—oh, why not now?

Little of this wobegone song touched Flor even enough to let her know there was some one in the world more wretched than herself. The last word, the last

phrase, rang in her ears like a command,—now, why not now?—waiting for times and chances, hesitating, delaying, since go she must,—then why not now? What more did she need than a board and two sticks? Here they were in plenty. And with that, a bright thought, a fortunate memory,—the old abandoned scow! And if, after all, she failed, and went to watery death, did not the singer tell in how little time all would be quiet and oblivious once again? Oh, why not now?

Perhaps Flor would never have been entirely subjected to this state of mind but for an injury that she had suffered. Miss Emma had been rendered ill by the night's exposure in the swamp. In consequence of her complicity in this crime, Flor had been excluded from her young mistress's room during her indisposition, and ever since had not only been deprived of her companionship, but had not even been allowed to look upon her from a distance. A single week of that made life a desert. Too proud to complain, Flor saw in this the future, and so recognized, it may be, that it would be easy to part from the place, having already parted with Miss Emma. She drew nearer to the group now, and stood there long, while they wondered at her, gazing into the fire, her head fallen upon her breast. There was only one thing more to do: her little squirrel; nothing but her front of battle had kept it safe this many a day; were she once gone, it would be at the mercy of the first gridiron. Nobody saw the tears, in the dark and the distance, fast falling over the tiny sacrifice; but the cook might have guessed at them, when Flor brought her last offering, and begged that it might be prepared and taken in to Miss Emma.

How many things there were to do that evening! One wanted water, and another wanted towels, and a third wanted everything there was to want. Last of all, little Pluto came running with his unkindled torch,—Mas'r Henry wanted dancing.

Flor rummaged for her castanets, her tambourine, her ankle-rings,—they had

all been thrown hither and thither,—and at length, as Pluto's torch flared up, ran tinkling along the turf, into the glow; and her voice broke, as she danced, into high, clear singing, triumphant singing, that welled up to the very sky, and made the air echo with sweetness. As she sang, all her slender form swayed to the tune, posturing, gesturing, bending now, now almost soaring, while, falling in showers of twinkling steps, her fleet feet seemed to weave their way on air. What ailed the girl? all asked;—such a play of emotion of mingled sorrow and ecstasy, never before had been interpreted by measure; so a disembodied spirit might have danced, and her dusky hue, the strange glancing lights thrown upon her here and there by the torch, going and coming and glittering at pleasure, made her appear like a shadow disporting before them. At length and slowly, note by note, with wild lingering turns to which the movement languished, her tone fell from its lofty jubilation to a happy flute-like humming; she waved her arms in the mimic tenderness of repeated and passionate farewells; then, still humming, faint and low and sweet, tripped off again, through the glow, along the turf, into the shadow, and out of sight; and it seemed to the beholders as if a fountain of gladness had gushed from the sod, and, playing in the light a moment, had run away down to join the river and the breaking sea.

Mas'r Henry called after Flor to throw her a penny; but she failed to reappear, and he tossed it to Pluto instead, and forgot about her.

So, bailed out and stuffed with marsh-grass in its crazy cracks, the old scow was afloat, the rope was cut, and by midnight it went drifting down the river. Waist-deep in shoal water, its appropriator had dragged it round inside the channel's ledge of rocks, with their foam and commotion, to the somewhat more placid flow below, and now it shot away over the smooth, slippery surface of the stream, that gave back reflections of the starbeams like a polished mirror.

Terrified by the course along the rapid river, the little creature crouched in the bottom of the scow, now breathless as it sped along the slope, now catching at the edge as in some chance eddy or flow it swirled from side to side, or, spinning quite round, went down the other way. But by-and-by gathering courage, she took her station, kneeling where, with the long poles, previously provided, she could best direct her galley and avoid the dangers of a castaway. Peering this way and that through the darkness, carried along without labor, spying countless dangers where none existed, passing safely by them all, coming into a strange region of the river, she began to feel the exhilaration of venturous voyagers close upon unknown shores; the rush of the river and the rustle of the forest were all the sounds she heard; she was speeding alone through the darks of space to find another world. But, with time, a more material sensation called her back, — her feet were wet. What if the scow should founder! She flew to the old sun-dried gourd, and bailed away again till her arms were tired. When she dared leave the gourd, she was more calmly floating along and piercing an avenue of mighty gloom; the river-banks had reared themselves two walls of stone, and over them a hanging forest showed the heavens only like a scarf of stars caught upon its tree-tops and shaking in the wind. The deep loneliness made Flor tremble; the water that upbuoyed her was blackness itself; the way before her was impenetrable; far up above her opened that rent of sky, — so far, that she, a little dark waif among such tremendous shadows, was all unguessed by any guardian eye.

But not for heaven itself bodily before her would she have turned about, she who was all but free. The thought of that rose in her heart like strong wings beating onward; — feverishly she followed.

Flor perceived now that the old scow was being borne along with a strong, steady motion, unlike its first fitful drift; it brought her heart to her throat, —

for just so, it seemed to her, would a torrent set that was hastening to plunge over the side of the earth. She remembered, with a start of cold horror, Zoë's dim tradition of a fall far off in the river. She had never seen one, but Zoë had stamped its terrors deeply. Still down in the gloom itself she could see nothing but the slowly lightening sky overhead, the drowning stars, the rosy flush upon the dark old tips feathering against a dewy grayness that was like powdered light. But gradually she heard what conquered all necessity of seeing, — heard a continuous murmurous sound that filled all the air and grew to be a sullen roar. It seemed like the dread murmur from the world beyond the grave, the roar in earthly ears of that awful silence. Flor's quick senses were not long at fault. She seized her poles, and with all her might endeavored to push in towards the side and out of the main channel. Straws would have availed nearly as much; far faster than she went in shore she drove down stream. It was getting to be morning twilight all below; a soft, damp wind was blowing in her face; in the distance she could see, like the changing outline of a phantom, a low cloud of mist, wavering now on this side, now on that, but forever rising and falling and hovering before her. She knew what it was. If she could only bring her boat to that bank, — precipice though it was, — there must be some broken piece to catch by! She toiled with all her puny strength, and the great stream laughed at her and roared on. Suddenly, what her wildest efforts failed to do, the river did itself, — dividing into twenty currents for its plunge, some one of the eddies caught the old scow in its teeth and sent it whirling along the inmost current of all, close upon the shore. The rock, whose cleft the river had primevally chosen, was here more broken than above; various edges protruded maddeningly as Flor skimmed by almost within reach. Twice she plucked at them and missed. One flat shelf, over which the thin water slipped like a sheet of molten glass, remained

and caught her eye; she was no longer cold or stiff with terror, but frantic to save herself; it was the only chance, the last; shooting by, she sprang forward, pole in hand, touched it, fell, caught a ledge with her hands while the fierce flow of the water lifted her off her feet, scrambled up breathlessly and was safe, while the scow swept past, two flashing furlongs, poised a few moments after on the brink of the fall, went majestically over, and came up to the surface below in pieces.

Flor wrung her hands in dismay. She had not understood her situation before. There was no escape now, it seemed, — not even to return. Nothing was possible save starving to death on this ledge, — and after that, the vultures. She sat there for a little while in a kind of stupor. She saw the light falling slowly down, as it had fallen millions of mornings before, and bringing out all blue and purple shadows on the wet old rock; she saw the current ever hurrying by to join the tumult of the cataract; she heard the deep, sweet music of the waters like a noisy dream in her ears. With the shock of her wreck coming at the instant when she fancied herself so swiftly and securely speeding on towards safety and freedom, she felt indifferent to all succeeding fate. What if she did die? who was she? what was she? nothing but an atom. What odds, after all? The solution of her soliloquy was, that, before the first ray of sunshine reached down and smote the dark torrent into glancing emerald, she began to feel ravenously hungry, and found it a great deal of odds, after all. She rose to her feet, grasping cautiously at the slippery rock, and searched about her. There was another ledge close at hand, corresponding to the one on which she stood; she crept forward and transferred herself, with an infinitude of tremors, from this to that; there was a foothold just beyond; she gained it. Up and down and all along there were other projections, just enough for a hand, a foot: a wet and terrible pathway; to follow it might be death, to neglect it certainly

was. What had she danced for all her days, if it had not made her sure and nimble footed? Under her the foam leaped up, the spectral mist crept like an icy breath, the spray sprinkled all about her, swinging herself along from ledge to ledge, from jag to jag, like a spider on a viewless thread. Now she hung just above the fall, looking down and longing to leap, with nothing but a shining laurel-branch between her and the boiling pits below; now, at last, a green hillside sloped to the water's edge, sparkling across all its solitude with ten thousand drops of dew, a broad, blue morning heaven bent and shone overhead, and having raced the river in the moment's light-heartedness of glee at her good hap, she sat some rods below, looking up at the fall and dipping her bleeding and blistered feet in and out of the cool and rapid-running river.

What was there now to do? To go back, — to go back, — not if she were torn by lions! That was as impossible for her as to reverse a fiat of creation. God had said to her, — "Let there be light." How could she, then, return to darkness? To keep along on land, — it might be weeks before she reached the quarter of the gunboats, — she would be seized as a stray, and lodged in jail, and sold for whom it might concern. But with her scow gone to pieces, what other thing was there to do? So she sat looking up at the spurting cascades, with their horns of silver leaping into the light, and all the clear brown and beryl rush of their crystalline waters, and longing for her scow. If she had so much as the bit of bark on which the squirrels crossed the river! She looked again about her for relief. The rainbow at the foot of all the falls, in its luminous, steady arch, seemed a bridge solid enough for even her little black feet, had one side of the stream been any surer haven than the other; and as she sought out its bases, her eye lighted on something curiously like a weed swaying up and down. She picked her way to it, and found it wedged where she could loosen it, — two planks still nailed to a stout crossbar.

She floated it, and held it fast a moment. What if she trusted to it, — with neither sail nor rudder, as before, but now with neither oar nor pole? On shore, for her there were only ravening wolves; waterfalls were no worse than they, and perhaps there were no more waterfalls. She stepped gingerly upon the fragment, seated and balanced herself, paddled with her two hands, and thought to slip away. In spite of everything, a kind of exultation bubbled up within her, — she felt as if she were defying Destiny itself.

When, however, Flor intrusted herself to the stream, the stream received the trust and seemed inclined to keep it; for there she stayed: the planks tilted up and down, the water washed over her, but there were the falls at nearly the same distance as when she embarked, and there they stayed as well. The water, too, was no more fresh and sweet, but had a salt and brackish taste. The sun was nearly overhead, and she was in an agony of apprehension before she saw the falls slide slowly back, and in one of a fresh succession of wonders, understanding nothing of it, she found herself, with a strange sucking heave under her, falling on the ebb-tide as before she had fallen on the mountain-current.

Gentle undulations of friendly hills seemed now to creep by; and through their openings she caught glimpses of cotton-fields. There was a wicked relish in her thoughts, as she pictured the dusky laborers at work there, and she gliding by unseen in the idle sunshine. She passed again between high banks of red earth, scored by land-slides, with springs oozing out half-way up, and now and then clad in a mantle of vivid growth and color, — a thicket of blossoming pomegranate darkening on a sunburst of creamy dogwood, or a wild fig-tree sending its roots down to drink, with a sweet-scented and gorgeous epiphyte weaving a flowery enchantment about them, and making the whole atmosphere reel with richness. But all this verdant beauty, the lush luxuriance of grape-vines, of dark myrtle-masses,

of swinging curtains of convolvuli almost brushing her head as she floated by, — nothing of this was new to Flor, nothing precious; she could have given all the beauty of earth and heaven for a crust of bread just then. She thought of the plantation with a dry sob, but would not turn her face. She could not move much, indeed, her position was so ticklish; hardy wretch as she was, she had already become faint and famished: she contrived, resting her arms on the crossbar, at last, to lay her head upon them; and thus lying, perpetually bathed by the soft, warm dip and rise of the water, the pain of hunger left her, and she saw the world waft by like a dream.

Slowly the evening began to fall. Flor marked the bright waters dim and put on a bloomy purple along which rosy and golden shadows wandered and mingled, stars looked timidly up from beneath her, and just over her shoulder, as if all the daylight left had gathered in that one little curved line, lay the suspicion of the tenderest new moon, like some boatman of the skies essaying to encourage her with his apparition as he floated lightly down the west. Flor paid heed to the spectacle in its splendid quiet but briefly; her eyes were fixed on a great trail of passion-flowers that blew out a gale of sweetness from their broad blue disks. She had reached that hanging branch, lavishly blossoming here on the wilderness, and had hung upon the tide beneath it for a while, till she found herself gently moving back again; and now she swung slightly to and fro, neither making nor losing headway, and, fond of such sensuous delights, half content to lie thus and do nothing but breathe the delicious odor stealing towards her, and resting in broad airy swaths, it seemed, upon the bosom of the stream around her. By-and-by, when the great blue star, that last night at the zenith seemed to suspend all the tented drapery of the sky, hung there large and lovely again, Flor, gazing up at it with a confused sense of passion-flowers in heaven, half woke to find herself sliding down stream

at last in earnest. Her brain was very light and giddy; all her powers of perception were momentarily heightened; she took notice of her seesawing upon the ebb and flow, and understood that washing up and down the shores, a mere piece of driftwood, life would long have left her ere she attained the river's mouth, if she were not stranded by the way. The branch of a cedar-tree came dallying by with that, brought down from above the falls; she half rose, and caught at it, and fell back, but she kept hold of it by just a twig, and, fatigued with the exertion, drowsed away awhile. Waking again, after a little, her fingers still fast upon it, she drew it over, fixed it upright as she could, and spread her petticoat about it at the risk of utter capsize. The soft sweet wind beat against the sail as happily as if it had been Cleopatra's weft of purple silk, and carried her on, while she lay back, one arm around her jury-mast, and half indifferently unconscious again. She had meant, on reaching the gunboats, — ah, inconceivable bliss! — to win her way with her feet; with willowy graces and eloquent pantomime, to have danced along the deck and into favor trippingly: now, if she should have strength enough left to fall on her knees, it would be strange. She clung to the crossbar in a little while from blind habit; the rest of her body seemed light and powerless. She was neither asleep nor awake now, suffering nothing save occasionally a wild flutter of hope which was joy and anguish together; but all things began mingling in her mind in a species of delirium while she gave them attention, afterwards slid by blank of all meaning but beauty. The lofty cypresses on the edge above loomed into obelisks, and stood like shafts of ebony against a glow of sunrise that stirred down deep in the night; dew-clouds, it seemed, hung on them, and lifted and lowered when their veils of moss waved here and there; the glittering laurel-leaves shivered in a network of light and shade like imprisoned spirits troubling to be free; but where the great magnolias stood were massed

the white wings of angels fanning forth fragrances untold and heavenly, and one by one slowly revealing themselves in the dawn of another day. It seemed as if great and awful spirits must be leading this little being into light and freedom.

So the river lapsed along, and the sun blazed, and a torture of thirst came and went as it had come and gone before; and sometimes swiftly, sometimes slowly, the veering winds and the pendulous tides carried the wreck and its burden along. Flor had planned, before she started, that all her progress should be made by night; by day she would haul up among the tall rushes or under the lee of some stump or rock, and so escape strange sail and spying eyes. But there had been no need of this, for no other boat had passed up or down the river since she sailed. If there had, she could no more have feared it. She stole by a high deserted garden, the paling broken half away. A tardy almond-tree was stirring its tower of bloom in the sunshine up there; oranges were reddening on an overhanging bough, whose wreaths of snowy sweetness made the air a passionate delight; a luscious fruit dropped, with all its royal gloss, into the river beside her, and she could not put out a hand to catch it. She saw now all that passed, but no longer with any afterthoughts of reference to herself; so sights might slip across the retina of a dead man's eye; her identity seemed fading from her, as from some substance on the point of dissolution into the wide universe. She felt like one who, under an æsthetic influence, seems to himself careering through mid-air, conscious only of motion and vanishing forms. Cultured uplands and thick woods peopled with melodies all stole by, mere picture; the long snake of the river crept through green meadowy shores haunted by the cluck and clutter of the marsh-hen; from a bluff of the bank broke a blaze of fire and a yelping roar, and something slapped and skipped along the water, — a ball from a Rebel battery to bring the strange craft to, — others

followed and danced like demons through the hissing tide that rocked under her and plunged up and down, tilting and turning and half drowning the wreck. Flor looked at them all with wide eyes, at the battery and at the bluff, and went by without any more sensation than that dazed quiet in which, at the time, she would have gone down to death with the soft waters laying their warm weight on her head, not even thanking Fortune that in giving her a slippery plank gave her something to elude either canister or catapult. Occasionally she felt a pain, a strange parched pain; it burned awhile, and left her once more oblivious. She slept a little, by fits and starts; sometimes the very stillness stirred her. She listened and heard the turtle plumping down into the stream, now and then the little fishes leaping and plashing, the eels slipping in and out among the reeds and sedges at the side; far away in the broad marshes, that, bathed in dim vapor, now lay all about her, the cry of a bittern boomed; she saw a pair of herons flapping inland over the gray swell of the water; there were some great purple phantoms, darkly imagined monsters, looming near at hand: — all the phantasmagoria drifted by, — and then, caught in the currents playing forever by noon or night round the low edges of sand-bars and islets, she was sweeping out to sea like chaff.

The sun was going down, a mere redness in the curdling fleecy haze; the weltering seas rose and fell in broad sheets of burnished silver, the monotone of their music followed them, a cool salt wind blew over them and

freshened them for storm. Flor rose on her arm and looked back, — the breeze roused her; pain and fear and hope rose with her and looked back too. Eager, feverish, fierce, recollecting and desiring and imprecating, her dry lips parted for a shriek that the dryer throat had at first no power to utter. In such wild longing pangs it seemed her heart would burst as it beat. The low land, the great gunboats, all were receding, and she was washing out to sea, a weed. — Well, then, wash!

The stem of the boat rose lightly, riding over the rollers; the sturdy arms kept flashing stroke; the great gulfs gaped for a life, no matter whose; night would darken down on them soon; — pull with a will!

They heard her voice as they drew near: she had found it again, singing, as the swan sings his death-song, loud and clear, — singing to herself some song of her old happy dancing-days, while the spray powdered over her and one broad wave lifted and tossed her on to the next, — no note of sorrow in the song, and no regret.

It was but brief delay beside her; then they pulled back, the wind piping behind them, — nearer to that purple cloud with its black plume of smoke, up the side and over; all the white faces crowding round her, pallid blots; one dark face smiling on her like Sarp's; friendship and succor everywhere about her; and over her, blowing out broadly upon the stormy wind, that flag whose starry shadow nowhere shelters a slave.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SUMMER, 1865.

DEAD is the roll of the drums,
And the distant thunders die,
They fade in the far-off sky;
And a lovely summer comes,
Like the smile of Him on high.

Lulled the storm and the onset.
Earth lies in a sunny swoon;
Stillter splendor of noon,
Softer glory of sunset,
Milder starlight and moon!

For the kindly Seasons love us;
They smile over trench and clod,
(Where we left the bravest of us,)—
There's a brighter green of the sod,
And a holier calm above us
In the blessed Blue of God.

The roar and ravage were vain;
And Nature, that never yields,
Is busy with sun and rain
At her old sweet work again
On the lonely battle-fields.

How the tall white daisies grow
Where the grim artillery rolled!
(Was it only a moon ago?
It seems a century old,)—

And the bee hums in the clover,
As the pleasant June comes on;
Aye, the wars are all over,—
But our good Father is gone.

There was tumbling of traitor fort,
Flaming of traitor fleet,—
Lighting of city and port,
Clasping in square and street.

There was thunder of mine and gun,
Cheering by mast and tent,—
When—his dread work all done,
And his high fame full won—
Died the Good President.

In his quiet chair he sate,
Pure of malice or guile,
Stainless of fear or hate,—
And there played a pleasant smile

On the rough and careworn face ;
For his heart was all the while
On means of mercy and grace.

The brave old Flag drooped o'er him,
(A fold in the hard hand lay,) —
He looked, perchance, on the play, —
But the scene was a shadow before him,
For his thoughts were far away.

'T was but the morn, (yon fearful
Death-shade, gloomy and vast,
Lifting slowly at last,)
His household heard him say,
" 'T is long since I've been so cheerful,
So light of heart as to-day."

'T was dying, the long dread clang, —
But, or ever the blessed ray
Of peace could brighten to-day,
Murder stood by the way, —
Treason struck home his fang !
One throb — and, without a pang,
That pure soul passed away.

Idle, in this our blindness,
To marvel we cannot see
Wherefore such things should be,
Or to question Infinite Kindness
Of this or of that Decree,

Or to fear lest Nature bungle,
That in certain ways she errs :
The cobra in the jungle,
The crotalus in the sod,
Evil and good are hers ; —
Murderers and torturers !
Ye, too, were made by God.

All slowly heaven is nighing,
Needs that offence must come ;
Ever the Old Wrong dying
Will sting, in the death-coil lying,
And hiss till its fork be dumb.

But dare deny no further,
Black-hearted, brazen-cheeked !
Ye on whose lips yon murder
These fifty moons hath reeked, —

From the wretched scenic dunce,
Long a-hungred to rouse
A Nation's heart for the nonce, —
(Hugging his hell, so that once
He might yet bring down the house !) —

From the commons, gross and simple,
Of a blind and bloody land,
 (Long fed on venomous lies!)—
To the horrid heart and hand
 That sumless murder dyes,—
The hand that drew the wimple
 Over those cruel eyes.

Pass on,—your deeds are done,
Forever sets your sun;
 Vainly ye lived or died,
'Gainst Freedom and the Laws,—
And your memory and your cause
 Shall haunt o'er the trophied tide

Like some Pirate Caravel floating
Dreadful, adrift—whose crew
From her yard-arms dangle rotting,—
 The old Horror of the blue.

Avoid ye,—let the morrow
Sentence or mercy see.
Pass to your place: our sorrow
Is all too dark to borrow
 One shade from such as ye.

But if one, with merciful eyes,
From the forgiving skies
 Looks, 'mid our gloom, to see
Yonder where Murder lies,
Stripped of the woman guise,
 And waiting the doom,—'t is he.

Kindly Spirit!—Ah, when did treason
Bid such a generous nature cease,
Mild by temper and strong by reason,
 But ever leaning to love and peace?

A head how sober! a heart how spacious!
A manner equal with high or low;
Rough, but gentle; uncouth, but gracious;
 And still inclining to lips of woe.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,
Grieved when rigid for justice' sake;
Given to jest, yet ever in earnest,
 If aught of right or truth were at stake.

Simple of heart, yet shrewd therewith;
Slow to resolve, but firm to hold;
Still with parable and with myth
 Seasoning truth, like Them of old;
Aptest humor and quaintest pith!
 (Still we smile o'er the tales he told.)

And if, sometimes, in saddest stress,
 That mind, over-meshed by fate,
 (Ringed round with treason and hate,
 And guiding the State by guess.)
 Could doubt and could hesitate,—
 Who, alas! had done less
 In the world's most deadly strait?

But how true to the Common Cause!
 Of his task how unwearied!
 How hard he worked, how good he was,
 How kindly and cheery!

How, while it marked redouble
 The howls and hisses and sneers,
 That great heart bore our trouble
 Through all these terrible years,—

And, cooling passion with state,
 And ever counting the cost,
 Kept the Twin World-Robbers in wait
 Till the time for their clutch was lost!

How much he cared for the State,
 How little for praise or pelf!
 A man too simply great
 To scheme for his proper self.

But in mirth that strong heart rested
 From its strife with the false and violent,—
 A jester!—So Henry jested,
 So jested William the Silent.

Orange, shocking the dull
 With careless conceit and quip,
 Yet holding the dumb heart full
 With Holland's life on his lip!*

Navarre, bonhomme and pleasant,
 Pitying the poor man's lot,
 Wishing that every peasant
 A chicken had in his pot;

Feeding the stubborn bourgeois,
 Though Paris still held out;
 Holding the League in awe,
 But jolly with all about.

* "His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which in moderation were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry; and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity he was far from feeling; so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent. He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows with a smiling face."—Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

Perhaps a lively national sense of humor is one of the surest exponents of advanced civilization. Certainly a grim sullenness and fierceness have been the leading traits of the Rebellion for Slavery; while Freedom, like a Brave at the stake, has gone through her long agony with a smile and a jest ever on her lips.

Out of an o'erflowed fulness
Those deep hearts seemed too light,—
(And so 't was, murder's dulness
Was set with sullener spite.)

Yet whoso might pierce the guise
Of mirth in the man we mourn
Would mark, and with grieved surprise,
All the great soul had borne,
In the piteous lines, and the kind, sad eyes
So dreadfully wearied and worn.

And we trusted (the last dread page
Once turned of our Doomsday Scroll)
To have seen him, sunny of soul,
In a cheery, grand old age.

But, Father, 't is well with thee!
And since ever, when God draws nigh,
Some grief for the good must be,
'T was well, even so to die,—

'Mid the thunder of Treason's fall,
The yielding of haughty town,
The crashing of cruel wall,
The trembling of tyrant crown!

The ringing of hearth and pavement
To the clash of falling chains,—
The centuries of enslavement
Dead, with their blood-bought gains!

And through trouble weary and long
Well hadst thou seen the way,
Leaving the State so strong
It did not reel for a day;

And even in death couldst give
A token for Freedom's strife,—
A proof how republics live,
And not by a single life,

But the Right Divine of man,
And the many, trained to be free,—
And none, since the world began,
Ever was mourned like thee.

Dost thou feel it, O noble Heart!
(So grieved and so wronged below,
From the rest wherein thou art?
Do they see it, those patient eyes?
Is there heed in the happy skies
For tokens of world-wide woe?

The Land's great lamentations,
The mighty mourning of cannon,
The myriad flags half-mast, —
The late remorse of the nations,
Grief from Volga to Shannon!
(Now they know thee at last.)

How, from gray Niagara's shore
To Canaveral's surfy shoal, —
From the rough Atlantic roar
To the long Pacific roll, —
For bereavement and for dole,
Every cottage wears its weed,
White as thine own pure soul,
And black as the traitor deed!

How, under a nation's pall,
The dust so dear in our sight
To its home on the prairie passed, —
The leagues of funeral,
The myriads, morn and night,
Pressing to look their last!

Nor alone the State's Eclipse;
But how tears in hard eyes gather, —
And on rough and bearded lips,
Of the regiments and the ships, —
"Oh, our dear Father!"

And methinks of all the million
That looked on the dark dead face,
'Neath its sable-plumed pavilion,
The crone of a humbler race
Is saddest of all to think on,
And the old swart lips that said,
Sobbing, "Abraham Lincoln!
Oh, he is dead, he is dead!"

Hush! let our heavy souls
To-day be glad; for agen
The stormy music swells and rolls
Stirring the hearts of men.

And under the Nation's Dome,
They've guarded so well and long,
Our boys come marching home,
Two hundred thousand strong.

All in the pleasant month of May,
With war-worn colors and drums,
Still, through the livelong summer's day,
Regiment, regiment comes.

Like the tide, yesty and barmy,
That sets on a wild lee-shore,
Surge the ranks of an army
Never reviewed before!

Who shall look on the like agen,
Or see such host of the brave?
A mighty River of marching men
Rolls the Capital through,—
Rank on rank, and wave on wave,
Of bayonet-crested blue!

How the chargers neigh and champ,
(Their riders weary of camp,
With curvet and with caracole!—
The cavalry comes with thundrous tramp,
And the cannons heavily roll.

And ever, flowery and gay,
The Staff sweeps on in a spray
Of tossing forelocks and manes;
But each bridle-arm has a weed
Of funeral, black as the steed
That fiery Sheridan reins.

Grandest of mortal sights
The sun-browned ranks to view,—
The Colors ragg'd in a hundred fights,
And the dusty Frocks of Blue!

And all day, mile on mile,
With cheer, and waving, and smile,
The war-worn legions defile
Where the nation's noblest stand;
And the Great Lieutenant looks on,
With the Flower of a rescued Land,—
For the terrible work is done,
And the Good Fight is won
For God and for Fatherland.

So, from the fields they win,
Our men are marching home,
A million are marching home!
To the cannon's thundering din,
And banners on mast and dome,—
And the ships come sailing in
With all their ensigns dight,
As erst for a great sea-fight.

Let every color fly,
Every pennon flaunt in pride;
Wave, Starry Flag, on high!

Float in the sunny sky,
Stream o'er the stormy tide!
For every stripe of stainless hue,
And every star in the field of blue,
Ten thousand of the brave and true
Have laid them down and died.

And in all our pride to-day
We think, with a tender pain,
Of those so far away,
They will not come home again.

And our boys had fondly thought,
To-day, in marching by,
From the ground so dearly bought,
And the fields so bravely fought,
To have met their Father's eye.

But they may not see him in place,
Nor their ranks be seen of him;
We look for the well-known face,
And the splendor is strangely dim.

Perished?—who was it said
Our Leader had passed away?
Dead? Our President dead?—
He has not died for a day!

We mourn for a little breath,
Such as, late or soon, dust yields;
But the Dark Flower of Death
Blooms in the fadeless fields.

We looked on a cold, still brow:
But Lincoln could yet survive;
He never was more alive,
Never nearer than now.

For the pleasant season found him,
Guarded by faithful hands,
In the fairest of Summer Lands:
With his own brave Staff around him,
There our President stands.

There they are all at his side,
The noble hearts and true,
That did all men might do,—
Then slept, with their swords, and died.

Of little the storm has reft us
But the brave and kindly clay
('Tis but dust where Lander left us,
And but turf where Lyon lay).

There's Winthrop, true to the end,
And Ellsworth of long ago,
(First fair young head laid low!)
There's Baker, the brave old friend,
And Douglas, the friendly foe:

(Baker, that still stood up
When 't was death on either hand:
" 'T is a soldier's part to stoop,
But the Senator must stand.")

The heroes gather and form:—
There's Cameron, with his scars,
Sedgwick, of siege and storm,
And Mitchell, that joined his stars.

Winthrop, of sword and pen,
Wadsworth, with silver hair,
Mansfield, ruler of men,
And brave McPherson are there.

Birney, who led so long,
Abbott, born to command,
Elliott the bold, and Strong,
Who fell on the hard-fought strand.

Lytle, soldier and bard,
And the Ellets, sire and son,
Ransom, all grandly scarred,
And Redfield, no more on guard,
(But Alatoona is won!)

Reno, of pure desert,
Kearney, with heart of flame,
And Russell, that hid his hurt
Till the final death-bolt came.

Terrill, dead where he fought,
Wallace, that would not yield,
And Sumner, who vainly sought
A grave on the foughten field

(But died ere the end he saw,
With years and battles outworn).
There's Harmon of Kenesaw,
And Ulric Dahlgren, and Shaw,
That slept with his Hope Forlorn.

Bayard, that knew not fear,
(True as the knight of yore,)
And Putnam, and Paul Revere,
Worthy the names they bore.

Allen, who died for others,
Bryan, of gentle fame,
And the brave New-England brothers
That have left us Lowell's name.

Home, at last, from the wars, —
Stedman, the staunch and mild,
And Janeway, our hero-child,
Home, with his fifteen scars!

There's Porter, ever in front,
True son of a sea-king sire,
And Christian Foote, and Dupont
(Dupont, who led his ships
Rounding the first Ellipse
Of thunder and of fire).

There's Ward, with his brave death-wounds,
And Cummings, of spotless name,
And Smith, who hurtled his rounds
When deck and hatch were aflame;

Wainwright, steadfast and true,
Rodgers, of brave sea-blood,
And Craven, with ship and crew
Sunk in the salt sea flood.

And, a little later to part,
Our Captain, noble and dear —
(Did they deem thee, then, austere?
Drayton! — O pure and kindly heart!
Thine is the seaman's tear.)

All such, — and many another,
(Ah, list how long to name!)
That stood like brother by brother,
And died on the field of fame.

And around — (for there can cease
This earthly trouble) — they throng,
The friends that had passed in peace,
The foes that have seen their wrong.

(But, a little from the rest,
With sad eyes looking down,
And brows of softened frown,
With stern arms on the chest,
Are two, standing abreast, —
Stonewall and Old John Brown.)

But the stainless and the true,
These by their President stand,
To look on his last review,
Or march with the old command.

And lo, from a thousand fields,
From all the old battle-haunts,
A greater Army than Sherman wilds,
A grander Review than Grant's!

Gathered home from the grave,
Risen from sun and rain,—
Rescued from wind and wave,
Out of the stormy main,—
The Legions of our Brave
Are all in their lines again!

Many a stout Corps that went,
Full-ranked, from camp and tent,
And brought back a brigade;
Many a brave regiment,
That mustered only a squad.

The lost battalions,
That, when the fight went wrong,
Stood and died at their guns,—
The stormers steady and strong,

With their best blood that bought
Scarp, and ravelin, and wall,—
The companies that fought
Till a corporal's guard was all.

Many a valiant crew,
That passed in battle and wreck,—
Ah, so faithful and true!
They died on the bloody deck,
They sank in the soundless blue.

All the loyal and bold
That lay on a soldier's bier,—
The stretchers borne to the rear,
The hammocks lowered to the hold.

The shattered wreck we hurried,
In death-fight, from deck and port,—
The Blacks that Wagner buried,
That died in the Bloody Fort!

Comrades of camp and mess,
Left, as they lay, to die,
In the battle's sorest stress,
When the storm of fight swept by:
They lay in the Wilderness,—
Ah, where did they not lie?

In the tangled swamp they lay,
They lay so still on the sward!—

They rolled in the sick-bay,
Moaning their lives away;—
They flushed in the fevered ward.

They rotted in Libby yonder,
They starved in the foul stockade,—
Hearing afar the thunder
Of the Union cannonade!

But the old wounds all are healed,
And the dungeoned limbs are free,—
The Blue Frocks rise from the field,
The Blue Jackets out of the sea.

They've 'scaped from the torture-den,
They've broken the bloody sod,
They're all come to life agen!—
The Third of a Million men
That died for Thee and for God!

A tenderer green than May
The Eternal Season wears,—
The blue of our summer's day
Is dim and pallid to theirs,—
The Horror faded away,
And 't was heaven all unawares!

Tents on the Infinite Shore!
Flags in the azuline sky,
Sails on the seas once more!
To-day, in the heaven on high,
All under arms once more!

The troops are all in their lines,
The guidons flutter and play;
But every bayonet shines,
For all must march to-day.

What lofty pennons flaunt?
What mighty echoes haunt,
As of great guns, o'er the main?
Hark to the sound again!
The Congress is all-ataunt!
The Cumberland's manned again!

All the ships and their men
Are in line of battle to-day,—
All at quarters, as when
Their last roll thundered away,—
All at their guns, as then,
For the Fleet salutes to-day.

The armies have broken camp
On the vast and sunny plain,
The drums are rolling again;
With steady, measured tramp,
They're marching all again.

With alignment firm and solemn,
Once again they form
In mighty square and column,—
But never for charge and storm.

The Old Flag they died under
Floats above them on the shore,
And on the great ships yonder
The ensigns dip once more,—
And once again the thunder
Of the thirty guns and four!

In solid platoons of steel,
Under heaven's triumphal arch,
The long lines break and wheel;
And the word is, "Forward, march!"

The colors ripple o'erhead,
The drums roll up to the sky,
And with martial time and tread
The regiments all pass by,—
The ranks of our faithful Dead,
Meeting their President's eye.

With a soldier's quiet pride
They smile o'er the perished pain,
For their anguish was not vain,—
For thee, O Father, we died!
And we did not die in vain.

March on, your last brave mile!
Salute him, Star and Lace,
Form round him, rank and file,
And look on the kind, rough face;
But the quaint and homely smile
Has a glory and a grace
It never had known erewhile,—
Never, in time and space.

Close round him, hearts of pride!
Press near him, side by side,—
Our Father is not alone!
For the Holy Right ye died,
And Christ, the Crucified,
Waits to welcome his own.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Letters to Various Persons. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE prose of Thoreau is daily winning recognition as possessing some of the very highest qualities of thought and utterance, in a degree scarcely rivalled in contemporary literature. In spite of whim and frequent over-refining, and the entire omission of many important aspects of human life, these wondrous merits exercise their charm, and we value everything which lets us into the workshop of so rare a mind. These letters, most of which were addressed to a single confidential friend, give us Thoreau's thoughts in undress, and there has been no previous book in which we came so near him. It is like engraving the studies of an artist,—studies many of which were found too daring or difficult for final execution, and which must be shown in their original shape or not at all. To any one who was more artist than thinker this exhibition would be doing wrong; but to one like Thoreau, more thinker than artist, it is an act of justice.

The public, being always eager for the details of personal life, and therefore especially hungry for private letters, will hardly make this distinction. All is held to be right which gives us more personality in print. One can fancy the exasperation of a gossip, however, on opening these profound and philosophic leaves. There is almost no private history in them; and even of Thoreau's beloved science of Natural History, very little. He does, indeed, begin one letter with "Dear Mother, . . . Pray have you the seventeen-year locust in Concord?" which recalls Mendelssohn's birthday letter to his mother, opening with two bars of music. But even such mundane matters as these occur rarely in the book, which is chiefly made up of pure thought, and that of the highest and often of the most subtle quality.

Thoreau had, in literature as in life, a code of his own, which, if sometimes lax where others were stringent, was always stringent in higher matters, where others were lax. Even the friendship of Emerson could not coerce him into that careful elaboration which gives dignity and sometimes a certain artistic monotony to the works of our

great essayist. Emerson never wilfully leaves a point unguarded, never allows himself to be caught in undress. Thoreau spurns this punctiliousness, and thus impairs his average execution; while for the same reason he attains, in favored moments, a diction more flowing and a more lyric strain than his teacher ever allows himself, at least in prose. He also secures, through this daring, the occasional expression of more delicate as well as more fantastic thoughts. And there is an interesting passage in these letters where he rather unexpectedly recognizes the dignity of literary art as art, and states very finely its range of power. "To look at literature,—how many fine thoughts has every man had! how few fine thoughts are expressed! Yet we never have a fantasy so subtle and ethereal, but that *talent merely*, with more resolution and faithful persistency, after a thousand failures, might fix and engrave it in distinct and enduring words, and we should see that our dreams are the solidest facts that we know." The Italics are his own, and the glimpse at his literary method is very valuable.

One sees also, in these letters, how innate in him was that grand simplicity of spiritual attitude, compared with which most confessions of faith seem to show something hackneyed and second-hand. It seems the first resumption—unless here again we must link his name with Emerson's—of that great strain of thought of which Epictetus the slave and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus the sovereign were the last previous examples. Amid the general *Miserere*, here is one hymn of lofty cheer. There is neither weak conceit nor weak contrition, but gratitude for existence, and a sublime aim. "My actual life," he says, "is a fact in view of which I have no occasion to congratulate myself; but for my faith and aspiration I have respect. It is from these that I speak. Every man's position is, in fact, too simple to be described. . . . I am simply what I am, or I begin to be that. . . . I know that I am. I know that another is who knows more than I, who takes interest in me, whose creature, and yet whose kindred, in one sense, am I. I know that the enterprise is worthy. I know that things work well. I have heard no bad news." (p. 45.)

"Happy the man," he elsewhere nobly

says, "who observes the heavenly and the terrestrial law in just proportion; whose every faculty, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, obeys the law of its level; who neither stoops nor goes on tip-toe, but lives a balanced life, acceptable to Nature and to God." And then he manfully adds,—“These things I say; other things I do.” Manfully, not mournfully; for his life, though in many ways limited, was never, in any high sense, unsuccessful; nor did he ever assume for one moment the attitude of apology.

These limitations of his life no doubt impaired his thought also, in certain directions. The letters might sometimes exhibit the record of Carlyle's lion, attempting to live on chicken-weed. Here is a man of vast digestive power, who, prizing the flavor of whortleberries and wild apples, insists on making these almost his only food. It is amazing to see what nutriment he extracts from them; yet would not, after all, an ampler bill of fare have done better? Is there not something to be got from the caucus and from the opera, which Thoreau abhorred, as well as from the swamps which he justly loved? Could he not have spent two hours rationally in Boston elsewhere than at the station-house of the railway that led to Concord? His habits suggest a perpetual feeling of privation and effort, and he has to be constantly on the alert to repel condolence. This one-sidedness of result is a constant drawback on the reader's enjoyment, and it is impossible to leave it out of sight. Yet all criticism seems like cavilling, when one comes upon a series of sentences like these:—

“Do what you love. . . . Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story. Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the Celestial City, carry no letter of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God,—none of the servants. In what concerns you much, do not think that you have companions; know that you are alone in the world.” (p. 46.)

This suggests those wonderful strokes in the “Indenture” in “Wilhelm Meister,” and Goethe cannot surpass it.

His finest defence of his habitual solitude occurs in these letters also, and has some statements whose felicitousness can hardly be surpassed. “As for any dispute about

solitude and society, any comparison is impertinent. . . . It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar; and when we do soar, the company grows thinner and thinner, till there is none at all. It is either the tribune on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private ecstasy still higher up. We are not the less to aim at the summits, though the multitude does not ascend them. Use all the society that will abet you.” (p. 139.)

And since the unsocial character of Thoreau's theory of life has been one of the most serious charges against it, his fine series of thoughts on love and marriage in this volume become peculiarly interesting. “Love must be as much a light as a flame.” “Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.” “A man of fine perceptions is more truly feminine than a merely sentimental woman.” “It is not enough that we are truthful; we must cherish and carry out high purposes to be truthful about.” These are sentences on which one might spin commentaries and scholia to the end of life; and there are many others as admirable.

His few verses close the volume,—few and choice, with a rare flavor of the seventeenth century in them. The best poem of all, “My life is like a stroll upon the beach,” is not improved by its new and inadequate title, “The Fisher's Boy.” The three poems near the end, “Smoke,” “Mist,” and “Haze,” are marvellous triumphs of language; the thoughts and fancies are as subtle as the themes, and yet are embodied as delicately and accurately as if uttered in Greek.

France and England in North America. A Series of Historical Narratives. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of “History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac,” “Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life,” etc. Part First. Pioneers of France in the New World. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

It has been known for nearly a score of years within our literary circles, that one of the richest and least wrought themes of our American history had been appropriated by the zeal and research of a student eminently qualified by nature, culture, and personal experience to develop its wealth of interest. While very many among us may have been aware that Mr. Parkman had devoted him-

self to the task of which we have before us some of the results, only a narrower circle of friends have known under what severe physical embarrassments and disabilities he has been restrained from maturing those results. He has fully and sadly realized, within his own different range, the experience which he so aptly phrases as endured by his hero, the adventurous and dauntless Champlain. When that great pioneer, midway in his splendid career, was planning one of his almost annual voyages hitherward, at one of the most emergent periods of his enterprise, he was seized on board his vessel in France with a violent illness, and reduced, as Mr. Parkman says, to that "most miserable of all conflicts, the battle of the eager spirit against the treacherous and failing flesh." Mr. Parkman has known well what these words mean. In his case, as in that of Champlain, it was not from the burden of years and natural decay, but from the touch of disease in the period of life's full vigor in its midway course, that mental activity was restrained. When, besides the inflictions of a racked nervous system, the author suffered in addition a malady of the eyes, which limited him, as he says, to intervals of five minutes for reading or writing, when it did not wholly preclude them, we may well marvel at what he has accomplished. And the reader will marvel all the more that the hindrances and pains under which the matter of these pages has been wrought have left no traces or transfer of themselves here. It may be possible that an occasional twinge or pang may have concentrated the terse narrative, or pointed the sharp and shrewd moralizings of these pages; for there is an amazing conciseness and a keen epigrammatic sagacity in them. But there is no languor, no feebleness, no sleepy prosiness, to indicate where vivacity flagged, and where an episode or paragraph was finished after the glow had yielded to exhaustion.

Mr. Parkman's theme is one of adventure on the grandest scale, with novel conditions and elements, and under the quickening of master passions of a sort to give to incidents and achievements a most romantic and soul-absorbing interest. Only incidentally, and then most slightly, does he have to deal with state affairs, with court intrigues, or with diplomatic complications. He has to follow men into regions and scenes in which there is so much raw material, and so much of the originality of human conditions and qualities, that no precedents are of avail, and it is even

doubtful whether there are principles that have authority to guide or that may be safely recognized. Nor could he have treated his grand theme with that amazing facility and skill, which, as his work manifests them, will satisfy all his readers that the theme belongs to him and he to it, had not his native tastes, his training, and his actual experience brought him into a most intelligent sympathy with his subject-matter. Without being an adventurer, in the modern sense of the term, he has the spirit which filled the best old sense of the word. He has been a wide traveller and an explorer. Familiar by actual observation with the scenes through which he has to follow the track of the pioneers whom he chronicles, he has also acquainted himself by foot-journeys and canoe-navigation under Indian guides with scenes and regions still unspoiled of their wilderness features. He has crossed the Rocky Mountains by the war-path of the savages, and penetrated far beyond the borders of civilization in the direction of the northern ice on our continent. He is skilled in native woodcraft, in the phenomena of the forest and the lake, the winding river and the cataraet. He has watched the aspects of Nature through all the seasons in regions far away from the havoc and the finish of culture. He has been alone as a white man in the squalid lodges of the Indians, has lived after their manner up to the edge of the restraints which a civilized man must always take with him, and has consented to forego all that is meant by the word comfort, that he might learn actually what our transcendentalists and sentimentalists are so taken with theoretically. He knows the inner make and furnishings of the savage brain and heart, the qualities of their thought and passions, their superstitions, follies, and vices; and while he deals with them and their ways with the right spirit and consideration of a high-toned Christian man, he yields to no silly inventiveness of fancy or romance in portraying them. They are barely human, and they are hideous and revolting in his pages, as they are in real life. Mr. Parkman knows them for just what they are, and as they are. Helped by natural adaptation and sympathy to put himself into communication with them sufficiently to analyze their composition and to scan their range of being, he has presented such a portraiture and estimate of them as will be increasingly valuable while they are wasting away, to be known to future generations only by the record.

It is through Mr. Parkman's keen observation and discernment, as a traverser of wild regions and a student of aboriginal life and character, that his pages are made to abound with such vivid and vigorous delineations. He has great skill in description, whether on a grand scale or in the minutest details of adventure or of scenery. He can touch by a phrase, most delicately or massively, the outline and the features of what he would communicate. He can strip from field, river-bank, hill-top, and the partially cleared forests all the things and aspects which civilization has superinduced, and can restore to them their primitive, unsullied elements. He gives us the aroma of the wild woods, the tints of tree, shrub, and berry as the autumn paints them, the notes and screams and howls of the creatures which held these haunts before or with man; and though we were reading some of his pages on one of the hottest of our dog-days, we felt a grateful chill come over us as we were following his description of a Canadian winter.

Mr. Parkman's subject required, for its competent treatment, a vast amount of research and a judicious use of authorities in documents printed or still in manuscript. Happily, there is abundance of material, and that, for the most part, of prime value. The period which his theme covers, though primal in reference to the date of our own English beginnings here, opens within the era when pens and types were diligently employed to record all real occurrences, and when rival interests induced a multiplication of narratives of the same events, to the extent even of telling many important stories in two very different ways. The element of the marvellous and the superstitious is so intertwined with the documentary history and the personal narratives of the time, exaggeration and misrepresentation were then almost so consistent with honesty, that any one who essays to digest trustworthy history from them may be more embarrassed by the abundance than he would be by the paucity of his materials. Our author has spared no pains or expense in the gathering of plans, pamphlets, and solid volumes, in procuring copies of unpublished documents, and in consulting all the known sources of information. He discriminates with skill, and knows when to trust himself and to encourage his readers in relying upon them.

It has been with all these means for faithful and profitable work in his possession,

gathered around him in aggravating reminders of their unwrought wealth, and with a spirit of craving ardor to digest and reproduce them, that Mr. Parkman has been compelled to suffer the discipline of a form of invalidism which disables without destroying or even impairing the power and will for continuous intellectual employment. Brief intervals of relief and a recent period of promise and hopefulness of full restoration have been heroically devoted to the production of that instalment of his whole plan which we have in the volume before us.

That plan, as his first and comprehensive title indicates, covers a narration of the initiatory schemes and measures for the exploration and settlement of the New World by France and England. As France had the precedence in that enterprise, this first volume is fitly devoted to its rehearsal. The French story is also far more picturesque, more brilliant and sombre, too, in its details. There is more of the wild, the romantic, and the tragic in it. Mr. Parkman briefly, but strikingly, contrasts the spirit which animated the fortunes which befell the representatives of the two European nations,—the one of which has wrought the romance, the other of which has moulded the living development, of North America.

Under the specific title of this volume,—the "Pioneers of France in the New World,"—the author gives us historical narratives of stirring and even heroic enterprise in two localities at extreme points of our present territory: first, the story of the sadly abortive attempt made by the Huguenots to effect a settlement in Florida; and second, the adventures, undertakings, and discoveries of Champlain, his predecessors and associates, in and near Canada. The volume is touchingly dedicated to three near kinsmen of the author,—young men who in the glory and beauty of their youth, the joy and hope of parents who yielded the costly sacrifice, gave themselves to the deliverance of our country from the ruin plotted for it by a slave despotism.

Mr. Parkman mentions—allowing to it in his brief reference all the weight which it probably deserves—a vague tradition, which, had it been sustained by fact, would have introduced an entirely new element into the conditions involved in the rival claims to the right of colonizing and possessing America, as practically contested by European nations. The Pope's Bull which deeded the whole continent to Spain, as if it were

a farm, reinforced the claim already conventionally yielded to her through right of discovery. For anything, however, to the knowledge of which Columbus came before his death, or even his immediate successors before their death, all the parts of America which he saw or knew might have been insulated spaces, like those in which he actually set up Spanish authority. What might have been the issue for this continent, or rather for the spaces which it covers, had it been really divided by the high seas into three immense islands like Australasia, so that Spain, France, and England might have made an amicable division between them, would afford curious matter for speculation. The tradition referred to is, that the continent had been actually discovered by a Frenchman four years before the first voyage of Columbus hitherward. A vessel from Dieppe, while at sea off the coast of Africa, was said to have been blown to sight of land across the ocean on our shores. A mariner, Pinzon, who was on board of her, being afterwards discharged from French service in disgrace, joined himself to Columbus, and was with him when he made his great discovery. It may have been so. But the story, slenderly rooted in itself, has no support. Spain was the claimant, and, so far as the bold and repeated attempt of the Huguenots to contest her claims in Florida was thwarted by a diabolical, yet not unavenged ruthlessness of resistance, Spain made good her asserted right.

Mr. Parkman sketches rapidly some preliminary details relating to Huguenot colonization in Brazil and early Spanish adventures. The zeal of the French Huguenots had anticipated that of the English Puritans in seeking a Transatlantic field for its development. A philosophical historian might find an engaging theme, in tracing to diversities of national character, to the aims which stirred in human spirits, and to fickle circumstances of date or place, the contrasted issues of failure and success in the different enterprises. To human sight or foresight, the Huguenots had the more hopeful omens at the start. But religious zeal and avarice, combined in a way most cunningly adapted to contravene, if that were possible, the Saviour's profound warning, "No man can serve two masters," were, after all, only combined in a way to bring them into the most shameful conflict. The Huguenot at the South shared with the Spaniard the lust for gold; and the back-

ers alike of Roman and Protestant zeal in Canada divided their interest between the souls of the Indians and the furs and skins of wild animals.

The heroic and the chivalric elements in the spirit and prowess of these early adventurers give a charm even to the narratives which reveal to us their fearful sufferings and their atrocities. Physically and morally they must have been endowed unlike those who now hoe fields, make shoes, and watch the wheels of our thrifty mechanisms. Avarice and zeal, the latter being sometimes substituted by a daring passion for the romantic, nerved men, and women too, to undertakings and endurances which shame our enfeebled ways. The partners in these enterprises were never homogeneous in character, as were eminently the Colonists of New England. They were of most mixed and discordant materials. Prisons were ransacked for convicts and desperadoes; humble artisans and peasants were accepted as laborers; roving mariners, whose only sure port of rest would be in the abyss, were bribed for transient service, the condition always exacted being that they must be ready for the nonce to turn landsmen for fighting in swamp or bush. These, with a sprinkling of young and impoverished nobles, and one or two really towering and master spirits, in whom either of the two leading passions was the spur, and who could win through court patronage a patent or a commission, made in every case, either South or North, the staple material of French adventure.

After a graphic sketch of the line of Spanish notables in the New World,—of Ponce de Leon, of Garay, Ayllon, De Narvaez, and De Soto,—Mr. Parkman concisely reviews the successive attempts at a settlement in Florida by Frenchmen. His central figures here are Admiral De Coligny and his agents, Villegagnon, Ribaut, and Laudonnière. They had no fixed policy towards the Indians, and they followed the worst possible course with them. They wholly neglected tillage, and so were in constant peril of starvation. They were lawless and disorderly in their fellowship, and were always at the mercy of conspirators among themselves.

Beginning about the year 1550, and embracing the quarter of a century following, there transpired on the coast of Florida a series of acts of mingled heroism and barbarity not easily paralleled in any chapter of the world's history. Menendez, under his commission as Adelantado, having effected

the first European settlement in North America at St. Augustine, and the French having established a river fort named Caroline, the struggle which could not long have been deferred was invited. We have here a double narrative. While the French commander, Ribaut, is shipwrecked in an enterprise by sea against St. Augustine, Menendez, by land, after a most harassing tramp through forest and swamp, successfully assaults Fort Caroline. Though he has pledged his honor to spare those who surrendered to his mercy, he foully breaks his pledge, as no faith was to be kept with heretics. A brutal massacre, which shocked even his Indian allies, signalized his victory. An inscription on the trees under which he slaughtered his victims announced that vengeance was wreaked on them, "not as Frenchmen, but as heretics."

These atrocities were in their turn avenged, after a similar fashion and in the same spirit, by Dominique de Gourgues. It is doubtful whether he was a Huguenot; but he felt, as the French monarch and court did not, the rankling disgrace of this bloody catastrophe. An intense hater of the Spaniards, he gave his whole spirit of chivalry and prowess, in the approved fashion of the age, to avenge the insult to France. Providing himself with three small vessels, navigable by sail or oar, he gathered a fit company for his enterprise; but not till well on his way did he reveal to them his real purpose, in which they proved willing coadjutors. He found the Spaniards at their forts had alienated the Indians, who readily leagued with him. By a bold combination and a fierce onslaught he carries the Spanish works, and retaliates on his fiendish and now cowering prisoners by hanging them, "not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers, and murderers." De Gourgues came to do this, not to make another attempt for a permanent settlement in the interest of France. He therefore destroyed the forts, and with a friendly parting from his red allies, much to their sorrow, returned home. Thus closes one episode in the world's tragic history.

Turning now towards the North, Mr. Parkman takes a comprehensive review of the hazy period of history covered by traditions and imperfect records, with vague relations of adventure by Normans, Basques, and Bretons, on fishing expeditions to Newfoundland and the main coast. These were followed by three exploring enterprises and partial settlements, between 1506 and 1518.

Verrazzano, with four ships, coasted along our shores, and was for fifteen days the guest of some friendly Indians at Newport, the centre of our modern fashionable summer-life. Jaques Cartier made two voyages in 1534-5, gave the name of St. Lawrence to the river, and visited the sites of Quebec and Montreal. A third voyage was planned for 1541, to be followed by a reinforcement by J. F. de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval. Its arrival being delayed, the famished settlers, wasted by the scurvy, and dreading another horrid winter of untold sufferings, returned home. Roberval renewed the occupancy of Quebec, and then there is a chasm and a broken story.

La Roche, in 1598, left forty convicts, adventurers in his crew, on Sable Island, merely for a temporary sojourn while he should coast on. Being blown back to France in his vessel, these forlorn exiles were left for five years on that dreary waste, and only twelve survivors then remained to be rescued. Some wild cattle that had propagated from predecessors left by luckless wanderers on a previous voyage, or which had swum ashore from a wreck, had furnished them a partial supply. Pontgravé and Chauvin attempted a settlement at Tadoussac, the dismal wilderness at the mouth of the Saguenay, thenceforward the rendezvous of European and Indian traders. All these were preliminary anticipations of the real occupancy of New France. Champlain, Poutrincourt, and Lescarbot, in 1607, established at Port Royal the first agricultural colony in the New World. Then began that series of futile and vexatious dealings on the part of the French court, in granting and withdrawing monopolies, conflicting commissions and patents, with confused purposes of feudalism and restricted privilege, which embarrassed all effective progress, and visited chagrin and disappointment on every devoted adventurer.

The great picture on Mr. Parkman's canvas is Champlain. That really noble-souled, heroic, and marvellous man, whom our author appreciates, yet with sagacious discrimination presents to the life, is a splendid subject for his admirable rehearsal. At the age of thirty-three he becomes the most conspicuous, and, on the whole, the most intelligent, agent of the French interest in these parts of the world. Dying at Quebec at the age of sixty-eight, and after twenty-seven years of service to the colony, he had probably drawn his life through more and a

greater variety of perils than have ever been encountered by man. He was dauntless and all-enduring, fruitful in resource, self-controlled and persevering, and, though not wiser than his age, purer and more true. He was as lithesome as an Indian, and could outdo him in some physical efforts and endurance. His almost yearly voyages between France and Quebec led him through strange contrasts of court and wilderness life; but he was the same man in both. His discovery of the lake which bears his name, his journey to Lake Huron, under the lure of the impostor Vignau, encouraging his own dream of a passage through the continent to India, and his many tramps for Indian warfare or discovery, are most attractive episodes for our author.

Mr. Parkman relates incidentally the massacre in Frenchman's Bay, the efforts and cross purposes of the Récollets and the Jesuit missionaries, and furnishes a vivid sketch of the fortunes of the settlement under threatened assaults from Indians and in a temporary surrender to the English. He intimates the matter which he has yet in store. May we enjoy the coveted pleasure of reading it!

Hesperus, or Forty-Five Dog-Post-Days. A Biography. From the German of J. P. Fr. Richter. Translated by CHARLES T. BROOKS. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THIS romance, the first work of Jean Paul's which won the attention of his countrymen, is called "*Hesperus*," apparently for no reason more definite than that the heroine, like a fair evening-star, beams over the fortunes of the other personages, and becomes at length the morning-star of one. The supplementary title of "*Forty-Five Dog-Post-Days*" is a quaint subdivision of the volumes into as many chapters, each of which is a "*Dog-Post-Day*," because it purports to be dispatched in a bottle round a dog's neck to an island within the whimsical geography which the author loved to construct, and in which he pretended to dwell. Truly, the ordinary *terra-firma* was of little consequence for home-keeping purposes to Jean Paul, as the reader will doubtless confess before he has proceeded far through the maze of Extra Leaves, Intercalary Days, Extra Lines, Extra Shoots, and Extorted Anticritique. And the divisions which are busied with the story, instead of carrying it forward,

stray with it in all directions, like a genuine summer vagabond to whom direct travel is a crime against the season. Many charming things are gathered by the way; but if the reader is in haste to arrive, or thinks it would not be amiss at least to put up somewhere, his patience will be severely tried. We do not recommend the volumes for railway-reading, nor to clergymen for the entertainment of sewing-bees, nor to the devourer of novels, in whose life the fiction that must be read at one sitting forms an epoch. It is a good *vade-mecum* for a voyage round either Cape; its digressive character suits the listless mood of the sea-goer, and he can drop, we will not say the thread, but the entanglement, in whatever watch he pleases.

Let no one expect the critic to sketch the plot of this romance. It is a grouping of motives and temperaments under the names of men and women, concerning whom many subtle things are said and hinted; and they are pushed into and out of complicated situations, by stress of brilliant authorship, without lifting their fingers. There is no necessary development nor movement: the people are like the bits of glass which shake into the surprising patterns of the kaleidoscope. The relation of the parties to each other is a great mystification, bunglingly managed: we cannot understand at last how Victor, the hero of the chief love-passage, turns out to be the son of a clergyman instead of a lord, and Flamin the son of a lord in spite of the plain declaration on the first page that he belongs to a clergyman. No key-notes of expectation and surmise are struck; the reader is as blind as the old lord who is Victor's reputed father, and not a glimmer of light reaches him till suddenly and causelessly he is dazed. The author has emphasized his sentiments, but has not shaded and brought out the features of his story. It is plain, that, when he began to write, not the faintest notion of a *dénouement* had dawned upon his fancy. The best-defined action in the book results from Flamin's ignorance that he is Clotilde's brother, for he is thus jealous of his friend Victor's love for her. How break off Flamin's love for his unknown sister? How rescue Victor from his self-imposed delicacy and win for him a bride? This is the substance of the story, hampered by wild, spasmodic interpolations and intrigues and didactic explanations.

The reader must also become inured, by a course of physical training, to resist the fiery onslaughts of a sentimentality which

was the first ferment of Jean Paul's sincere and huge imagination. See, for instance, Vol. II. p. 229. And we cannot too much admire the tact which Mr. Brooks has brought to the decanting of these seething passages into tolerable vernacular limits. Sometimes, indeed, he misses a help which he might have procured for the reader, to lift him, with less danger of dislocation, to these pinnacles of passion, by transferring more of the elevated idiom of the style: for, in some of the complicated paragraphs, a too English rendering of the clauses gives the sentiment a dowdy and prosaic air. We should not object to an occasional inversion of the order, even where Jean Paul himself is more direct than usual; for this always appeared to us to lend a racy German flavor to the page. No doubt Jean Paul needs, first of all, to be made comprehensible; but if his style is too persistently Anglicized, many places will be reached where the sense itself must suffer for want of the picturesqueness of the German idiom. The quaintness will grow flat, the color of the sentiment will almost disappear, the rich paragraphs will run thinly clad, disenchanting like Cinderella at midnight. Some of Mr. Carlyle's translations from the German are invigorated by this Teutonicizing of the English, and by the sincerity of phrases transferred directly as they first came molten from the pen. This may be pushed to the point of affectation; but judiciously used, it is suited to Jean Paul's fervor and abandonment.

There is also a rhythm in his exalted moments, a delicate and noble swing of the clauses, not easy to transfer: as in the Eighth Dog-Post-Day, the paragraph commencing, "Wehe gröszere Wellen auf mich zu, Morgenluft!" "Thou morning-air, break over me in greater waves! Bathe me in thy vast billows which roll above our woods and meadows, and bear me in blossom clouds past radiant gardens and glimmering streams, and let me die gently floating above the earth, rocked amid flying flowers and butterflies, and dissolving with outspread arms beneath the sun; while all my veins fall blended into red morning-flakes down to the flowers," etc. But this may appear finical to Mr. Brooks. We certainly do not press it critically against his great and general success. Such a paragraph as, for instance, the closing one upon page 340 of Vol. II. is very trying to the resources of the translator. Here Mr. Brooks has sacrificed to literalness an opportunity to sort the confused clauses and stop their jos-

ting: this may be done without diluting the sentiment, and is within the translator's liberty.

It always seemed to us that the finest part of "Hesperus," and one of the finest passages of German literature, is contained in the Ninth Dog-Post-Day and some pages of the Tenth. The Ninth, in particular, which is a perfect idyl, describes Victor's walk to Kussewitz: all the landscape is made to share and symbolize his rapture: the people in the fields, the framework of an unfinished house, the two-wheeled hut of the shepherd, are not only well painted, but turned most naturally to the help of interpreting his feeling. The chapter has also a direct and unembarrassed movement, which is rare in this romance. And it is beautifully translated.

The reader must understand that Victor is called by various names; so that, if he merely dips into the book, as we suspect he will until his sympathy is enlisted by some fine thought, his ignorance will increase the frantic and dishevelled state of the story. Victor is Horion, Sebastian, and Bastian; a susceptible youth, profoundly affected by the presence of noble or handsome women, and brought into situations that test his delicacy. He smuggles a declaration of love into a watch which he sells, in the disguise of an Italian merchant, to the Princess Agnola, on occasion of her first reception at the court of her husband. He is ashamed of this after he begins to know Clotilde, who is one of Jean Paul's pure and noble women; and he is at one time full of dread lest the Princess had read his watch-paper, and at another full of pique at the suspicion that she had not. Being court-physician and oculist, he has frequent opportunities to visit Agnola, and there is one rather florid occasion which the midnight cry of the street-watchman interrupts. But all this time, the inflammable Victor was indulging a kind of tenderness for Joachime, maid-of-honor and attractive female. As the love for Clotilde deepens, he must destroy these partialities for Agnola and Joachime. This is no easy matter; what with the watch-paper and various emphatic passages of something more than friendship, the true love does not at once stand forth, that he may find "the partition-wall between love and friendship with women to be very visible and very thick." But one day the accursed watch-paper flutters into Joachime's hand, who at once takes it for a declaration of love to herself, and beams with appropriate tenderness. Victor, seized with sudden

coldness and resolution, confesses all to Joachime; and the story, released from its feminine embarrassments, would soon reach a honeymoon, if it were not for the difficulty of deciding the parentage and relationship of the various characters. A wise child knows its own father; but no endowment of wisdom in the reader will harmonize the genealogy of this romance. A birth-mark of a Stettin apple, which is visible only in autumn when that fruit is ripening, plays the part of Box's strawberry in the farce, and with as much perspicuity.

However, the characters are all respectably connected at last, and the reader does not care to understand how they were ever disconnected: for Lord Horion's motive in putting the children of the old Prince out of the way, and keeping up such an expensive mystification, can be justified only by an interesting plot. But American readers have learned by this time, much to their credit, not to apply to Jean Paul for the sensation of a cunningly woven narrative, like that of the English school, which furnishes verisimilitude to real life that is quite as improbable, though less glaringly so, than his departures from it. "*Hesperus*" is filled with pure and noble thought. The different types of female character are particularly well-defined; and if Jean Paul sometimes affects to say cynical things of women, he cannot veil his passionate regard for them, nor his profound appreciation of the elements of their influence in forming true society and refining the hearts of men. Notice the delicacy of the "Extra Leaf on Houses full of Daughters." It is chiefly with the women of his romances that Jean Paul succeeds in depicting individuals. And when we recollect the corrupt and decaying generation out of which his genius sprang, like a newly created species, to give a salutary shock to Gallic tastes, and lend a sturdy country vigor to the new literature, we reverence his faithfulness, his incorruptible humanity, his contempt for petty courts and faded manners, his passion for Nature, and his love of God. All these characteristics are so broadly printed upon his pages that the obsolescence of the narrative does not hide them.

In view of a second edition, we refer to Mr. Brooks's consideration a few places, with wonder at his general accuracy in the translation of obscure passages and the explanation of allusions.

Vol. I. page 22. *Sakeph-Katon* (Zaqueph Qaton) is an occasional pause-accent of the Hebrew, having the sense of "elevator minor," and is peculiar to prose.

Page 68. The famous African Prince Le Boo deserves a note.

Page 111. *Ripieno* is an Italian musical term, meaning that which accompanies and strengthens.

Page 114. *Grünzwildpret* does not mean "frontier wild-game," but game that, straying out of one precinct into another, gets captured: stray game, or impounded waif.

Page 139. The note gives the sense, but the corresponding passage in the text would stand clearer thus: "not a noble heart, by any means; for such things Le Baut's golden key, though bored like a cannon, could fasten rather."

Page 179. A note required: the passage of Shakspeare is, "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V., Scene 2:—

"His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted
The little O, the earth."

Territory of an old lady should be "prayer of an old lady." *Gebet*, not *Gebiet*.

Page 209. *Eirunde Loch* would be better represented by its anatomical equivalent, *foramen ovale*. It should be closed before birth; in the rare cases where it is left open after birth, the child lives half asphyxiated.

Page 224, note. *Semperfreie* is not from the Latin, but comes from *sendbarfreie*, that is, eligible, free to be sent or elected to offices, and consequently, immediately subject to the *Reich*, or Holy Roman Empire.

Page 235. An *Odometer* is an apparatus for measuring distances travelled by whatsoever vehicle.

Page 275. *Incunabula* means specimens of the first printed edition of a work; also the first impressions of the first edition, the firstlings of old editions.

Page 317. *Wackelfiguren* means figures made of *Wacke*, a greenish-gray mineral, soft and easily broken.

Page 322. The note is equivocal, since the phrase is used by fast women who keep some one in their pay.

Vol. II., page 122. *Columbine* is not equivalent to ballet-dancer; it is the old historical personage of the pantomime, confederate and lover of Harlequin, who protects her from false love.

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WHY THE PUTKAMMER CASTLE WAS DESTROYED.

THERE is a test of truth in popular creeds and in human opinions generally which is prominently put forward by Herbert Spencer, and has been more or less distinctly stated by other writers, long before our time,—a very searching and trustworthy test.

It is, in substance, this:—Whatever doctrine or opinion has received, throughout a long succession of centuries, the common assent of mankind, may be properly set down as being, if not absolutely true in its usually received form, yet founded on truth, and having, at least, a great, undeniable verity that underlies it.

If, however, there be conflicting details as to any doctrine, varying in form according to the sect or the nation that entertains it, then the test is to be received as affirming the grand underlying truth, but not as proving any of the conflicting varieties of investment in which particular sects or nations may have chosen to clothe it.

Thus of the world's belief in the reality of another life, and in the doctrine of future reward and punishment.

In some form or other, such a faith has existed in every age and among almost every people. Charon and his boat might be the means of conveyance. Or the believer, dying in battle for the creed of the Faithful, might expect to wake up in a celestial harem peopled with Houris. Or the belief might embody the matchless horrors painted by Dante; his dolorous city with the terrible inscription over its entrance-gate: "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.*"

Again, the conception might be of a long unconscious interval after death, succeeded at last by a resuscitation; or it might be of another world, the supplement and immediate continuation of this, into which Death, herald, not destroyer, ushers us even while human friends are yet closing our eyes and composing our limbs. It might be of the Paradise in which, on the very day of the crucifixion, the penitent thief was to meet the Saviour of mankind; or it might be of that Heaven, yet increate or unpeopled, seen by some in long, distant perspective, shadowed forth in such lines as these:—

"That man, when laid in lonesome grave,
 Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
 Until the eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb."

Yet again, the idea may be of a Future of which the denizens shall be, on some Great Day, tried as before an earthly court, doomed as by an earthly tribunal, and sentence pronounced against them by a presiding God, who, of his own omnipotent will, decides to inflict upon sinners condign punishment, in measure far beyond all earthly severity,—torment in quenchless flames, with no drop of water to cool the parched tongue, for ever and ever.

In other words, we may conceive, as to human destiny in another world, either of punishments optional and arbitrary, growing out of the indignation of an offended Judge who hates and requites sin, or of punishments natural and inherent, growing out of the very nature of sin itself, as *delirium tremens* requites a long career of intemperance. We may conceive of punishments which are the awards of judicial vengeance; or we may believe in those only which are the inevitable results of eternal and immutable law, a necessary sequence in the next life to the bad passions and evil deeds of this.

Those who incline to this latter aspect of the Great Future, as the scene of reward or punishment supervening in the natural order of things, may chance to find interest, beyond mere curiosity, in the following strange narrative.

There is not, perhaps, a country more rife in legends of haunted houses than Germany. No province but has its store of them. Many, drawn by tradition from the obscurity of the past, have lost, if they ever possessed, any claim to be regarded except as apocryphal. But others, of a recent date and better attested, cannot be disposed of in so summary a manner.

In furnishing a specimen of this latter class, I depart from a rule which I think it well to observe in regard to original narratives of character so mar-

vellous: to record such, namely, only when they can be procured direct from the lips of the witnesses themselves. This comes to me at second hand. I had no opportunity of cross-questioning the actors in the scenes narrated. Yet I had the story from a gentleman of high respectability: the principal Secretary of the — Legation at Naples: and his sources of information were direct and authentic.

In the southeastern portion of Pomerania, at no great distance from the frontier of the province of West Prussia, and in the vicinity of the small town of Bütow, there stood, not many years since, an ancient château. It was the ancestral residence of an old Pomeranian family of baronial rank; and the narrative of its destruction, with the causes which led thereto, is curious and remarkable.

Its former owner, the Baron von Putkammer, after leading a wild and dissolute life, had expired within its walls. For years previously, many a mysterious story, fraught with dark hints of seduction and infanticide, had been whispered over the surrounding country; and when at last death arrested the Baron's profligate career, some reported that he had been strangled in requital of outrage committed,—others, that the Devil had taken home his own, as they had long expected.

His estate went to a relative of the same name, who granted the enjoyment of it to his eldest son, heir to the title. This young man, after a time, arrived to take possession. He found in the château the administrator of the deceased Baron's estate.

It was late, the first night, before he went to bed. Yet he was scarcely undressed, when he heard, through the stillness of the night, the approach of a carriage, at first rolling over the sharp gravel of the avenue, then entering the paved court-yard. This was succeeded by the noise of the front door opening, and the distinct sound of steps on the principal staircase.

Young Putkammer, surprised at this

unseasonable visit, yet supposing it some friend who had been benighted, hastily donned his dressing-gown, and, with light in hand, stepped to the landing. Nothing to be seen there! But he heard behind him the opening of a door leading into the principal gallery of the château,—a long hall which for some time had been out of use. It had been employed by the former owner of the castle as a banqueting-room, was hung with old family portraits, and, as the young man had noticed during the day, was so completely incumbered with furniture, which had been temporarily stored there, that no one could pass through it.

He returned in great surprise, which was much increased when he found the door of the gallery in question closed and locked. He listened, and heard quite distinctly, within the room, the noise of plates and dishes and the clatter of knives and forks. To this, after a time, succeeded the sound of shuffling cards and the rattle of money, as if thrown on the table in the course of the game.

More and more astonished, he awoke his servant, and bade him listen at the door and tell him what he heard. The terrified valet reported the same sounds that had reached his master's ears. Thereupon the latter told him to arouse the administrator and request his presence.

When this gentleman appeared, the young nobleman eagerly asked if he could furnish any explanation of this strange disturbance.

"I was unwilling," said he, in reply, "to anticipate what you now witness, lest you might imagine I had some interested motive to prevent your coming hither. We are all familiar with these sounds. They occur every night at about the same hour. And we have sought in vain any natural explanation of their constant recurrence."

"Have you the key of the gallery?"

"Here it is."

The door was unlocked and thrown open. Silence and darkness! And when the lights were introduced, not an

object to be seen through the gloom, but the old furniture confusedly piled up over the floor.

They closed and locked the door. Again the same sounds commenced: the clatter of dishes, the noise of reveling, the clink of the gamblers' gold. A second time they opened the door, this time quickly and suddenly; and a second time the sounds instantly ceased, and the hall, untenanted except by the silent portraits on its walls, appeared before them, the same still and gloomy lumber-room as before.

Baffled for the time, young Putkammer dismissed his attendants and retired to his chamber. Ere long he heard the door of the gallery open, the heavy footsteps sound on the stairway, the front door creak on its hinges,—and then the roll of the carriage, first over the stone pavement, then along the gravelled avenue, till the sounds gradually died away in the distance.

The next night he was ready dressed and prepared with lights. When, about the same hour, the noise of the approaching carriage was heard, he had the lights immediately carried to the top of the stairway, and he himself half descended the stairs. Up the stairs and past his very side came the footsteps; but neither living being nor spectral form could his eyes perceive.

The same noises in the old banqueting-hall. The same fruitless attempts to witness the revel, or to get at the secret, if any, of the imposition.

The young man was brave and devoid of superstition. Yet, in spite of himself, these mysterious sounds, renewed night after night, irritated his nerves, and preyed upon his quiet. He thought to break through the spell by inviting a party of living guests. They came, to the number of thirty or forty; but not for their presence did the invisible revellers intermit their nocturnal visit. All heard the approach of the carriage, the steps ascending the staircase, the sounds of revelry in the hall. And all, when the opened door disclosed, as wont, but darkness and silence, turned away with a shudder,—and to the sub-

sequent invitation of their host to favor him again with their company replied by some shallow apology, which he perfectly understood.

Thus deserted by his friends, and subjected, night after night, to the same ghastly annoyance, the young man found his health beginning to suffer, and decided to endure it no longer.

Returning to his father, he informed him that he would receive with gratitude the rents of the property, but only on condition that he was not required to reside in its haunted château.

The father, ridiculing what he termed his son's superstitious weakness, declared that he would himself take up his residence there for a time, assured that he could not fail to discover the true cause of the sounds that had driven off its former occupants.

But the result belied his expectations. Like his son, he never could *see* anything. But the selfsame sounds nightly assailed his ears. He caused the hall to be cleared out and occupied daily. So long as it was lighted, and there was any one within it, no sounds were heard; and by thus occupying it all night, the disturbance could be averted. But as often as it was closed or left in darkness, the invisible revel recommenced at the wonted hour, preceded by the same preliminaries, terminating in the same manner.

Nothing was left untried to penetrate the mystery, and to detect the trick, if to trickery the disturbances were due. But every effort to obtain an explanation of the phenomena utterly failed. And the father, like the son, after a few weeks' struggle against the nightly annoyance, found his nervous system unable to cope with this constant strain upon it, and left the château, determined never again to enter its walls.

The next expedient was to rent it to those whom the fame of its ghostly reputation had not reached. But this was unavailing, except for a brief season. No tenant would remain beyond a week or ten days. This plan, therefore, was abandoned in despair; the principal rooms were closed; and the building

remained for years untenanted, except by one or two unwilling dependants.

Finally the proprietor, deeming all change hopeless, and finding that the keeping up of the château was a mere useless expense, resolved to destroy it. The dead had fairly driven out the living. He had it pulled down; and a few low, ruined walls alone remained to mark the place where it stood.

Still, even within these deserted ruins, the same sounds of nightly revelry were declared to have been heard by those who were bold enough to approach them at the midnight hour. When this was reported to the proprietor, he determined, if possible, to out-root this last remnant of disturbance. Accordingly, he caused to be erected, out of the remaining materials of the château and on the spot where it had stood, a small chapel, now to be found there, a mute witness of the story I have here told.

The chapel was completed and consecrated in the year 1844. Even while the rites attending its consecration were in progress, strange and unwonted noises disturbed the congregation; but from that time on they ceased; and the chapel has since been entirely free from any such.

A relative of the proprietor, a young officer in the Prussian army, was present at the consecration, himself witnessed the noises in question, and had previously heard, from the parties themselves, all the former occurrences. He it was who related the circumstances to my informant, the Baron von P—, a gentleman of a grave and earnest character, whose manner, in repeating them to me, evinced sincerity and conviction. But it is not merely upon his authority that the details of the narrative rest. They are, it would seem, of public notoriety in Pomerania; and hundreds of persons in the neighborhood, as my informant declared, can yet be found to testify, from personal observation, to the general accuracy of the above narration.*

* I find in my journal the following:—“August 17, 1857. Read over to the Baron von P— the

The most salient point in this story is the practical and business part of it, — the actual pulling down of the château, as a last resort, to get rid of the disturbance. Mere fancy is not wont to lead to such a result as that. The owner of a piece of valuable property is not likely to destroy it for imaginary cause. Interest is a marvellous quickener of the wits, and may be supposed to have left no stone unturned, before assenting to such a sacrifice.

I inquired of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the above narrative if there were no skeptical surmises in regard to the origin of the disturbance. He replied, that he had heard but one, — namely, that the administrator of the deceased Baron's estate might, from motives of interest and to have the field to himself, have resorted to a trick to scare the owners from the premises.

It is beyond a doubt that such devices have been successfully employed ere now for similar purpose. An example may be found in the story of the monks of St. Bruno, and the shrewd device they employed to obtain from King Louis the Saint the grant of one of his ancestral palaces. It was in this wise.

Having heard his confessor speak in high terms of the goodness and learning of the monks of St. Bruno, the King expressed a desire to found a community of them near Paris. Bernard de la Tour, the superior, sent six of the brethren; and Louis assigned to them, as residence, a handsome dwelling in the village of Chantilly. It so happened, that from their windows they had a fine view of the old palace of Vauvert, originally erected for a royal residence by King Robert, but which had been deserted for years. The worthy monks, oblivious of the Tenth Commandment, may have thought the place would suit them; but ashamed, probably, to make a formal demand of it from the King, they seem to have set their wits to work to procure it by stratagem.

At all events, the palace of Vauvert, Putkammer narrative; and he assented to its accuracy in every particular."

which had never labored under any imputation against its character until they became its neighbors, began almost immediately afterwards to acquire a bad name. Frightful shrieks were heard to proceed thence at night. Blue, red, and green lights were seen to glimmer from its casements, and then suddenly disappear. The clanking of chains succeeded, together with the howlings of persons as in great pain. Then a ghastly spectre, in pea-green, with long, white beard and serpent's tail, appeared at the principal windows, shaking his fist at the passers-by. This went on for months.

The King, to whom all these wonders were duly reported, deplored the scandal, and sent commissioners to look into the affair. To these the six monks of Chantilly, indignant that the Devil should play such pranks before their very faces, suggested, that, if they could but have the palace as a residence, they would undertake speedily to cure it of all ghostly intrusion. A deed, with the royal sign-manual, conveyed Vauvert to the monks of St. Bruno. It bears the date of 1259. From that time all disturbances ceased, — the green ghost, according to the creed of the pious, being laid to rest forever under the waters of the Red Sea.*

Some will surmise that the story of the castle of Putkammer is but a modified version of that of the palace of Vauvert. It may be so. One who was not on the spot, to witness the phenomena and personally to verify all the details, cannot rationally deny the possibility of such an hypothesis. Yet I find little parallel between the cases, and difficulties, apparently insuperable, in the way of accepting such a solution of the mystery.

The French palace was deserted, and nothing was easier than to play off there, unchallenged, such commonplace tricks as the showing of colored lights, the clanking of chains, shrieks, groans, and a howling spectre with beard and tail, — all in accordance with the preju-

* This story is given in Garinet's *Histoire de la Magie en France*, p. 75.

dices of that age ; nor do we read that any one was bold enough to penetrate, during the night, into the scene of the disturbance ; nor had the King's commissioners any personal motive to urge a thorough research ; nor had a pious sovereign, the owner of a dozen palaces, any strong inducement to refuse the cession of one of these, already untenanted and useless, to certain holy men, the objects of his veneration.

Very different, in every respect, is the affair of the Pomeranian castle. It is a narrative of the skeptical nineteenth century, that sets down all ghost-stories as nursery-tales. The owner, and his son, the future possessor, each at separate times and for weeks, reside in the castle, and occupy themselves in repeated attempts to discover whether they have been imposed on. The self-same trick, if trick it was, is repeated night after night, without variation. The roll of the approaching carriage-wheels, first along the gravelled avenue, then over the paved court-yard, while no carriage was visible,—how were such sounds to be imitated? The fall of footsteps, unaccompanied by aught in bodily form, up the lighted stairway, and past the very side of the bold youth who stepped down to meet them,—what human device could successfully simulate these? The sound of the opening gallery-door and the noises of the midnight orgies, with full opportunity to examine every nook and corner of the scene whence, to every ear, the same identical indications came,—how, in producing and reproducing these, could trickery, time after time, escape detection? Both father and son, it is evident, had their suspicions aroused ; and both, as evidently, were men of courage, not to be blinded by superstitious panic. Is it a probable thing that they would destroy an old and valued family mansion, without having exhausted every conceivable expedient to detect imposture?

Nor was this imposture, if as such we are to regard it, conducted in approved form, after the orthodox fashion. It assumed a shape contrary to all usually received ideas. No spectre

clanking its chains ; no lights burning blue ; no groans of the tormented ; no ordinary getting-up of a ghostly disturbance. But a mere succession of sounds, indicating, if we are to receive and interpret them literally, the periodical return from the world of spirits of some of its tenants, restless and unblest. Was this the machinery a mystifier was likely to select?

Such are the difficulties which attend the hypothesis of a concerted plan of deception. They will be overlooked by those who have made up their minds that communications between this world and the next are impossible, and who will content themselves with pronouncing, that, though they cannot detect the mode of the imposture, yet imposture of some kind or other it plainly must have been.

And such skeptics will very properly remind us of other difficulties in the way of accepting as a reality the alleged phenomena. What have the spirits of the departed to do with conveyances resembling those of earthly structure? Are there incorporeal carriages and horses? Can grave men admit such fancies as these? * Or is all this, even if genuine, only symbolical,—sounds without objective counterpart? Then what becomes of the positive character of this narrative, as a lesson, as a warning to us? The whole degenerates into an acted parable. It fades into the idle pageantry of a dream. Thus we lose ourselves in shadowy conjecture.

But, none the less, the facts, if facts they be, remain to be dealt with. And if at last we concede the ultramundane origin of these manifestations, whether as objective reality or only as truth-teaching allegory, what a field is opened to our speculations regarding the realms

* Yet in a recent case, occurring in England, and authenticated in the strongest manner, the "sound of carriages driving in the park when none were there" is one of the incidents given on the authority of the lady who had witnessed the disturbances, and who furnishes a detailed account of them. See "Facts and Fantasies," a sequel to "Lights and Sounds, the Mystery of the Day," by Henry Spicer, London, 1853, pp. 76-101.

of spirit and the possible punishments there in store for those who, by degrading their natures in this world, may have rendered themselves unfit for happiness in the next, — and who, perhaps, still attracted to earth by the debasing excesses they once mistook for pleasure, may be doomed, in the phantom repetition of their sins, to detect their naked reality, to have stamped on their consciousness the vileness of these without the brutal gratifications that veiled it, the essence of vice shorn of its sensual halo, the grossness without the glitter: if so, a terrible expiation!

I beg it may not be imagined, that, because I see grave difficulties in the way of regarding this case as one of imposture, I therefore set it up as proof of a novel theory regarding future punishments. A structure so great cannot be erected on foundation so slender. I but furnish it as a chance contribution towards the probabilities of ultra-mundane intercourse, — as material for thought, — as one of those hints which future facts may render valueless, but which, on the other hand, other observed phenomena may possibly serve to work out and corroborate and explain.

THE RHYME OF THE MASTER'S MATE.

FORT HENRY.

NONE who saw it can forget
How they went into the fight,
Four abreast, —
Thereby was the foe perplexed, —
With the Essex on the right,
That is nearest to the Fort,
And the Cincinnati next,
The St. Louis on her left,
All so gallant and so deft,
And the brave Carondelet.

Boom, boom, from every bow!
(They 'll have to answer that!)
From the Rebel bastions, now,
There 's a flash.
Cool, keep cool, boys, don't be rash!
Mind your eyes, as the old Boss said;
Keep together and go ahead, —
Not too high and not too low,
Fire slow!

Paff!
Now we have it from the Fort,
And the Rebels all a-crowing;
While the devils'-echoes laugh,
With a loonish thunder-lowing,
After every gun's report:
'T is n't bird-shot they are throwing, —
'T is n't chaff!

Ping! Ping!

If you 've ever seen the thing

That can fly without a wing

Swifter than the Thunder's bird,

Lightning-clenching, lightning-spurred, —

If you 've ever heard it sing,

You will understand the word,

And look out;

For, beyond a mortal doubt,

It can sting!

Thump!

'D y' ever hear anything like it?

Sounded very much like a ten-strike, — it

Appears they 're after a spare!

Bet it made the old Boss jump,

Or at any rate awfully screw up his brows, —

Hit the pilot-house,

And he 's up there, —

Must 'a' been a hundred-pounder, —

Had the twang of a conical ball, —

Would 'a' gone plumb through a ten-foot wall.

Is n't the old *Cinc.* a trump?

They meant that for a damper!

Square it off with an eighty shell

And a fifteen-second fuse,

(With all the latest news!) —

Pretty well done, boys, pretty well!

Guess that 'll be apt to tell

'Em all about where it came from,

And where it 's a-going to,

What it took its name from,

And all it 's a-knowing to!

See 'em scamper!

The Conestoga, the Tyler,

And the Lexington, you know,

Are in line a half a mile, or

A little less, below, —

Just this side of the Panther

(Little woody island).

They 've their orders — Oh,

But, after all, how *can* their

Wooden-heads keep silent?

Wonder 'f it don't make 'em feel bad,

Even if they ain't all *steel*-clad,

At being slighted so!

'T is n't so bad a day,

Although it 's a little cloudy, —

Or rather, as one might say,

Smoky, perhaps, —

A little hazy, a little dubious,
A little too sulphury to be salubrious.
D' ye mind those thunder-claps?
Do you feel now and then the least little bit
Of an incipient earthquake fit,
Accompanied with awful raps?
But give 'em gowdy, give 'em gowdy,
And it 'll soon clear away!

Old Boss ain't to be balked. —
All this, you know,
Was only the way (or nearly so)
The boys talked,
And felt and thought,
(And acted, too.)
The harder they fought
And the hotter it grew. —

But there was a Hand at the reel
That nobody saw, —
Old Hickory there at every keel,
In every timber, from stem to stern, —
A *something* in every crank and wheel,
That made 'em answer their turn;
And everywhere,
On earth and water, in fire and air,
As it were to see it all well done,
The Wraith of the murdered Law, —
Old John Brown at every gun!

But the Fort was all in a roar:
No use to talk, they had the range, —
Which was n't strange,
Guess they 'd tried it before, —
And the pounding was not soft,
But might well appall
The boldest heart.
Cool and calm,
Trumpet in hand,
Up in the cock-loft,
Where 't was the hottest of all,
Our brave old Commodore
Took his stand,
And played his part,
Humming over some old psalm!

Tut! did ye hear the hiss and scream
Of that hot steam?
It 's the Essex that 's struck, —
She never had any luck:
Ah, 't was a wicked shot,
And, whether they know it or not,
It does n't give us joy!

Thorough an open port it flew,
 As with some special permit to destroy;
 And first, for sport,
 Struck the soul from that beautiful boy;
 Then through the bulkhead lunged,
 And into the boiler plunged,
 Scalding the whole crew!

We know that the brave must fall, —

But that was a sight to see:

Twenty-three,

All in an instant scalded and scathed,

All at once in the white shroud swathed!

A low moan came from the deck

Of the drifting wreck, —

And that was all.

How the traitors 'll boast,

As soon as they come to see her

All adrift and aghast! —

Hark! d' ye hear? d' ye hear?

D' ye hear 'em shout?

They see it already, no doubt.

We shall have to count her out, —

That white breath was her last, —

She has given up the ghost!

What does the old Boss think?

Will he shrink?

Will he waver or falter now? —

A little shadow flits over his brow,

For the sharp pang in his heart, —

Flits over — and is gone, —

And a light looms up in his old gray eye,

Whether you see it or not,

That is like a sudden dawn

In a stormy sky!

What does he *think*?

What will he *do*? —

Well! he don't say!

But I 'll tell you what,

You can bet your life,

As you would your knife,

And your wife, too,

He 'll do

(And put 'em up at once!) —

He 'll run these boats right up to their guns,

And take that Fort, or sink!

But, oh — oh, it was hot!

So thick and fast the solid shot

Upon our iron armor played,
It kept, like thunder, a kind of time—
Devil's tattoo or gallopade—
That, like an awful, awful rhyme,
Rang in the ear;
And they sent us cheer after cheer.

But the boys had been to *school*,
And *their* guns were not cool;
For they knew what Cause they served,
And not a man of 'em swerved!
But on, right on, they swept,
And from every grim bow-port
Their nutmegs and shell-barks leaped
Into the jaws of the Fort!
And (to give her, perhaps, a chance to breathe)
Knocked out some of her big, black teeth!
And (to raise a better crop, no doubt,
Than was ever raised there before)
Ploughed her up into awful creases,
Inside and out!—
For now they were up and doing the chore
At only four hundred yards,
And the death-dealing shreds and shards
Of our shell were tearing 'em all to pieces!

Hurrah for the brave old Flag!
To triumph see her ride!—
Ha, ha! they dodge and duck,—
The Snake 's expiring!
Their gunners run and hide,—
By heaven, they 've struck!
Down comes the rattlesnake rag
By the run,—
Stop the firing!
The work is done!—

Anyhow, she 'll do for batter!—
You see now, Butternuts, you were plucky;
But that ain't "what 's the matter,"—
Not by a long shot!
No, no,—no! I 'll tell you what—
And you must n't take it at all amiss—
I 'll tell you what the *matter* is:
'T ain't because you were born unlucky,
(Bear in mind,)
Nor that you 've good eyes and we are blind,—
Nothing of the kind,—
But it 's something else, if it is n't more:
The reason—pardon!—you had to cotton
Was simply this: Your *Cause* was rotten,—
Rotten to the very core:
That 's what 's the matter!

But you ought to 'a' heard our water-dogs yelp! —
 Just an hour and fifteen minutes! —
 (Twitter away, you English linnets!)
 Horizontal and perpendicular,
 Fair and square, without any help, —
 That is, any in particular, —
 The old ferry wash-tubs of the West,
 With some new-fashioned *hoops*, for a little test,
 And a few old *pounders* from — Kingdom Come,
 And nothing for suds but the "Nawth'n scum,"
 Made these "gen'l'men" turn as white
 As a head o' hair in a single night!
 Cleaned their army completely out,
 (We 're going to give *that* another wipe!)
 On the double-quick, by the shortest route, —
 Wrung their stronghold from their gripe, —
 Brought their garrison right to taw,
 And made 'em get down to the "higher law"!

So that when Grant and his boys came up,
 (There 's places enough for a man to die!)
 Swearing that we had "spoiled" their "sport,"
 With a quiet twinkle in his eye,
 Old Boss asked 'em to come in and sup,
 And set 'em to *house-keeping* in the Fort! —
 But all the old fellow could say or do,
 They 'd still keep a-going it: "Bully for *you*!"

"Bully" for Grant and for Foote! —
 E'en if the voice must tremble, —
 And "bully" for all who helped 'em to do 't!
 Bully for Porter and Stemble!
 For Paulding and for Walke, —
 For Phelps, for Gwin, and for Shirk! —
 But what 's the use to talk?
 They were all of 'em up to the work!
 Bully for each brave tub
 That bore the Union Blue!
 And for every mother's son
 Of every gallant crew,
 Whatever his color or name,
 Who, when it came to the rub,
 Shall be found to have been *game*!

Such was the Rhyme of the Master's Mate,
 Just as they found it in the locker,
 With this at the foot: —

"It 's getting late,
 And I hear a pretty loud Knock at the knocker!
 Captain, if I should chance to fall,
 Try to send me home. Good bye!" That 's all, —
 Excepting the date, the name, and rank: —

"Feb. 12th, '62, _____,
 Master's Mate."

All next day a great black Cloud
 Hung over the land from coast to coast;
 And the next, the Knocking was "pretty loud,"—
 With a sudden Eclipse, as it were, of the sun,—
 And the earth, all day, quaked—"Donelson!"
 But the next was the deadliest day of all,
 And the Master's Mate was not at Call!
 Yet nobody seemed to wonder why,—
 There was something, perhaps, the Master knew
 Far better than we, for his Mate to do,—
 And the Day went down with a bloody sky!

But when the long, long Night was past,
 And our Eagle, sweeping the traitor's crag,
 Circled to victory up the dome,
 The great Reveille was heard at last!—
 They wrapped the Mate in his country's flag,
 And sent him in glory home!

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE IN LIBRARIES.

A VISIBLE library is a goodly sight.

We do not underrate the external value of books, when we say it is the invisible which forms their chief charm. Sometimes rather too much is said about "tall copies," and "large-paper copies," and "first editions," the binding, paper, type, and all the rest of the outside attraction, or the fancy price, which go to make up the collector's trade. The books themselves feel a little degraded, when this sort of conversation is carried on in their presence: some of them know well enough that occasionally they fall into hands which think more "of the coat than of the man who is under it." We must, however, be honest enough to confess that we are ourself a bibliomaniac, and few possessions are more valued than an old manuscript, written on vellum some five hundred years ago, of which we cannot read one word. Nor do we prize less the modern extreme of external attraction,—volumes exquisitely printed and adorned, bound by Rivière, in full tree-marbled calf, with delicate tooling

on the back, which looks as if the frost-work from the window-pane on a cold January morning had been transmuted into gold, and laid on the leather. Ah, these are sights fit for the gods!

Nevertheless, we come back to our starting-point, that what is unseen forms the real value of the library. The type, the paper, the binding, the age, are all visible; but the soul that conceived it, the mind that arranged it, the hand that wrote it, the associations which cling to it, are the invisible links in a long chain of thought, effort, and history, which make the book what it is.

In wandering through the great libraries of Europe, how often has this truth been impressed upon the mind!—such a library as that in the old city of Nuremberg, housed in what was once a monastery, and looking so ancient, quaint, and black-lettered, visibly and invisibly, that, if the old monk in the legend who slipped over a thousand years while the little bird sang to him in the wood, and was thereby taught, what he could not understand in the written Word, that a

thousand years in God's sight are but as a day,—if that old monk had walked out of the Nuremberg monastery and now walked back again, he might almost take up the selfsame manuscript he had laid down a thousand years ago.

What invisible heads have ached, and hands become weary, over those vellum volumes, with their bright initial letters! What hearts have throbbed over the early printed book! How triumphantly was the first copy, now worm-eaten and forgotten, contemplated by the author! How was that invisible world which surrounded him to be stirred by that new book!

We remember looking into one of the cell-like alcoves arranged for students in a college library at Oxford, and watching a fellow of the college (a type of scholars, grown old among books, rarely found in our busy land) crooning over a strange black-letter folio, and laughing to himself with a sort of invisible chuckle. The unseen in that volume was revealed to us through that laugh of the old bookworm, and quite unseen we partook of his amusement. Another alcove was vacant; a crabbed manuscript, just laid down by the writer, was on the desk. He was invisible; but the watchful guardian at the head of the room saw us peering in, and warned us with a loud voice not to enter. Safely might we have been permitted to do so, for we could hardly have deciphered at a glance all the wisdom that lurked in the open page; yet that hidden meaning, invisible to us, was of real value to the unseen writer.

There are many incidents connected with the visible and invisible of libraries existing in the great houses of England, which could point a moral in sketches of this subject. One, concerning a pamphlet found at Woburn Abbey, has a peculiar interest.

Lord William Russell, eldest son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, after completing his education at Oxford, and travelling abroad for two years, returned home in the winter of 1634. Young, handsome, accomplished, and

the eldest son of the House of Russell, the fashionable world of London marked him as a prize in the matrimonial speculations of the times, and was quite in a flutter to know which of the reigning beauties would captivate the young Lord Russell. Lady Elizabeth Cecil, Lady Dorothy Sidney, Lady Anne Carr were the rival belles upon whom the eyes of the world were fixed. It was with no small consternation that the Earl of Bedford soon found that the affections of his son had been attracted by Lady Anne Carr, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, more widely known as Robert Carr and Lady Essex. The Earl of Bedford had taken a prominent part in the Countess's trial, and participated in the general abhorrence of her character. In vain his son pleaded the innocence of the daughter, who, early separated from her parents, knew nothing of their history or their crimes. The Earl of Bedford shrunk with a feeling of all but insurmountable aversion to such an alliance; and not until the king interceded for the youthful lovers, did the father yield a reluctant consent, and their marriage was celebrated. The undisturbed happiness and harmony in which the parties lived reconciled the Earl to the connection; he became much attached to his beautiful daughter-in-law; and in the sweetness and domestic purity of her character he could sometimes forget her parents. Lady Anne's life passed quietly in the discharge of the duties of a wife and mother, and of those which devolved upon her when her husband became fifth Earl of Bedford in 1641. In 1683, their eldest son, Lord William Russell, died on the scaffold.

"There is a life in the principles of freedom," says the historian of the House of Russell, "which the axe of the executioner does not, for it cannot, touch." This great thought must have strengthened the souls of the parents under so terrible a trial. The mother's health, however, sunk under the blow, which, in the sympathy of her celebrated daughter-in-law, the heroic Lady Rachel Rus-

sell, she endeavored to sustain. One day, seeking, perhaps, some book to cheer her thoughts, Lady Bedford entered the library, and in an anteroom seldom visited chanced to take a pamphlet from the shelves. She opened its pages, and read there, for the first time, the record of her mother's guilt. The visible in that page rent aside the invisible veil which those who loved Lady Bedford had silently woven over her whole life, as a shield from a terrible truth. She was found by her attendants senseless, with the fatal book open in her hand. The revelations of the past, the sorrows of the present, were too much for her to bear, and she died. Lady Rachel Russell, writing from Woburn Abbey at the time, states her conviction that Lady Bedford's reason would not have sustained the shock received from the contents of the pamphlet, even had her physical powers rallied.

Turning aside one moment from our subject, we stand in awe before the striking contrast presented by the characters of two women, each so closely linked with Lady Bedford's life, — the one who heard her first breath, and the other who received her last sigh. If Lady Somerset causes us to shrink with horror from the depth of depravity of which woman's nature is capable, let us thank God that in Lady Rachel Russell we have a witness of the purity, self-sacrifice, and holiness a true woman's soul can attain.

In the library at Wilton House, the seat of the Sidneys, we were shown a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, hidden for more than a hundred years in one of the books. A day came when some member of the family took down an old volume to see what treasures of wisdom lurked therein. "She builded better than she knew," for between the leaves lay folded a paper which contained a faded lock of the once proud Queen Bess. How it came there, and by whose hand it was placed in the book, is one of the invisible things of the library, but the writing within the paper authenticated the relic beyond

doubt; and it is now shown as one of the visible treasures of the library of Wilton House.

Magdalen College, Cambridge, contains the Pepysian Library, — placed there by the will of Pepys, under stringent conditions, in default of whose fulfilment the bequest falls to Trinity. One of the fellows of Magdalen is always obliged to mount guard over visitors to the library. Such an escort being provided, we ascended the stairs, and found ourselves in the presence of the bookcases which once adorned Pepys's house in London, containing the "three thousand bookes" of which he was so proud. The bookcases are handsome, with small mirrors let into them, in which, doubtless, Mrs. Pepys often surveyed the effect of those "newe gownes" which pleased her husband's vanity so well, although he rather reluctantly paid the cost. There, too, is the original manuscript of that entertaining Diary, wherein Pepys daguerrotyped the age in which he lived, and himself with all his sense and nonsense. That Diary would have remained one of the invisible treasures of libraries, for it was written in a cipher of his own invention, but, by a very curious chance, the key to that cipher was unintentionally betrayed through comparison with another paper, and the journal was brought to light, and many things made visible which the writer dreamed not of confiding to future ages. Pepys was an indefatigable, and, we cannot but half suspect, an unscrupulous collector. Volumes of autographs, great scrap-books filled with prints, tickets, invitations, ballads, let us into the visible and invisible of the reign of Charles II. A manuscript music-book, elegantly bound, and labelled, "Songs altered to suit my Voice," carried us back to the days when, after going to the play in the afternoon, Pepys and some of his companions "came back to my house and had musique."

Pepys certainly never meant to be one of the invisible things in his own library, for every book contains an engraving from his own portrait. Should

he ever come back to look after the possessions he so much valued, he can surely be at no loss to find the likeness of the form he once wore. If a spirit can retain any human vanity and self-importance, his must certainly be unpleasantly surprised that the great collection looks small in these days, and attracts but little attention. To antiquaries and lovers of the odd and curious it must ever be valuable; but the obligation of having a fellow of Magdalen at one's elbow much interferes with that quiet, cozy "mousing" so dear to the soul of a bibliomaniac. We heartily wished that we could have made an appointment with the shade of old Pepys, and, returning to the library in the stillness of midnight, have found him ready to show off his collections. That would have been, indeed, the visible and the invisible of the Pepysian Library. The Cambridge men of to-day are too busy about their own affairs to look much into Pepys's collections, which remain quietly ensconced under the guardianship of Old Magdalen, one of the visible links between the seen and unseen in libraries.

Nestled quietly in an old Elizabethan house, among the great trees at Wotton, is the library of John Evelyn. Belonging to the same age as that of Pepys, but collected by a man of widely different tastes and character, there is much outwardly to charm as well as to elevate the mind in the influences shed around it. Here are tall copies and folios of grave works, classic and historical, the solid literary food of a man who kept his soul pure amid a corrupt age, books as harmonious with the reflective mind of Evelyn as were the grand old woods of Wotton with the refined tastes of the author of "*Sylva*." Here is preserved the original manuscript of Evelyn's Journal, the paper yellow with the mellow tints of two hundred autumns, yet the thought as fresh as if written yesterday. Near the manuscript is seen the prayer-book which Charles I. held in his hand when he mounted the scaffold at Whitehall. There is much of the visible and invisible in that quaint old library at Wotton.

The internal treasures of Christian faith opened a wide field for the outward decoration of religious books. "The Hours" (meaning devotional hours) of kings and queens are magnificent specimens of chirography, showing also the skill of artists in the earliest centuries. The art of preparing these volumes was divided into two branches: that of the *Miniatori*, or illuminators, who furnished the paintings, the borders, and arabesques, and also laid on the gold; and that of the *Miniatori calligrafi*, who wrote the whole of the book, and drew the initial letters of blue and red with their fanciful ornaments. Many of the great libraries of Europe contain these splendid manuscripts, and although but one page is open to the passing visitor, which he sees "through a glass darkly," yet that page is written over and illuminated with associations and memories. Could a glance reveal thoughts which have looked out of eyes bending over these pages, when they were held in the hand of their first owner, what messages from the invisible would be received! Some of these rare and regal possessions have gone a little astray, and wandered about in the wilderness of the world, as is confirmed by an anecdote we recently received from good authority. A magnificent volume, illustrated by views of French châteaux of the Middle Ages, presented to a princess of the House of Bourbon, was known to have existed. This manuscript had disappeared, and for more than a hundred years it could not be traced. The Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, while in Genoa, was informed (by a person who called upon him for that purpose) that there was for sale in that city a valuable illuminated manuscript, and, as the Duke was known to be a collector of rare books, it would be shown to him. He accordingly followed his informant to an obscure part of the city, and into an old house, where the manuscript was produced. What was his astonishment, when he beheld before him the lost Bourbon manuscript, so long sought for in vain! He immediately became its purchaser; and

whatever secret history belongs to the volume, connected with the time when it was invisible, it is now one of the most treasured realities in the magnificent library at Orleans House.

In the illuminated pages of many of these old manuscripts there lurks much more, doubtless, than meets the eye. Thus, that famous poem of the Middle Ages, the "Romance of the Rose," has passed for a mere fanciful allegory, or love-story. Splendidly illuminated copies of this Romance are well known. The British Museum possesses one, which Dibdin calls "the cream of the Harleian Collection": it is in folio, and replete with embellishments. He also mentions another copy, at that time belonging to Mr. North, the frontispiece of which represents Francis I. surrounded by his courtiers, receiving a copy from the author. Only the visible of the illuminated volume was probably opened to the eyes of Francis, or even of Dibdin. A later student pronounces the Romance to be a complete specimen of Hermetic Philosophy, concealing great truths under its allegory, — the Rose being the symbol of philosophic gold.

Such is the view taken of this Romance by our distinguished fellow-countryman, Major-General Hitchcock, who found time, in the interval between two wars, to collect and study three hundred volumes of Hermetic Philosophy, coming forth therefrom as a champion in defence of a much misunderstood class. This ingenious work, entitled "Alchemy and the Alchemists," published in 1857, was written to prove that the alchemists were not foolish seekers for sordid gold, nor vain believers in the elixir of life, but philosophers of deep thought and high aims, who, in days when a man dared not say his soul was his own, veiled in mystic language, perfectly understood by each other, theological and philosophical truths, theories, and discoveries, which would have brought them to the stake or the rack, had they been produced openly. "Man was the subject of alchemy, and the object of the

art was the perfection, or at least the improvement, of man." These were the *real* Hermetic Philosophers. After them came men who, not knowing the meaning of the symbolic language which concealed the spiritual truths, took the written word in a literal sense, and went to work with crucibles and retorts, seeking the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, not knowing, indeed, the Scripture, that "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive."

Such a theory as that advanced in "Alchemy and the Alchemists" opens a new chapter in the visible and invisible of a library of Hermetic Philosophy.

The most ancient specimens of calligraphy extant are probably the Terence of the fourth century and the Virgil of the fifth century, in the Vatican Library. Alas for those who have no open sesame to that collection! We shall never forget our disappointment upon entering the Vatican. We could not gaze even on the mouldy vellum or faded leather of old bindings, and saw nothing but stupid modern painted cases, bodies quite unworthy of the souls they hid. Gladly would we have laid aside our theory concerning unseen treasures, and looked that great collection face to face.

"The taste for the external decoration of manuscripts," says Labarte, (whose interesting "Hand-Book on the Arts of the Middle Ages" has been admirably translated by Mrs. Palliser,) "already existed among the ancients. Marcus Varro called forth the praises of Cicero for having traced in his book the portraits of more than seven hundred celebrated persons; Seneca, in his treatise 'De Tranquillitate Animi,' speaks of books ornamented with figures; and Martial addresses his thanks to Stertinius, who had placed his portrait in his library."

These ancient works of Art have vanished, none have survived the stormy passage of ages, yet this casual mention of them carries us into the otherwise invisible past. We see the seven hundred portraits in Marcus Varro's

book, and walk into the library of Stertinius to give our opinion of the portrait of Martial.

"The miniatures of manuscripts were long considered," says Labarte, "only as ornaments. Montfaucon was the first to recognize their usefulness as historical documents. To possess manuscripts of the Middle Ages with miniatures is in fact to possess a gallery of contemporaneous pictures."

The most beautiful specimen of ancient illuminated manuscript we have seen in this country belongs to the Honorable Charles Sumner. It is a missal of the fifteenth century, of finest quality. Several of the miniatures might well be claimed as the work of Van Eyck. The frontispiece consists of the portrait of the lady for whose devotions the book was prepared. She kneels before the Madonna, while her patron saint stands beside her. Beneath this celestial vision is the heraldic shield of the lady's family, thus throwing in a glimpse of visible worldly grandeur. The borders and arabesques of this manuscript are equal in execution to the miniatures, and the missal is one of rare beauty.

Can we forbear alluding to that other treasure of Senator Sumner's collection, — the Album which belonged to Camillus Cordoyn, who, more than two centuries ago, entertained guests at his house as they journeyed into Italy? One of these, Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, then a young man gayly travelling about the world, wrote his name in the volume, little thinking of the block and the axe which were to illustrate the closing chapter of his book of life. The immortal Milton, on his return from Italy, was the guest of the same nobleman. What would we not give for a look into that house at Geneva, and see this little volume laid before the visitor! The glorious eyes of John Milton looked over its pages, and perhaps he listened to the story of some of the distinguished personages, now all forgotten, whose names and heraldic shields are there. Then he turned to a blank leaf, and wrote two lines from his own "*Comus*," —

"If Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

He signed his name on that 20th of June, 1639, and the host took back the book. And now, more than two hundred years after, that page is held as priceless in this great republic beyond the sea.

We should speak gratefully of the externals of books, because for two long years our oculist did not allow us to open them. We dared not go farther than their titles, yet even these were talismans which revealed wide regions, and carried us from Indus to the Pole. We went with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley to the Holy Land, discovered Nineveh with Layard, explored Art treasures with Mrs. Jameson, plunged among icebergs with Parry. A volume of Belzoni bore us not only to pyramids and mummies in Egypt, but away to a strange old hall "in Padua, beyond the sea." Cabalistic paintings cover the walls, misty with age; lurking in one corner of the vast apartment is a gigantic wooden horse, that figured at some public festival four hundred years ago, and now pauses, ready to prance out of the mouldy past into the affrighted present; opposite stand two Egyptian statues, cat-headed human figures, resting their hands on their stone knees. These were gifts from Belzoni to his native city of Padua; and his handsome head in the Eastern turban, turned into white marble, stands above the entrance-door.

Coming back from the Paduan hall, so weird and ghostly, we glance along the shelves at a long row of volumes which bear De Quincey's name, and we need not open a page to feel the mysterious spell of the opium-eater. Like one of those strange dreams of his seems a remembrance which comes back to us with his name. A quaint, tall house in the old part of Edinburgh has admitted us into a quiet apartment, where, as the twilight is creeping in through the windows, a small gray man receives us, with graceful and tender courtesy. He converses with a felicity of language like that of his printed

pages, but in a voice so sweet, so low, so exquisitely modulated, that the magical tone vibrates on the ear like music. It was De Quincey, who held us entranced until darkness gathered around us, then bade us farewell, his kind words lingering on the air, as, with a flickering candle in his hand, he flitted up the winding stair, and vanished away.

Another volume bears the name of William Wordsworth, and beneath his autograph he writes that it was purchased at Bath from a circulating-library. It is that strange journal of the Margravine of Bareith, sister of Frederick the Great, a sad story of those who dwell in kings' houses; but we think only of Wordsworth, and of the viewless history of the book carried by the poet from circulating in Bath to quiet rural Rydal Mount, and now having wandered over to New England.

A dainty volume near by bears the autograph of Rogers, and though the association is not so purely imaginative, perhaps, as a poet should call up, yet it always brings to our mind the breakfasts at his house, of which many of our friends have partaken, and related divers stories concerning those morning refectations. They are invisible feasts to us, for we never even picked up the crumbs from them, except at second hand; yet this elegant little book knew all about them, and heard what was said before, and also behind—the table-cloth.

Singular experiences connected with books are sometimes known to their owners, quite invisible to others. In yonder corner are two volumes. Book-collectors know that they are rare, and the uninitiated think they contain queer old wood-cuts. To us that corner is haunted; an invisible lady hovers about those volumes. Once upon a time an order was given for those books, but the answer came back from over the sea, that they were not to be had, or to be had only at rare intervals on the breaking up of a library. To our no small surprise, very soon after this quietus had been given to bibliomaniacal

hopes, the books in question appeared before us in excellent condition. We could hardly suppose that any one had been benevolent enough to break up a library on purpose to oblige us, and we waited to hear a very odd story.

Soon after the letter had been sent, announcing the ill success of our commission, the writer of it was in a bookshop in London, when a lady entered and desired an interview with the master. After some private conversation, the lady returned to her carriage and drove away. The bookseller remarked to his friend, that the lady had brought with her some books, which she desired to part with. Our informant asked to see them, and, lo! the very volumes for which in our behalf he had searched in vain: he immediately secured the prize, which was forwarded by the next steamer.

Can any one ask why the figure of the lady who brought those books to us three thousand miles over the sea “haunts us like a shadow”? We see her ascend her invisible carriage, we go with her to her invisible home, we meet her viewless husband;—here we shudder, but we recover ourselves; we are convinced that he could not have been a book-collector, or she had not dared such a deed. Then we puzzle ourselves about her unseen motives for selling the books. Had she gambled? Had she bet on the losing horse, at the Derby? Had she bought an expensive bonnet? Or was it the impulse of some strong benevolent purpose? Why *did* she sell those books? Since she did thus part with them, we thank her, and are content that by very strange combinations of circumstances, blending the visible and invisible together, those books, viewless in her library, are now apparent in our own.

Here is another volume which has also something mystical about it in its visible and invisible effect. It is a copy of Dibdin's “*Bibliomania*,” which belonged to Dawson Turner. A note in his handwriting states that the tools required for the binding were used exclusively for Lord Spencer, and that a view

of Strawberry Hill will be found on its edges. Gilt edges, however, are all that meet the eye; but turned by a skilful hand to the right light, the gilding vanishes, and a picture of Strawberry Hill appears, painted with velvety softness. Such a nice bibliomaniacal fancy must have delighted Dibdin; and as he was at one time librarian at Althorpe, he doubtless was the medium of bestowing this charm upon the binding of his own work for his friend.

The invisible in libraries has ever seemed to us linked with those who have written or read the books. If souls are allowed to return to their earthly haunts, a library would surely be the place to meet them. For this reason we have cherished a firm belief in the apparition which the distinguished librarian of the Astor Library beheld, and never desire to hear any commonplace explanations concerning it; and on visiting the Astor collection, we were more desirous to see the spot where the reading phantom appeared than all the rest of the building. Who shall say that authors and students do not come back to the books which contain their invisible souls, or spirits like themselves? Without venturing to invoke the sceptred sovereigns of literature, or to call up the shades of the prophets and sibyls of elder time, yet at midnight what a circle might come forth and visit the library! Scott and Burns and Byron, Burke and Fox and Sheridan, all in one evening; clever, pretty Mrs. Thrale comes bringing Fanny Burney to meet Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth; Horace Walpole, patronizing Gray, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Charles Lamb, — what a social club that would be! Ah, the librarian of the Astor is more fortunate than we; these spirits are all invisible, and we catch not even at midnight the rustle of the leaf they turn or the passing murmur of their voices. Yet within the library, ever ready to meet us, their souls still linger; and when we open the visible book which enshrines it, we find the hidden spirit.

A number of gentlemen once went

together to a friend's house. While they awaited his entrance, one of the party, being a lover of books, naturally turned to the shelves of the library. Without any particular attraction to the title, he chanced to take down one of the volumes. As he opened it, a sealed letter fell from between the leaves on the floor. He took it up, and, to his no small astonishment, perceived that it was addressed to himself.

He called the attention of his companions to this strange circumstance. As it could be no breach of decorum to break the seal of a letter addressed to one's self, he did so. The surprise was increased by finding a bank-note within. The letter came from a well-known gentleman, and bore the date of a year past. When the owner of the house entered, he found his guests in quite a tumult of surprise and puzzle. At first he was quite as much at a loss as themselves to account for this discovery. It was, however, remembered by the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed, that about a year before he had applied to the writer for aid in some charity, but, having many demands of the same kind to supply, he declined. Afterwards, as it appeared, he regretted having done so, and had accordingly inclosed the money. Probably, soon after, he met the gentleman in whose book it was found, (with whom he was on intimate terms,) and asked him to give the letter as addressed. The receiver brought it home, laid it on his table, and forgot it. The book lying open, it may be that the letter slipped between the leaves and the volume was returned to the shelf. And there it had waited for more than a year, holding the invisible letter quite safe, until the person to whom it was addressed took down, for the first time in his life, a volume from those shelves, and received into his own hand the communication intended for him. No one can wonder that the invisible in libraries has a strong hold on the faith of our friend.

Although few may be so fortunate as to find bank-notes in letters addressed to themselves between the leaves of

books in libraries, yet we all have felt the sensation of discoverers of hidden treasures. After carelessly looking at a volume which has stood on the shelves for years, we open it and find within thoughts which appeal to our deepest experiences, high incentives to our nobler energies, deep sympathy in our sorrows, sustaining words to help us on with our life-work. How differently do we ever after regard the visible of that book! The invisible has been revealed to us, and we almost wonder whether, if we had looked into it two or three years before, we should have found there what now we prize so much. Perhaps not; for after different experiences in life come different revelations from books. The pages which a few years ago we might have glanced over with indifference now speak to us as if uttering the emotions of our own souls.

Sometimes it is a work of fiction which we open for the first time, the title of which has been familiar to our eyes. Out of it invisible spirits walk. We are introduced to charming people who never existed, and yet who become our daily companions. We go with them through many trials, we rejoice with them, we know all their secrets, and share with them many of our own. Is it possible, that, shut up between those covers, long unknown, all these existed which have since made life brighter and better to us?

In Sterling's "Onyx Ring," Walsingham, the poet, takes down a volume from Sir Charles Harcourt's library, and reads a charming romance, apparently from its pages. A lady of the company afterwards turned to the same book, which proved to be a work of Jeremy Bentham's, and searched in vain for the graceful narrative. Walsingham smiled at her perplexity, and said, "Those only find who know where to look."

The invisible world of thought, and the invisible representation of it in books, have known many changes since Cicero looked at the volume which Marcus Varro had illustrated; and from an earlier civilization than Cicero's comes the

exclamation of the soul-wearied Job, "Oh that mine adversary had written a book!" Solomon also exclaims, "Of making many books there is no end." He dreamed not of the extent to which the manufacture would be carried in these days. On the other hand, how little we know of the literary world existing in the days of Job or Solomon! and may we not be led by these exclamations to suspect not only a large supply of books, but even the existence of an Arabian Review or a Dead-Sea Magazine?

The increase of wealth, and the restless activity of intellect in the new world which surrounds us, lead naturally to the accumulation of libraries, both public and private. In our daily walks we often pass dwellings which we know hold literary treasures. Sometimes the beauties of Nature can be combined with those of Art, even in a city, around the library. We recall one from the windows of which we look forth, not on crowded streets, but on the wide river as it bends to the sea. Behind the distant hills the heavens are resplendent with the autumnal hues of sunset, the water is aglow with reflected glories, while swooping and sailing over the waves come the white sea-gulls. It is a leaf from the illuminated prayer-missal for all eyes and hearts. The literary treasures of that friend's library have been elsewhere described, some of them gifts from wise men, earnest women, world-worshipped poets, bearing on their leaves the signatures of their authors' friendship. Other treasures are there, visible and invisible, among which we would fain linger, but we must pass on. We enter another library, once filled with rare and costly works, which taught of the wonderful structure of plants, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon. Gone now are these volumes, and vanished, too, is their collector, whose wide and generous culture was veiled by the curtain of modesty and quietness. His collections he bestowed upon a public institution, where the wonders of God's universe will be a subject of study for all coming time.

These he gave, and then went peacefully away from our sight to learn yet wider and grander lessons at the feet of that Teacher who, when he was on earth, bade his followers "consider the lilies of the field." Is not that library as real to us as when the books filled its shelves, and we were welcomed by the gentle voice of its master?

The crowds which form the living stream that surges through Washington Street and eddies around the Old South Church seldom, perhaps, pause to think of that edifice as one of the links uniting the memorable past of our country's history with the momentous present. Still less do they who raise their eyes to the tower to learn the hour of the day imagine that there is an invisible library connected with the familiar form of the belfry. Yet a romance of literary and historic interest encircles it. At the time of the Revolution, Dr. Prince was pastor of the Old South Church, and in the tower he kept his historical treasures along with the New England Library. Among these volumes were Governor Bradford's letter-book and the manuscript of his "History of the Plantation of Plymouth." During the siege of Boston, the British turned the Old South into a riding-school, and the troopers had free scope to do what mischief they pleased. After the evacuation of the town the library was found in a disordered condition, and the valued manuscripts of Bradford were missing. Some time after, a person observed that the article he had bought from a grocer in Halifax was wrapped in paper written over in a peculiar hand. He deciphered enough to make him earnest to obtain what remained of the manuscript in the grocer's possession. It proved to be fragments of the missing letter-book of Governor Bradford. Years passed on until 1856, when the attention of an historical writer was attracted by a quotation, in a note to an English work, from "a manuscript history of the Plantation of Plymouth, in the Fulham Library." As the extract contained passages not found in any part of that history known in America, it

immediately occurred to those interested that this might be the missing volume from the Prince Library. A correspondence was thereupon opened with the Bishop of London. The handwriting of Bradford being authenticated, as well as that of Dr. Prince, which was found in a memorandum, dated "June 28th, showing how he obtained it from Major John Bradford," there could no longer remain a doubt that this was indeed the lost historical treasure. Part of the manuscripts of Bradford had been carried by the British soldiers to Halifax, and sold at last as waste-paper to a grocer; and the rest, after some history unknown, reached England and found protection under the care of the Bishop of London. A copy of this manuscript is now in the possession of the Boston Historical Society.

In the rooms of that society is preserved the Dowse Library. A rare collection of books, formed by a man daily engaged in the mechanic craft of a leather-dresser, is a singular illustration of the visible and invisible of libraries. We recall past days in Cambridge, when, beneath the sign of a white wooden sheep, we entered the unpretending house which contained not only the leather-dresser's shop, but a small gallery of pictures and this valuable library. We remember, also, with grateful interest, the modest, but manly, welcome of the master of both the mechanic craft and the treasures of art and literature, and how quietly he would give us a few words about his books. The Dowse Library we visit is always *there*, and although much is visible in the beautiful room where the bequest of the owner has been fittingly enshrined, yet its distinctive charm is invisible.

The City Library of Boston has one feature entirely new in the visible of a great public collection. A large portion of the books, under certain regulations, are circulated among the inhabitants of the city, and thousands avail themselves of this privilege. Here, then, is opened a great fountain of knowledge in the midst of a wide population: all may come, without money and

without price. The visible pages of learning, wisdom, science, truth, imagination, ingenious theory, or deep conviction lie open not only to the eyes, but to the hearts and homes of a great people. It is like the overflowing Nile, carrying sweet waters to irrigate many waste places, and clothing the dry dust of common life with the flowers, the fruit, and the sustaining grain, springing from invisible seeds cast by unseen hands into the wide field of the world.

"If," says Lord Bacon, "the invention of ships was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities

from place to place, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!"

NOTE. — Since these pages were written, one who knew how to prize the visible and invisible of books has passed away. The silent library of George Livernore speaks eloquently of him. That collection, gathered with a love which increased as years advanced, includes ancient copies of the Bible of rarest value. His life was a book, written over with good deeds and pure thoughts, illuminated by holy aspirations. That volume is closed, but the spirit which rendered it precious is not withdrawn; living in many hearts, it will continue to be a cherished presence in the world, the home, and the library.

LETTER TO A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

YOU know, dear M., it is said that in times of bankruptcy men go home to get acquainted with their wives; perhaps it should be added that wives then go to get introduced to their kitchens. But your sensible letter is an omen, little friend, that to you and H. this does not apply. You will not wait for poverty to teach you economy, but will learn economy to ward off poverty. So herewith I send a few of the culinary notes of the last two years; but neither of us is to be taken for a bankrupt's wife, for all that. It is simply recognizing that you are alone in new duties, and that cookery is an art which may not be gained even from that fountain of knowledge, named by the Apostle Paul as one's husband. The successes of the art no one knows better than he; but of the processes he will be found sublimely ignorant. There are but two points in which you can defer to him, — punch and lobster-salad. These, like swearing and smoking, are strictly masculine accomplishments.

If you had the thrifty maiden aunt kept in reserve by most families for an emergency, you would kindly offer her a home at your house for a while. But

since you have not, I will be as disagreeable to you as she. So turn your glowing Spanish eyes toward me, instead of looking demurely about, as people do when they are having old letters read to them.

Byron said he hated to see a woman eat; and there is a class of housekeepers who certainly return the compliment upon men. These ethereal beings are forever sighing for life with appetite left out. Like Lord Dundreary's lady-love, they are "*so delicate*," unless caught in the pantry hastily devouring onions and beefsteak. To be hungry is so vulgar! One should live by nothing grosser than inhalation, and should never have an appetite greater than that of a healthy bumble-bee. But, thanks to the robust, latter-day theory, that the best saints have the best bodies, this puerile class is diminishing. For who can doubt that the senses are entitled to their full blossom? Gustation was meant to be delightful; and cooking is certainly half as good as tasting. At times one may have longed for the old Roman custom of two meals a day, and going to bed at chicken-time, bringing the hour of roast near the hour of roost; but this was

probably in families where there were three repasts, with lunch all the way between, and an incessant buying of cookies from the baker, lest the children should go hungry. After this, surfeit one pardons a recoil. Or, in an enervating day of July, one may have longed to dine upon humming-bird, with rose-leaves for dessert. But these are exceptional times; the abiding hope is, that we shall continue to eat, drink, and be merry. For the practical is in the imperative. It is cumulative, and reinforces itself, — a real John Brown power that is always marching on, and we must march beside it with patient, cheery hearts. Is it strange that even the moss-covered Carlisle town, of which the Last Minstrel sang, and where the Scottish Mary tarried in her flight from the cousin queen, is now chiefly remarkable for its cotton-factory and biscuit-bakery?

Indeed, the enthusiasm over biscuits has its place, as well as that over books; and it is not always that there is as much genuine joy in a novel as one may get out of bread-making. This is quite too scientific and interesting to be left to a domestic. It is really among the most exciting experiments. Try it every week for two years, and it seems just as new an enterprise as at the beginning, — but a thousand times more successful, we observe. Working up the light drifts of flour, leaving them at night a heavy pat and nothing more, — waking to find a dish flowing-full of snowy foam. The first thing on rising one's self is, to see if the dough be risen, too; and that is always sure to be early, for every batch of bread sets an alarm in one's brain. After breakfast one will be as expectant as if going to a ball in lieu of a baking. Then to see the difference a little more or less flour will make, and out of what quantity comes perfection! To feminine vision, more precious than "apples of gold in pictures of silver" are loaves of bread in dishes of tin. If one were ever penurious, might it not be of these handsome loaves of hers? The little housewife will be very gentle to the

persecuted man of Scripture who was so reluctant to get up at midnight and give away his bread. She will even be charitable to the stingy merchant scorned by Saadi, of whom it was written, that, "if, instead of his loaf of bread, the orb of the sun had been in his wallet, nobody had seen daylight in the world till the Day of Judgment."

Dr. Kane says, he knows how bread can be raised in three hours without salt, saleratus, or shortening, — knows, but sha'n't tell. This must be another mystery of the Arctic regions. Certainly that bread could not have been raised in the sun. But how one quantity was managed the Doctor is free to say. He kneaded a whole barrel of flour in a pickled-cabbage cask, and baked it at once by firing several volumes of the "Penny Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge."

After compliments, however, to come in with the cash down of the practical, here is a veritable bread-making recipe, well-tested and voted superior. Take a quart of milk; heat one third and scald with it a half-pint of flour; if skimmed milk, use a small piece of butter. When the batter is cool, add the remainder of the milk, a teacup of hop-yeast, a half-tablespoon of salt, with flour to make it quite stiff. Knead it on the board till it is very fine and smooth; raise over night. It will make two small loaves and a half-dozen biscuits.

This recipe ought to give good bread week in and week out, so saving you from the frequent calamity of soda-biscuits. These may be used for dumpplings, or as a sudden extempore, but do not let them be habitual. True, you will occasionally meet people who say that they can eat these, when raised ones are fatal. But some persons find cheese good for dyspepsia, many advocate ice-cream, others can eat only beans, while some are cured by popped corn. Yet these articles are not likely to become staples of diet. They would hardly answer a normal appetite; and any stomach that can steadily withstand the searchingness of soda and tartaric acid

seems ready to go out to pasture and eat the fences. Chemists will say, if bread must be improvised, use soda and muriatic acid. These combined in precise proportions are supposed to evaporate in the baking, and leave common salt. But this acid is such furious stuff! It will come to you from the druggists in a bottle marked "Poison," and it is not pleasant to put into one's mouth a substance that will burn a hole in her apron. It is too much of the Roland for an Oliver,—You eat me and I will eat you. For it is quite difficult to perfectly combine the acid and alkali, and then the bread is streaked with muriatic fire; then one might easily take into the system a thousand streaks a year, and then one would become a fire-eater.

But probably the greatest of all bread wonders are the unleavened Graham cakes. These are worth a special mail and large postage to tell of. I was about to beg that you surprise H. with them at your next breakfast. But no, he won't like them; besides, according to the theory of "Woman and her Era," they're a deal too good for men, they are fit only for women and angels. So just salt and scald some Graham meal into a dough as soft as can be and be handled. Roll it an inch thick, cutting in diamonds, which place on a tin sheet and thrust into the hottest of ovens. (Note this last direction, or the diamonds will be flat leather.) Strange to say, they will rise, and keep rising, till in ten minutes you take them out quite puffed. One would never guess them innocent of yeast. An inch thick is the rule; but there is nothing like an adventurous courage. It is at once suggested, if they are so good at an inch, will they not be twice as good at two inches. And certainly they are. The meal will not be outwitted. It is the liveliest and most buoyant material. Its lightness keeps up with the utmost experiment. Finally, it may be turned into a massive loaf, and with a brisk heat it will refuse to be depressed.

The morning when were produced these charming little miracles remains

a red-letter day in our household. Who ever tasted anything, save a nut, half so sweet, or who ever anything so pure? We ate, lingered, and revelled in them, thus becoming epicures at once. It seemed as if all our lives we had been seeking something really *recherché*, and had just found it. They were as great a revelation to the palate as Bettine or Thoreau might be to the mind. Now all was *coulleur de rose*. Here was found, if not the philosopher's stone, the philosopher's bread, that should turn everything into health. Henceforth the strong heroes celebrated by Emerson, who "at rich men's tables eat but bread and pulse," might sit at ours, arising refreshed and glorified. And was not this also coming very near Nature? but two removes from the field, wheat cracked, then ground. (I have since come a degree nearer on cracked wheat at a water-cure!) It sounded altogether wholesome and primitive. I hastened with a sample to my best friend. She, too, tasted, exulted, and passed on the tidings to others. Now, indeed, was the golden age in dawn. Already we saw a community purified and rejuvenated. Before our philosopher-cakes sin and bad blood would disappear, and already the crowns of grateful generations were pressing on our brows. But something went wrong with all the cooks. Either they did n't scald the meal or they did n't heat the oven,—what in one hand was light beaten gold in another became lead. For a while it seemed that I could not go to my friend's without meeting some one who cast scorn on our reformation cakes. All tried them and failed; so sin remains in the world.

But now hope plumes itself anew. You at least will attempt the little wheatens. You have a deft hand, and will succeed. The buoyancy of the meal revives in my blood. Now the world rights itself again, and once more we are all bounding sunward.

But to be honest. For a few weeks I and the radical cakes were as satisfied as young lovers, but soon came temptations to progress from the primitive,—first to add a little sugar. But I vetoed

as resolutely as Andrew Jackson himself, thus putting up the bars between the wheat-field and cane-field, or probably by this time I should have been pouring in spice, eggs, and milk, and at last should have committed the crime of doing just as other people do.

If you would confess it, you have probably found in your new captain-general a susceptibility not only to your charms, but to those of good cooking. Always count these among the young wife's fascinations. Remember how Miss Bremer's Fannie, of "The Neighbors," in a matrimonial quarrel with her Bear, conquered him with fresh-baked patties aimed at his mouth. But be not too conciliatory, — especially towards coffee. If you could be hard-hearted enough to win H. from this bilious beverage, would it not be worth the perils? Entertain him for a few mornings so brilliantly that he won't know what he is drinking, then — But I'll tell you how we will cheat him admirably; and it is n't very cruel either, for merely to gratify the taste make-believes are as good as realities. First, every one knows Taraxacum or dandelion; invalids know crust-coffee, and many with indignation know burnt peas. Also Miss Beecher, whose estimable cookbook you certainly must get, mentions that ochra seeds or gumbo cannot be told from Java; an army correspondent has since reported coffee made at the South from oker seeds, doubtless the same; another found in use the sweet potato, roasted, and flavored with coffee; while a friend has just described the most enticing beverage made from chickory, — the root being stripped and dried under the stove. This is said to be so rich that sometimes it has to be diluted with a trifle of coffee. And still further, there is simple rye, which is cheaper found than either. Jeff. Davis drank it for four years and wrote all *her* grand proclamations out of it. But probably the wholesomer article is wheat coffee. I have lately prepared some by boiling a cup of well-scorched wheat-bran in a pint of water; and although I don't quite know how good coffee tastes,

no doubt this was very like the true Java. It poured clear and rich as wine. Now try this in full strength with your spouse, being very witty when he drinks. And as the mornings pass, oh, weaken it more and more. That is, cheat him pleasantly at first, then worse and worse, till he is glad to take milk or pure water with you. Conspiracies are usually contemptible; but this is one of the very "best water," you see.

Perhaps we who never drink coffee can hardly understand the affection its votaries have for it. To their minds, water seems to be given only for steeping that delicious mud. Said one extravagant Madame Follet, "When I see a coffee-pot, 't is exactly the same as if I saw an angel from heaven." And the Biloxi people, whom General Butler surprised of a morning, were found to be in a very tragic state. One boy exclaimed, "Oh, give me just a handful of coffee, master, an' I'll give you 'lasses, sugar, anything!" while a strong man ejaculated, "My God, we're short of everything! I have n't tasted tea or coffee for four months!" — as grievous as if he had n't seen a human face for a year. According to the "Herald" correspondent, the chief reason that the South rejoices in peace is that "Now we'll be able to get some real coffee!" — perhaps, he adds, in the next breath inquiring, "What are you going to do with our niggers?"

No, we could not, with Ward Beecher, "bless the man who discovered the immortal berry." Nor could we, with De Quincey, apostrophize to a certain other excitant, "O just, subtle, and mighty opium! thou holdest the keys of Paradise!" Yet one must concede the possible uses of a stimulant. Coffee has been priceless to our army, on its cold, wet marches; and benedictions should be ordered in the churches, if need be, to the man who made it into that wondrous pemmican, so that the coffee of a regiment may be carried in a few tin cans. Then, too, it seems good for men who go driving up and down the world on stage-coaches and locomotives; but for stay-at-home,

counting-house mortals, is it not a mere delicious superfluity? Quite as much of one as a cigar, I think.

But henceforth, when Rio is high, drink rye. If one must have either, better the simulant than the stimulant.

Among other things, you have doubtless discovered that one admirable breakfast dish is eggs. If you serve them in the shell, it is quite worth while to follow the English way, keeping them close covered for ten minutes in very hot water without boiling. The yolks are thus left running, and the whites are beautifully jellied. These are convenient to get when relations arrive at night, and there is no meat in the house. Relations always expect meat for breakfast.

In fact, it is just at this point that one's genius is to come in, — when a nice meal must be gotten at short notice, and the larder is empty. None but the woman of resources can do it; and she knows her realm is as full of strategies as was ever the Department of the Potomac. Under her hand, when there was supposed to be nothing for breakfast, I have seen bits of meat snatched from cold soup, and wrought up into the most savory morsels, — one would never guess that the goodness was all boiled out of them; while a cup of yesterday's griddle-cake batter went suddenly into the oven, and came out a breakfast-cake finer than waffles.

One who had the knack of the heroine Fleda, in "*Queechy*," would be friendly to omelets, and tell of them too. But you must be self-reliant, and put them on the list of experiments. It will probably be some time before you come to that refinement of egg-eating which Mrs. Stowe found at the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, where she was honored with lunch. Her sylvan spirit was somewhat startled, when a servant brought five little speckled plover eggs, all lying in the nest just as taken from the tree. How they were cooked is unknown; but one would certainly need a recipe to eat them by.

But an American woman can outdo the Duchess of Sutherland. She will

find an egg daintier than the plover's, and not stir from her own door; for, awhile since, some one, fumbling among the secrets of Nature, discovered, not that stones were sermons, but that snow was eggs, and straight made a cook-book to tell it, as we will do on discovering that rain is milk. Of course all things have their limitations; and these new eggs are not just the article for custards, will not do to poach for breakfast, or would hardly keep in brine; but they may be used in any compound that requires lightness without richness. Even our grandmothers made snow pancakes; but, in the present age, to be distinguished is to be venturesome, and in this experiment one need not stop short of veritable loaf-cake. The volatile element in snow makes two table-spoons of it equal to one egg; therefore to a small loaf I should allow ten table-spoons. Cooks always put in as many eggs as they can afford, you know.

Thus, when snow falls every day for four months, as it does in New England, eggs get exceedingly cheap in the prudent household. Then one can smile to think how she circumvents the grocer, and pray the clouds to lay a good nestful every week.

A friend the other day improvised a list of edibles headed, "*Poisonous Ps*," — pastry, pickles, pork, and preserves. She was pleased to leave out puddings, and hereto we shall say, Amen. Not that one is to indorse such odiously rich ones as cocoa-nut, suet, and English plum; but, bating these, there are enough both nice and wholesome to change the dessert every day for a fortnight, at least. At another time I may give you some recipes, with various items by this writing omitted.

Pastry the physiologists have been shaking their heads about for some time, — especially as many persons use soda with the lard, not being aware that they are making soft soap. This sort of paste one often sees in the country. But it is easy to omit the soap. On the next bread-making day, simply reserve a piece of the well-raised dough, and roll in butter. This gives a palata-

ble and harmless crust. I have also experimented with a shortening of hot, fine-mashed potato and milk, which, if it may not be recommended to an epicure, is really better than it sounds. And does it not sound better than Dr. Trall's proposal of sweet oil? Will not some of these ways satisfy our ardent reformers and physiologists? But about chicken-pie, remember the tradition, that, unless the top crust is punctured, it will make one very ill. (Who knows but this was the secret of the National Hotel sickness?) At least, it is truer than some other traditions, such as that eating burnt crusts will make the cheeks red, or that fried turnip will make the hair curl.

Pickles do not seem so good that they must be eaten, nor so bad that they must not be. But with them comes evermore the vision that Trollope has prepared of all our smart little five-year-old men and women perched at hotel-tables, pale-faced and sedate, with waiters behind their chairs, and ordering chowders and chops with an inevitable "Please don't forget the pickles."

Preserves, aside from the recent luxury of canned fruit, have the happiest substitutes, if we will take what the seasons bring to our hands. Not a month in the year is left wholly barren of these relishes for the tea-table. There are berries all the summer, apples and cranberries in the winter, when, just as the last russet disappears, and with it every one's appetite, up springs the pungent and luxuriant rhubarb. Somewhat curious is it concerning this last article. Forty years ago it was such a pure experiment in England, that a Mr. Myatt, who took seven bundles of it to London, succeeded in selling but three. Still he persisted in keeping it before the people, although he seemed only to lose rhubarb and to gain ridicule, being designated as the man who sold "physic pies."

And besides our own zone, with its fruits fresh or dried, there are the abounding tropics always at the door: Pine-apples, which, if unwholesome, are yet charmingly convenient to help a

luckless housekeeper, and which, by the way, made a better *entrée* in London than pie-plant, being so popular that their salesmen floated flags from the top of their stalls; bananas, those foreign muskmelons of spring; oranges, gilding every street-corner; dates, which do not go meanly with bread and butter, though one is a little fearful of finding a whole straw bed therein; and prunes, which, if soaked several hours and stewed slowly, are luscious enough for a prince.

But pork it appears to be the common impression that man cannot do without. Certainly he must have partaken somewhat of its nature to make him so greedy; and there would seem to be animals enough on land and sea, without devouring the swine. If pork be important anywhere, it is so in the old Puritan dish of baked beans; yet those who have tasted baked beans prepared with fine rich beef instead have voted them quite sumptuous, and possibly rich enough for people who live at restaurants. But so long as fish, bird, and fowl remain, and men even eat turtles and frogs, — so long as sheep do not die of wolves, nor cattle of the county commissioners, — may not the pig be left to his wallowing in the mire?

Thus much for the poisonous *ps*. We do not place among them that popular plant, the potato, though it has the blood of the nightshade in its veins. But these may be made moderately poisonous by putting them into soup. Once taste clear potato-water, and you will not aspire to drink a strong broth from it. And even potatoes one may eat at a dozen tables, and not find nicely served at any. With domestics generally they figure as the article that in cooking takes care of itself, — the convenient vegetable, that may be thrown into the kettle, and taken up when nothing else needs to be. In the end they are either half done and hard, or when done, being left soaking, are watery and soggy; whereas they should be pared, kept boiling in salted water till they break, then drained and shaken over the coals till powdery dry. They need

tossing up with as light a hand as an omelet, you see. If they are not of the nicest variety, they should be mashed with milk, butter, and salt, and placed in the oven to brown. This is a kind of medication which usually makes the poorest article quite palatable, and is resorted to in the early summer, when potatoes are become decidedly an "aged *p.*" I was once amused to hear a man complaining of a certain potato, because it was "too dry." It is doubtful what he would do in Maine, the land of the famous Jackson whites, which boil to a creamy powder. One must be grateful that our Massachusetts Dovers cannot be dampened by this original potato-taster. He probably would like juicy potatoes and mealy oranges.

But of course none can have studied diet and its varied effects on various persons, without seeing it to be impossible to make up two lists of dishes, one of which shall be voted hurtful and the other harmless. Nor does the healthfulness of food seem to consist wholly in its simplicity, according to old Grahamite theories. There is probably some truth in the saying of Hippocrates, "Whatever pleases the palate nourishes"; but one cannot fail to recognize the wisdom of M. Soyer, that prince of the *cuisine*, who maintains that the digestibility of food depends, not on the number of articles used in its manufacture, but in their proper combination. Says M. Soyer, "I would wager that I could give a first-class indigestion to the greatest *gourmet*, even while using the most *recherché* provisions, without his being able to detect any fault in the preparation of the dishes of which he had partaken, — and this simply by improperly classifying the condiments used in the preparation." This gives a hint of the nicety of the culinary art, the genius required to practise it, and the fine physical effects that hinge upon it. It is no wonder that Vatel committed suicide before the great banquet which he had prepared for his master, the Prince of Condé, because he feared it was to fail. It is certainly enough to alarm ordinary am-

ateurs, — and such are the most of us; for, while Americans place all due stress upon the table, they neglect to emphasize the *cuisine*. Instead of this *nonchalance*, we have yet to discover that cookery belongs to the fine arts; that it is exhaustive alike of chemistry and physiology, and touches upon laws as sure as those which mingle the atmospheric elements, hourly adjusting them to man's nicest needs. And we should count it among the best of the progressive plans of our country, if to the new Industrial College under subscription at Worcester were to be added an elaborate culinary department, with the most accomplished professor that could be obtained. Perhaps, as M. Soyer was philanthropic enough to go to the Crimea, and teach the English to make hospital soup, he would even come here and give our nation a glimpse of those marvellous morsels that have made Paris the envy of epicures the world over.

And if there is a proper harmony to be attained in the combining of various ingredients, making every perfect dish a poem, there is no less harmony in combining the various dishes for a repast, making a poem in every perfect meal. For every leading dish has its kindred and antagonistic ones: as, at dinner, one would not serve cauliflower with fricassee chicken, nor turnips with boiled salmon, nor, at tea, currants with cream-toast, nor currants with custard. But this is something that cannot be fully taught or learned. It is almost wholly at the mercy of one's instinct, and may be ruled by a tact as delicate as that which conducts a drawing-room.

But we are quite curious to learn, M., if your excellent companion has yet been away from home so long that you have had to go to market. And can you wisely discern roasts, steaks, and fowl? Says one, "The way to select fowl is first to select your butcher"; and away he swings out of intelligence and responsibility with a magnificent air. A lady friend has this charming fashion of frankness: "Now, Mr. —, I don't know one piece of meat from another, and

shall expect you to give me the best"; thus throwing herself directly on her faith and fascinations. But these might grow jejune, nor is it safe to trust the tender mercies of a butcher. Better know what you want, and know if you get it. Therefore you will study the anatomy of animals, as laid down in all modern cook-books. But really it is a little perplexing. I confess I am near concluding that every beef creature is a special creation; for one never finds the same joint twice, and apparently the only things common to all are tongue and liver.

Not long since, having a discussion at the market with an elderly gentleman, he said something pleasant which must be written for the husband of a young housekeeper. We agreed that a rump steak was of more uniform richness than a sirloin, the best of the latter being only that luscious strip underlying the bone. "But," added the kindly man, "I always buy the sirloin, because I give that juicy scrap to my wife." It is worth while, M., to be wedded to the thoughtful heart, who, after forty years, yet wills to give one the single choice bit from the table.

Aside from the ordinary beef-routine, there is another dish which is usually popular. Select a cheap, lean piece of beef, weighing two or three pounds, put it on the stove in cold water soon after breakfast, boiling gently. Half an hour before dinner add a small onion, a sliced parsnip and carrot, a few bits of turnip, and a half-dozen dumplings. When these are done, remove them; season and thicken, serving a dumpling with meat and vegetables to each plate of stew. This may be rather plebeian, but is certainly palatable,—unless there be choice company to dine. We might call it Rainy-Day Stew.

But the toothsome time for beef-eaters was undoubtedly in the days of pleuro-pneumonia. Then the frightened public fled from beef as from the plague, and all the best cuts were left for the bold. One was tempted to pray that such pleuro might last for the season, save that the Commissioners were

so costly, and the dear cattle were having an unusually sanguinary Bull Run. I know what our vegetarian friend, Mr. Alcott, will say; but he must indulge me in a very small mania, even if it seem to him a kind of cannibalism; therefore, whatever rhapsodies are left from bread and potato, let them all be given to good beef. While the quarrel of round, rump, and sirloin goes on, this let us buy and eat and reinforce ourselves. In it are poems, powers, and possessions ineffable. Twenty-five cents a pound, and the strength of the gods in one's veins! Broil it carefully and rare, then go and toss quoits with Hercules. In this, ye disconsolate, behold lands, lovers, and virtues in plenty. It fills and steadies the pulse, and plants the planet plump under one's feet. "My friend is he who makes me do what I can," says the sage. Only beefsteak can come to the rescue. If one were going to a martyr's fire, of this should he eat, lest he die, not sublimely, with a fainting body. He would try this steak, and then that stake.

But there is one event that comes alike to all, and that is a holiday dinner. Even the poor have their plum-pudding days, and all seem to think that on a Christmas or Thanksgiving Nature suspends her laws and lets one eat as much as he can. It is quite in the spirit of the Scottish Lord Cockburn, who, ending a long walk, used to say, "We will eat a profligate supper,—a supper without regard to discretion or digestion." Or after the theory of one who ate whatever he pleased, whenever he pleased, and as much as he pleased, saying, "Oh, if it makes me sick, I can take medicine. What are the doctors for, if 't is n't to cure people?" He did not know how small hope can be gotten from the doctors, and how those who know best get more and more courage to travel into places where they are not. There must have been a poor chance for the Egyptians, who, Herodotus says, had a physician for each part of the body; so that the human frame would seem to have been a sort of university, and each of the organs a vacant professorship. In

case of malady, every officer worked away on his own member without regard to what his medical neighbors were doing. Michelet mentions a fish that has the power of multiplying stomachs to the number of one hundred and twenty. Fortunately that power is not man's. Think of dyspepsia with a hundred and twenty stomachs, and a different doctor for each!

Do not imagine this a plea for the transcendental diet that drove Sydney Smith to that pathetic sigh, "Ah, I wish they would allow me even the wing of a roasted butterfly!" But perhaps it would not be amiss to conjure up a terror-demon from these bodies of ours, so that we should fear to violate laws with such merciless penalties,—should have none but well-cooked food, at sensible and systematic hours. Is it strange that little Miss Bremer, who thought herself of soundest digestion, after three months of American night-dinners with oysters and preserve, is at last seen to grasp Dr. Osgood with both hands, exclaiming, in tears, "Oh, help me!" I want to save you from resembling the great people of the world after the manner of Dr. Beattie, whose title to genius was, "Have I not headaches like Pope, vertigo like Swift, gray hairs like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes for fear of corns like Virgil, and sometimes complain of sore eyes like Horace?"

Therefore I hope that your H. will make the counting-room conform to regular mid-day dinner and early tea-time. And let us trust that it will not have the same fatal result as with King Louis XII., who is said to have died earlier from changing his dinner-hour in compliment to his foreign bride.

One can hardly think of late suppers without turning quite away to those ideal tea-takings of the Wordsworths at Grasmere. "Plain living and high thinking," was the motto of the philosopher-poet, and that table was never crowded with viands. One can well believe, that, as De Quincey said, in the quiet walks after tea the face of the poet "grew solemn and spiritual as any saint's." But

he probably was thinking very high when he drew a knife from the buttered toast and cut the leaves of a new book just lent to him!

Quite sombre are the memories of Rydal Mount; but since we are really alive, let us be lively. Behold me, then, dear M., well turbaned and aproned, and know that this is our churning-day. You give one of your gleeful little shrieks, perhaps; but yes, it is true; we live in the city, take a pint of milk per day, and make butter.

And where is the churn? you suggest. Oh, I extemporize that. It is out of the question to buy every convenient thing, or purse will run dry and house overflow. Dr. Kane hints how few dishes it is possible to use; and the plan is admirable; so one need not buy a churn, but make one out of a bowl and spoon. Into the bowl goes the cream, into the cream the spoon, and then I beat, beat, beat, not as one who beateth the air. This often lasts for two hours or more; it might be said that the cream remains in chrysalis, and refuses to butterfly! Indeed, there is no reason why a small bowl of cream should n't be as refractory as a wooden churnful. But when it "won't come," my distress is not at all proportioned to the size of the bowl.

Still I beat, beat, beat, perspiringly, but resolutely, while it whisks about, spattering over face, bib, and turban. At length there appear within it greasy-looking flecks. These increase till the mass thickens, beats solidly, separates from the milk, and declares itself butter. A limited quantity, certainly, but I will none the less press it dry, salt, and make it into cakes as large as a full-blown tea-rose. Each of these I will stamp, lay on a dapper glass cup-plate, and at tea-time several dear ones in various households will find these astonishing little pats beside them. Think you not they are genuine love-pats?

This would be a pretty way to serve butter always, did it not remind one of cheap hotels kept on the European plan, where those small, slushy, yellow cakes come in with the rolls. A choicer way

is to form it into acorns or strawberries, — though I don't in the least know how it is done, — placing them all together on a plate and serving one to each at the table. This dainty way, however, would hardly make a bad article good, and no one would crave a berry of ancient firkin butter. For, as trivial a matter as it seems, this single condiment of food, one has only to encounter it in a strong, cheesy state to feel it among the most important things in the *cuisine*. Then one suddenly discovers that butter is in everything. Eating becomes intolerable, living dwindles into dyspepsia, and finally one is tempted to exclaim with a certain epicure, "I wish I were under the sod! There's no lump butter in the market!"

It is related of Apicius, who lived at Rome, that he ate very large shrimps; but hearing that those of Greece were larger, he straightway sailed for that coast without losing a day. He met a great storm and much danger; but on arriving, the fishermen brought him of their best. Apicius shook his head.

"Have you never any larger shrimps?"

"No, Seignior, never!"

At which, rubbing his hands with delight, he ordered the captain to sail back at once, saying, —

"I have left some at home larger than these, and they will be spoiled, if the wind is not in our favor."

We will not carry our diletantism so far as this, nor let it carry us so far; still we are glad not to be driven to the expedient of the Syrians, whose only butter is the fat procured from the tails of

their sheep, — which is literally being reduced to extremities.

By the way, something quite remarkable occurred in my first churning. I began with one cup of cream and ended with a cup of butter and a full cup of buttermilk! This law of expansion is paralleled only by that of contraction, as shown to the farmer who took a brimming pail of dinner to the sty; and after the little pig had eaten it all, the farmer put him into the pail, and had room for another half of a pig beside.

But, dear M., it is hardly two moons since the bridal trunks were taken from our hall, and you went away with the friend. You have scarcely been domesticated long enough to see that bright tins bake badly, and that one must crucify her pride by allowing them to blacken; yet so soon do I overwhelm you with culinary suggestions. I am distressed to remember them. But you must forgive and smile me into peacefulness again. And be not discouraged, little housewife! It may take years of attention to excel in bread-making, some skill even for boiling potatoes, and common-sense for everything; but stand steadily beside your servants, and watch their processes patiently. Take notes, experiment, amend, and if there be failure, discover the reason; then it need not happen again.

And despite the difficulties of the practical, you and H. will not slight the ideal. Love the work you are doing and must do; but when it is done, oh, train the rose-vines over your door!

THE PEACE AUTUMN.

THANK God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid, —
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest,
Beneath the homestead shade!

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red scourge,
The negro's broken chains,
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
And vales where cotton flowers;
All streams that flow, all winds that blow,
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry
Be knightly honors paid;
For nobler than the sword's shall be
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours!
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruits;
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,
The stars arise and fall;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan
And rough-shod feet applaud,
Who died to make the slave a man,
And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung,
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annoy;
The passion of our mighty grief
And our exceeding joy!

A song of praise to Him who filled
The harvests sown in tears,
And gave each field a double yield
To feed our battle-years!

A song of faith that trusts the end
To match the good begun,
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend
The hearts of men as one!

DOCTOR JOHNS.

XXXVII.

MEANTIME Reuben was gaining, month by month, in a knowledge of the world, — at least of such portion of it as came within the range of his vision in New York. He imagined it, indeed, a very large portion, and took airs upon himself in consequence. He thought with due commiseration of the humble people of Ashfield. He wonders how he could have tolerated so long their simple ways. The Eagle Tavern, with its creaking sign-board, does not loom so largely as it once did upon the horizon of his thought. That he should ever have trembled as a lad at walking up to the little corner bar, in company with Phil! And as for Nat Boody, whose stories he once listened to admiringly, what a scrubby personage he has become in his eye! Fighting-dogs, indeed! "Scamp" would be nothing to what he has seen a score of times in the city!

He has put Phil through some of the "sights": for that great lout of a country lad (as Reuben could not help counting him, though he liked his big, honest heart for all that) had found him out, when he came to New York to take ship for the West Indies.

"I say, Phil," Reuben had said, as he marched his old schoolmate up Broadway, "it's rather a touch beyond Ashfield, this, is n't it? How do you think

Old Boody's tavern and sign-board would look along here?"

And Phil laughed, quietly.

"I should like to see old Deacon Tourtelot," continued Reuben, "with Huld on his arm, sloping down Broadway. Would n't the old people stare?"

"I guess they would," Phil said, demurely.

"I wonder if they'd knock off at sundown Saturday night," continued Reuben, mockingly.

And his tone somehow hurt Phil, who had the memories of the old home—a very dear one to him—fresh upon him.

"And I suppose Miss Almiry keeps at her singing?"

"Yes," said Phil, straining a point in favor of his townswoman; "and I think she sings pretty well."

"Pretty well! By Jove, Phil, you should have been at the Old Park night before last; you would have heard what I call singing. It would have stirred up the old folks of Ashfield."

And Phil met it all very seriously. It seemed to him, in his honesty, that Reuben was wantonly cutting asunder all the ties that once bound him to the old home. It pained him, moreover, to think—as he did, with a good deal of restiveness—that his blessed mother, and Rose perhaps, and the old Squire, his father, were among the Ashfield people at whom Reuben sneered so

glibly. And when he parted with him upon the dock, — for Reuben had gone down to see him off, — it was with a secret conviction that their old friendship had come to an end, and that thenceforth they two could have no sympathies in common.

But in this Phil was by no means wholly right. The talk of Reuben was, after all, but the ebullition of a city conceit, — a conceit which is apt to belong to all young men at some period of their novitiate in city life. He was mainly anxious to impress upon Phil the great gain which he had made in knowledge of the world in the last few years, and to astound him with the great difference between his present standpoint and the old one, when they were boys together on the benches of the Ashfield meeting-house. We never make such gains, or apparent gains, at any period of life, it is to be feared, without wishing to demonstrate their magnitude to the slow coaches we have left behind.

And on the very night after Reuben had parted from Phil, when he came late to his chamber, dazed with some new scene at the theatre, and his brain flighty with a cup too much, it may well have happened, that, in his fevered restlessness, as the clock near by chimed midnight, his thoughts ran back to that other chamber where once sweet sleep always greeted him, — to the overhanging boughs that rustled in the evening air at the window, — to the shaded street that stretched away between the silent houses, — to the song of the katydids, chattering their noisy chorus, — to the golden noons when light feet tripped along the village walks, — to the sunny smiles of Rose, — to the kindly entreaty of good Mrs. Elderkin, — and more faintly, yet more tenderly, than elsewhere, to a figure and face far remote, and so glorified by distance that they seem almost divine, a figure and a face that are somehow associated with the utterance of his first prayer, — and with the tender vision before him, he mumbles the same prayer and falls asleep with it upon his lip.

Only on his lip, however, — and the

next day, when he steals a half-hour for a stroll upon Broadway with that dashing girl, Miss Sophie Bowrigg, (she is really a stylish creature,) he has very little thought of the dreamy sentiments of the night before, which seemed for the time to keep his wilder vagaries in subjection, and to kindle aspirations toward a better life. It is doubtful, even, if he did not indulge in an artful compliment or two to the dashing Miss Sophie, the point of which lay in a cleverly covered contrast of herself with the humdrum manners of the fair ones of Ashfield. Yet, to tell truth, he is not wholly untouched by certain little rallying, coquettish speeches of Miss Sophie in respect to Adèle, who, in her open, girl-like way, has very likely told the full story of Reuben's city attentions.

Reuben had, indeed, been piqued by the French girl's reception of his patronage, and he had been fairly carried off his feet in view of her easy adaptation to the ways of the city, and of her graceful carriage under all the toilet equipments which had been lavished upon her, under the advice of Mrs. Brindlock. A raw boy comes only by long aptitude into the freedom of a worldly manner; but a girl — most of all a French girl, in whom the instincts of her race are strong — leaps to such conquest in a day. Of course he had intimated to Adèle no wonder at the change; but he had thrust a stray glove of hers into his pocket, counting it only a gallant theft; and there had been days when he had drawn out that little relic of her visit from its hidden receptacle, and smoothed it upon his table, and pressed it, very likely, to his lips, in the same way in which youth of nineteen or twenty are used to treat such feminine tokens of grace.

It was a dainty glove, to be sure. It conjured up her presence in its most alluring aspect. The rustle of her silk, the glow of her cheek, the coyness of her touch, whenever she had dropped that delicate hand on his, came with the sight of it. He ventures, in a moment of gallant exuberance, to purchase a

half-dozen of the same number, of very charming tints, (to his eye,) and sends them as a gift to Adèle, saying, —

“I found your stray glove we had a search for in the carriage, but did not tell of it. I hope these will fit.”

“They fit nicely,” said Adèle, writing back to him, — “so nicely, I may be tempted to throw another old glove of mine some time in your way.”

Miss Eliza Johns was of course delighted with this attention of Reuben’s, and made it the occasion of writing him a long letter, (and her letters were very rare, by reason of the elaboration she counted necessary,) in which she set forth the excellence of Adèle’s character, her “propriety of speech,” her “lady-like deportment,” her “cheerful observance of duty,” and her “eminent moral worth,” in such terms as stripped all romance from Reuben’s recollection of her, and made him more than half regret his gallant generosity.

The Doctor writes to him regularly once a fortnight; of which missives Reuben reads as regularly the last third, containing, as it does usually, a little home news or casual mention of Miss Rose Elderkin or of the family circle. The other two thirds, mainly expostulatory, he skips, only allowing his eye to glance over them, and catch such scattered admonitions as these: — “Be steadfast in the truth. . . . Let your light shine before men. . . . Be not tempted of the Devil; for if you resist him, he will flee from you. . . . The wisdom of this world is foolishness. . . . Trust not, my son, in any arm of flesh.”

Ah, how much of such good advice had been twisted into tapers for the lighting of Reuben’s cigars! Not because it was absolutely scorned; not because it was held in contempt, or its giver held in contempt; but because there was so much of it. If the old gentleman had been in any imminent bodily peril, it is certain that Reuben would have rushed far and wide to aid him. It is certain that he loved him; it is certain that he venerated him; and yet, and yet, (he said to himself,) “I do wish he would keep this solemn stuff

for his sermons. Who cares to read it? Who cares to hear it, except on Sundays?”

Our good reader will exclaim, — A bad young man! And yet we think our good readers — nay, our best of readers — have shirked godly counsel over and over, with very much the same promptitude. We all grow so weary with the iteration of even the best of truths! we all love youth so much! we all love the world so much! we all trust to an arm of flesh so much!

Not for a moment did the Doctor believe that his recreant son pondered wisely and deeply these successive epistles of his. He knew him too well for that. But for him duty was always duty. “Here a little, and there a little.” It would have pained the old gentleman grievously to know the full extent of the wickedness of his boy, — to have looked for a moment into the haunts to which he was beguiled by his companions of the city, — to have seen his flushed and swollen face after some of those revels to which Reuben was a party. But the good Doctor was too ignorant of the world to conceive, even, of larger latitude than an occasional cigar or a stolen sight at the orgies of the theatre. And when Mr. Brindlock wrote, as he took occasion to do about this period, regretting the extravagance of Reuben and the bad associations into which he had fallen, and urging the Doctor to impress upon him the advantages of regularity and of promptitude, and to warn him that a very advantageous business career which was opening upon him would be blighted by his present habits, the poor gentleman was fairly taken aback.

That even this worldly gentleman, Mr. Brindlock, should take exception to the courses of his son was a most startling fact. What admonition could the Doctor add to those which he had addressed to his poor son fortnightly for years past? Had he not warned him over and over that he was standing upon slippery places? Had he not unfolded the terrors of God’s wrath upon sinners? Had he not set before him in “line up-

on line" the awful truth that his immortal career was at stake? And should he descend from this ground to plead with him upon the score of his short-lived worldly career? What were all business prospects, however they might wane, compared with that dreadful prospect which lies before him who refuseth godly counsel and hardeneth his heart? Was it not a fearful confirmation of Satan's reign upon earth, that peril to a temporal career should serve for warning against criminal excesses, when the soul's everlasting peril was urged vainly? The Doctor wrote to Reuben with even more than his usual unction. But he could not bring himself to warn his boy of the mere blight to his worldly career,—that was so small a matter! Yet he laid before him in graver terms than he had ever done before the weight of the judgment of an offended God, and the fearful retribution that would certainly overtake the ungodly. Reuben lighted his cigar with the letter, not unfeelingly, but indifferently, and ventured even upon a blasphemous joke with his companions.

"It ought to burn," he says. "There 's plenty of brimstone in it!"

It would have crazed the minister of Ashfield to have heard the speech. In his agony of mind he went to consult Squire Elderkin, and laid before him the dire accounts he had heard.

"Ah, young men will be young men, Doctor. There 's time for him to come out right yet. It 's the blood of the old Major; it must have vent."

As the Doctor recalled what he counted his father's godless death, he shuddered. Presently he talked of summoning his boy home immediately.

"Well, Doctor," said the Squire, meditatively, "there are two sides to that matter. There are great temptations in the city, to be sure; but if God puts a man in the way of great temptations, I suppose He gives him strength to resist them. Is n't that good theology?"

The parson nodded assent.

"We can always resist, if we will, Squire," said he.

"Very good, Doctor. Suppose, now, you bring your boy home; he 'll fret desperately under your long lectures, and with Miss Eliza, and perhaps run off into deviltries that will make him worse than those of the city. You must humor him a little, Doctor; touch his pride; there 's a fine, frank spirit at the bottom; give him a good word now and then."

"I know no word so good as prayer," said the Doctor, gravely.

"That 's very well, Doctor, very well. Mrs. Elderkin gives him help that way; and between you and me, Doctor, if any woman's prayers can call down blessings, I think that little woman's can,"—and the Squire's eyes fairly flashed with the dew that came into them.

"An estimable lady,—most estimable!" said the Doctor.

"Pray, if you will, Doctor; it 's all right; and for my part, I 'll drop him a line, telling him the town feels an ownership in him, and hopes he 'll do us all credit. I think we can bring him out all right."

"Thank you,—thank you, Squire," said the Doctor, with an unusual warmth.

And he wrought fervently in prayer that night; may-be, too, the hearty invocation of that good woman, Mrs. Elderkin, joined with his in the Celestial Presence; and if the kindly letter of the Squire did not rank with the prayers, we may believe, without hardihood, that the recording angel took note of it, and gave credit on the account current of human charities.

XXXVIII.

MR. BRINDLOCK had, may-be, exaggerated somewhat the story of Reuben's extravagances, but he was anxious that a word of caution should be dropped in his ear from some other lips than his own. The allowance from the Doctor, notwithstanding all the economies of Miss Eliza's frugal administration, would have been, indeed, somewhat narrow, and could by no means have kept Reu-

ben upon his feet in the ambitious city-career upon which he had entered. But Mr. Brindlock had taken a great fancy to the lad, and, besides the stipend granted for his duties about the counting-room, had given him certain shares in a few private ventures which had resulted very prosperously, — so prosperously, indeed, that the prudent merchant had determined to hold the full knowledge of the success in reserve. The prospects of Reuben, however, he being the favorite nephew of a well-established merchant, were regarded by the most indifferent observers as extremely flattering; and Mr. Bowrigg was not disposed to look unfavorably upon the young man's occasional attentions to the dashing Sophie.

But the Brindlocks, though winking at a great deal which the Doctor would have counted grievous sin, still were uneasy at the lad's growing dissoluteness of habit. Would the prayers of the good people of Ashfield help him?

It was some time in the month of September, of the same autumn in which poor Adèle lay sick at the parsonage, that Reuben came in one night, at twelve or thereabout, to his home at the Brindlocks', (living at this time in the neighborhood of Washington Square,) with his head cruelly battered, and altogether in a very piteous plight. Mrs. Brindlock, terribly frightened, — in her woman's way, — was for summoning the Doctor at once; but Reuben pleaded against it; he had been in a row, that was all, and had caught a big knock or two. The truth was, he had been upon one of his frolics with his old boon companions; and it so happened that one had spoken sneeringly of the parson's son, in a way which to the fiery young fellow seemed to cast ridicule upon the old gentleman. And thereupon Reuben, though somewhat maudlin with wine, yet with the generous spirit not wholly quenched in him, had entered upon a glowing little speech in praise of the old gentleman and of his profession, — a speech which, if it were garnished with here and there an objectionable expletive, was very earnest and did him credit.

"Good for Reuben!" the party had cried out. "Get him a pulpit!"

"Hang me, if he would n't preach better now than the old man!" said one.

"And a deused sight livelier," said another.

"Hold your tongue, you blackguard!" burst out Reuben.

And from this the matter came very shortly to blows, in the course of which poor Reuben was severely punished, though he must have hit some hard blows, for he was wondrously active, and not a few boxing-lessons had gone to make up the tale of his city accomplishments.

Howbeit, he was housed now, in view of his black eye, for many days, and had ample time for reflection. In aid of this came a full sheet of serious expostulations from the Doctor, and that letter of advice which Squire Elderkin had promised, with a little warm-hearted postscript from good Mrs. Elderkin, — so unlike to the carefully modulated letters of Aunt Eliza! The Doctor's missive, very likely, did not impress him more than the scores that had gone before it; but there was a practical tact, and good-natured, common-sense homeliness, in the urgency of the Squire, which engaged all Reuben's attention; and the words of the good woman, his wife, were worth more than a sermon to him. "We all want," she writes, "to think well of you, Reuben; we *do* think well of you. Don't disappoint us. I can't think of the cheery, bright face, that for so many an evening shone amid our household, as anything but bright and cheery now. We all pray for your well-being and happiness, Reuben; and I *do* hope you have not forgotten to pray for it yourself."

And with the memory of the kindly woman which this letter called up came a pleasant vision of the winsome face of Rose, as she used to sit, with downcast eyes, beside her mother in the old house of Ashfield, — of Rose, as she used to lower upon him in their frolic, with those great hazel eyes sparkling with indignation. And if the vision did not quicken any lingering sentiment, it at

the least gave a mellow tint to his thought,—a mellowness which even the hardness of Aunt Eliza could not wholly do away.

"I feel it my duty to write you, Reuben," she says, "and to inform you how very much we have all been shocked and astonished by the accounts which reach us of your continued indifference to religious duties, and your reckless extravagance. Let me implore you to be frugal and virtuous. If you learn to save now, the habit will be of very great service when you come to take your stand on the arena of life. I am aware that the temptations of a great city are almost innumerable; but I need hardly inform you that you will greatly consult your own interests and mitigate our harassment of feeling by practising a strict economy with your funds, and by attending regularly at church. You will excuse all errors in my writing, since I indite this by the sick-bed of Adèle."

Adèle, then, is sick; and upon that point alone in the Aunt's letter the thought of Reuben fastens. Adèle is sick! He knows where she must be lying,—in that little room at the parsonage looking out upon the orchard; there are white hangings to the bed; careful steps go up and down the stairway. There had never been much illness in the parson's home, indeed, but certain early awful days Reuben just remembers; there were white bed-curtains, (he recalls those,) and a face as white lying beneath; the nurse, too, lifting a warning finger at him with a low "hist!" the knocker tied over thickly with a great muffler of cloth, lest the sound might come into the chamber; and then, awful stillness. On a morning later, all the windows are suddenly thrown open, and strange men bring a red coffin into the house, which, after a day or two, goes out borne by different people, who tread uneasily and awkwardly under the weight, but very softly; and after this a weary, weary loneliness. All which drifting over the mind of Reuben, and stirring his sensibilities with a quick rush of vague, boyish griefs, induces a train of melan-

choly religious musings, which, if they do no good, can hardly, it would seem, work harm. Under their influence, indeed, (which lasted for several days,) he astonished his Aunt Mabel, on the next Sunday, by declaring his intention to attend church.

It is not the ponderous Dr. Mowry, fortunately or unfortunately, that he is called upon to listen to; but a younger man, of ripe age, indeed, but full of fervor and earnestness, and with a piercing magnetic quality of voice that electrifies from the beginning. And Reuben listens to his reading of the hymn,

"Return, O wanderer! now return!"

with parted lips, and with an exaltation of feeling that is wholly strange to him. With the prayer it seems to him that all the religious influences to which he has ever been subject are slowly and surely converging their forces upon his mind; and, rapt as he is in the preacher's utterance, there come to him shadowy recollections of some tender admonition addressed to him by dear womanly lips in boyhood, which now, on a sudden, flames into the semblance of a Divine summons. Then comes the sermon, from the text, "My son, give me thine heart." There is no repulsive formality, no array of logical presentment to arouse antagonism of thought, but only inglowing enthusiasm, that transfuses the Scriptural appeal, and illuminates it with winning illustration. Reuben sees that the evangelist feels in his inmost soul what he utters; the thrill of his voice and the touching earnestness of his manner declare it. It is as if our eager listener were, by every successive appeal, placed in full *rapport* with a great battery of religious emotions, and at every touch were growing into fuller and fuller entertainment of the truths which so fired and sublimed the speaker's utterance.

Do we use too gross a figure to represent what many people would call the influences of the Spirit? Heaven forgive us, if we do; but nothing can more definitely describe the seemingly electrical influences which were working

upon the mind of Reuben, as he caught, ever and again, breaking through the torrent of the speaker's language, the tender, appealing refrain, "*My son, give me thine heart!*"

All thought of God the Avenger and of God the Judge, which had been so linked with most of his boyish instructions, seemed now to melt away in an aureole of golden light, through which he saw only God the Father! And the first prayer he ever learned comes to his mind with a grace and a meaning and a power that he never felt before.

"Whether we obey Him," (it is the preacher we quote,) "or distrust Him, or revile Him, or forget Him, or struggle to ignore Him, always, always He is our Father. And whatever we may do, however we may sin, however recreant we may be to early faith or early teaching, however unmoved by the voice of conscience, — which is smiting on your hearts, as it is on mine to-day, — whatever we are, or whatever we may be, yet, ever while life is in us, that great, serene voice of the All-Merciful is sounding in our ears, '*My son, give me thine heart!*' Ay, the flowers repeat it in their bloom, the birds in their summer carol, the rejoicing brooks, and the seasons in their courses, all, all repeat it, '*My son, give me thine heart!*'"

"Oh, my hearers, this is real, this is true! It is our Father who says it; and we, unworthy ministers of His word and messengers to declare His beneficence, repeat it for Him, '*My son, give me thine heart!*' Not to crush, not to spurn, not for a toy. The great God asks your hearts because He wishes your gratitude and your love. Do you believe He asks it? Yes, you do. Do you believe He asks it idly? No, you do not. What, then, does this appeal mean? It means, that God is love, — that you are His children, — straying, outcast, wretched, may-be, but still His children, — and by the abounding love which is in Him, He asks your love in return. Will you give it?"

And Reuben says to himself, yet almost audibly, "I will."

The sermon was altogether such a

one as to act with prodigious force upon so emotional a nature as that of Reuben. Yet we dare say there were gray-haired men in the church, and sallow-faced young men, who nodded their heads wisely and coolly, as they went out, and said, "An eloquent sermon, quite; but not much argument in it." As if all men were to plod to heaven on the vertebræ of an inexorable logic, and not — God willing — to be rapt away thitherward by the clinging force of a glowing and confiding heart! Alas, how the intellect droops in its attempt to measure or comprehend the infinite! How the heart leaps and grows large in its reach toward the altitude of Boundless Love, if only it be buoyed with faith!

"Is this religion?" Reuben asked himself, as he went out of the church, with his pride all subdued. And the very atmosphere seemed to wear a new glory, and a new lien of brotherhood to tie him to every creature he met upon the thronged streets. All the time, too, was sounding in his ears (as if he had yielded full assent) the mellow and grateful cadence of the hymn,

"Return, O wanderer! now return!"

XXXIX.

REUBEN wrote to the Doctor, under the influence of this new glow of feeling, in a way that at once amazed and delighted the good old gentleman. And yet there were ill-defined, but very decided, terrors and doubts in his delight. Dr. Johns, by nature as well as by education, was disposed to look distrustfully upon any sudden conviction of duty which had its spring in any extraordinary exaltation of feeling, rather than in that full intellectual seizure of the Divine Word, which it seemed to him could come only after a determined wrestling with those dogmas that to his mind were the aptest and compactest expression of the truth toward which we must agonize. The day of Pentecost showed a great miracle, indeed; but was not the day of miracles past?

The Doctor, however, did not allow his entertainment of a secret fear to color in any way his letters of earnest gratulation to his son. If God has miraculously snatched him from the ways that lead to destruction, (such was his thought,) let us rejoice.

"Be steadfast, my dear Reuben," he writes. "You have now a cross to bear. Do not dishonor its holy character; do not faint upon the way. Our beloved Adèle, as you have been told, is trembling upon the verge of the grave. May God in His mercy spare her, until, at least, she gain some more fitting sense of the great mission of His Son, and of the divine scheme of atonement! I fear greatly that she has but loose ideas upon these all-important subjects. It pains me beyond belief to find her indifferent to the godly counsels of your pious aunt, which she does not fail to urge upon her, 'in season and out of season'; and she has shown a tenacity in guarding that wretched relic of her early life, the rosary and crucifix, which, I fear, augurs the worst. Pray for her, my son; pray that all the vanities and idolatries of this world may be swept from her thoughts."

And Reuben, still living in that roseate atmosphere of religious meditation, is shocked by this story of the danger of Adèle. Is he not himself in some measure accountable? In those days when they raced through the Catechism together, did he never provoke her mocking smiles by his sneers at the ponderous language? Did he not tempt her to some mischievous sally of mirth, on many a day when they were kneeling in couple about the family altar?

And in the flush of his exalted feeling he writes her how bitterly he deplores all this, and, borrowing his language from the sermons he now listens to with greed, he urges Adèle "to plant her feet upon the Rock of Ages, to eschew all vanities, and to trust to those blessed promises which were given from the foundation of the world."

Indeed, there is a fervor in his feeling which pushes him into such extrav-

agances of expression as the Doctor would have found it necessary to qualify, if Adèle, poor child, had not been by far too weak for their comprehension.

The Brindlocks were, of course, utterly amazed at this new aspect in the character of their pet young nephew from the country. Mr. Brindlock said, consolingly, to his wife, when the truth became only too apparent, "My dear, it's atmospheric, I think. It's a 'revival' season; there was such a one, I remember, in my young days."

(Mrs. Brindlock laughed at this quite merrily.)

"To be sure there was, my dear, and I was really quite deeply affected. Reuben will come out all right; we shall see him settling down soon to good merchant habits again."

But the *animus* of the new tendency was far stronger than Brindlock had supposed; and within a month Reuben had come to a quiet rupture with his city patron. The smack of worldliness was too strong for him. He felt that he must go back to his old home, and place himself again under the instructions of the father whose counsels he had once so spurned.

"You don't say you mean to become a parson?" said Mr. Brindlock, more than ever astounded.

"It is very likely," said Reuben; "or possibly a missionary."

"Well, Reuben, if you must, you must. But I don't see things in that light. However, my boy, we'll keep our little private ventures astir; you may need them some day."

And so they parted; and Reuben went home to Ashfield, taking an affectionate leave of his Aunt Mabel, who had been over-kind to him, and praying in his heart that that good, but exceedingly worldly woman, might some day look on serious things as he looked on them.

He had thought in his wild days, that, when he should go back to Ashfield for any lengthened stay, (for thus far his visits had been few and flying ones,) he should considerably astonish the old people there by his air and city

cultivation. It is quite possible that he had laid by certain flaming cravats which he thought would have a killing effect in the country church, and anticipated a very handsome triumph by the easy swagger with which he would greet old Deacon Tourtelot and ask after the health of Miss Almira. But the hope of all such triumphs was now dropped utterly. Such things clearly belonged to the lusts of the eye and the pride of life. He even left behind him some of the most flashy articles of his attire, with the request to Aunt Mabel that she would bestow them upon some needy person, or, in default of this, make them over to the Missionary Society for distribution among the heathen,—a purpose for which some of them, by reason of their brilliant colors, were certainly most admirably adapted. Under his changed view of life, it appeared to Reuben that every unnecessary indulgence, whether of dress or food, was a sin. With the glowing enthusiasm of youth, he put such beautiful construction upon the rules of Christian faith as would hardly survive the rough everyday wear of the world. Even the stiff dignity of Dr. Mowry he was inclined to count only an accidental incrustation of manner, beneath which the heart of the parson was all aglow with the tenderest benevolence. We hope he may have been right in this; it is certain, that, if he could carry forward the same loving charity to the end of his days, he would have won the best third of the elements of a Christian career, without respect to dogmas.

So Reuben goes back to Ashfield with a very modest and quiet bearing. He is to look with other eyes now upon the life there, and to judge how far it will sustain his new-found religious sympathies. All meet him kindly. Old Squire Elderkin, who chances to be the first to greet him as he alights from the coach, shakes him warmly by the hand, and taps him patronizingly upon the shoulder.

"Welcome home again, Reuben! Well, well, they thought you were given over to bad courses; but it's all right

now, I hear; quite upon the other tack, eh, Reuben? That's well, my good fellow, that's well."

And Reuben thanked him, thinking perhaps how odd it was that this worldly old gentleman, of whom he had thought, since his late revulsion of feeling, with a good deal of quiet pity, should commend what was so foreign to his own habit. There were, then, some streaks of good-natured worldliness which tallied with Christian duty. The serene, kindly look of Mrs. Elderkin was in itself the tenderest welcome; and it was an ennobling thought to Reuben, that he had at last placed himself (or fancied he had) upon the same moral plane with that good woman. As for Rose, the joyous, frolicsome, charming Rose, whom he had thought at one time to electrify by his elegant city accomplishments,—was not even the graceful Rose a veteran in the Christian army in which he had but now enlisted? Why, then, should she show timidity and shyness at this meeting with him? Yet her little fingers had a quick tremor in them as she took his hand, and a swift change of color (he knew it of old) ran over her face like a rosy cloud.

"It is delightful to think that Reuben is safe at last," said Mrs. Elderkin, after he had gone.

"Yes, mamma," said Rose.

"It must be a great delight to them all at the parsonage."

"I suppose so, mamma. I wish Phil were here," said Rose again, in a plaintive little tone.

"I wish he were, my child; it might have a good influence upon him; and poor Adèle, too; she must surely listen to Reuben, he is so earnest and impassioned. Don't you think so, Rose?"

Rose is working with nervous rapidity.

"But, my child," says the mother; "are you not sewing that breadth upon the wrong side?"

True enough, upon the wrong side,—so many weary stitches to undo!

Miss Eliza had shown a well-considered approval of Reuben's change of opinions; but this had not forbidden a certain reserve of worldly regret that

he should give up so promising a business career. She had half hinted as much to the Doctor.

"I do not see, brother," she had said, "that his piety will involve the abandonment of mercantile life."

"His piety," said the Doctor, "if it be of the right stamp, will involve an obedience to conscience."

And there the discussion had rested. The spinster received Reuben with much warmth, in which her stately proprieties of manner, however, were never for one moment forgotten.

Adèle, who was now fortunately in a fair way of recovery, but who was still very weak, and who looked charmingly in her white chamber-dress with its simple black belt, received him with a tender-heartedness of manner which he had never met in her before. The letter of Reuben had been given her, and, with all its rawness of appeal, had somehow touched her religious sentiment in a way it had never been touched before. He had put so much of his youthful enthusiasm into his language, it showed such an elasticity of hope and joy, as impressed her very strangely. It made the formal homilies of Miss Eliza seem more harsh than ever. She had listened, in those fatiguing and terrible days of illness, to psalms long drawn out, and wearily; but here was some wild bird that chanted a glorious carol in her ear, — a carol that seemed touched with Heaven's own joy. And under its influence — exaggerated as it was by extreme youthful emotion — she seemed to see the celestial gates of jasper and pearl swing open before her, and the beckonings of the great crowd of celestial inhabitants to enter and enjoy.

For a long time she had been hovering (how nearly she did not know) upon the confines of the other world; but with a vague sense that its mysteries might open upon her in any hour, she had, in her sane intervals, ranked together the promises and penalties that had been set before her by the good Doctor: now worrying her spirit, as it confronted some awful catechismal dogma, that it sought vainly to solve; and

then, from sheer weakness and disappointment, seizing upon the symbol of the cross, (of which the effigy was always near at hand,) and by a kiss and a tear seeking to ally her fainting heart with the mystic company of the elect who would find admission to the joys of paradise. But the dogmas were vain, because she could not grapple them to her heart; the cross was vain, because it was an empty symbol; the kisses and the tears left her groping blindly for the key that would surely unlock for her the wealth of the celestial kingdom. In this attitude of mind, wearied by struggle and by fantasies, came to her the letter of Reuben, — the joyous outburst of a pioneer who had found the way. She never once doubted that the good Doctor had found it, too, — but so long ago, and by so hard a road, that she despaired of following in his steps. But Reuben had leaped to the conquest, and carried a blithe heart with him. Surely, then, there must be a joy in believing.

"I thank you very much for your letter, Reuben," said Adèle, and she looked eagerly into his face for traces of that triumph which so glittered throughout his letter.

And she did not look in vain; for, whether it were from the warm, electric touch of those white, thin fingers of hers, or the eager welcome in her eyes, or from more sacred cause, a great joy shone in his face, — a joy that from thenceforward they began to share in common. At last — at last, a bright illumination was spread over the dreary teachings of these last years. Not a doubt, not a penalty, not a mystic, blind utterance of the Catechism, but the glowing enthusiasm of Reuben invested it with cheery promise, or covered it with the wonderful glamour of his hope. Between these two young hearts — the one, till then, all doubt and weariness, and the other, just now, all impassioned exuberance — there came a grafting, by virtue of which the religious sentiment in Adèle shot away from all the severities around her into an atmosphere of peace and joy.

The Doctor saw it, and wondered at the abounding mercies of God. The spinster saw it, and rejoiced at the welding of this new link in the chain of her purposes. The village people all saw it, and said among themselves, "If he has won her from the iniquities of the world, he can win her for a wife, if he will."

And the echoes of such speeches come, as they needs must, to the ear of Rose, without surprising her, so much do they seem the echo of her own thought; and

if her heart may droop a little under it, she conceals it bravely, and abates no jot in her abounding love for Adèle.

"I wish Phil were here," she says in the privacy of her home.

"So do I, darling," says the mother, and looks at her with a tender inquisitiveness that makes the sweet girl flinch, and affect for a moment a noisy gayety, which is not in her heart.

Rose! Rose! are you not taking wrong stitches again?

RODOLPHE TÖPFFER,

THE GENEVESE CARICATURIST.

IN 1842 there appeared in New York a little *brochure* with scarcely any letter-press, which contained many pages of the most humorous and spirited sketches. Its title told the whole story, namely:—

"The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck: wherein are duly set forth the Crosses, Chagrins, Calamities, Checks, Chills, Changes, and Circumgyrations by which his Courtship was attended. Showing also the Issue of his Suit, and his Espousal to his Ladye-Love."

Thousands laughed themselves to tears, when looking at these grotesque, yet lifelike pictures; but scarcely one knew the name of their author, M. Rodolphe Töpffer, of Geneva, Switzerland.

Long before Mr. Oldbuck made his appearance in America, he had been the means of uniting in fast friendship the great poetic giant of Germany, Goethe, and the modest Genevese caricaturist. The least of M. Töpffer's merit, however, was his ability to handle the pencil. As a humoristic, satiric, pathetic, and æsthetic writer, he is unique in the French language. His wonderful genius was so pliable, that, while he excelled in the power of catching the warmest glow of Nature in those ex-

quisite descriptions with which his writings are filled, and while, with picture-words, he could reproduce all the tender beauty of a sunset in the Alps, or the soft, singing gurgle of the mountain-brook, no one better than he could also portray every subtle shade and feature of the human mind. He excelled in analyzing character. His mental perception was sympathetic and ready. His mind-eye was so keen and so piercing, that nothing could escape its searching glance. The most insignificant attitude of the heart was not only seen, but at once noted down and studied by him; and in its delicately skilful dissection, Töpffer comprehended the whole of the individual. Hence his universality. In manner of thought, and in style, his writings have traits which remind one of Sterne, Addison, Charles Lamb, Montaigne, Xavier de Maistre, (the author of the famous "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*,") and our own Hawthorne.

It is just twenty-three years ago, that Xavier de Maistre, being besieged by publishers for another of his charming stories, answered, "Before all, take Töpffer, not me." Previously to this, a Swiss gentleman, while visiting Wei-

mar, introduced to Goethe the comic series already referred to, which Töpffer had merely thrown off in his hours of leisure. Goethe at once sent over the Alps for "Mr. Jabot," "Mr. Pencil," "Mr. Crépin," and "Dr. Festus"; and, in the "Kunst und Alterthum," the great poet expressed to his admiring circle of friends his full appreciation of the unequalled ability and charming humor of Töpffer. He went still farther; for, in his favorite literary journal, he drew the attention of all Germany to the merit of the Genevese author.

In 1839, M. de Sainte-Beuve introduced, with the highest eulogium, M. Töpffer to the wide and fastidious world of French letters. Thus did the greatest genius of Germany, the most celebrated modern romancer of Northern Italy, and one of the first writers of France stand godfathers to M. Töpffer. Their judgment did not misguide them; for, though Töpffer was not a *littérateur* by profession, his few volumes stand out in French literature like those gigantic Alpine summits whose snow-white purity is never dimmed by cloud-shadows.

But I anticipate. Personal recollections become more interesting in proportion to the distance of time which intervenes between us and the death of the loved and admired. Violets are not gathered on a fresh-made grave; and the soil of Memory must have been moistened with tears, before we can expect it to yield its most cherished flowers.

As some of our author's works, "Les Nouvelles Gênévoises," and "Les Voyages en Zig-Zag," have attracted considerable attention in the United States, a sketch of his life and a mention of his various writings will be acceptable to American readers.

I was but a child when the name of Töpffer already had for me a significance and a meaning which no other possessed. I had a feeling of deepest regard and veneration for him, as I would meet him in the narrow streets of Geneva, or in some of the shaded walks, which clasp, like loving arms of Beauty, that bright little city of Central Europe. His tall,

commanding figure gave him an air of dignity and patrician distinction; which latter was his by right. When he looked at you from under the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat, you felt in that gaze there was power,—a something which dropped from his eye into your very heart, and made its home there.

But allow me to make a *détour*, and call attention to that city where Töpffer was born, and where society had such an influence upon his creative mind.

No spot in all Europe has more intrinsic importance than Switzerland. Perched, as it is, amid inaccessible summits of intellectual and of geographical elevation, it remains the magnetic centre, towards which, from every part of the world, the sympathies of people most naturally converge. And Geneva—the proud, miniature Republic—is to-day what she has been for three long centuries, the Mecca of Switzerland, a luminous altar of freedom of thought and of intellectual independence, from which bold opinions have sprung and radiated, and around which every son of Liberty has rallied. The Republic of Geneva stands alone in her celebrity. So small a country that one morning's drive embraces the whole of its territory, it can yet boast of a nationality so deeply rooted, and of an individuality so strongly marked, that no foreign invasion and no foreign contact have ever been able to impair them.

It is impossible, even for the most superficial reader of history, to overlook that great array of names which made the last years of the eighteenth century so illustrious in Europe. Among them it is equally impossible not to recognize those which Geneva so proudly furnished. Theology, Natural Science, Philology, Morals, Intellectual Philosophy, and Belles-Lettres,—all these branches are admirably represented, and bend down with their luxuriant weight of fruit. The native land of such men as Bonnet, De Saussure, De Candolle, Calandrini, Hubert, Rousseau, Sismondi, Necker, has nothing to covet from other countries. Still Geneva became the foster-mother of many great men.

Calvin she took from his own Picardy. Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon, and ancestor of Merle d'Aubigné, the truest friend of Henry IV., Geneva honored as if her own son. Voltaire so loved Geneva that there he had a residence as well as at Ferney, and sang with enthusiasm of blue Lake Lemman, "Mon lac est le premier." Madame de Staël was born of Swiss parents in Paris, but her childhood and many of her mature years were spent in charming Coppet, where the waters of the lake lave the shores within the boundary of the Canton of Geneva. Sismondi was a native of Geneva, and under the influence of Madame de Staël, and inspired by his visits to Italy, resolved to devote himself to the past glories of the land of his ancestors. It was in the city of Geneva that he first delivered those lectures on "The Literature of Southern Europe," which, in book-form, are so well known to every civilized nation. Benjamin Constant, another Genevese, was a kindred spirit, who shared with Madame de Staël a delightful and profitable intimacy. Dumont, (so highly eulogized by Lord Macaulay,) the friend of Mirabeau and of Jeremy Bentham, was also of Geneva. De Candolle and his son gave to science their arduous labors. De la Rive in Chemistry, Pictet in Electrology, and Merle d'Aubigné in History, Gaussen and Malan in Theology, and many others, not unknown to fame, might be mentioned as continuing the list of distinguished names that testify to the intellectual supremacy of Geneva.

Here, in our own day, what sons of Fame have gone to linger near a society so congenial! Byron tells us that his life was purer at Geneva than that which he led elsewhere. Here, amidst the scenes consecrated by Milton nearly two centuries before, Shelley delighted to dream away his summer hours. He loved to go forth on the pellucid surface of "clear, placid Lemman," there to drink in the soft beauties of the shores, or to gaze upon the distant sublimities of Mont Blanc. Here Sir Humphry Davy came, after his Southern tour, and "laid

him down to die." Wordsworth found here the graces of his Westmoreland home wedded to a grandeur which realized the loftiest conception of his mind. At Geneva, to-day, is found that noble son of France and devoted friend of America, the Count Agénor de Gasparin.

Here, too, have members of the royal and noble houses of Europe come to be wooed by those waters whose "crystal face" Byron calls

"The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect."

The late Charles Albert, the hero King of Sardinia, was educated at Geneva. More than once did the future benefactor and monarch of Northern Italy stray along the road to Lausanne, or float in his little shallop on the side of Bellevue, whence he could look upon that prettiest of summer residences, Pregny, and at night could listen to the trills of the nightingales, which sing with a tenderness peculiar to the Valley of Geneva. At Pregny lived Josephine, whose Imperial spouse had driven away from Sardinia the members of the House of Savoy. But Time is a wonderful magician, and to-day near beautiful Pregny the nephew of Europe's great conqueror and conquered and the grand-daughter of Charles Albert have their own villa. The favorite residence of the late Grand Duchess Constantine of Russia was La Boissière, in the Canton of Geneva, and on the road to Chamouny, not far from the house of Sismondi. The late Duchess de Broglie, the daughter of Madame de Staël, lived during the winter in the street St. Antoine, near where M. Töpffer had his house, and in the summer at Coppet. Not far from her, at Genthod, resided that gentle daughter of America, the Baroness Rumpf, still remembered in New York as the daughter of John Jacob Astor. The Duchess de Broglie and the Baroness Rumpf are rare instances of the truest Christian womanhood in exalted stations. — But a whole magazine article would not suffice to give a list of the great, the noble, and the gifted who

have sojourned for a time in the city of Geneva.

Yet, if Geneva has borrowed some of the great of other countries, she has amply repaid the debt. She sent her Casaubon to the court of James I. of England, to be the defender of the faith. Later, she lent to England her De Lolme, who added to his distinguished political acumen such affluent philological knowledge, that he wrote one of the best works ever written on the British Constitution in the English and the French languages. She lent to Russia Le Fort, the famous general and admiral, the counsellor of Peter the Great, the originator of the Russian navy, and the founder of that army out of which grew the forces that defeated Charles XII. at Pultowa. During the tempestuous days which signalized the downfall of a monarchy, and while France was rent asunder by the mad upheavings of an infuriated populace, Necker was called to the head of the finances. After five years of indefatigable probity, and when his services had enlisted the profound gratitude of the doomed king, he was compelled to quit Paris. Recalled again, and again dismissed, his final departure was the signal for a general outbreak, which resulted in the taking of the Bastille and the overthrow of the House of Capet. Albert Gallatin she gave to the United States. How curious it is to trace the life of this son of Geneva! Graduating with honors at his native university, he came to America in 1780, was commander of a small fort at Machias while Maine was still Massachusetts, was teacher in Harvard University, filled high places under the government of Pennsylvania; elected Senator to Congress from that State, (but vacating his seat because his residence had not been sufficiently long to qualify him,) Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson, Envoy Extraordinary to sign the Treaty of Ghent, and for seven years Minister Plenipotentiary to France. He was offered the Secretaryship of State by Madison, a place in the Cabinet by Monroe, and was selected by the dominant party as

a candidate for the second office in the gift of the American people. All of these last three proffered honors he refused, and passed the remainder of his long life in the genial pursuits of literature.

If Geneva has been the fireside of learning and of belles-lettres, it has not been less the home of the fine arts. Petitot, the celebrated painter on enamel, has handsomely paid his share to the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the seventeenth century. While enjoying the capricious favors of Charles I. at Whitehall, where he had his lodgings, he worked on some of those perfect portraits which to-day have their place in the Louvre, and which for ages must remain the triumphs of minutely finished, expressive Art. Nor is the little Republic poor in contemporaneous artistic talent. Pradier was born and grew up in presence of Mont Blanc, whose sublime grandeur may well inspire the dreams of the sculptor and ennoble him. Calame, Diday, and Hubert in landscape painting, and Hornung in historical painting, (widely known by his "Death of John Calvin,") are all sons of Geneva. Thalberg, the musician, is a native of Geneva.

The habitual companionship of master minds must necessarily exert an immediate and irresistible influence upon the rapid growth of thoughts and ideas in the young. And it is not to be wondered at that those who from their earliest infancy have had the readiest access to such a companionship, and who have most fully imbibed that influence, retain through the after-years of life a strength and a boldness of originality essentially opposed to the hesitating timidity of less favored individuals. In a society like that of Geneva, where family traditions are jealously cherished as a part of the national history, and where every family has its importance and its well-defined place, the memory of distinguished men cannot perish, but is handed down from father to son, as a portion of the state patrimony. Every little boy, as he plays in the street, feels that he has rea-

son to be proud that he is a Genevese. It was with such sentiments and under such auspices that Töpffer glided through the years of childhood. He drank deep at the fountain of inspiration unawares, and manhood found him ready to follow those who beckoned to him from the pages of history.

Rodolphe Töpffer was born at Geneva on the seventeenth day of February, 1799. As his name indicates, he was of German descent; but his family had resided so many years in French Switzerland that he could no longer be claimed by the land of Schiller and Goethe, though it was said that one of his most distinctive literary characteristics was like that of Mozart in music,—that he blended the deep, warm feeling of Germany with the light and elegant graces of Southern Europe.

Americans who have visited the public Gallery of Art, known in Geneva as the Musée Rath, will perhaps recall a small, but very spirited, winter-scene, painted in oil, and which bears the name of Töpffer. This picture is by the father of Rodolphe. M. Töpffer *le père* was the first of that long list of Swiss painters who became devoted students of Nature. The names of Calame, Diday, (Calame's master,) and Hubert are now known throughout the world; and that of Calame stands among the first in the rank of eminent living landscape painters. They are worthy successors of the father of Rodolphe Töpffer, who was peculiarly happy in rendering the mountain-scenes of Savoy, and in portraying those picturesque and attractive episodes of peasant-life entitled "The Village Wedding," "The Fair in Winter," etc., etc.

There are but few incidents to record of Töpffer *filis*. It is in his writings mostly that he is to be found. Elsewhere he is only passing by; but *there* he dwells and shines in full radiance. His life was so quietly modest, so tranquil and far removed from the tumultuous preoccupations which belong to a fashionable society, it was so simple and pure, that the biographer is at a loss to find any striking event that may

give it an outward coloring. When only a child, as he so charmingly tells us in his inimitable pages of the "Presbytère," he devoured books, all sorts of books,—indeed, all the books he could get hold of in his uncle's well-stocked library. And many an hour of his sunny boyhood did he pass at the window in the house where he was born, gazing dreamily at the mullions, arches, and fretted work of the old Cathedral, or at the distant flight of the swallows, while in his mind he dwelt upon some brilliant *saillie* of Montaigne or Rabelais. His marked fondness for sketching showed itself in numerous and picturesque outlines, all of which bore the unmistakable stamp of talent, and foretold in the exuberance of the boy-fancy what the man would be. Happily for him, happily for us who are allowed to gather up the crumbs of art and authorship which fell from his ample store, Töpffer enjoyed the very best and most propitious advantages which in any country can bless childhood. He was born in the lap of a society daintily intellectual and fastidiously cultivated. His very first impressions were those of refinement. His very first steps were directed towards culture. There was no arid waste around him, and he had not to cut his way through the newly broken furrows of a young civilization. He was taken by the hand of Genius at the very outset of his career, and was never allowed to falter; for in the successive creations of his pencil and of his pen there is the same fulness of imagination, the same delicacy of observation, the same exquisite perfection of analysis. He seems to have understood so well the power of his mind, that he never ventured beyond his depth, but sustained himself through all his years of authorship with the same grace and elegance.

And nowhere could he have better artistic encouragement and emulation than in his native city. We do not remember who said that "in Geneva every child is born an artist," but the statement would bear investigation. Talent as well as taste for drawing and painting is almost universal, and be-

longs as well to the poor as to the rich. It may not be well known that De Candolle, the celebrated and untiring Genevese botanist, made use, in a course of lectures, of a valuable collection of tropical American plants, intrusted to his care by a Spanish botanist. Unfortunately, the herbarium was needed by its owner sooner than expected, and Professor De Candolle was requested to send it back. This he stated to his audience, with many a regret for so irreparable a loss. But some of the ladies present at once offered to copy the whole collection in one week. This was done. The drawings, "filling thirteen folio volumes, and amounting in number to eight hundred and sixty, were accurately executed by one hundred and fourteen women-artists in the time specified." In most cases the principal parts of the plants alone were colored; the rest was only pencilled with great accuracy. Where is the other city of the same size in which such a number of amateur lady-artists could be found? One of these very drawings, having been accidentally dropped in the street, was picked up by a little girl ten years old, and was returned to De Candolle, copied by the child; and it is no blemish to the collection.

The son of an artist, Töpffer found his own career ready made, and stepped into it with all the instincts of his Art-loving nature. His few early paintings are full of promise. But the young artist was not destined to distinguish himself in his chosen career. A disease of the eyes compelled him to give up his favorite pursuit. His brush, still warm from the passionate ardor with which it had been grasped, was broken and thrown away. Töpffer lamented all his life long the privation that was thus forced upon him. Art, as a profession, was closed against his eager ambition; yet he loved Art, and lived for it. Happily for him, he was still in the complete possession of all his hopes and illusions. Happily for him, he was young; and, without being discouraged by his great disappointment, he turned the bent of his mind study-ward. Töpffer became

a close student of human nature. He took to analyzing it instinctively, as the bird takes to the air. He was more than a dreamer, though the charming dreams which we have from him make us half regret, perhaps, that he did something else besides dreaming. He says, in his story, "*La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle*," — "The man who does not enjoy dreaming his time away is but an automaton, who travels from life to death like a locomotive rushing from Manchester to Liverpool. A whole summer spent in this listless manner does not seem *de trop* in a refined education. It is even probable that one such summer would not prove enough to produce a great man. Socrates dreamed his time away for years. Rousseau did the same till he was forty years old; La Fontaine — his whole life. And what a charming mode of working is that science of losing time!"

But, either dreaming or working, Töpffer knew well what he was capable of; and without impatience, without restlessness, he awaited the future, consoling himself with the sentiment he expresses so well in the following sentence: — "What can be said of those beardless poets who dare to sing at that age, when, if they were true poets, they would not have too much in their whole being with which to *feel*, and to inhale silently, those perfumes which later only they may know how to diffuse in their verse? There are precocious mathematicians; but precocious poets — *never*."

Töpffer was right. Life is the true poet. Its teachings drop in tears, and the heart receives them kneeling, and is in no hurry to babble to the world all their silent beauty.

If Töpffer studied, it was not alone. He had devoted himself to the serious task of education. His pupils, mostly the sons of wealthy Englishmen and Russians, together with a few lads from France, Italy, and America, served only to widen his family circle. His relation to them was charming. As an authority, he used the most winning persuasion. He respected the mental individuality

even of a child, and would use his admirable tact in kindly encouraging every indication of talent, which, from want of a sufficient self-reliance or of a timely care, was hiding itself. Year after year, in vacation-time, Töpffer left the city with his thirty or forty young companions, and with them he travelled on foot through the mountains and around the lakes of Switzerland, — sometimes pushing in the track of Agassiz over glacier billows, sometimes wandering far down upon the fertile plains of Lombardy and Venetia. These were always most delightful excursions, when the ordinary halt became a common enjoyment, not only from the fun-loving spirit of the master, but also for the promise of future illustrations. After the return home, during the long winter evenings, Töpffer took either his pen or his pencil, and, with his pupils, regathered from their memoranda and drawings their summer impressions and adventures. Then he made his paper laugh with the spirited and piquant sketches which all know who have peeped into the “*Voyages en Zig-Zag*.” Thus his fireside amusements have become those of the world. The “*Voyages en Zig-Zag*,” before his death, were already classic in France. The richest luxury of type, paper, and illustration has not been spared, and edition after edition is scattered in Europe from the Neva to the Tagus. In the “*Voyages*” we find the most correct delineation, in words and sketches, of the peculiarities and glories of Alp-land. The exquisite French of this work has never yet found a translator.

His early style had something so fresh and so quaint that it can be accounted for only by going to the books which Töpffer studied. His *diu majores* were Montaigne and Amyot, and Paul Louis Courier, a learned Hellenistic scholar, as well as vivacious writer of the French Revolution and of the first Empire. For Montaigne Töpffer cherished the highest admiration. In his “*Reflections and Short Disquisitions upon Art*,” (*Réflexions et Menus Propos*), he thus tersely sums up the

excellency of the French philosopher: — “Thinker full of probity and grace; philosopher so much the greater by that which he said he did not know than by that which he thought he knew.” In our own language, Shakspeare was his favorite author. M. de Sainte-Beuve says, “Töpffer was sworn to Shakspeare,” and adds that the works of Hogarth first taught the Genevese writer to appreciate Shakspeare, Richardson, and Fielding.

Besides possessing the ability to convey instruction to others, Töpffer was a fine classical scholar. With two other literary gentlemen, he published some excellent editions of the Greek classics, which he enriched with notes. All these qualifications marked him as the man for a still higher position. Accordingly, in 1832, when only thirty-three, he was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in the College of Geneva. At the same time, while discharging faithfully his duties in the College, he conducted, aided by tutors, his little *pension*, now so well known by the “*Voyages en Zig-Zag*.”

It was in the midst of these various occupations that Töpffer took his recreation in contributing to the literary periodicals of Geneva superior essays on Art, and many of those charming stories which to-day delight us in the collection entitled “*Les Nouvelles Gênévoises*.” He also wrote for political journals. But what made him first known outside those communities where the French tongue is spoken were his humoristic sketches. They were not thrown off from his fertile and genial hand for gain or for renown. From childhood, under the influence of artistic example at home, and of his admiration of Hogarth, he had acquired a remarkable skill in graphically delineating whatever his close observation of men prompted. Like Hogarth, his artist-wit, his fun, and his moral teachings took the shape of series. These were handed around the circle of his intimate friends; yet he had thoughts only of his own amusement and of that of his companions, and did not contemplate offering them to the

public. It was at the urgency of Goethe that he gave them to the world.

In 1842, as we stated before, "*M. Vieux Bois*" (Mr. Oldbuck) appeared in the United States; and the following year, 1843, "*M. Cryptogame*," under the name of "*Bachelor Butterfly*," (by no means so amusing or so full of hits for America as some other sketches,) delighted the Transatlantic reader.

Visitors to Geneva had their attention drawn to the "*Voyages en Zig-Zag*" as soon as it was published; and in 1841 "*Les Nouvelles Gênévoises*" took the literary and artistic world of Paris by surprise. These simple graphic stories gained the hearts of thousands. French tourists and French artists sought the basin of Lake Lemman, the wild passes of the Vallée de Trient, the Lac de Gers, the Col d'Anterne, and the Deux Scheidegg, wooed thither by the picturesque pages of Töpffer. The "*Presbytère*," a fresh story in the epistolary form, not long after crossed the Jura, and amidst the artificial, heated literature of Paris, appeared as reviving as a bracing morning in the Alps.

In this modest way M. Töpffer was unconsciously building up his European reputation. The warp of his talent is the richest of humor blended with woman-like sensibility and tenderness. Fanciful, but never exaggerated, he stands before us an amiable philosopher, whose heart is large enough to comprehend and to pity the frailties of human nature, yet whose spotless purity serves as a beacon-light on the wreck-strewn shore of human passions. He has not the exaltation nor the ardent vehemence of Rousseau, neither has he the sentimental morbidity of Xavier de Maistre. On the contrary, he is always true and always simple, and he remains within the bounds of emotion which the family circle allows. This must be accounted for by the peaceful life which he led, (a life so different from that of his French literary brothers,) as well as by the beneficial influence of the society in which he resided. That society, though cultivated and liberal, has, in contrast with that of France, remained pure. It

retains as its birthright a certain nameless innocence, unknown in the polished French circles a few leagues beyond. M. de Sainte-Beuve wonders at this, and asks, — "Is it that man is kept pure and good by the magnificent beauties in which Nature rocks him there from his babyhood? Is it that the heart becomes awed in presence of that sublime calm of Nature, and, before he is aware of it, the passions have transformed themselves into a religious adoration?"

But the true source of the Genevese author's purity was apart from, though deeply influenced by Nature. He was a man of principle and of religious faith. Töpffer had but to gaze into his own heart to find all the sweet, the graceful, and the fresh poetry of his country. His untiring and patient observation of Nature is the secret of his power as a writer. He disdained nothing, for nothing seemed too small for him. Nature, in none of its phases, could appear insignificant to his fertile and mellow soul. When he could not soar in the high regions of contemplative philosophy, he stooped as low as the little child whose rosy cheek he patted, and who then became to him a teacher and a study. An insect crawling on a leaf, — a bit of grass bringing the joy of its short life around the stones of the pavement, — a cloud floating over the meadows, — a murmur of voices in the air, — the wings of a butterfly, or the thundering of the storm above the lake, — all and everything was the domain where his genial disposition reaped so plentiful a harvest of rare graces and smiles.

When Töpffer abandoned his brushes for his pen, it seems that the vision of his mind became intensified, and he began to study man as minutely as he had studied Nature. He became a moral portrait-painter, in the same way as his illustrious townsmen, Calame and Diday, were landscape painters. To analyze and to describe became the occupation he most delighted in; and the more minute the analysis and the more subtle the description, the more also was he pleased with it.

Töpffer's writings are eminently moral. There are few works in French literature in which the moral aspiration is so alive and the worship of duty so eloquently advocated. In reading them one feels that the writer did not step beyond his own sentiments, that he did not borrow convictions, that he did not affect the austerity of a stolen creed. He writes as he feels, and he feels rightly, — never forgetting to remain indulgent, even when he appears most unbendingly severe. Then to it all he adds an inexhaustible cheerfulness. His mind wears no dark-colored glasses; it is strong and healthy enough to bear the dazzling effulgence of the sun. Töpffer was a joyous man. If he so rapidly seized the ridiculous, it was through his love of fun; but while he laughed at others, so kind and genial was he ever that he made others join and laugh with him also.

We said that his genius was universal. He is eminently so in his artistic creations. Take, for instance, his unique comic sketches and compare them with those of other leading caricaturists. Our impression must be that none are like his. Leech, Doyle, and Gavarni have attained a reputation which the world acknowledged long ago, and which no one would dare dispute; yet they differ entirely from the Genevese caricaturist. "Oldbuck" (*M. Vieux Bois*) is as universal as music or Shakspeare, and belongs to no one country in particular. All of Leech's pretty women, his "Mr. Briggs" and his "Frederick Augustus," with his "*Haw*" and other swell words and airs, are all unmistakably English. They could have been born on no other soil than England. It requires an Englishman, or an American familiar with English fashions and foibles, to appreciate them. The German, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, or the Russian, could no more understand them without a previous initiation, or study and experience of English manners, than they could speak English without long application and practice. The same may be said of Richard Doyle's famous "Foreign Tour

of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson." Here we have an irresistible series of sketches, depicting what the famous trio saw, what they said, and what they did, in Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. The interest of that work lies in an intense expression of English nationality, carried everywhere by the three Englishmen. Their mishaps and adventures are exactly such as every American has witnessed a thousand times, when some of his cousins from the fast-anchored isle have visited him. Gavarni, though freer with his pencil than either Doyle or Leech, is still as much of a Parisian as Albert Smith was a Londoner. Every one of his spirited sketches is intensely French, and, above all, Parisian. To a person who knew nothing of Paris, who had never been in Paris, and who was not somewhat *au fait* with the gay and triste, the splendid and squalid, the brilliant and unequal society there, these sketches would be meaningless. Again, Gavarni's pictures are not series. He does not develop his heroes and heroines. He does not make us feel for them in their mishaps. We do not laugh *with* them, as we would with friends or acquaintances, but we laugh *at* them. We do not once recognize *ourselves* in them. His portraits stand before us, but we gaze at them as we would at some half-civilized creatures, with curiosity more than with mirth; and while we admire and acknowledge the truthfulness of the sketch, we do not desire to have any familiarity or contact with the individuals represented. Furthermore, Gavarni is more limited than Doyle, by making the "Sweep," the "Rag-Picker," the "Grisette," tell his or her own story; and what each one says is necessary to the comprehension of the person before you. But very different is Töpffer. He possesses, with the funny conception of Leech and Doyle, a freer pictorial conception than either, and holds a pencil that is more at command than Gavarni's. In his single outlines, often of the rudest kind, there is the very rollicking of freedom, the exact hitting of traits and character. He dashes down his creation

with the quickness of thought, and with as much confidence that Messrs. Oldbuck, Crépin, and Jabot will leap into the very existence he wishes them to assume, as Giotto had, when, with a single sweep of his arm, he drew his magic circle. It may be objected, that the comparison between the two Englishmen and the two Continentals is hardly equal. Doyle and Leech lost, doubtless, much of their freedom by drawing with hard pencils upon box for the wood-engraver. Töpffer and Gavarni swept the soft, yielding crayon over the lithographer's stone, and hence we have the very conception of the artists in their sketches.

The whole Continent roared over "M. Vieux Bois," then England began to laugh, and finally America. Yet "M. Vieux Bois" was only the portrait of a foolish old bachelor in love. Though born in Geneva, he was neither Swiss nor French, neither English nor American; he was simply human. He exemplifies Töpffer's universality.

I have already mentioned the "Nouvelles Gênévoises," the "Voyages en Zig-Zag," and the "Presbytère." But it is not possible to quote from them. Before pages so lively and so picturesquely effective, one feels embarrassed in selecting any particular portion, lest another should be left unnoticed,—like the child, who, being told that he may help himself to choice flowers, feels afraid that he will not take those he most wants, and, in his hesitation, dares not so much as untie the bouquet. The reader must choose for himself. He can accompany the amiable philosopher in his summer excursions, take the Alpine-stock, and with him visit the mountain solitudes, or linger around the blue lakes—those air-hung forget-me-nots—which gem the highest valleys of Switzerland.

His remaining works, published in book-form, are "Rosa et Gertrude," and the "Réflexions et Menus Propos d'un Peintre Gênévois, ou Essai sur le Beau dans les Arts."

"Rosa et Gertrude," given to the public a short time before his death, is con-

sidered by some as holding the first place in Töpffer's works of imagination. It is a touching story of two orphan girls, deeply attached to each other, one of whom, deceived and maltreated by the world, receives that kind and Christian charity "which thinketh no evil" from M. Bernier, the good old clergyman, who is the guardian of Rosa and Gertrude, as well as the narrator of their simple history. In this book Töpffer has abandoned the humoristic, his ordinary vein in his short stories, and in taking up the more serious mode of treating his characters has succeeded so well that Albert Aubert of Paris, in his criticism, says, "In 'Rosa and Gertrude' M. Töpffer has surpassed himself"; and yet it is not so characteristic as his other writings.

However, that one of M. Töpffer's works which, it seems to me, is destined to live longest in the future, is his "Réflexions et Menus Propos," etc.,—"Reflections and Short Disquisitions on Art." Here are the results of twelve years' meditations on Art, by one who *felt* Art in his inmost soul, and who understood its practice as well as its theory. In this work we find a Ruskin without dogmatism, uncertainty, or man-worship. If Töpffer had written several volumes on his favorite subject, we should not find him, in each succeeding tome, taking back what he had said in the first. He studied, reflected, rewrote, and then waited patiently for years before he committed his mature judgment to the perpetuity of print. Long before Ruskin's first volume appeared, Töpffer's "Réflexions et Menus Propos" had commanded the admiration of the best writers and artists of the Continent. As an æsthetic and philosophic work, it is of the highest value. Pearls of thought and beauty are dropped on every side. It is relieved by fanciful episodes; and yet the whole book starts from and plays around a stick of India ink! It is not merely a volume in which the professional artist can gain great advantage, but one by which the general reader is fascinated as well as instructed. The former may discern its scope and its

importance in the felicity with which Töpffer illustrates the true aim of Art, as being the expression, the idealization, and not the rigid copy of Nature. He maintains that Nature should be the only teacher, and that we are to be wedded to no man's mannerism.

It is to be hoped that some day the "Réflexions et Menus Propos" may be rendered into English by one fully acquainted, not only with French, but with the philosophic and the æsthetic writings of France. If the late Bayle St. John (whose knowledge of the French language and manner of thought was so thorough) had possessed the finished style of the author of "Six Months in Italy," he would have been the very man to have introduced M. Töpffer's works to English readers.

Whoever reads the works which I have thus briefly mentioned will regret that so genial and gifted a man as M. Töpffer should have been so soon snatched away from earth. It is rare to find in any author's or artist's life such calm happiness as that which smiled over his existence. Fame did not spoil him; and if he lived long enough to win it, he died too soon to enjoy it.

The last two years of M. Töpffer's life were years of continual suffering, through which his amiable cheerfulness never faltered. When he was told by his physicians that he could not recover, as if he thought only of alleviating the sorrow of those who loved him, he did not give way for one hour to impressions of sadness, and his private journal alone received the confidence of the keen regret he felt in taking farewell of his young wife and his lovely children. To the very last day of his

life his friends found him in the evening surrounded by his family, and even then handling the pencil for their amusement and his own.

On Sundays, Calame dined with him; and we may imagine what a brilliant coloring of thought must have characterized the conversation of these two sympathetic men.

In 1844, when M. Töpffer had just concluded his romance of "Rosa et Gertrude," his disease took an alarming turn, and he became aware that he was fast drawing to the close of his earthly voyage. After two repeated visits to the French watering-place of Vichy, he returned to Geneva. Towards the end of the following winter he was obliged to abandon those duties which hitherto had been to him so pure an enjoyment. Unable now to write, he tried painting, which, it will be remembered, he had given up in early manhood. Leaning heavily forward in his chair, his easel before him, he painted with an enthusiasm which was the last of his life. But that diversion could not be kept up long, and he was soon compelled to sit motionless, awaiting his release.

On the morning of the 8th of June, 1846, consoled by the hopes of the Christian, he expired. On the 14th he was followed to his final resting-place by the whole city, among whom were those who in him had lost their friend, their colleague, and their master. His remains sleep in the cemetery of Plainpalais, which he has so graphically described in "La Peur"; but his memory and his works still live in the minds of his countrymen, and his fame is daily widening, wherever the good, the true, and the beautiful are appreciated.

THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

X.

THE WOMAN QUESTION: OR, WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HER?

"WELL, what will you do with her?" said I to my wife.

My wife had just come down from an interview with a pale, faded-looking young woman in rusty black attire, who had called upon me on the very common supposition that I was an editor of the "Atlantic Monthly."

By the bye, this is a mistake that brings me, Christopher Crowfield, many letters that do not belong to me, and which might with equal pertinency be addressed, "To the Man in the Moon." Yet these letters often make my heart ache,—they speak so of people who strive and sorrow and want help; and it is hard to be called on in plaintive tones for help which you know it is perfectly impossible for you to give.

For instance, you get a letter in a delicate hand, setting forth the old distress,—She is poor, and she has looking to her for support those that are poorer and more helpless than herself: she has tried sewing, but can make little at it; tried teaching, but cannot now get a school,—all places being filled, and more than filled; at last has tried literature, and written some little things, of which she sends you a modest specimen, and wants your opinion whether she can gain her living by writing. You run over the articles, and perceive at a glance that there is no kind of hope or use in her trying to do anything at literature; and then you ask yourself, mentally, "What is to be done with her? What can she do?"

Such was the application that had come to me this morning,—only, instead of by note, it came, as I have said, in the person of the applicant, a thin, delicate, consumptive-looking being, wearing that rusty mourning which speaks sadly at once of heart-bereavement and material poverty.

My usual course is to turn such cases over to Mrs. Crowfield: and it is to be confessed that this worthy woman spends a large portion of her time and wears out an extraordinary amount of shoe-leather in performing the duties of a self-constituted intelligence-office.

Talk of giving money to the poor!—what is that, compared to giving sympathy, thought, time, taking their burdens upon you, sharing their perplexities? They who are able to buy off every application at the door of their heart with a five or ten dollar bill are those who free themselves at least expense.

My wife had communicated to our friend, in the gentlest tones and in the blandest manner, that her poor little pieces, however interesting to her own household circle, had nothing in them wherewith to enable her to make her way in the thronged and crowded thoroughfare of letters,—that they had no more strength or adaptation to win bread for her than a broken-winged butterfly to draw a plough; and it took some resolution in the background of her tenderness to make the poor applicant entirely certain of this. In cases like this, absolute certainty is the very greatest, the only true kindness.

It was grievous, my wife said, to see the discouraged shade which passed over her thin, tremulous features, when this certainty forced itself upon her. It is hard, when sinking in the waves, to see the frail bush at which the hand clutches uprooted; hard, when alone in the crowded thoroughfare of travel, to have one's last bank-note declared a counterfeit. I knew I should not be able to see her face, under the shade of this disappointment; and so, coward that I was, I turned this trouble, where I have turned so many others, upon my wife.

"Well, what shall we do with her?" said I.

"I really don't know," said my wife, musingly.

"Do you think we could get that school in Taunton for her?"

"Impossible; Mr. Herbert told me he had already twelve applicants for it."

"Could n't you get her plain sewing? Is she handy with her needle?"

"She has tried that, but it brings on a pain in her side, and cough; and the Doctor has told her it will not do for her to confine herself."

"How is her handwriting? Does she write a good hand?"

"Only passable."

"Because," said I, "I was thinking if I could get Steele and Simpson to give her law-papers to copy."

"They have more copyists than they need now; and, in fact, this woman does not write the sort of hand at all that would enable her to get on as a copyist."

"Well," said I, turning uneasily in my chair, and at last hitting on a bright masculine expedient, "I'll tell you what must be done. She must get married."

"My dear," said my wife, "marrying for a living is the very hardest way a woman can take to get it. Even marrying for love often turns out badly enough. Witness poor Jane."

Jane was one of the large number of people whom it seemed my wife's fortune to carry through life on her back. She was a pretty, smiling, pleasing daughter of Erin, who had been in our family originally as nursery-maid. I had been greatly pleased in watching a little idyllic affair growing up between her and a joyous, good-natured young Irishman, to whom at last we married her. Mike soon after, however, took to drinking and unsteady courses, and the result has been to Jane only a yearly baby, with poor health, and no money.

"In fact," said my wife, "if Jane had only kept single, she could have made her own way well enough, and might have now been in good health and had a pretty sum in the savings bank. As

it is, I must carry not only her, but her three children, on my back."

"You ought to drop her, my dear. You really ought not to burden yourself with other people's affairs as you do," said I, inconsistently.

"How *can* I drop her? Can I help knowing that she is poor and suffering? And if I drop her, who will take her up?"

Now there is a way of getting rid of cases of this kind, spoken of in a quaint old book, which occurred strongly to me at this moment:—

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled,' notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"

I must confess, notwithstanding the strong point of the closing question, I looked with an evil eye of longing on this very easy way of disposing of such cases: a few sympathizing words, a few expressions of hope that I did not feel, a line written to turn the case into somebody else's hands,—any expedient, in fact, to hide the longing eyes and exploring hands from my sight was what my carnal nature at this moment greatly craved.

"Besides," said my wife, resuming the thread of her thoughts in regard to the subject just now before us,—“as to marriage, it's out of the question at present for this poor child; for the man she loved and would have married lies low in one of the graves before Richmond. It's a sad story,—one of a thousand like it. She brightened for a few moments, and looked almost handsome, when she spoke of his bravery and goodness. Her father and lover have both died in this war. Her only brother has returned from it a broken-down cripple, and she has him and her poor old mother to care for, and so she seeks work. I told her to come again to-morrow, and I would look about for her a little to-day.”

"Let me see, how many are now down on your list to be looked about for, Mrs.

Crowfield?—some twelve or thirteen, are there not? You've got Tom's sister disposed of finally, I hope,—that's a comfort!"

"Well, I'm sorry to say she came back on my hands yesterday," said my wife, patiently. "She is a foolish young thing, and said she did n't like living out in the country. I'm sorry, because the Morrisises are an excellent family, and she might have had a life-home there, if she had only been steady and chosen to behave herself properly. But yesterday I found her back on her mother's hands again; and the poor woman told me that the dear child never could bear to be separated from her, and that she had n't the heart to send her back."

"And, in short," said I, "she gave you notice that you must provide for Miss O'Connor in some more agreeable way. Cross that name off your list, at any rate. That woman and girl need a few hard raps in the school of experience before you can do anything for them."

"I think I shall," said my long-suffering wife; "but it's a pity to see a young thing put in the direct road to ruin."

"It is one of the inevitables," said I, "and we must save our strength for those that are willing to help themselves."

"What's all this talk about?" said Bob, coming in upon us rather brusquely.

"Oh, as usual, the old question," said I,—"What's to be done with her?"

"Well," said Bob, "it's exactly what I've come to talk with mother about. Since she keeps a distressed-women's agency-office, I've come to consult her about Marianne. That woman will die before six months are out, a victim to high civilization and the Paddies. There we are, twelve miles out from Boston, in a country villa so convenient that every part of it might almost do its own work,—everything arranged in the most convenient, contiguous, self-adjusting, self-acting, patent-right, perfective manner,—and yet, I tell you, Marianne will die

of that house. It will yet be recorded on her tombstone, 'Died of conveniences.' For myself, what I languish for is a log cabin, with a bed in one corner, a trundle-bed underneath for the children, a fire-place only six feet off, a table, four chairs, one kettle, a coffee-pot, and a tin baker,—that's all. I lived deliciously in an establishment of this kind last summer, when I was up at Lake Superior; and I am convinced, if I could move Marianne into it at once, that she would become a healthy and a happy woman. Her life is smothered out of her with comforts: we have too many rooms, too many carpets, too many vases and knickknacks, too much china and silver; she has too many laces and dresses and bonnets; the children all have too many clothes;—in fact, to put it Scripturally, our riches are corrupted, our garments are moth-eaten, our gold and our silver is cankered,—and, in short, Marianne is sick in bed, and I have come to the agency-office for-distressed-women to take you out to attend to her.

"The fact is," continued Bob, "that, since our cook married and Alice went to California, there seems to be no possibility of putting our domestic cabinet upon any permanent basis. The number of female persons that have been through our house, and the ravages they have wrought on it for the last six months, pass belief. I had yesterday a bill of sixty dollars' plumbing to pay for damages of various kinds which had had to be repaired in our very convenient water-works; and the blame of each particular one had been bandied like a shuttlecock among our three household divinities. Biddy privately assured my wife that Kate was in the habit of emptying dust-pans of rubbish into the main drain from the chambers, and washing any little extra bits down through the bowls; and, in fact, when one of the bathing-room bowls had overflowed so as to damage the frescoes below, my wife, with great delicacy and precaution, interrogated Kate as to whether she had followed her instructions in the care of the water-pipes. Of

course she protested the most immaculate care and circumspection. 'Sure, and she knew how careful one ought to be, and was n't of the likes of thim as would n't mind what throuble they made, —like Biddy, who would throw trash and hair in the pipes, and niver listen to her tellin'; sure, and had n't she broken the pipes in the kitchen, and lost the stoppers, as it was a shame to see in a Christian house?' Ann, the third girl, being privately questioned, blamed Biddy on Monday and Kate on Tuesday; on Wednesday, however, she exonerated both; but on Thursday, being in a high quarrel with both, she departed, accusing them severally not only of all the evil practices aforesaid, but of lying, and stealing, and all other miscellaneous wickednesses that came to hand. Whereat the two thus accused rushed in, bewailing themselves and cursing Ann in alternate strophes, averring that she had given the baby laudanum, and, taking it out riding, had stopped for hours with it in a filthy lane, where the scarlet fever was said to be rife, —in short, made so fearful a picture, that Marianne gave up the child's life at once, and has taken to her bed. I have endeavored all I could to quiet her, by telling her that the scarlet-fever story was probably an extemporaneous work of fiction, got up to gratify the Hibernian anger at Ann, and that it was n't in the least worth while to believe one thing more than another from the fact that any of the tribe said it. But she refuses to be comforted, and is so Utopian as to lie there, crying, — 'Oh, if I only could get one that I could trust, —one that really would speak the truth to me, —one that I might know really went where she said she went, and really did as she said she did!' To have to live so, she says, and bring up little children with those she can't trust out of her sight, whose word is good for nothing, —to feel that her beautiful house and her lovely things are all going to rack and ruin, and she can't take care of them, and can't see where or when or how the mischief is done, —in short, the poor child talks as women

do who are violently attacked with housekeeping fever tending to congestion of the brain. She actually yesterday told me that she wished, on the whole, she never had got married, which I take to be the most positive indication of mental alienation."

"Here," said I, "we behold at this moment two women dying for the want of what they can mutually give one another, —each having a supply of what the other needs, but held back by certain invisible cobwebs, slight, but strong, from coming to each other's assistance. Marianne has money enough, but she wants a helper in her family, such as all her money has been hitherto unable to buy; and here close at hand is a woman who wants home-shelter, healthy, varied, active, cheerful labor, with nourishing food, kind care, and good wages. What hinders these women from rushing to the help of one another, just as two drops of water on a leaf rush together and make one? Nothing but a miserable prejudice, —but a prejudice so strong that women will starve in any other mode of life, rather than accept competency and comfort in this."

"You don't mean," said my wife, "to propose that our *protégée* should go to Marianne as a servant?"

"I do say it would be the best thing for her to do, the only opening that I see, —and a very good one, too, it is. Just look at it. Her bare living at this moment cannot cost her less than five or six dollars a week, —everything at the present time is so very dear in the city. Now by what possible calling open to her capacity can she pay her board and washing, fuel and lights, and clear a hundred and some odd dollars a year? She could not do it as a district school-teacher; she certainly cannot, with her feeble health, do it by plain sewing; she could not do it as a copyist. A robust woman might go into a factory and earn more; but factory-work is unintermitted, twelve hours daily, week in and out, in the same movement, in close air, amid the clatter of machinery; and a person delicately or-

ganized soon sinks under it. It takes a stolid, enduring temperament to bear factory-labor. Now look at Marianne's house and family, and see what is insured to your *protégée* there.

"In the first place, a home, — a neat, quiet chamber, quite as good as she has probably been accustomed to, — the very best of food, served in a pleasant, light, airy kitchen, which is one of the most agreeable rooms in the house, and the table and table-service quite equal to those of most farmers and mechanics. Then her daily tasks would be light and varied, — some sweeping, some dusting, the washing and dressing of children, the care of their rooms and the nursery, — all of it the most healthful, the most natural work of a woman, — work alternating with rest, and diverting thought from painful subjects by its variety, — and what is more, a kind of work in which a good Christian woman might have satisfaction, as feeling herself useful in the highest and best way: for the child's nurse, if she be a pious, well-educated woman, may make the whole course of nursery-life an education in goodness. Then, what is far different from many other modes of gaining a livelihood, a woman in this capacity can make and feel herself really and truly beloved. The hearts of little children are easily gained, and their love is real and warm, and no true woman can become the object of it without feeling her own life made brighter. Again, she would have in Marianne a sincere, warm-hearted friend, who would care for her tenderly, respect her sorrows, shelter her feelings, be considerate of her wants, and in every way aid her in the cause she has most at heart, the succor of her family. There are many ways besides her wages in which she would infallibly be assisted by Marianne, so that the probability would be that she could send her little salary almost untouched to those for whose support she was toiling, — all this on her part."

"But," added my wife, "on the other hand, she would be obliged to associate and be ranked with common Irish servants."

"Well," I answered, "is there any occupation, by which any of us gain our living, which has not its disagreeable side? Does not the lawyer spend all his days either in a dusty office or in the foul air of a court-room? Is he not brought into much disagreeable contact with the lowest class of society? Are not his labors dry and hard and exhausting? Does not the blacksmith spend half his life in soot and grime, that he may gain a competence for the other half? If this woman were to work in a factory, would she not often be brought into associations distasteful to her? Might it not be the same in any of the arts and trades in which a living is to be got? There must be unpleasant circumstances about earning a living in any way; only I maintain that those which a woman would be likely to meet with as a servant in a refined, well-bred, Christian family would be less than in almost any other calling. Are there no trials to a woman, I beg to know, in teaching a district school, where all the boys, big and little, of a neighborhood congregate? For my part, were it my daughter or sister who was in necessitous circumstances, I would choose for her a position such as I name, in a kind, intelligent, Christian family, before many of those to which women do devote themselves."

"Well," said Bob, "all this has a good sound enough, but it's quite impossible. It's true, I verily believe, that such a kind of servant in our family would really prolong Marianne's life years, — that it would improve her health, and be an unspeakable blessing to her, to me, and the children, — and I would almost go down on my knees to a really well-educated, good, American woman who would come into our family, and take that place; but I know it's perfectly vain and useless to expect it. You know we have tried the experiment two or three times of having a person in our family who should be on the footing of a friend, yet do the duties of a servant, and that we *never* could make it work well. These half-and-half people are so sensitive, so exacting in

their demands, so hard to please, that we have come to the firm determination that we will have no sliding-scale in our family, and that whoever we are to depend on must come with *bona-fide* willingness to take the position of a servant, such as that position is in our house; and *that*, I suppose, your *protégée* would never do, even if she could thereby live easier, have less hard work, better health, and quite as much money as she could earn in any other way."

"She would consider it a personal degradation, I suppose," said my wife.

"And yet, if she only knew it," said Bob, "I should respect her far more profoundly for her willingness to take that position, when adverse fortune has shut other doors."

"Well, now," said I, "this woman is, as I understand, the daughter of a respectable stone-mason; and the domestic habits of her early life have probably been economical and simple. Like most of our mechanics' daughters, she has received in one of our high schools an education which has cultivated and developed her mind far beyond those of her parents and the associates of her childhood. This is a common fact in our American life. By our high schools the daughters of plain workmen are raised to a state of intellectual culture which seems to make the disposition of them in any kind of industrial calling a difficult one. They all want to teach school, — and school-teaching, consequently, is an overcrowded profession, — and, failing that, there is only millinery and dress-making. Of late, it is true, efforts have been made in various directions to widen their sphere. Type-setting and book-keeping are in some instances beginning to be open to them.

"All this time there is lying, neglected and despised, a calling to which womanly talents and instincts are peculiarly fitted, — a calling full of opportunities of the most lasting usefulness, — a calling which insures a settled home, respectable protection, healthful exercise, good air, good food, and good wages, — a calling in which a woman

may make real friends, and secure to herself warm affection: and yet this calling is the one always refused, shunned, contemned, left to the alien and the stranger, and that simply and solely because it bears the name of *servant*. A Christian woman, who holds the name of Christ in her heart in true devotion, would think it the greatest possible misfortune and degradation to become like him in taking upon her 'the form of a servant.' The founder of Christianity says, 'Whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth? But I am among you as he that serveth.' But notwithstanding these so plain declarations of Jesus, we find that scarce any one in a Christian land will accept real advantages of position and employment that come with that name and condition."

"I suppose," said my wife, "I could prevail upon this woman to do all the duties of the situation, if she could be, as they phrase it, 'treated as one of the family.'"

"That is to say," said Bob, "if she could sit with us at the same table, be introduced to our friends, and be in all respects as one of us. Now as to this, I am free to say that I have no false aristocratic scruples. I consider every well-educated woman as fully my equal, not to say my superior; but it does not follow from this that she would be one whom I should wish to make a third party with me and my wife at meal-times. Our meals are often our seasons of privacy, — the times when we wish in perfect unreserve to speak of matters that concern ourselves and our family alone. Even invited guests and family friends would not be always welcome, however agreeable at times. Now a woman may be perfectly worthy of respect, and we may be perfectly respectful to her, whom nevertheless we do not wish to take into the circle of intimate friendship. I regard the position of a woman who comes to perform domestic service as I do any other business relation. We have a very respectable young lady in our employ who does legal copying for us, and all is perfectly

pleasant and agreeable in our mutual relations ; but the case would be far otherwise, were she to take it into her head that we treated her with contempt, because my wife did not call on her, and because she was not occasionally invited to tea. Besides, I apprehend that a woman of quick sensibilities, employed in domestic service, and who was so far treated as a member of the family as to share our table, would find her position even more painful and embarrassing than if she took once for all the position of a servant. We could not control the feelings of our friends ; we could not always insure that they would be free from aristocratic prejudice, even were we so ourselves. We could not force her upon their acquaintance, and she might feel far more slighted than she would in a position where no attentions of any kind were to be expected. Besides which, I have always noticed that persons standing in this uncertain position are objects of peculiar antipathy to the servants in full ; that they are the cause of constant and secret cabals and discontents ; and that a family where the two orders exist has always raked up in it the smouldering embers of a quarrel ready at any time to burst out into open feud."

"Well," said I, "here lies the problem of American life. Half our women, like Marianne, are being faded and made old before their time by exhausting endeavors to lead a life of high civilization and refinement with only such untrained help as is washed up on our shores by the tide of emigration. Our houses are built upon a plan that precludes the necessity of much hard labor, but requires rather careful and nice handling. A well-trained, intelligent woman, who had vitalized her finger-ends by means of a well-developed brain, could do all the work of such a house with comparatively little physical fatigue. So stands the case as regards our houses. Now over against the women that are perishing in them from too much care, there is another class of American women that are wandering up and down, perishing for lack of some re-

munerative employment. That class of women, whose developed brains and less developed muscles mark them as peculiarly fitted for the performance of the labors of a high civilization, stand utterly aloof from paid domestic service. Sooner beg, sooner starve, sooner marry for money, sooner hang on as dependents in families where they know they are not wanted, than accept of a quiet home, easy, healthful work, and certain wages, in these refined and pleasant modern dwellings of ours."

"What is the reason of this?" said Bob.

"The reason is, that we have not yet come to the full development of Christian democracy. The taint of old aristocracies is yet pervading all parts of our society. We have not yet realized fully the true dignity of labor, and the surpassing dignity of domestic labor. And I must say that the valuable and courageous women who have agitated the doctrines of Woman's Rights among us have not in all things seen their way clear in this matter."

"Don't talk to me of those creatures," said Bob, "those men-women, those anomalies, neither flesh nor fish, with their conventions, and their cracked woman-voices strained in what they call public speaking, but which I call public squeaking! No man reverences true women more than I do. I hold a real, true, thoroughly good *woman*, whether in my parlor or my kitchen, as my superior. She can always teach me something that I need to know. She has always in her somewhat of the divine gift of prophecy ; but in order to keep it, she must remain a woman. When she crops her hair, puts on pantaloons, and strides about in conventions, she is an abortion, and not a woman."

"Come! come!" said I, "after all, speak with deference. We that choose to wear soft clothing and dwell in kings' houses must respect the Baptists, who wear leathern girdles and eat locusts and wild honey. They are the voices crying in the wilderness, preparing the way for a coming good. They go down on their knees in the mire of life to lift

up and brighten and restore a neglected truth; and we that have not the energy to share their struggle should at least refrain from criticizing their soiled garments and ungraceful action. There have been excrescences, eccentricities, peculiarities about the camp of these reformers; but the body of them have been true and noble women, and worthy of all the reverence due to such. They have already in many of our States reformed the laws relating to woman's position, and placed her on a more just and Christian basis. It is through their movements that in many of our States a woman can hold the fruits of her own earnings, if it be her ill luck to have a worthless, drunken spendthrift for a husband. It is owing to their exertions that new trades and professions are opening to woman; and all that I have to say of them is, that in the suddenness of their zeal for opening new paths for her feet, they have not sufficiently considered the propriety of straightening, widening, and mending the one broad, good old path of domestic labor, established by God Himself. It does appear to me, that, if at least a portion of their zeal could be spent in removing the stones out of this highway of domestic life, and making it pleasant and honorable, they would effect even more. I would not have them leave undone what they are doing; but I would, were I worthy to be considered, humbly suggest to their prophetic wisdom and enthusiasm, whether, in this new future of woman which they wish to introduce, woman's natural, God-given employment of *domestic service* is not to receive a new character and rise in a new form.

"'To love and serve' is a motto worn with pride on some aristocratic family shields in England. It ought to be graven on the Christian shield. *Servant* is the name which Christ gives to the *Christian*; and in speaking of his kingdom as distinguished from earthly kingdoms, he distinctly said, that rank there should be conditioned, not upon desire to command, but on willingness to serve.

"'Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your *servant*.'

"Why is it, that this name of servant, which Christ says is the highest in the kingdom of heaven, is so dishonored among us professing Christians, that good women will beg or starve, will suffer almost any extreme of poverty and privation, rather than accept home, competence, security, with this honored name?"

"The fault with many of our friends of the Woman's Rights order," said my wife, "is the depreciatory tone in which they have spoken of the domestic labors of a family as being altogether below the scope of the faculties of woman. '*Domestic drudgery*' they call it: an expression that has done more harm than any two words that ever were put together.

"Think of a woman's calling clearstarching and ironing domestic drudgery, and to better the matter turning to type-setting in a grimy printing-office! Call the care of china and silver, the sweeping of carpets, the arrangement of parlors and sitting rooms, drudgery; and go into a factory and spend the day amid the whirl and clatter and thunder of machinery, inhaling an atmosphere loaded with wool and machine-grease, and keeping on the feet for twelve hours, nearly continuously! Think of its being called drudgery to take care of a clean, light, airy nursery, to wash and dress and care for two or three children, to mend their clothes, tell them stories, make them playthings, take them out walking or driving; and rather than this, to wear out the whole livelong day, extending oft'n deep into the night, in endless sewing, in a close room of a dressmaking establishment! Is it any less drudgery to stand all day behind a counter, serving customers, than to tend a door-bell and wait on a table? For my part," said my wife, "I have often

thought the matter over, and concluded, that, if I were left in straitened circumstances, as many are in a great city, I would seek a position as a servant in one of our good families."

"I envy the family that you even think of in that connection," said I. "I fancy the amazement which would take possession of them as you began to develop among them."

"I have always held," said my wife, "that family work, in many of its branches, can be better performed by an educated woman than an uneducated one. Just as an army where even the bayonets think is superior to one of mere brute force and mechanical training, so, I have heard it said, some of our distinguished modern female reformers show an equal superiority in the domestic sphere, — and I do not doubt it. Family work was never meant to be the special province of untaught brains. I have sometimes thought I should like to show what I could do as a servant."

"Well," said Bob, "to return from all this to the question, What's to be done with her? Are you going to my

distressed woman? If you are, suppose you take *your* distressed woman along, and ask her to try it. I can promise her a pleasant house, a quiet room by herself, healthful and not too hard work, a kind friend, and some leisure for reading, writing, or whatever other pursuit of her own she may choose for her recreation. We are always quite willing to lend books to any who appreciate them. Our house is surrounded by pleasant grounds, which are open to our servants as to ourselves. So, let her come and try us. I am quite sure that country air, quiet security, and moderate exercise in a good home will bring up her health; and if she is willing to take the one or two disagreeables which may come with all this, let her try us."

"Well," said I, "so be it; and would that all the women seeking homes and employment could thus fall in with women who have homes and are perishing in them for want of educated helpers!"

On this question of woman's work I have yet more to say, but must defer it to another month.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

WHEN I first knew this great and good man, he was in his seventy-ninth year, and quite as remarkable for strength of constitution, (though he had been always ailing up to the age of threescore,) and for cheerfulness of temper, as for the oddities which made him a laughing-stock for Professor Wilson and the reprobates of "Blackwood," a prodigious myth for the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly," and a sort of Cocklane ghost for Sydney Smith, Hazlitt, Captain Parry, Tom Moore, and Lord Byron.

His "Benthamee" was believed to be a language he had invented for himself, and quite incapable of being understood, or even deciphered, by any but a

thorough-going disciple, such as Dr., now Sir John, Bowring, James Mill, the author of "British India," John Stuart Mill, the two Austins, or George Grote, the banker and historian of Greece.

"Ah," said Mrs. Wheeler, a strong-minded, clever woman, the Mary Wollstonecraft of her day, on hearing that I had been asked to the "Hermitage" of Queen-Square Place by Mr. Bentham, — "Ah, you have no idea of what is before you! I wonder you are not afraid."

"Afraid, my dear Madam! Of what should I be afraid?"

"Afraid of being left alone with him after dinner. He cannot bear contradiction. The queerest old man alive. One of his most intimate friends told

me that he was undoubtedly deranged, mad as a March hare upon some subjects, and a monomaniac upon others. Do you know that he keeps a relay of young men, thoroughly trained for the work, to follow him round all day and pick up his droppings,—or what his followers call ‘sibylline leaves,’—bits of paper, that is, written all over with cabalistic signs, which no mortal could ever hope to decipher without a long apprenticeship? These ‘leaves’ he scatters round him right and left, while on the trot through his large, beautiful garden, or, if in the house, while taking his ‘post-prandial’ vibration,—the after-dinner walk through a narrow passage-way running between a raised platform in what he calls his ‘workshop,’ and the outer partition. Here he labors day after day, and year after year, at codification, without stopping to draw a long breath, or even to look up, so afraid is he of what may happen to the world, if he should be taken away before it is all finished. And here, on this platform, the table for one guest, two secretaries, and himself is always set, and he never has more than one guest at a time.”

Extravagant and laughable as all this appeared to me at the time, I found truth enough at the bottom, before six months were over, to justify many of the drollest caricatures.

That Mr. Bentham’s minutes were drops of gold about this time, and his half-hours ingots, in the estimation of others, I had reason to know,—of others, too, among the foremost celebrities of the age. Hence, though he gave capital dinners, it was one of the rarest things in the world for a stranger to be seen at his table. The curious and the inquisitive stood no chance; and men of the highest rank were constantly refused the introductions they sought.

“Anne, if the Duke of Sussex calls, I am not at home,” said he one day to his housekeeper: nobody ever knew why.

And there were hundreds of distinguished men, otherwise well-informed, who believed in Jeremy Bentham, afar off, somewhat as others do in the heroes of Ossian, or in their great Scandi-

navian prototypes, Woden and Thor. If to be met with at all, it was only along the tops of mountains, where “mist and moonlight mingle fitfully.”

For myself, I can truly say, that, of those I met with, who talked most freely about him, and who wrote as if well acquainted, not only with his works, but with the man himself, there was not one in fifty who had ever set eyes on him or knew where to look for the “Hermitage,” while the fiftieth could not tell me whether he was an Englishman or Frenchman by birth, (most of his writings on jurisprudence being written by him in French,) nor whether he was living or dead.

Nevertheless, they were full of anecdotes. They went with the scoffers, and quoted Sydney Smith and “Blackwood,” while “the world’s dread laugh” made them shy of committing themselves to any decided opinion. But if Bentham was a myth, surely Dumont was not, and the shadow might well be allowed to prove the substance; and yet they persisted in believing the most extravagant inventions, and the drollest, without investigation or misgiving.

And even I,—I, myself,—though familiar with his works, both in French and English, was so much influenced by the mystery about him, and by the stories I heard of him, and by the flings I saw in the leading journals, that I was betrayed into writing as follows in “Blackwood,” about a year before I first met Mr. Bentham, notwithstanding my profound convictions of his worth and greatness, and my fixed belief that he was cruelly misunderstood and shamefully misrepresented, and that his “Morals and Legislation” and his “Theory of Rewards and Punishments” would change the jurisprudence of the world, as they certainly have done:—

“Setting aside John Locke’s Constitution for North Carolina, and Jeremy Bentham’s conundrums on Legislation, to speak reverently of what we cannot speak irreverently of, *a truly great and incomprehensible mind, whose thoughts are problems, and whose words—when they are English—miracles,*” etc.

This paragraph occurs *incidentally*. I durst not go farther at the time; for Bentham had never been mentioned but with a sneer in that journal. I was writing a review of another "British Traveller in America," whose blundering misrepresentations had greatly disturbed me. The book was entitled, "A Summary View of America By an Englishman." My review was the longest paper, I believe, that ever appeared in "Blackwood." It was the leader for December, 1824; and on the back of the title-page is a note by Christopher North himself, (Professor Wilson,) from which I extract the following rather significant passages.

"Our readers will perceive that this number opens with an article much longer than any that ever appeared in our journal before. As a general rule, we hate and detest articles of anything like this length; but we found, on perusing this, (and so will our readers, when they follow our example,) that in reality every paragraph of it is an article by itself; in fact, that the paper is not an article, but a collection of many articles upon subjects, all full of interest, and most of them not less important than interesting."

"In short, this *review* of a single book on America contains more new facts, more new reasonings, more new speculations of and concerning the United States of America, than have as yet appeared in any ten books (by themselves, books) upon that subject. This is enough for us, and this will be enough for our readers.

"We do not know personally the author of this article; nor do we pledge ourselves for the justice of many of his views. From internal evidence we believe that he says nothing but what he believes to be true."

On the whole, perhaps, I had better add another paragraph from Christopher North's note. It may serve to disabuse not a few of my countrymen who have hitherto misunderstood the purpose of my "mission" abroad, and especially the nature of my connection with the "Blackwood" freebooters.

"It is certain that he does know America well," continues the Professor; "and it is equally certain that we fully participate in his feelings, as to the folly or knavery of every writer, English or American, who libels either of these countries for the amusement of the other; and we have not the smallest doubt that the appearance of such a writer as we have had the good fortune to introduce will henceforth operate as a salutary check both on the chattering of the 'Westminster Review' and the growlers of the 'Quarterly.'"

Entertaining the opinions I have stated with regard to Mr. Bentham and his labors, and being well aware that his early writings in English (the "Fragment on Government," for example, wherein, at the age of twenty-eight, he enters the lists with Blackstone so successfully, and the "Defence of Usury," an argument not only unanswered, but unanswerable, to this day) were such models of clearness, strength, and precision, and so remarkable for a transparent beauty of style, that the first was attributed to Lord Mansfield, and the last to others of like reputation; while some of his earlier pamphlets (like that which is entitled "Emancipate your Colonies," being an address to the National Assembly of France, whose predecessors had made him a French citizen, or the "Draught of a Code for the Organization of the Judicial Establishment of France," written at the age of two-and-forty) were quite as remarkable for genius, warmth, manly strength, and a lofty eloquence, as the earlier writings mentioned were for clearness and logical precision,—how could I be guilty of such irreverence, not to say impertinence?

My answer is, that the believers in "Blackwood," having been pampered so long on highly seasoned, fiery pap, to which the lines of M. G. Lewis might often be applied,—

"And this juice of hell,
Wherever it fell,
To a cinder burned the floor,"—

were not ready for the whole truth, for the strong meat, much less for the lion's

meat I should have been delighted to serve them with ; and so, as in the case of Leigh Hunt and some others eminently obnoxious to that journal, I slipped in the few words I have quoted *incidentally*, as a sort of entering wedge : and the result in both cases, I must acknowledge, fully justified my expectations ; for neither Mr. Bentham nor Leigh Hunt was ever unhandsonely treated or in any way disparaged by that journal from that time forward, so far as I know.

Let me add, that I did this for the same reason that I began writing about our country, and about the institutions, the people, the literature, and the fine arts of America, as if I were an Englishman, — for otherwise what hope had I of being admitted into the “Field of the Cloth of Gold,” or of being allowed to break a lance in the tournament which was always open there ? — and that I continued writing as an Englishman long after it was known by Blackwood himself, and by Wilson, that I was not only an American, but a Yankee, and a Yankee to the backbone, and that the signature I had adopted — “Carter Holmes” — was not so much a *nom de plume* as a *nom de guerre*, till I had got possession of the enemy’s battery, and turned the guns upon his camp.

In personal appearance, in features, and in the habitual expression of countenance, Mr. Bentham bore an astonishing resemblance to our Dr. Franklin. He was, to be sure, of a somewhat heavier build, though shorter by two or three inches, I should say, judging by the bronze full-length you have in Boston. The prevailing expression was much alike in both ; but there was not so much of constitutional benignity in the looks of Bentham, nor was he ever so grave and thoughtful as Franklin is generally represented in his portraits ; but he was fuller of shrewdness and playfulness, — of downright drollery, indeed, — of boyish fun, — and, above all, of a warm-hearted, unquestioning sympathy for everything alive, man or beast, that he called “virtuous,” like the “virtuous deer” and the “affectionate

swan” : and all this you could see plainly in the man’s countenance, whether at play or in repose.

So great, indeed, was the outward resemblance between these two extraordinary men, — so much alike in appearance were they, though so utterly unlike in reality, — that, after Mr. Bentham had passed the age of threescore-and-five, a bust of Dr. Franklin, by a celebrated French artist, was bought by Ricardo, at the suggestion of La Fayette, I believe, and sent to Mr. James Mill for a likeness of Bentham.

“Do you know,” said the philosopher to me one day, while talking upon this very subject, “that Ricardo was my grand-disciple ?”

“Your grand-disciple ? How so ?”

“Why, you see, Mill was my disciple, and Ricardo was his ; *ergo*, Ricardo was my grand-disciple : hey ?”

But perhaps you would like to see for yourself the “white-haired Sage of Queen-Square Place,” as Dr. Bowring, now Sir John Bowring, used to call him, — the “Philosopher,” — the “Hermit,” — the “High Priest of Reform,” as others, like Mr. Canning, the Premier, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir Francis Burdett, the two Mills, father and son, Dr. Southwood Smith, the Austins, and Frank Place, the great radical tailor, used to call him.

If so, have the goodness to follow me step by step for a few minutes, forgetting all the long years that have interposed, and you shall see him, with your eyes shut, as I saw him first, and as I continued to see him almost every day for eighteen months or so, face to face.

Picture to yourself a man “fourscore and upwards,” like Lear, and like Lear, too, “mightily abused,” about five feet seven, a little stooping, but still vigorous and alert ; with a pleasant, fresh countenance, and the complexion of a middle-aged, plump, healthy woman, such as Rubens or Gilbert Stuart would gloat over in portraiture, and love to paint for a wager ; with a low, cheerful, trembling voice in conversation, though loud and ringing in the open

air; large, clear, bluish-gray eyes, — I think I cannot be mistaken about the color, though Hazlitt, who was a tenant of Bentham's at one time, and got snubbed for some little impertinence, which of course he never forgave, calls them "lack-lustre eyes"; very soft, plentiful white hair, slightly tinged with gold, like flossed silk in the sunshine, — pushed back from a broad, but rather low forehead, and flowing down to the shoulders. This white hair, when the wind blows it about his face in the open air, or he is talking earnestly at his own table, — and he never goes to any other, — he has a strange habit of throwing off with a sudden crook and spring of the left elbow, and a sort of impatient jerk of the left forefinger, which has come to be so characteristic of the man himself, that, if Mathews (Charles Mathews) were to do that, and that only, before you, after you had been with Bentham for five minutes, you would have, not, perhaps, a photograph or a portrait, but a "charcoal sketch" of the philosopher, which you would instantly acknowledge. And, by the way, this reminds me that I wanted to call these "Charcoal Sketches," — that title being mine long before the late Joseph C. Neal borrowed it of me without leave, and used it for his "Loafer" and a variety of capital sketches, which have been attributed to me, and still are, notwithstanding my denials. I wrote one number only, — the first. It was a Yankee sketch; while his were street sketches, and among the best in our language.

But let us return to the living Bentham. The stoop, you see, is not so much on account of his great age as from a long habit of bending over his abominable manuscript, — the worst you ever saw, perhaps, not excepting Rufus Choate's or Napoleon Bonaparte's, — day after day, and year after year, while adding his marginal annotations in "Benthamee" to what has been corrected over and over again, and rewritten more than once by the secretary.

He wears a plain, single-breasted

coat, of the Quaker type, with a narrow, straight collar, and a waistcoat of thin, striped calico, all open to the weather, and trousers, — not small-clothes, nor breeches, never being able to look at himself in breeches without laughing, he says; thick wpolen stockings rolled up over his knees, and shoes with ties instead of buckles, — in short, the every-day costume of our Revolutionary fathers, barring the breeches, the shoe-buckles, and the ruffles, which he never could endure.

In the warmest weather he wears thick leather gloves, and in the coldest a straw hat, bound and edged with the brightest green ribbon, and carries a stout stick of buckthorn, which he has named Dapple, after the ass of Sancho Panza, for whom he professes the greatest admiration.

While thus equipped, and while you are in conversation with him perhaps, or answering one of his hurried questions, he starts off ahead in a slow trot, up one alley and down another, or to and fro in the large garden of Queen-Square Place, — the largest but one of all that open into the Green Park; and this trot he will continue for a whole hour sometimes, without losing his breath or evincing any signs of weariness, — occasionally shouting at the top of his lungs, to show that his wind is untouched, till the whole neighborhood rings with the echo, and the blank walls of the Knightsbridge Barracks "answer from their misty shroud."

On the whole, therefore, that extravagant story told by Captain Parry has a pretty good foundation, though he never saw with his own eyes what he describes with so much drollery, but took the whole upon trust; for Mr. Bentham was in the habit of going after his annuity every year, trotting all the way down and back through Fleet Street, with his white hair flying loose, and followed by one or both of his two secretaries. He was the last survivor — the very last — of the beneficiaries, and seemed to take a pleasure in astonishing the managers once a year with his "wind and bottom." Parry

represents him as being taken for a lunatic running away from his keepers.

Having now the man himself before you, let me give you some idea of his habits and characteristics, his temper,—and I never saw him out of temper in my life, though he had enough to try him almost every day in his household arrangements,—his kindness of heart, his drollery, and his wonderful powers of endurance, while working out the great problem of his life.

At the time I knew him, he used to sleep in a bag, and sometimes with most of his clothes on. This he did for economy. "It took less of sheeting," he said. Then, too, there was not so much likelihood of his getting the clothes off, should he get restless or fidgety. He was read to sleep every night by one of his secretaries, who told me that he often amused himself with reading the same paragraph or the same page over and over again, without turning a leaf, the philosopher declaring that he had never lost a word of the whole, and that he not only understood, but remembered, the drift of the author. In this way my "Brother Jonathan," then just published by Blackwood in three large volumes, was read to him every night for weeks, and greatly to his satisfaction, as I then understood; though it seems by what Dr. Bowring—I beg his pardon, Sir John Bowring—says on the subject, that the "white-haired sage" was wide enough awake, on the whole, to form a pretty fair estimate of its unnaturalness and extravagance: being himself a great admirer of Richardson's ten-volume stories, like "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe," and always looking upon them as the standard for novel-writers.

Mr. Bentham was very "regular" in his habits, *very*,—and timed most of his doings, whether asleep or awake, by a watch lying on the table. But then he *always* breakfasted between twelve and three, or a little later on special occasions, and always dined at half past six, or thereabouts, taking two cups of strong coffee in bed every morning, though he never allowed himself but

one, and died in the belief that he had never broken the pledge.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, he maintained that there is no getting along in this world—or the other—without "regularity," or what he called "system." And that "system" he carried into all the business of life, as well as into legislation and government; going back, after years of uninterrupted labor and the severest analysis, to invent a panopticon, a self-sustaining penitentiary, or rather to apply that invention of his brother, General Sir Samuel Bentham, to the bettering of our prison-houses and to the restoration of the lost,—or perhaps a ballot-box, that nothing might be wanted, when that "system" he valued himself so much upon should be adopted throughout the world, as the outlines already are.

Scores of anecdotes are crowding upon my recollection, as I call to mind his affectionate manner, his habitual good temper, and his amiable, almost childish, kindness of heart. While yet a boy, for example,—and this he told me himself, with a singular mixture of self-complacency and self-depreciation, as if more than half ashamed of his weakness,—while yet a boy, he was on a visit, where two different persons undertook to help him to the goodies, among which was a magnificent gooseberry-pie, one of his favorite dishes to the last. He ate until he could eat no more. A third person offered him another piece; but, notwithstanding his capacity, being "full up to here," he was obliged to refuse. He could not swallow another mouthful, and the idea of *ingratitude* was so strong with him that he fell a-crying. I have no doubt of his entire truthfulness; but I could not help thinking of the poor boy at his grandfather's table on Christmas-day, who began at last to take things rather seriously. "What's the matter, Georgie? what are you crying for?" said the grandfather. "I can't eat another mouthful, grandpa," said Georgie, still blubbering. "Never mind, my boy, never mind, fill your pockets." "They're all full now, grandpa."

One of the cleverest women I ever knew, Mrs. Sarah Austin, the magnificent mother of Lady Duff Gordon, and the author of a capital and safe book on Germany, which seems to be little known here, though greatly esteemed there, once wrote me as follows. She was a great favorite of Mr. Bentham, a pet indeed; and her husband, the elder Austin, John, was a disciple of the philosopher, a briefless barrister, though one of the clearest reasoners and profoundest thinkers of the age, as a paper on Jurisprudence, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," will show. He wrote very little, but his pages were worth volumes; and he gave Benthamism unadulterated and undiluted, though made intelligible to the "meanest capacity," in or out of the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly," — grasping every subject he handled with fingers of steel.

"God bless you," she says, after we had been talking about the philosopher and his vagaries and whimsicalities, — "God bless you for exalting me in my beloved grandpa's good graces. You can't think how dearly I do love him, legislation and *all that* apart; and yet, if there ever was a woman peculiarly prone to love and admire a man for his public affections and public usefulness, I do say I am that she, and that I could not love a paragon of beauty, wit, and private kindness, if he looked on the good or ill being of mankind with indifference or scorn, or with anti-social feelings. Think of the divine old man growing a sort of vetch in his garden to cram his pockets with for the deer in Kensington Garden. I remember his pointing it out to me, and telling me the '*virtuous deer*' were fond of it, and ate it out of his hand. I could have kissed his feet; it was the feeling of a kind, tender-hearted, loving child."

He had another pet, almost a rival on some special occasions for Mrs. Austin. It was a large sleepy-looking tom-cat, very black, and of a most uncommon seriousness of deportment. The philosopher treated him with great consideration, I might almost say reverence, and called him Doctor, — but whether

an LL. D., a D. D., or only an M. D., I never clearly understood, though I have a faint recollection, that, on the happening of some event in which Tom bore a part, he accounted for the deference he showed, by calling him the Reverend Doctor somebody. Like Byron, too, he once had a pet bear; but he was in Russia at the time, and the wolves got into the poor creature's box, on a terrible winter's night, and carried off a part of his face, a depredation which the philosopher never forgot nor forgave to his dying day. He always kept a supply of stale bread in the drawer of his dining-table for the "mousies."

When he introduced me to Mr. Joseph Hume, the great penny-wise and pound-foolish reformer, he begged me to bear in mind that he was *only* a Scotchman, or "no better than a Scotchman"; and he once gave me an open letter to the celebrated philanthropist, Dr. Southwood Smith, which he asked me to read before it was delivered. I did so, and found that he wished the Doctor to know that I had been at Queen-Square Place a long while, and that, so far as he knew, — had neither told lies nor stolen spoons. Of course I delivered the letter, leaving Dr. Smith to take the consequences, if any silver should be missed after I left him.

And, by the way, this reminds me that this very Dr. Smith was the individual to whom he bequeathed his body, with certain directions, which appear to have been carried out to the very letter, according to Miss Margaret Fuller, who describes what she herself saw with her own eyes not long after Mr. Bentham's death.

"I became acquainted with Dr. Southwood Smith," she says. "On visiting him, we saw an object which I have often heard celebrated, and had thought would be revolting, but found, on the contrary, an agreeable sight: this is the skeleton of Jeremy Bentham. It was at Bentham's request, that the skeleton, dressed in the same dress he habitually wore, stuffed out to an exact resemblance of life, and with a portrait-mask

in wax,—the best I ever saw,—sits there as assistant to Dr. Smith in the entertainment of his guests, and companion of his studies. The figure leans a little forward, resting the hands on a stout stick which Bentham always carried, and had named ‘Dapple’; the attitude is quite easy, the expression on the whole mild, winning, yet highly individual.”—In Westminster Abbey there was at this time, and probably is now, a wax figure of Lord Nelson in the very dress he wore at Trafalgar. It is set up in a show-case, just as Barnum would do it.

One other incident, showing his imperturbable good temper, and I have done. A Frenchman had somehow got access to him,—through Dr. Bowring, I believe. No sooner was he seated than he pulled out Mr. Bentham’s pamphlet, already mentioned, and entitled, “Emanicipate your Colonies,” which opens in this way:—

“You have made me a Frenchman. Hear me speak like one.”

This the poor Frenchman read, in an ecstasy of admiration, as if written, “You have made me a Frainchman. Hear me speak like *own*.” Yet Mr. Bentham kept his countenance, gave the poor fellow a good dinner, and gossiped with him till the time had run out.

But Mr. Bentham could be “terribly in earnest,” when the proper occasion arose. Aaron Burr had been a guest of his for a long while, after being driven abroad by the outburst of indignation here,—and, while with him, made such revelations of character, that Mr. Bentham, who acknowledged his talents, actually shuddered when he mentioned his name. Burr declared, in so many words, that he meant to kill Hamilton, because he had threatened to do so long before. He told Mr. Bentham, while boasting of his great success with our finest women, that Mrs. Madison herself was his mistress before marriage; and seriously proposed—in accordance with what may be found in his Life by Matthew L. Davis, about educating daughters and sons alike, and exposing them in the same way—that

he would send for his daughter Theodosia, and Mr. Bentham should take her for his mistress; and in a marginal note, now before me, by the Reverend John Pierpont, I find abundant confirmation of what Mr. Bentham told me, though Mr. Davis undertook to say that the stories of Aaron Burr’s *bonnes fortunes* were true, and that he had a trunkful of letters from the leading women of his day to prove it, and that Mr. Bentham was *untrustworthy*. Upon this point I challenged him to the proof; but he shrunk from the issue.

“This reminds me,” says Mr. Pierpont, in the note referred to, “that Colonel William Alston, the father of Joseph, who married Miss Burr, once told me, at his own table, that, soon after the marriage of his son to Miss Burr, her father, Colonel Burr, had told him, (Colonel Alston,) that, rather than have had his daughter marry otherwise than to his mind, he would have made her the mistress of some gentleman of rank or fortune, who would have placed her in the station in society for which he had educated her.

“I believe, however,” he adds, in a postscript, “that not even parental authority or influence could ever have brought the beautiful and accomplished Miss Theodosia Burr thus to prostitute herself to her father’s ambitious purposes.”

In speaking of Burr, one day, and of his wonderful strength of character and keenness of observation, he broke away suddenly, called him an “atrocious scoundrel,” and then asked me about his life and history. Then it was that the kind-hearted, benevolent old man underwent a sudden transfiguration. He trembled all over; his clear eyes lighted up; his white hair was like a glory about his face; and he seemed like one of the Hebrew Prophets, in his terrible denunciations of the heartless manslayer, and the shameless, boastful profligate.

Our very pleasant, and, to me, most profitable intercourse for a year and a half was brought to an end by the happening of two or three incidents. His fat housekeeper, who ruled him with a

rod of iron, and insulted Mrs. Austin and others, undertook to manage me in the same way, and got packed off in consequence, though I did all I could to keep the secret, and prevent the catastrophe; but he insisted on knowing why I left him, and he applied to the secretaries, who were witnesses of the whole transaction. The philosopher was indignant, and insisted on her making me a suitable apology. I said I wanted no apology, having made up my mind to go on my journey. She refused, and he cut her adrift, after having been so dependent upon her, I know not how many years, that he would allow her to say, "The pan is put away," when he asked for more of a favorite dish, — fried parsley, — which he had prepared for Dr. Macculloch, the geologist, who at one time could eat nothing else. She was reinstated, however, within two or three years after I left him.

The other incident was this. Mr. Bentham had urged me to write a paper for the "Westminster Review," of which Dr. Bowring and Mr. Henry Southern were the editors. I did so, and took for my text four or five orations by Webster, Everett, and Sprague, and then launched out upon the subject of Jurisprudence, of the Militia System, as it prevailed here at the time, — a monstrous folly, and a monstrous outrage upon the rights of man, — and of Slavery. The proof came without a word of alteration or amendment. Of course I had nothing to do but correct any verbal errors. But, lo! when the article appeared, not only had changes been made, passages struck out, and various emendations worked in, but I was made to say the very reverse of what I did say, and to utter opinions which I never entertained, and for which I have had to suffer from that day to this among my countrymen.

For example. The editor, who had never seen the pamphlets, as he proves by calling them "books," interpolates the following, which, as I have said before, I have had to answer for: —

"Violent exaggeration is the character of American literature at the present day, and, compared with the chaster and more rational style of *our* best writers, the style of the North American authors *is usually the rant and unmeaning vehemence of a strolling Thespian*, when placed beside the *calm, appropriate, and expressive delivery of an accomplished actor*." Bear in mind that the samples I gave were from Webster, and Everett, and Sprague! — three of our coldest and clearest crystals, and among the least impassioned, and certainly the least extravagant, of our orators. "Sometimes," the editor adds, with a show of relenting at last, "sometimes the reader will find these remarkable parts the worst, and sometimes the best of the paragraph, and often composed in a spirit worthy of a less vitiated expression."*

This was a little too much; but, owing to the expostulations of Mr. Bentham, who had wasted about twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars on the "Westminster Review," without a hope of getting a sixpence in return, I consented to overlook the outrage. But my confidence in the amiable Dr. Bowring was ended forever. We had a short interview, but no intimacy after this, and I had begun to think of Northern Europe more seriously than ever, when at last the tiff with the housekeeper settled the question, — the Doctor declaring, though he knew from Mr. Bentham's own lips how much he desired me to stay, and how unwilling he was to part with me, that he, Mr. Bentham, said that he would as lief have a rattlesnake under his roof!

* See "Westminster Review" for January, 1836.

A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ

HOW the mountains talked together,
 Looking down upon the weather,
 When they heard our friend had planned his
 Little trip among the Andes!
 How they 'll bare their snowy scalps
 To the climber of the Alps,
 When the cry goes through their passes,
 "Here comes the great Agassiz!"
 "Yes, I 'm tall," says Chimborazo,
 "But I wait for him to say so, —
 That 's the only thing that lacks, — he
 Must see me, Cotopaxi!"
 "Ay! ay!" the fire-peak thunders,
 "And he must view my wonders!
 I 'm but a lonely crater,
 Till I have him for spectator!"
 The mountain hearts are yearning,
 The lava-torches burning,
 The rivers bend to meet him,
 The forests bow to greet him,
 It thrills the spinal column
 Of fossil fishes solemn,
 And glaciers crawl the faster
 To the feet of their old master!

Heaven keep him well and hearty,
 Both him and all his party!
 From the sun that broils and smites,
 From the centipede that bites,
 From the hail-storm and the thunder,
 From the vampire and the condor,
 From the gust upon the river,
 From the sudden earthquake shiver,
 From the trip of mule or donkey,
 From the midnight howling monkey,
 From the stroke of knife or dagger,
 From the puma and the jaguar,
 From the horrid boa-constrictor
 That has scared us in the pictur',
 From the Indians of the Pampas,
 Who would dine upon their grampas,
 From every beast and vermin
 That to think of sets us squirming,
 From every snake that tries on
 The traveller his p'ison,
 From every pest of Natur',
 Likewise the alligator,
 And from two things left behind him,
 (Be sure they 'll try to find him,) —

The tax-bill and assessor, —
Heaven keep the great Professor !

May he find, with his apostles,
That the land is full of fossils,
That the waters swarm with fishes
Shaped according to his wishes,
That every pool is fertile
In fancy kinds of turtle,
New birds around him singing,
New insects, never stinging,
With a million novel data
About the articulata,
And facts that strip off all husks
From the history of mollusks.

And when, with loud *Te Deum*,
He returns to his Museum,
May he find the monstrous reptile
That so long the land has kept ill
By Grant and Sherman throttled,
And by Father Abraham bottled,
(All specked and streaked and mottled
With the scars of murderous battles,
Where he clashed the iron rattles
That gods and men he shook at,)
For all the world to look at !

God bless the great Professor !
And Madam too, God bless her !
Bless him and all his band,
On the sea and on the land,
As they sail, ride, walk, and stand, —
Bless them head and heart and hand,
Till their glorious raid is o'er,
And they touch our ransomed shore !
Then the welcome of a nation,
With its shout of exultation,
Shall awake the dumb creation,
And the shapes of buried æons
Join the living creatures' pæans,
While the mighty megalosaurus
Leads the palæozoic chorus, —
God bless the great Professor,
And the land his proud possessor, —
Bless them now and evermore !

THE FORGE.

CHAPTER I.

“ONE more horse to shoe, Sandy. The man’s late, but he’s come a matter of ten mile, perhaps, over the cross road by Derby, yonder. Lead the critter up, boy, and give a look at the furnace.”

I stooped to replenish the glowing fire, then turned toward the door, made broad and high for entrance of man and beast, and giving a coarse frame to the winter landscape without. The trees fluttered their snow-plumed wings in the chill wind; on the opposite hill a red light glared a response to our glowing smithy. It was the eye of elegant luxury confronting the eye of toil; for it shone from the windows of the only really fine mansion for miles around. I had always felt grateful to those stone walls for standing there, surrounded by old trees on lawn and woodland, an embodiment to my imagination of all I had heard or read of stately homes, and a style of life remote from my own, and fascinating from its very mystery.

But I anticipate. My glance travelled over the intervening stretch of level country, wrapped in its winding-sheet of snow, and stopped at a tall figure confronting me, leading by the bridle the finest horse I had ever seen.

“Well, young man, shall you or I lead in the horse?” he asked, haughtily; “that light on the hill must be reached before an hour goes by, if I would keep an engagement”; and tossing me the bridle, as he spoke, he drew carelessly toward the forge.

The few villagers whose day’s work was ended, or whose business called them to the smithy, suddenly remembered waiting wives and children at home, the bit of supper spread for their return, or the evening gossip at the tavern; and thinking the matter they came for could wait the morning, since the smith was busy, gave way, and left only the stranger, my master, myself, and

the noble horse grouped around the forge.

“Look alive, Sandy! you’d better keep at it steady, if you want to git to your schoolin’ to-night,” growled the blacksmith, in an undertone; for he, too, had a memory for the smoking dish at home, and would gladly stop work to eat of it.

So I busied myself at once collecting the needed materials, while the smith proceeded to lift the horse’s leg and examine the foot. The animal resisted the attempt, however, by plunging in the most violent manner.

“Confound the beast!” muttered the blacksmith, as he dodged to escape a kick.

“I thought as much,” said the stranger, quietly. “The horse is very particular as to who handles him. I shall have to hold his foot, I suppose”; and with rather a scornful smile, as if the dislike of his horse to my master confirmed his own, he stepped up and held out a slender brown hand.

The horse lifted his foot, and gently dropped it on the outstretched palm. No bird ever settled more trustfully on its nest.

My master swore an oath or two by way of astonishment, and then, seizing his shoe, approached again. But the scene was repeated with even more violence on the part of the horse: he pranced, reared, shook his head, and snorted at the smith, who again drew off.

“I sha’n’t get off to-night,” murmured the stranger, impatiently.

“Let me try,” I said. “Horses have their fancies, as well as people. He’ll like me, may-be.”

“May-be he will,” laughed my master, hoarsely; “but you’re not a boss at puttin’ a shoe on. A dumb critter might take a shine to you, who’s one of their kind.” And again he laughed at his own wit.

“Step up and try,” exclaimed the stranger, impatiently.

I grasped the leg firmly in my hand; the horse made no resistance, and I began my work.

"Well, seein' as you 've made friends with the critter, I 'll be the gainer and take a bit of supper," said my master, after a dogged stare. "Be sure you put it on strong, Sandy. I don't say as I 'll charge any more, though I 'd make a man pay for showin' he 'd a spite agin me, let alone a dumb critter." And taking his hat from a peg, he walked off, leaving me, with the sparks flying from the forge, busy at the shoe, and the stranger, with one arm across the neck of the horse, watching me.

Ten minutes of silent work, and, as I loosened my grasp on the leg for a moment, I met the eye of the gentleman, who, I was conscious, had been watching me narrowly.

"The horse likes you," he said, pleasantly, here again as though he shared the feeling.

"Yes," I replied. "Is he in the habit of doing as he did to-night with strangers?"

"He is fastidious, if you know what that means, — as fond of gentlemen as his master," he returned, so pleasantly, that, when I looked up, reddening at the cool assumption of the speech, blacksmith's apprentice though I was, my eye fell beneath the amused glance of his.

"I 'm not a gentleman," I said, after a pause, — a little resentfully, I fear; "but I 'm not a clown, like my master."

"No, that one can see at a glance," he replied. "You may be a gentleman for aught I see to the contrary; but it requires a great deal to make one. — What school was that the blacksmith spoke of?"

"It is a village class kept by a young lady who rides over from the hillside twice a week to teach us poor fellows something. I 'm learning to draw," I added, — the frankness coaxed out of me by a sympathy implied rather than expressed.

"And you are sorry enough to lose any of this lesson," he said, kindly, as I put the horse's foot, firmly shod, upon

the ground. "There is the regular pay which goes to the smith, I suppose; and here is a ten-dollar bill for you, if you have the sense to take it. I don't know what kind of a youth you may be; but you have a good head and face, and evidently are superior to the people about you. You don't feel obliged to use their language or lead their life because you are thrown with them, I suppose; but neither are you obliged to leave this work because you are better than the man who calls himself your master. Learn all you can and get a smithy of your own. A good blacksmith is as respectable as a good artist," he said, looking at me keenly, as he mounted his horse, and then rode rapidly through the village street.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS no proud-spirited hero to work my way independently in the world, but a poor blacksmith's apprentice, glad of every penny honestly earned or kindly given; so I handled my bill over and over again with real pleasure. Amos Bray, my master, was about as well to do as any man in the village, its doctor excepted; but I doubted if Amos ever had a ten-dollar bill over and above the quarter's expenses to spend as he liked.

The smithy often glowed with the double fire of its forge and my fancy. I walked about with a picture-gallery in my brain, and was usually led into its rather meagre display whenever the past was recalled or the future portrayed. The smithy hung there, in warmth and brightness, a genuine Rembrandt of light and shadow, filled with many an odd, picturesque group on winter evenings, or just at twilight, when the fire had died away to its embers. My master had gone home, and work was over; the village children in gay woolen garments and with ruddy faces crowded round the door, fringing brightly the canopy of darkness within.

Again, when, after days of monotonous work, I felt a benumbing sense of

being but a part of the world's giant machinery, chosen because the mobility and suppleness of human material worked by the steam-power of the brain were more than a match even for the durability and unwearied stroke of steel or iron, the warm blood rushed back, life throbbed again with its endless ebbs and flows of desire and disappointment, as my master's daughter, with her golden hair and innocent eyes, summoned us to dinner, breaking like blue sky and sunshine through the cloud-rifts of our toil.

But now the smithy was not merely idealized, it was transformed. The stranger, whose haughty bearing and address had changed to kindly and appreciative words, had filled it with a new presence and excited new hopes.

Pleased as I was with the unexpected gift of money, the stranger's hint of my superiority to those around me was a more generous bounty still. I had been jeered at for years by the village boys, because I never followed my master to the tavern in the evenings to listen to the gossip there and learn to drink my mug of beer, and because I rarely talked with any one except a few of the village children more modest than the rest.

The alphabet of my mind, like that of the race, was first found in the hieroglyphics of the pencil; and by its aid I communicated with my little friends more frequently than by word, drawing pictures for them with chalk on the rude walls of the smithy, and carving images of the various devices my experience or imagination suggested out of wood with my master's jack-knife.

From this group of children had arisen a constant companion and sympathizer in my master's daughter. In leisure hours we explored the woods together, or she sat beside me while I pored over the few old books which were my father's sole legacy to me.

During the last winter and this, however, my evenings had been almost constantly occupied in study and sketching at the class to which I have alluded. What an endless store of drawing-ma-

terials now loomed before me! And what a swelling of heart I experienced at the thought that the aims for which I had been taunted by the villagers were acknowledged by my new friend as a ground of superiority!

I was startled from these pleasing dreams by my master's voice.

"Hullo there, Sandy! where 's the money for that job? He 's a mean one, if he a'n't made it double."

Instinctively I thrust my ten-dollar bill into one pocket, as I drew the pay for the horseshoeing from the other. He swore a little as I handed it to him, but he knew me well enough never to doubt my honesty; and, as I was leaving, he called, with a gruff kindness, — the only approach to courtesy of which he was capable, —

"Hurry up, Sandy; Miss Bray can't git Sary Ann to bed till she sees you, and you 're late for your schoolin' besides."

So I ground my way quickly through the snow, choosing the middle of the street, because it was less worn, and helped me better to work off my unusual excitement.

My master's cottage stood on the same street with his smithy. In fact, this Main Street was, as its name indicated, the principal thoroughfare of Warren; the real village life all centred here; and it contained, besides the stores and the church, the dwellings of the more prosperous inhabitants. The smithy being at one end, on the outskirts, as it were, of the social and gay life, Mr. Bray had been able to rent it for a low sum, although more pleasantly situated than any other building on the street. Here the land made a slight ascent, giving a more extended view of the valley and distant hills than at any other point. The business character of this street mingled oddly in summer with the rural life around it. At several right-angles, green and mossy lanes, arched by venerable elms, seemed to be offering their crooked elbows to lead it back to the simple pastoral life from which it sprang.

Bordering these sequestered paths,

which were dignified by the title of streets, were cottages surrounded by small inclosures, whose proprietors cultivated vegetables, hens, pigs, and cows; — these last being, quite unconsciously, the true surveyors of Warren; for, in direct obedience to pathways they had worn when traversing the fields to and from their homes, chewing the quiet cud of meditation, had the buildings been erected. Outside these lanes, again, were the larger land-owners, whose farms formed the outer circle of our life.

Annie Bray was fond of penetrating beyond these various circles of social existence, and wandering far off to the woods and hills, whose ring of emerald, studded now and then with the turquoise of some forest-lake, inclosed us as in a basin.

As I entered the kitchen of the cottage, Mrs. Bray, a stout woman of forty, the oracle of her sex in the village as to matters of domestic economy and dress, — which last was of a more costly and varied material than the others could afford, abounding in many-colored prints, and a stuff gown for Sunday wear, — made her appearance, her apron covered with flour, an incrustation of dough on each particular finger, which it always destroyed my appetite to see.

"Well, Sandy, I'm glad you've come. You've jest sp'iled Sary Ann. There she sets a-nid-nid-noddin' on that stool, and won't stir to bed till she sees Sandy."

There, by the stove, sat the blacksmith's blue-eyed daughter, a proof that God sometimes interferes with hereditary botch-work, and makes a child fresh and fair, letting her, like a delicate flower in noisome marsh or stagnant water, draw pure, nourishing juices out of elements poisonous to anything less impregnated with Himself.

To be sure, through ignorance of the nature of the child intrusted to them, the blacksmith and his wife blundered with her tender soul and beautiful body. One of their most heinous crimes against her, in my estimation, had been in the

bestowal of the name of Sary Ann, — a filial compliment paid by Mrs. Bray to the mother who bore her. Then they dressed her in the brightest of red or orange, so that Nature, which had tinted her complexion brightly, though delicately, seemed forever to be put to shame by the brazen garments which infolded her. They called her 'sp'iled,' when her innocent eyes filled with tears at her father's oaths or her mother's coarse scolding; and though her tender beauty touched the rough smith with a kind of awe, he often said, "Such pooty gals a'n't of much use. I mistrust if Sary Ann will ever 'arn her livin'."

Anxious as I was to get to my class this evening, I could not neglect my little friend; so, going hurriedly to her, I said, as I bent over the head which at every breath of sleep waved like a pale golden flower on its stalk, —

"Good night, Annie. To-morrow evening I'll be home earlier, and then we can have our lesson together."

And she, quite satisfied, held up her face for a kiss, and rose to leave the room.

"Your supper is a-warmin' in the stove, Sandy," said Mrs. Bray; but I did not wait either to eat it or to chat with her about the stranger whose horse I had shod, and who interested her because she thought he might have given "Amos" extra pay. Reminding her of my lesson, I pushed up the rickety stairs to my attic, and began as quickly as possible to make those preparations for meeting the teacher which the young men of the class, impelled by a rude kind of gallantry, never failed to observe, and which they described by the expressive term of "smartenin' up."

CHAPTER III.

THE class met in the village school-house; and when I entered, Miss Darry, our teacher, was seated at her desk, talking to about a dozen rough country youths, of ages ranging from fourteen to twenty-five, and of occupations as di-

verse as the trades of the village afforded.

She was of medium height, rather full than slim, with clear, intelligent, dark eyes, a broad, open forehead, a nose somewhat delicately cut, a wide mouth, with thin lips, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. Her whole aspect was that of physical and mental health,—not only removed from morbid sensitiveness, but as far from sentiment even as a breezy spring wind, and yet as prompt to fathom it in others as the wind to search out violets.

One would think that even an ordinary nature might have so revealed itself through such a face as to give an impression of unusual beauty; yet such was not the case,—and this, it seemed to me, because she had no feminine consciousness of personal beauty or attractiveness. I know that unconsciousness is regarded as the first element of fascination; and it may be, when it pervades the entire character: but Miss Darry *was* conscious of mental power, of the ability to wrest from the world many of its choicest gifts, to taste the delights of scholarship, of self-supporting independence and charity to range freely over the whole domain where man is usually sole victor; and thus one felt the shock of a vigorous nature before recognizing the fact that it was clad in the butterfly robes of a woman's loveliness.

Her evening teaching of us was purely a labor of love. Fortunately, she was not of that shrinking nature which dreads contact with persons less refined than itself. There was a world of sympathy in her frank, good-natured smile, which placed her at once more in harmony with her scholars than I, who had passed my life among them. There was, too, a dash and spirit about this young woman, in which I, as a man, was entirely lacking; and it was this element which held her rough pupils in subordination.

I was the only one of them who had not been communicative with her. My lessons were always better prepared and understood than those of the others,

yet I talked less with her about them; and in the half-hour after recitation, which she devoted to my drawing, I rarely uttered a word not called forth by my occupation at the moment.

To-night, however, I must have betrayed my new mood to the first glance of her keen eye; for, after the other scholars had stumbled noisily out of the room, she turned to me, saying,—

"Well, Sandy, often as you have been here, I have never seen your visor of reserve or diffidence lifted until to-night. Do you mean to let me share your happiness? Bob Tims has been telling me that the rosy-faced girl up by Fresh Pond has smiled upon him; and Tracy Waters says he's 'going to hoe his own row next year, and not spend his strength for Dad any longer': they are both happy in their way, but, mind, I don't expect such confidences from you, Sandy."

Miss Darry spoke without satire. She sympathized with these rough natures far more than with many of the more polished whom she met in society, and I could not withhold my confidence from the cordial smile and ready ear which waited to receive it.

So I related the incident of the afternoon, revealing unconsciously, I suppose, many a budding hope, which waited only the warm sun of opportunity and encouragement to burst into blossom.

"I am very glad for you, Sandy," she said, giving me her hand, as I concluded. "Your village friends would probably advise you to hoard the money as so much towards a forge; while others, less judicious than your new friend, would say, 'Give up your trade, and support yourself by your brain'; but I say, support yourself by your forge, and let what surplus power you have be expended on your mind."

And here let me hold the thread of my story a moment, to express my sense of the wisdom of Miss Darry's advice. It would be well, perhaps, if more men, when striving to elevate their condition, should still rely upon the occupation to which they have been trained, as a stepping-stone to something better. Now and then comes an exceptional

character, a David Grey, who must follow the bent of his genius, and listen so intently to the melody to which his soul is set that the coarser sounds of daily toil are dumb for him; but usually the Elihu Burritt who strikes hard blows with hands and brain alike is the man to achieve success.

"Your friend may be worth far more to you than his money," continued Miss Darry, thoughtfully. "He can do much more for you than I, if he only will."

"Do you know him?" I exclaimed. "Tell me who he is."

"A tall, dark-eyed gentleman, on a magnificent horse," she replied, playfully. "I shall know him, Sandy, from your description, if I meet him."

And she placed my crayon-study before me, changing so entirely from confidential friend to teacher, that I had no resource but to relapse into my customary shyness.

After the lesson, we consulted as to the purchases to which my money had best be applied. She offered to buy the books I needed in the city, to which she was going soon for a visit, but she insisted on supplying me with drawing-materials as before. Our good-bye was said more cordially than usual, and I drew on my overcoat and closed the door with the comfortable feeling that my welfare was becoming a matter of interest to others besides myself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE man who drove over from the hillside with Miss Darry was always waiting in the sleigh when I went out from my lesson. To-night, however, he was not to be seen. Supposing he had merely stopped for one more glass than usual at the tavern, I walked down the street, but, finding that he did not appear, and disliking to leave Miss Darry alone in the school-house, so late in the evening, I resolved, as I approached the turn which led into Main Street, to go back and investigate the matter. The tavern was beyond the school-house, at a little distance from the village,—as,

indeed, it should have been, to insure sleep to its quiet-loving inhabitants. As I approached the school-house again, I saw Miss Darry, warmly muffled for the drive home, walking also in the direction of the tavern. "She surely cannot know what rough men go there," I thought, and, conquering my awkwardness, I ran after her.

"Miss Darry!" I cried, when within a few steps of her. She turned, and I strode to her side. "I am going to the tavern to look after your driver; it will never do for you to go there alone. Had n't you better go back to the school-house and wait for me?" I said.

"You must have a great deal of native gallantry, Sandy. One would imagine, from your lot in life, you had not been used to seeing women shielded from disagreeable duties. I will go on with you, and wait outside," she answered, smiling. So we walked on together.

The sleigh stood before the tavern-door. A warm buffalo was thrown over the horse, who was, nevertheless, pawing impatiently in the snow, as if aware that it was time to go home. Asking Miss Darry to get into the sleigh, for I would not have taken the liberty of assisting her for the world, I hastened up the low wooden steps, and, pushing open the door, stood inside the bar-room. I had heard snatches of song, as we drew near, and, afraid lest they should reach Miss Darry's ear also, I closed it after me. A few of the village loafers were there, with the addition of one or two less harmless characters, who, strolling through the country, had tarried here for refreshment and a frolic: among the latter was the man for whom Miss Darry was waiting, stretched in a state of intoxication on the floor. I made my exit as soon as by a glance I comprehended matters, yet not soon enough to escape the recognition of the villagers, who cried out, "Come on, Sandy Allen!—don't slink off that way!—let's have a drink!"

As I stood by the sleigh, explaining to Miss Darry the condition of her driver, a crowd of the half-drunken fellows came out of the tavern, and stag-

gered down the path toward us. I had not the courage to offer to drive her home, but she did not wait for me to grow bolder.

"Jump in, Sandy,—no, not on the front seat,—here by me. I am afraid of those men. Besides, I want to talk with you."

So I seated myself next her, drew the warm robe over us both, and just as one of the men attempted to seize the reins, declaring he had himself promised to carry the lady home, I caught them from him, and we drove rapidly up the street.

Somehow Miss Darry's confession of a little feminine timidity put me more at ease with her than I had ever been before. I was a strong, muscular fellow of nineteen, perfectly able to defend myself in circumstances of ordinary danger, and proud that a woman so superior to me should trust in my readiness to protect her. Life and vigor tingled in every nerve of my body; the clear, stinging winter air, exhilarating to healthy, as wine is to enfeebled bodies, thrilled me with enjoyment; and I was seated beside the most intelligent and appreciative companion I had ever known.

How much of my life, with its restless desires and unsatisfied tastes, must have revealed itself in that ride, which seemed only too short, as she asked me to drive up the avenue leading to the stone house, whose beacon I had looked at that same evening from the forge!

"Do you live here?" I asked, in surprise, as we drove swiftly along.

"Yes, I teach Miss Merton's little sisters."

We had no time for further words. The horse stopped before the house, whose great hall-door swung open, letting a flood of light stream over the stone steps. A young girl, wrapped in an ermine cape, ran down to us, followed by the stranger whose appearance in the forge that afternoon had created such a tumult in my mind.

The scene was a beautiful one. Every shrub and tree on the lawn was enveloped in a garment of more dazzling purity than the ermine before me. The moonlight was radiant, the stars spar-

kled lustroously in the steel cold sky, the earth was carpeted and canopied with a beauty more resplendent than the graceful luxuriance of summer. Miss Darry probably ascribed my immovable position to artistic enjoyment of the landscape, for I remained perfectly quiet while she explained the cause of her detention to Miss Merton.

"We have been quite anxious about you," said the gentleman, as she concluded; and turning to me, "Why, we are indebted for your safe return to the young man by whom my horse was shod this evening!"

And before I could stammer a reply, Miss Darry exclaimed,—

"Jump out, if you please, Sandy. I should like to do the same."

I did so, mechanically, and was about to stand aside for the gentleman to offer his hand, but she extended hers to me, and sprang lightly beside me.

"You will surely take cold, Alice," said the gentleman, drawing Miss Merton's hand within his arm, and turning to ascend the steps. Then, first, I awoke from mingled surprise and admiration sufficiently to say quietly,—

"I must go home. Good evening."

"Not at all," exclaimed the gentleman, turning round; "it is nearly twelve o'clock, and I verily believe you think of walking back to Warren to-night. You must take the horse and sleigh, if you go. Shall he not, Alice?"

Miss Merton, thus appealed to, replied by saying to me,—

"Come in with us, Mr. Allen, and get warmed at least. I have heard Miss Darry speak of you as the one of her class in whom she is especially interested; so you see we are not strangers, after all."

There was no condescension in the gentle voice and smile for even my sensitiveness to detect. I had never been addressed as Mr. Allen before; and this of itself would have confused me sometimes, but now I forgot myself in admiration of her.

That face was of perfect contour. Small and delicately fair, soft bands of light-brown hair shaded the low, smooth

brow and large gray eyes, and the full red lips were tremulous with varying expression. Her hands and figure were of the same delicate outline as her face. And as her cape blew aside, I noticed the violet silk she wore, of that blended blue and purple so becoming to blondes.

It were surely a narrow view, to ascribe this grace of expression and manner, so peculiarly womanly, this evident desire to please even, betrayed in careful attention to the artistic finish and details of dress, to vanity or coquetry merely, — it is so often the outgrowth of a beauty-loving nature, to be found in some of the most sensitive and refined of the other sex.

Looking at Miss Merton, therefore, I seemed to have a vision of what Annie Bray might become, if she were developed from within and surrounded from without by that halo of refinement which crowned the lady before me. Already I was developing an Epicurean taste for that spirit of beauty which flooded Annie Bray's humble life as well as her own.

Miss Darry spoke to me, as we went up the steps; but to what I assented I do not know. I listened to the low tones in front of me. I have always possessed a preternaturally quick ear; but I confess I might have used it to better purpose on that occasion.

"Now, Hamilton, of course he must stay all night," she whispered, as she leaned on the gentleman's arm; "and I want you to make him feel perfectly comfortable in doing so."

"Certainly, if he will; but pray don't spoil him, Alice, darling. Because he is a youth of some scholarship, a good deal of refinement, and develops a talent for drawing, it is no reason he should be made to forget he's a blacksmith."

"It is too late for theories to-night, Hamilton," she replied, playfully. "I have none, you know, like you and Frank Darry. I only wish to treat him considerably. *We* can afford to forget distinctions which undoubtedly seem a great barrier to him. If he stays, he

shares our hospitality like any other guest."

The answer I did not catch. I had heard enough, however, to feel both grateful and irritated.

I went in and warmed myself by the coal-fire in the library. I looked covertly at books and Miss Merton while toasting my hands, and answered intelligently, I believe, Mr. Hamilton Lang's questions as to the village and my pursuits there. I did not neglect to speak a few cordial, yet respectful, words to Miss Darry, at parting; but all I clearly recall is the fact that I insisted upon going home that night, and that Miss Merton, kindly offering to lend me any books I could find time to read, laid her little hand in my rough palm at parting.

CHAPTER V.

THERE was a variety-store on Main Street, with "JANE DINSMORE" painted in letters of mingled blue and orange on the sign above its door. Miss Dinsmore boarded in one of those green lanes whose inhabitants formed the second circle of Warren society. To this fact it may have been partly due that she was less appealed to than Mrs. Bray on all questions of social etiquette; but undoubtedly a more sufficient reason was to be found in Miss Dinsmore herself, who, though more beloved than any other woman in the village, had a suppressed, quiet manner, not at all adapted for leadership. Her reputation was that of having been a pretty, giddy young girl, a farmer's daughter; but some great crisis had swept over her life, muffling all the tinkling melodies, the ringing laugh, the merry coquettings of the village belle. It was rumored that the old story of disappointed love had changed the current of her life. Jenny Dinsmore, though humbly born and bred, had been fastidious; the uncouth advances of her rustic admirers were not agreeable to her; and so the romance of the fresh young heart was expended on a college youth, who found his way to Warren from classic halls for the ren-

ovation of physical and moral health, and who, attracted by her pretty face and figure, made his rustication less burdensome by devotion to her.

Jenny had not one of those weak natures whose influence dies away in absence. She had inherited some of the old farmer's sturdy traits of character, and her affections had a clinging tenacity of hold which would not suffer the young scholar to throw her off so easily. When he returned to college, he walked the grounds more than once, summoning through the avenues of embowering elms the slender figure, the smiling face, with the glow of the setting sun upon it, which had so often awaited his coming at the stile of the old orchard.

However, parental authority, and the prospect of an ample fortune on good behavior, soon convinced the young man of his folly. Let us be thankful, who note this brief sketch of their mingled fortunes, that he had a tender care for Jenny's trusting nature, and removed the sting from the sorrow he inflicted by making her believe it inevitable. Thus this little wellspring of romance forever watered and kept fresh her otherwise withered life; if subdued, she was not bitter; and no one can tell how the thin, wan face renewed its youth, and the wrinkled cheeks their pinkish bloom, caught in that far-off spring-time in her father's orchards, as, sitting in her solitary room, she remembered the man, now occupying a prominent position in life, who said, as he bade her tenderly good-bye, that he would never forget her, no matter what woman reigned by his fireside, or what children played on his hearth. Perhaps, in his stately library, no book was so welcome on a winter's evening as an idyl of rural life, no picture so pleasing as that of some Maud Muller raking hay or receiving the dumb caresses of the cows she milked.

What would the elegant woman, with her costly jewels, India shawls, and splendid equipage, have thought of this whilom rival, who issued every summer morning from the lane, in her hand a bunch of those simple flowers, occupy-

ing, as she did, the border-ground between the wild hemlock and honeysuckle of the wilderness and the exotic of the parterre, the bachelor's-button, mulberry-pink, southernwood, and bee-larkspur, destined to fill a tumbler on an end of the counter where she displayed her most attractive goods?

She prided herself upon the tastefulness and variety of her selections: ribbons and gowns, pins, needles, soap, and matches for all; jars of striped candy for well, and hoarhound for sick children; and a little fragrant Old Hyson and San Domingo for venerable customers. She walked about gently; was never betrayed into any bustle by the excitement of traffic; liked all sweet, shy, woodland natures, from Annie Bray to squirrels; and contracted an affection for me because of my diffidence and devotion to the former.

Whenever she came to the cottage, she poured oil upon the turbulent waters of its domestic life; coaxed up Amos as daintily and charily as a child would proffer crumbs to a bear in a menagerie; pleased Mrs. Bray by accounts of her city shopping; and petted Annie, giving her occasionally, in a shy way, some bow or bit of silk, of an especially brilliant hue, which had caught her eye in town. She was a very useful member of the Methodist Society, for she had always innumerable odds and ends for pin-cushions and needle-books; and although her religious experiences did not seek those stormy channels which the Reverend Mr. Purdo believed to have been elected for the saints, yet her sympathies were so ready, her heart so kind, that, when he saw her after a day of activity collect her bunch of flowers again in her hand, and start, as she often did, for one of the lanes or outlying farms, to watch through the night with some sick woman or child, he was fain to remember that "faith without works is dead."

Miss Dinsmore's store was exceedingly attractive to the young people of the village. She lent a cordial ear to every matrimonial scheme; was quite willing that all preliminaries for such arrangements should be settled within

her precincts; and many a tender word and glance, doubtless, received its inspiration from a conspicuous stand for bonnets, whose four pegs were kept supplied with those of Miss Dinsmore's own manufacture, originally white, but so seldom demanded for village wear that the honey-moon in Warren shed its pale yellow beams on this crowning article of bridal attire long before it was donned by the happy wearer. These bonnets were severally labelled on modest slips of paper, after city nomenclature, "Bridal Hat"; and Miss Dinsmore would on no account have parted with them for any less occasion, however festive; so that one consulting her stand had as accurate a knowledge of impending marriages as could have been obtained from the "publishing-list" of the "meeting-house."

Moreover, Miss Dinsmore herself was laboring under that hallucination, not infrequent with maiden ladies rather advanced, that her own spring-time was perennial; and though by no means disposed to displace the hero of her youth from his supremacy in her heart, she yet accepted, with the ordinary feminine serenity, gallant attentions from youths over whose infant slumbers she had, in times of domestic disturbance, often presided. Hence it happened that the "Variety Store" often afforded the first introduction to Warren society; indeed, so sharp was the rivalry between it, as a lounging-place, and the tavern, that, when a youth was won over from the bar-room to its counter fascinations, his work of regeneration was regarded by Mr. Purdo as begun; and the walk round the corner to the parsonage (which Miss Dinsmore's hats suggested) made his calling and election sure.

Entering the store, therefore, on one of my leisure evenings, I was not surprised to find there a number of Miss Darry's class, and the Reverend Mr. Purdo himself, who had evidently walked in to discover what young men had sowed their wild oats and were seeking the "strait and narrower path" between Miss Dinsmore's counter and the wall. Mr. Purdo was of middle height, and

portly; and there was such a sombre hue about the entire man,—black suit of clothes, jet-black hair, eyebrows, and eyes,—that it was a relief to find that Nature had relented in her mourning over making him, and bestowed a sallow complexion, which strove to enliven his aspect by an infusion of orange. He greeted me with a mild and forgiving manner, which at once reminded me of the quiet strolls I occasionally preferred, on a pleasant Sunday, to a prolonged sitting and homily in the church; but I was glad of his presence, since it would be likely to restrain the boisterous mirth of the young men, when I should make known my errand.

Since seeing Miss Merton, my imagination had been so filled with the idea of how complete a transformation Annie Bray would undergo, if only the ugly garments she wore could be pulled away like weeds from her sweet, flower-like beauty, that I resolved to expend a part of my money in buying her a dress. With diffidence, therefore, I made known my wish to Miss Dinsmore, who responded at once with a ready comprehension of the whole matter.

"I know jest what 'll suit you, Sandy. Nothin' like violet for blue eyes and yeller hair; my own was like June butter once, but of course it 's been darker since I've grown up" (Miss Dinsmore's gold was fast becoming silver); "Sary Ann's is changin', too, I see. Miss Bray says she is n't over-fond of stirrin' round; and I should n't wonder if 't was so. Sary Ann don't look no more like workin' than a buttercup; but then, as I tell Miss Bray, corn is made for usin' and flowers for starin' at, and I don't know as any special sign is set on either of 'em to show which is the best. Don't mind them youngsters, Sandy; they're always pretty chipper of an evenin'. You see, I've measured off this piece of calico,—nine yard and a finger; if you like it, seein' it 's for you and Annie, and a remnant, I'd want it to go cheap."

It was as near the shade of Miss Merton's dress as the coarser material could copy it; and with all the embar-

rassment of a novice in such matters, I signified my wish to take it, when the door swung open to admit Annie Bray herself, who had come to make some trifling purchase for her mother.

"All right, Sandy; we'll settle some other time," whispered Miss Dinsmore, quite aware that I should scarcely like to make so public a presentation of my gift, and quietly concealing it in a sheet of wrapping-paper, while Annie, surprised and pleased at seeing me, approached the counter.

"Bless your sweet face, it is n't often I see it of an evenin'," was Miss Dinsmore's welcome to her favorite.

"Beauty 's but a witherin' flower," said Mr. Purdo, by way of professional improvement of the occasion, and pointing the remark by a glance at Miss Dinsmore, whose early bloom he undoubtedly remembered. "Still it 's cause for great gratitude, Sary, that your cheeks are so rosy,"—here a general laugh warned him of the dangerous admission, and he added,—"*it shows you 're healthy, and that 's a most aboundin' blessin'.*"

"That 's so!" exclaimed Tracy Waters. "You 're mighty pretty now, Sary Ann; and it a'n't no use to look ahead to the time when you won't be, is it?"

Annie's cheeks glowed more deeply still now. She was accomplishing her errand as quickly as possible; and while Miss Dinsmore tied up her parcel, Tracy Waters bent over her, whispering. It may have been only that "*innate gallantry*" alluded to, by Miss Darry that made me reprove his evidently unwelcome admiration.

"Annie is a shy little thing. Don't you see, Tracy, that she does n't like flattery?" I exclaimed, angrily approaching them.

"I see pretty plain that you don't want her to have it from any other fellow than yourself," he answered, roughly. "Miss Annie," he added, in imitation of my manner, "*supposin' I see you home?*"

But I pushed past him and went out of the store with her.

"He says I am to be his little wife

by-and-by," said Annie, a most unusual expression of disgust and alarm ruffling the quiet serenity of her face; "but that can never be, unless I wish it, can it, Sandy?"

"I should think not, indeed," I answered, smiling at her earnestness. "When he speaks of it again, tell him I want you myself."

"That would be a good way to stop him," she replied, accepting graciously this solution of her present difficulty.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS DARRY, knowing I could borrow books at Hillside, and that those which I already possessed were the old English classics, bought for me in the city only a Greek Grammar, through whose intricacies she proposed to be my guide, and a box of water-colors, and brought to me some lives of the old painters from Miss Merton's library.

She bewildered my mind by telling me of all there was in store for it in the way of work and study. Her interest in my progress seemed to have received a new impetus from her visit in town. She described the rooms where were casts of legs and arms, heads and groups of figures, to which I might one day have access, with the privilege of copying; and in return I showed her two crayon sketches I had made in her absence. Michel Angelo might have relished the knotty, muscular development of the arm I showed her first. If there is beauty and satisfaction in coarse brute strength, this member of my master's body was worthy of all praise. On another sheet I had drawn, by way of contrast, Annie's delicately small and fair, but round, arm and hand, which might have served in her infancy as models for those of one of Raphael's cherubs. She liked them both, and said that I should do as well, perhaps, in the school of Nature as anywhere, for the present.

She desired me to become a sculptor, for form appealed more strongly to her nature than color; and it seemed to be

tacitly decided between us that Art was to be my vocation. She thought that my strong hands, accustomed to labor, could hew my own idea out of the marble for the present, and save the expense of workmen. And then she described to me the beautiful marbles she had seen abroad, where the artist's inspiration was so chastely uttered by the purity of his material, declaring that a subject which coloring would debase might be worthily treated by the chisel. And when I exclaimed, that Autumn, with her glowing palette, was as pure an artist as the old sculptor Winter, chiselling in unvaried white, she reminded me that Nature was infinite, handling all themes with equal power and purity; but that man, in copying, became, as she thought some of the Preraphaelites had done, a caricaturist, in attempting to follow her too closely. I was unconvinced by her arguments, but held my newly bought color-box as a means of proving to her the wisdom of my choice.

When I was about to leave, she said, —

"Sandy, pray don't make an enemy of Tracy Waters on account of any words you had the other evening about the blacksmith's little girl. He's a rough, but kind fellow, and your superiority and desire to rise in life will stir up envy enough of themselves. Why not let him show his admiration of the child, if he wanted to?"

"Oh, have they been telling you about that, Miss Darry?" I answered, awkwardly. "If you knew Annie Bray, you would not ask me why I did n't let him bend his great rough face over hers. She's only a child in years, to be sure; but she has a woman's modesty."

"Oh, well, if she shrank from it, of course, as a gentleman, you were bound to take her part; but don't spoil your chances in life, Sandy, I beg, by any entanglement with these villagers of which you may repent. A pretty country lassie to smile when you look at her would doubtless be a comforting companion in your struggles. But once at-

tain what you long for in other ways, and you will crave an intelligent friend, whose gaucheries shall not forever put you to the blush."

Miss Darry, in her appreciation of my abilities, sometimes forgot my lack of attainment. I was not always familiar with her quotations, but now I was more disturbed by her regarding so seriously my brotherly devotion to Annie Bray, and by the depreciating estimate which she held of her.

"I did not know you looked down so entirely upon our villagers. The only way in which I could expect to differ from them is through my talent for painting, if I prove to have any. My mother was a good woman, gentle and quiet in her ways, but only a farmer's daughter; and though my father was the village doctor, he studied his profession without any regular training, and I suppose knew less of chemistry and anatomy than you, Miss Darry. Annie Bray is as much a lady, in her childish way, as Miss Merton; only she is the stone in its native soil, and Miss Merton has been set by the jeweller."

I was irritated and had spoken warmly, but the bright smile did not leave Miss Darry's face, as she answered, —

"Sandy, you have unmistakably the poetic temperament; but use your brush on the canvas, and don't color every human being you see. I never could comprehend why the practical affairs of life should not be ruled by judgment and reason, — why the mental mansion should not have every needful arrangement for comfort, though a hundred illusions may fresco its ceilings. Every child is charming because it is a child, as every bud is charming because it is a bud, though it may open a poppy or a rose. I have n't a doubt but this little friend of yours will develop some qualities of her ignorant ancestors to remove her in a few years far from your ideal of womanhood. The rare gift of genius is as often bestowed on the child of common parentage as on any other; but the refinement which makes a woman a congenial companion is a mingling of birth, education, and associations, in

my opinion. It seems from your own account, that poverty, not choice, apprenticed you to Amos Bray."

Her good-nature shamed me, and her unselfish labor for my improvement touched me more deeply. So, though we did not agree about my profession or friendship, I said no more.

CHAPTER VII.

As I have said, Miss Darry and I differed about Annie Bray. Yet her words, having the weight of her greater knowledge of the world, and really strong, though prejudiced mind, made their impression upon me. Instead of regarding Annie with the old brotherly interest, I looked critically now to see if any sign of rude origin betrayed itself in look or speech. I found only the wayside bloom and sweetness quite peculiar to herself, and many a quaint, rare fancy born of lonely rambles in field and wood; but at fourteen, with no outward stimulus to act upon her life, she was an undeveloped being, a child to be loved and petted, but no friend for my growing and restless manhood.

In the evenings I worked hard, endeavoring both to improve myself intellectually and to progress in my art. I was supplied with constant reading from the Hillside library; but I had never been there since the evening when I had driven Miss Darry home. The impression made upon me at that time by Mr. Lang had not been wholly pleasant. Notwithstanding his words at the forge, I felt as though he had in some way contended for making me feel the drawbacks of my position.

One mild day in April, the Spring sun lay warm upon the earth, and the wind brought from the woods the delicious scent of early flowers. I had worked very steadily for several days in sole charge of the smithy; for Mr. Bray had been away to visit a sister who lived some thirty miles off. I had handed him quite large profits that morning; so I ventured to ask for a

half-holiday. It was granted, and after dinner I went up to my room to prepare for it. I had practised in water-colors for the last few weeks, and intended to surprise Miss Darry with a picture from Nature as the result of the afternoon's work. So I thrust my paint-box into the pocket of my portfolio, took a tin cup for water, and ran down stairs.

Annie was sitting on the door-step studying Gray's Botany, which at odd moments in the winter I had attended to with her. My heart smote me for that egotistic contemplation of myself and my prospects which had led me to neglect her.

"Come, Annie," I said, "bring your Botany into the woods. We will find plenty of wild-flowers there, and you shall help me, besides, to paint my first picture."

The little face which had looked so dull a moment before brightened at once. She gained her mother's permission, and was soon walking by my side.

On the slope of the hill which led to the stone house where so many of my dreams centred, we found innumerable bloodroot and anemone blossoms, with a few buds of trailing arbutus just blushing at their edges.

Annie had a wonderful fellowship with Nature, liking even its wildest, most uncouth forms. The snakes, with shining skin and sinuous movement, glistening like streams of water, or lying coiled like stagnant pools amid the rank luxuriance of grass and flowers, were as eagerly watched by her as the most brilliant butterfly that ever fanned a blossom. She had a faculty for tracing resemblances in the material creation, akin to that, perhaps, which causes many to see points of likeness in faces, so that they, as it were, carry their home about with them, and see their friends in the new costume of every land.

Childhood and genius alike look through and over the lattice-work which separates the regions of the natural and the supernatural. She had firm faith in midnight revels in the woods, held by those elves, fairies, and satyrs who

come down to us from the dim and shaded life of earlier ages, and whose existence she had eagerly accepted when I hinted its possibility. Her theory of the mutability of species exceeded Darwin's; for she fancied that the vegetable world was occasionally endowed with animal life, and that the luxuriant and often poisonous vines, which choked by their rude embrace so many tenderer forms of life, waked up, under some unknown influence, into the snakes, of which she felt as little fear.

As for me, I encouraged this tangle of woodland dreams across her brain, and liked to think she dwelt apart, blind and deaf to all contamination through its simple power.

Annie was to-day, therefore, most happy that Spring was reorganizing her dreamland again; and while I seated myself on a stone to arrange my materials, she ran to fill the tin cup with water from the brook below. Then she helped me with my paints, and watched curiously all my preparations. When these were completed, I said, —

"Now, Annie, prepare a little scene for me, and I will paint it."

At first she was reluctant to make the attempt; but I insisted, and she did so.

The tiny thread which fed the stream below trickled over a stone beside us, making rich with its silver beads of moisture a cushion of moss beneath. On this Annie heaped bloodroots and anemones, a few early violets, and one or two arbutus-sprays, and then looked up to see if I was satisfied.

"Yes," I said, "if you will sit on that tree-stump, and leave your hand there."

She laughed merrily, pleased to be in my first painting. I drew out my paper, and rapidly sketched the outlines. Then I took my brush; the pale spring beauties grew beneath its touch, and lay with careless grace on the soft, damp moss.

Annie had resumed her Botany as the afternoon wore on, reaching forward occasionally to note my progress; and her hand lay relaxed, the fingers

loosely clasping the last violets laid down.

I was giving most affectionate pats of my camel's-hair to the last little pink nail, feeling more elated at this first attempt than at many a better picture since, when I heard the tramp of horses' feet in the road to the left of the meadow where we sat. I was too intent upon my work to raise my eyes, and Annie sat with her face turned toward the woods, so that I thought nothing more of it until we were startled by a voice at a little distance.

"Well, my young friend, I suppose this studio is open to visitors?"

I looked up, and saw Miss Merton and Mr. Lang.

"We were riding, and called at the forge," said Miss Merton, with a wondering glance at Annie, whose astonishment had not admitted of a change of position; "and as Mr. Lang heard there you were off on an excursion, we have been expecting to see you, and caught our first glimpse as the horses walked up the hill. Won't you introduce us to your young friend, Mr. Allen?"

"This is Annie Bray, my master's daughter," I stammered, with a keen and very unpleasant remembrance of Miss Darry's remarks.

Annie rose, and returned with natural ease Miss Merton's smile and kindly greeting, while Mr. Lang bent over to look at my painting.

"Alice, look here. This is as pretty a bit of water-color as I've ever seen. A young girl's hand is a gratifying possession, but I am not sure that I should have stopped with it in the present instance." And he looked admiringly at Annie's modest beauty.

Miss Merton walked round the stump, and stood behind me.

"It is indeed pretty. Miss Annie's hand suggests the idea that these blossoms at least were not 'born to blush unseen.' It reminds me of our object in seeking you, Mr. Allen. A friend," she added, with an arch look at Mr. Lang, "has been audacious enough to give me a costly picture. I am to

have a few friends to admire it to-morrow evening. I know you will enjoy it; so I want you to come, too."

"You are very kind, but" — I hesitated.

"But what?" inquired Mr. Lang. "Speak out boldly, Sandy."

"I should not think you would care to have a poor blacksmith with your friends. Let me come another evening."

"I am sorry, that, judging by your own feelings, you have arrived at this conclusion," answered Mr. Lang, dryly. "I might have thought, under similar circumstances, you would have treated us in the same way. Do as you choose, of course; but remember, blacksmith or artist, no one will respect you, unless you so thoroughly respect yourself as to hold your manhood above your profession, and accept every courtesy in the spirit in which it is offered."

I began to understand that he would guard me from the vanity and over-sensitiveness which were the natural outgrowth of my position; yet I reddened at the implied weakness.

"Pray don't mind Mr. Lang's criticisms," said Miss Merton, noticing my confusion. "You certainly do not doubt the sincerity of our invitation?"

"Not at all," I exclaimed, warmly.

"Then will you not come to-morrow evening?"

Yielding to the fascinating persuasiveness of her manner, I now consented so readily, that Mr. Lang, laughing, asked, in the old friendly tone, —

"Did you paint this picture, Sandy, for any special purpose?"

"Only that I might show it to Miss Darry."

"Ah, well, let us take it to her. I have another use for it besides. Are there any further touches to be given it?"

I looked; it might have been improved by more work, but I had not the courage to undertake it before them. So I said I thought it would do.

He lingered a moment, while Miss Merton spoke a few words to Annie, who only waited until they reached the

stile to express warmly her admiration of the lovely lady, who had invited her also to come some day to Hillside, to see the air-plants in her conservatory.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I descended from my room to the kitchen, the next evening, arrayed for my visit, with all the elegance of which my simple wardrobe admitted, Mrs. Bray exclaimed, —

"Well, Sandy, I protest, you do look smart! But don't be set up, 'cause you keep high company. I s'pose, knowin' Amos was a family man, and could n't go visitin' round, they took a notion to you."

Annie followed me to the door, saying, —

"You must remember to tell me about the picture, Sandy, and what they say of yours; and do look at the plants Miss Merton promised to show me, and see just how she looks herself."

"And anything more?" I asked, laughing.

"Yes, — what they say to you. You look as handsome to-night, Sandy, as the tall gentleman with Miss Merton, — only such a very different handsome!"

"Then you admired his appearance?" I asked, lingering. "I fancied you were too busy looking at Miss Merton to think of him."

But Annie continued to unfold her opinion without noticing my remark.

"I should be afraid he would n't care for me, if I did n't look and act just as he wanted me to. I don't like his way of being handsome, Sandy, so well as yours."

Unconsciously, Annie was making her first experiment in analysis; and as I did not quite relish the basis upon which my beauty rested, I bade her good-night, and hurried away.

I knew I was not handsome, yet Annie's naïve admiration undoubtedly braced me to face the evening. In my gray eye there was nothing of the soft, dreamy expression usually supposed to

accompany the æsthetic temperament. On the contrary, it had the earnest, scrutinizing glance peculiar to a more restless intellect than mine. The intent gaze of some ancestor, perhaps, looked out from these "windows of my soul." If so, and his spirit was occasionally permitted to view the world through me, the "fancy gardening" in which I so extensively indulged could scarcely have been congenial to his tastes. The eye was the salient point, however, of a countenance not otherwise noticeable, except from a girlish habit I had of coloring whenever I was suddenly addressed.

When I reached Hillside, I rang the bell with some trepidation, which was increased by the announcement of the servant that the ladies were at the tea-table. This trifling annoyance of presenting myself at the tea-hour, when expected to pass the evening, was sufficiently serious to my awkwardness to threaten my enjoyment of the visit; but I had scarcely seated myself in the library when Miss Darry appeared.

"I hoped you would be in doubt as to the hour of coming, Sandy, and get here early," she said, smiling brightly. "You must let me thank you for painting that picture for me to look at; I even admired the little white hand of your plebeian friend, it was so charmingly done."

I could not be annoyed at this mingling of praise and badinage, especially when she relieved me from all sense of intrusion. Moreover, she looked so brilliant, so sparkling and happy, that I watched her, amazed at the metamorphosis from her ordinarily calm, intellectual conversation and plain appearance.

"I thought perhaps you would keep the picture to please me, Miss Darry," I faltered, feeling that I was presenting it to an entirely new character.

She accepted it, however, most graciously, and led me into the conservatory, that I might assist her in arranging some baskets of flowers for the parlor-tables.

"I never did believe in conservato-

ries," she exclaimed, as I expressed my admiration of the many rare plants. "It is as unnatural a life for flowers to be crowded together, each in its little pot of earth, as for human beings in their separate beds in a hospital. The idea of shutting up plants and pictures in a room by themselves, to be visited on state occasions, or when some member of the family in a vagrant mood chances unexpectedly among them, seems to me preposterous."

Meanwhile she ran in and out among the flower-stands, breaking off branches of flame-colored azalea, creamy, voluptuous-looking callas, and a variety of drooping blossoms and sprays of green, with a reckless handling of their proud beauty, which I involuntarily contrasted with Annie Bray's timid, half-caressing touch of the wild-flowers.

The umber-colored silk she wore toned down what I, who fancied the delicate sea-shell hue of blondes, should have termed her rather strong colors; and now, bent on my enjoyment rather than improvement, she looked much younger, and certainly far handsomer, than I had supposed she could. Her entire self-possession, the familiarity with which she approached human beings, Nature, and Art, were to me so many indications of her power, and because of my own awe in the presence of any revelation of beauty or intellect, seemed the more wonderful. In admiration of her ease, I became at ease myself, and was thoroughly enjoying her gay mood, which puzzled while it charmed me, when the glass door opening into the drawing-room was pushed aside, and Mr. Lang entered.

"Good evening, Sandy. Alice and Mr. Leopold have been inquiring for you, Miss Darry; but don't run away with those baskets so quickly. I want a few blossoms for Alice's hair. Yours is gorgeous, tropical. Sandy's here has as much of a wild-wood appearance as exotics will admit of. One would think Nature was in league with Darley in making these ferns; they are outlines merely; but this rich red japonica in the centre, on its cushion of white flow-

ers, shows you a genuine colorist, Sandy."

Miss Darry, making some gay reply, gave me a basket, which, designedly or not, made me less awkwardly conscious of my hands, and we entered the drawing-room. Unaccustomed to gayeties of any kind, I was quite dazzled by the sudden and brilliant blaze of light, the few guests already assembled, and by Miss Merton's beauty enveloped in soft floating folds of gossamer, looking as though the mist itself had woven her a garment. No time, however, was given in which I could relapse into self-consciousness. Miss Darry occupied me with various statuettes and engravings, until Mr. Lang rejoined us, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced to me as Mr. Leopold, the painter of the picture which I was to see in the course of the evening. Although my reading had necessarily been limited, Miss Darry's persistent training, and my own voracious appetite for information in everything relating to the arts, had given me a somewhat superficial knowledge of the pictures, style, and personal appearance of the best old and modern painters. In spite of some obstinate facts tending to a different conclusion, I had imbibed the conventional idea of a genius, that he must dwell in an etheralized body,—and Mr. Leopold's stalwart frame, full, florid face, and well-rounded features were a surprise and disappointment. I expected the Raphaelesque,—tender grace and melancholy; but about these frank blue eyes and full red lips lurked the good-nature of a healthy school-boy, the quaint, unchecked humor of a man upon whose life had fallen the sunshine of prosperity.

"So, you are the young man, Mr. Allen, who painted the Spring Flowers and the Maiden's Hand," he said, in a full, rich voice, and with a genial smile. "It is evident, you, too, are in your spring-time, while I, near my autumn, can afford to refer to the peculiarities of that period. I cannot regret that you have a life of struggle before you; for it is not merely the pleasing fancy which

paints fine pictures. You would have let a sunbeam play over that little hand, had you possessed the technical knowledge to manage it: now, would n't you?"

I crimsoned, assenting as though to a crime.

"Effects of sunlight on bright colors are sometimes very striking," he continued. "A crimson flower wet with dew and nodding in sunshine is a kind of tremulous rainbow, which a man might well like to copy. We must make a compact to help each other, Mr. Allen. I want to study human nature, and would like an introduction to all the oddities of the village."

I promised to make him acquainted with them, wondering meanwhile that he craved for his culture what I regarded as the chief obstacle to mine.

"You shall meet Sandy at the forge some day, when work is over, and visit the villagers," said Mr. Lang. "Miss Darry, shall you or I take Mr. Allen to see the picture? He may like a longer inspection of it than some of us."

I looked imploringly at Miss Darry, who, slipping her hand within my arm, led me into a room corresponding to the conservatory in size and position. The walls were mostly covered with cabinet-pictures, and among several larger ones was the recent addition by Mr. Leopold. At my first glance, I was conscious of that sense of disappointment which comes to us when our imagination devises an ideal beauty, which human hands rob of delicacy by the very act of embodiment: moreover, how could I, in my dreamy, undeveloped boy-life, with a fancy just awakened, and revelling in its own tropical creations, appreciate the simple strength, the grand repose of the picture before me? What appeared barren to me in the man and his works was born of the very depth of a nature which, in copying the Infinite, had learned not only the tender beauty of flowers, the consolations of the clouds, the grandeur of mountains, seas, and rocks, but the beauty of common scenes, the grass and herbage of daily intercourse and use. Touching the world at all points, he had something to give and receive from

nearly every one he met; and, as Sydney Smith has said Dr. Chalmers was a thousand men in one, I can say that he had the versatility and power of ten ordinary artists. At the time, however, nothing of all this was in my mind; only a certain sense of satisfaction took the place of disappointment, as I looked at the picture. He had given clearly the impression of magnitude in the gigantic mass of gray limestone which juts out of the deep blue Spanish sea. Misty flakes of dispersing cloud above suggested the recent rain which had clothed its frequently barren sides with a mantle of verdure. A few bell-shaped blossoms hung over crevices of rock, fearless in the frail foothold of their thread-like stems, as innocent child-faces above a precipice. It was in this simple way, and by the isthmus of sand connecting it to the continent, long and level, like the dash Nature made after so grand a work, before descending to the commonplaces of ordinary creation, that he had toned down the grandeur of stern old Gibraltar.

Miss Darry indulged me long in my desire to look at the first fine picture I had ever seen; but when other guests entered, we withdrew to the farther side of the room, where I was not left in undisturbed possession of her society, though conscious that she never, for a moment, lost sight of me or my manner of acquitting myself. Miss Merton, Miss Darry, Mr. Lang, Mr. Leopold, and a few others, formed the group of talkers; and I stood within the circle, a listener, until Miss Darry and Mr. Leopold obliged me to participate. They had an admirable power of drawing each other out, and he seemed greatly attracted by her brilliant criticisms of life and Art. Had I known of the theory which, robbed of its metaphysical subtleties, is advanced in some of our fashionable romances, I should have been convinced that evening that Miss Darry was, intellectually at least, my counterpart. If I faltered in my vocabulary, when expressing an opinion or replying to a question, she supplied the missing word, or by glance and approving smile

reassured me to recall it; if my thought lacked shape and completeness, she gave it a few sharp cuts with the chisel of her keen wit and clear intellect, handing it back for me to color as I chose. Miss Merton, lovely as she was, shone with a lesser light than evening in Miss Darry's presence; yet Mr. Lang, tempted away for a moment, always rejoined her with an admiring smile, well pleased at fascinations less indiscriminately exercised.

A little later, as I again approached Mr. Leopold's picture, not venturing to return to the parlors, now that Miss Darry was engrossed by other gentlemen, I became an unwilling listener to a few words of conversation between Miss Merton and Mr. Lang, who stood just outside the door.

"What a girl Frank Darry is for accomplishing everything she undertakes!" said Miss Merton, admiringly; "how she has improved her *protégé*! he can talk on subjects where I have to be silent, though I have had what dear mamma used to call a 'finished education.'"

"Yes, darling. She has made his mental growth very rapid; but, in the process of cultivation, he is gaining a little false pride, which I hope is not of her planting. He blushes, whenever his trade is alluded to: foolish fellow! not to see that the very fact of being a blacksmith is his claim to superiority. A thoroughly trained youth might have done far more than he without any special ability."

"But, Hamilton, you may misconstrue blushes which are so frequent; he is in a new world, too; do give him a chance to make himself at home, before you criticize him. You must admit I was right about his not annoying one by any decided awkwardness of behavior."

"Oh, yes, dear. A certain sense of fitness goes with the artistic temperament. I suppose old Dr. Johnson, devouring his food and drinking innumerable cups of tea, might be a far more shocking social companion than this blacksmith's apprentice. You are always drawing out the lovable traits of

people, dear Alice," he added, in a lower tone; "and that is a thousand times better than Frank Darry's intellectual developments."

They turned away then; and I, angry at being forced to listen at all to what was not meant for my ear, and the more so that Mr. Lang had spoken of me so depreciatingly, stood burning with shame and indignation. Annie Bray's undoubting faith and love would have comforted me without a word of spoken confidence; but she was not here to give it; and, longing for the reassurance of Miss Darry's presence, I entered the drawing-room,—but would gladly have withdrawn again, for Mr. Lang came quickly toward me.

"Sandy," he said, "this may not be exactly the time to discuss business matters with you; but your friends seem to feel that you deserve a better chance in the world. Mr. Bray, to whom I spoke yesterday, says you were not bound to serve him after your eighteenth birthday, but that you have never expressed a wish to leave. Don't you see what a foolish fellow you are to work for him, when you might be earning for yourself?"

"But I have had no money to start with. I have had time for study, too," I stammered.

"Two reasons sufficient for an abstracted youth like you, but utterly impractical. I want you to hire a forge this side of Warren. I will insure you custom enough to warrant the step."

He looked at me keenly as he spoke, while I colored with the pride and indignation which, since his words to Miss Merton a few moments before, I had been trying to control. Was this to be the end of all my hopes, the object of Miss Darry's instructions, her flattering encouragements and exaggerated estimate of my "genius," as she

had termed it, that I might have a forge of my own, to which I should be compelled to give undivided attention, and shoe Mr. Lang's horses, and possibly some others belonging to Miss Merton's visitors? Yet, remembering how much had been already, if unwisely, done for me, I held down these thoughts, and, after a momentary pause, professed my willingness to think the matter over, if I could reserve time for other pursuits. His face lighted up, then, with the smile which had charmed me at the forge.

"You are not spoiled yet, Sandy, I see. If you will only keep to your trade, I will keep you to your art. You must have a boy at the forge, and in the afternoons you can come here and paint under Mr. Leopold's direction: he makes his home here during the summer, and he says you have a talent worth cultivation."

The revulsion of feeling was as complete as he could have desired; and I had not fully expressed my gratitude when Miss Darry appeared. I went with her to bid Miss Merton good-evening, and she stood in the moonlight beside me on the step, as Annie Bray had done a few hours before; but now I also was a changed character.

"I am proud of my pupil, Sandy," she said, with more of her ordinary manner than I had observed during the evening. "If I can place you in better hands than mine, I shall be willing to give you up."

"Give me up? never!" I cried. "Why, Miss Darry, this evening has proved to me that I could not sustain myself in any untried position without some help from you."

She smiled, saying I was ridiculously unconscious of my own ability, and yet looking gratified, I fancied, at the confession.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

IN the spring of 1860 an article was published in this magazine with the above title, giving an account of the extension of the telegraph up to that time. Its progress since has been very great in every quarter of the globe. Upon this continent the electric wire extends from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, connecting upwards of six thousand cities and villages; while upon the Eastern Continent unbroken telegraphic communication exists from London to all parts of Europe, — to Tripoli and Algiers, in Africa, — Cairo, in Egypt, — Teheran, in Persia, — Jerusalem, in Syria, — Bagdad and Nineveh, in Asiatic Turkey, — Bombay, Calcutta, and other important cities, in India, — Irkoutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, — and to Kiakhta, on the borders of China.

But however rapid the extension of the telegraph has been in the past, it is destined to show still greater advancement in the future. Neither the American nor the European system has yet attained to its ultimate development. Transient wars now delay the establishment of lines in San Juan, Panama, Quito, Lima, Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, Rio Janeiro, Surinam, Caraccas, and Mexico, and the incorporating of them, with all their local ramifications, into one American telegraph system. The Atlantic cable, although its recent attempted submergence has proved a failure, will yet be successfully laid; while the equally important enterprise of establishing overland telegraphic communication with Europe *viâ* the Pacific coast and the Amoor River is now being vigorously pushed forward towards its successful completion.

The latter project, which is being carried out by the Western Union Extension Telegraph Company, with a capital of ten million dollars, embraces the construction of a line of telegraph from New Westminster, British Co-

lumbia, the northern terminus of the California State Telegraph Company, through British Columbia and Russian America to Cape Prince of Wales, and thence across Behring's Strait to East Cape; or, if found more practicable, from Cape Romanzoff to St. Lawrence Island, thence to Cape Tchuktchi, and thence by an inland route around the Sea of Okhotsk to the mouth of the Amoor River. At this point it is to be joined by the line now being constructed by the Russian Government to connect with Irkoutsk, where a line of telegraph begins, which stretches through Tomsk and Omsk, in Western Siberia, Katharinburg, on the Asiatic-European frontier, Perm, Kasan, Nijni-Novogorod, and Moscow, to St. Petersburg.

This line, which was projected by Perry McDonough Collins, Esq., United States Commercial Agent for the Amoor River, with its extension by the Russian Government to Irkoutsk, is the link now wanted to supply direct and unbroken telegraphic communication from Cape Race, in Newfoundland, on the eastern coast of America, across the Western Continent, the Pacific Ocean, and the Eastern Continent, to Cape Clear, in Ireland, the westernmost projection of Europe; and when a submarine cable shall be successfully laid between Cape Clear and Cape Race, will complete a telegraphic circuit around the earth between the parallels of forty-two and sixty-five degrees of north latitude.

The chief difficulties to be anticipated in Mr. Collins's enterprise are the extent of the territory to be traversed, its wild and rugged surface formation, and the uncivilized character of its inhabitants.

The distance to be traversed through British America is six hundred miles; through Russian America, nineteen hundred miles; the length of the submarine cable across Behring's Strait, four hundred miles; and the distance from East

Cape, by an inland passage around the Sea of Okhotsk, and through the settlements of Okhotsk, Ayan, and Shanter's Bay, which are well-known stations of the whale-fishery, to the mouth of the Amoor River, is about twenty-five hundred miles. The entire length of the line would thus be about five thousand four hundred miles.

That portion of the route which lies through British Columbia is chiefly mountainous, but divided into three ranges, whose courses are from north to south, while intervening valleys invite the introduction of telegraphs and roads. The Pacific coast of Russian America is mainly level. The portion of Siberia which lies between East Cape and the head of the Sea of Okhotsk is, for a large extent, a steppe or plain, with gentle elevations occasionally rising into mountainous ridges. At the head of the Sea of Okhotsk a range of mountains must be crossed; and the region lying between that range and the mouth of the Amoor River is of the same character as that before mentioned, which extends from the same range northward to East Cape. The electric telegraph has already been carried over steppes, in both continents, similar to those above described; and the Pacific telegraph line, in crossing the Sierra Nevada, rises to an elevation greater than that which is to be surmounted on this line.

Suitable timber for setting up the line can be found on those portions of the route lying within British Columbia and the Russian dominions on each continent, with the exception of an unwooded steppe five hundred miles wide on each side of Behring's Strait. Here the needful timber can be brought near to the line, either by sea or from the forest-covered shores of navigable rivers.

The temperature of the region through which the northern part of the line would pass is very low; but the winter is less severe than between the same parallels of latitude on the Atlantic coast. The telegraphic line which connects St. Petersburg with Archangel,

on the White Sea, and that also which passes around the Gulf of Bothnia and connects St. Petersburg with Tornea, are maintained in operation without difficulty, although they cross as high parallels of latitude as those which lie in the way of this overland line to Europe. The waters of Behring's Strait are about one hundred and eighty feet deep, and they are frozen through one half of the year; but the congealed mass, when broken, generally takes the form of anchor ice, and not that of iceberg. Thus climate seems to offer no serious obstacle to the enterprise; while it is worthy of consideration that in high latitudes timber is far less perishable than in low, and less insulating material is required in cold regions than in more genial climates.

Indian tribes are found along the American part of the route, but they have been so well subjected to the influences of society and government, through the operations of the fur-trade, that no serious resistance from them is apprehended. The inhabitants of Asiatic Russia, who dwell inland, are nomadic Tartars, affecting much independence, but they are, nevertheless, not savages, like the American natives. After centuries of internal war, they have now settled into a state of semi-civilization, in which they are accustomed to barter with whalers, with exploring parties, and with the Government agents of Russia, and they are hospitably inclined by that intercourse. Thus it is seen that there are no insuperable obstacles, either physical or social, in the way of this projected line of intercontinental telegraph.

From New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, situated on Frazer River, about fifteen miles from its mouth, and the terminus of the California State Telegraph, the line of the Collins Overland Telegraph has already been commenced. A letter from Mr. F. L. Pope, Assistant-Engineer of the Overland Company, dated June 13th, 1865, states that the work on this portion of the line is proceeding with great energy. Scarcely two months had elapsed since

active operations were commenced; and yet during that time nearly three hundred miles of poles had been cut and prepared for use, a large number had been set, and the remainder had been already distributed along the line. The poles are nearly all of cedar, and of good size, and will form one of the most durable lines on the American continent. When the extremely mountainous and difficult nature of the country along the Frazer River is taken into consideration, the rapidity with which this large amount of work has been done is extraordinary. It seems quite probable that the line will be finished the present season from New Westminster to Quesnell River, the terminus of the wagon-road to the mines.

The Colonial Government are now engaged in cutting a road from New Westminster to Yale, a distance of about ninety miles, along which the wire will be carried. There has heretofore been no communication between these points except by water. The river is bordered on both sides by high mountains and dense forests of heavy timber, with an almost impenetrable undergrowth. Notwithstanding these difficulties, Mr. Conway, one of the telegraph engineers, made an exploration of the entire route, during the latter part of last winter, on snow-shoes, being at one time three days in the woods without food or blankets.

From Yale to the Quesnell River, a distance of some three hundred miles, the line will follow the wagon-road, which has been built at an enormous expense by the Colonial Government, as a means of communication with the gold-mining regions of Cariboo. It will be a matter of considerable difficulty to set up a line of telegraph over that portion of this road which passes through the great canon, as in many places the road has a perpendicular wall of rock upon one side and a perpendicular precipice on the other, and in one place is carried around the face of a cliff in this manner, at an elevation of some two thousand feet, directly over the river, being in some places

blasted out of the solid rock, and in others supported by a sort of staking.

Two exploring parties have been dispatched from San Francisco: one to examine the route through Eastern Siberia, between Behring's Strait and the Amoor; and the other to follow the proposed route up the Frazer River in British Columbia, and thence along the valley supposed to exist between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range, to the head-waters of Pelly River, following down the valley of this river and the Yerkina, into which it empties, to a point near the mouth of the latter, or in the neighborhood of Behring's Strait.

The Pacific Telegraph Line, which will form an important link in the overland line to Europe, was projected in 1859, when the measure was first brought to the attention of Congress. A bill in aid of the project was passed after some opposition, and proposals for the construction of the line were invited by Secretary Cobb. Mr. Hiram Sibley, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who was really the originator of the whole enterprise, submitted to the directors of the Company the question of authorizing him to send in proposals; but so formidable did the undertaking appear, that the proposition was carried only by a single vote.

After long and tedious delays on the part of Secretary Cobb, the contract for building the line was awarded, on the 20th of September, 1860, to Mr. Sibley, on behalf of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The Company at once assumed the contract, and furnished all the money required for the line east of Salt Lake.

Mr. J. H. Wade, of Cleveland, one of the officers of the Company, now visited California to confer with parties familiar with the various routes, to determine where and how to build the line, and to arrange with the telegraph companies in the Pacific States to extend their lines eastward and form a business connection. The California Company agreed to assume the construction of the line to Salt Lake City, and, if possible, to

have it completed to that point as soon as the line from the eastward reached there. The route selected was *viâ* Forts Kearney, Laramie, and Bridger, crossing the Rocky Mountains at the South Pass, and thence to Salt Lake City; and from this point, *viâ* Forts Crittenden and Churchill, across the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Placerville and San Francisco. Mr. Edward Creighton, who had already surveyed the proposed route, and was convinced of the feasibility of maintaining a line over it, was appointed superintendent of construction.

The Company was organized April 17th, 1862, after which time nearly all the wire, insulators, and other material had to be manufactured before the construction of the line could be proceeded with. The reader can judge of the extent of the preparations required for setting up two thousand miles of telegraph through a wilderness inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts, and a part of which was a desert. The materials and tools were taken to Omaha, Kansas, at which point everything necessary for the enterprise was gathered in readiness to start westward.

Of the force employed on the Pacific side we have no knowledge; but for the line from Omaha to Salt Lake City, Mr. Creighton had four hundred men, fitted out for a hard campaign, with a rifle and navy-revolver for each man, and with the necessary provisions, including one hundred head of cattle for beef, to be driven with the train and killed as needed. For the transportation of the material and the supplies for this army of workmen, five hundred oxen and mules and over one hundred wagons were purchased by the Company; and these not proving sufficient, other transportation was hired, making the total number of beasts of burden seven hundred oxen and one hundred pair of mules.

The first pole was set up on the 4th of July, 1862, and the line was completed to Salt Lake on the 18th of October following, — the California party reaching the same point six days later. The

work proceeded at the rate of about ten miles per day.

The whole line is upon poles, — it being thought best to cross the rivers in this manner rather than by means of submarine cables. The country is for the most part bare of wood; the longest distance, however, that timber had to be drawn in one stretch was two hundred and forty miles. The poles are of large size, and stand eighty to the mile, more than half of red cedar, the remainder mostly pine. On the highest mountains, where the snow accumulates to a great depth during the winter, they are of extra size, and sufficiently tall to keep the wires above the deepest snow; they are also placed close enough together to prevent the wire being broken by an accumulation of snow and sleet.

The wire used in this line is No. 9 iron, zinc-coated, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds to the mile, and the total weight used between Omaha and San Francisco amounts to seven hundred thousand pounds. The insulators are of glass, protected by a wooden shield, of the pattern known as the Wade insulator.

The line is worked by Morse instruments, usually direct from Chicago to Salt Lake, Hicks's self-acting repeaters being kept in the circuit at Omaha and Fort Laramie. At Salt Lake the messages are rewritten, and thence sent direct to San Francisco. The stations average about one for each fifty miles, and the whole length of the line is inspected twice a week by persons employed for the purpose. The cost of construction was about two hundred and fifty dollars per mile.

No trouble was experienced from Indian depredations until the last winter. Up to that time the line had worked almost uninterruptedly. Even during the Indian difficulties of the previous summer and autumn, which compelled the suspension of the overland mail, the telegraph was not in any manner molested by the savages. This was supposed to be owing in a great measure to the influence of superstitious fear

among them in regard to the wire, which they supposed to be under the especial care of the Great Spirit; but it was probably largely due also to the many kind offices done them by the telegraph-operators, who frequently ascertained where the buffalo were in force, and informed their red-skinned neighbors, who were thus enabled to find their favorite game. The charm is now, however, unfortunately, dispelled; and the savages take every opportunity to break and carry off the wire and destroy the poles. Government is dispatching a large force of cavalry to punish the marauders and protect the line, which it is to be hoped may prove effectual.

It has already been mentioned that the Russian Government has undertaken to extend the main eastern and western line from Irkoutsk to the mouth of the Amoor River. This extension is now rapidly progressing. But this is only a single and not very prominent part of the work which the Emperor of Russia has begun. His design embraces nothing less than the following stupendous works, namely:—

A line, with the necessary submarine cables, from the mouth of the Amoor River, across the Straits of Tartary, over the island of Sakhalien, across the Straits of La Pérouse, over the Island of Jesso, through Hakodadi, and across the Straits of Sangar, to Jeddo, the capital of Japan.

A line from the confluence of the Usuri with the Amoor, seven hundred miles above the mouth of the latter, thence southward, on the bank of the Usuri, to Lake Kingka, and thence to the port of Vladi Vastok, on the coast of Tartary, opposite the port of Hakodadi, on the eastern coast of the Japanese Sea. Vladi Vastok is selected by the Emperor for his naval station on the Pacific coast.

A line from Irkoutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, through Kiakhta, now the entrepôt of European and Chinese overland commerce, through the vast territory of the Mongols, to the gate in

the Chinese wall at Yahol, and thence to Pekin, the capital of the Chinese Empire.*

A line from a station on the main continental line at Omsk, near the southern boundary of Asiatic Russia, passing through Mongolia, and entering China at Hirck, sometimes called Illy, thence crossing Turkistan, Bokhara, and Balk, to Cabool, in Afghanistan, thence to capital places in the Punjab, where it will meet the telegraphic system of India, and thus become a medium of communication between London and the colonial dependencies of Great Britain, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, on the shores and islands of the great Indian Ocean.

A line from Kasan, on the main central Russian line, through Georgia and Circassia, along the western shore of the Caspian Sea, to Teheran, the capital of Persia, thence to the Tigris, at Bagdad, thence descending along the banks of that river to the head of the Persian Gulf, there to be connected with the Oriental telegraph system of India.

The line from Irkoutsk to Pekin are now soliciting, with good prospect of success, permission from the Chinese Government to extend through the Empire, with the needful branches, connecting the principal ports along the Pacific coast, opposite California. A company to carry out this project has been organized under the laws of the State of New York. The wires of this company are first to be put up from Canton to Macao and Hong Kong, a distance of 140 miles,—Canton having a population of 1,000,000, Hong-Kong of 40,000, and the trade of both cities world-famous. Lying 245 miles north is Amoy, with 250,000 inhabitants; and 120 miles farther in the same direction is Foochow, a city with a population of 600,000, and within 70 miles of the black-tea districts, with large commerce, and with numerous manufac-

* The Chinese Government has been informed by the Russian Ambassador that the Russian portion of this line to Pekin will be completed by the first of January, 1868.

tures of great value. Beyond it 250 miles is Ningpo, with 300,000 inhabitants, and thriving manufactures of silks. Eighty miles north is Shanghai, a city of not less than 200,000 inhabitants, and possessing a larger inland or native trade than any other in China. Yet between these great marts there is no telegraphic communication whatever,—nor, indeed, is there a line in any part of the whole Chinese Empire. The company proposes, therefore, to connect these great commercial cities, and, having done that, to carry on its line to Nankin, with its 400,000 inhabitants, and thence to Peking, which has a population of 2,000,000, and is the capital of an empire spread over an area of 5,000,000 square miles, and containing more than 420,000,000 souls, who pay to the Government an annual revenue of \$120,000,000. It may well be understood, that, for Government purposes alone, a line of telegraph thus extending between the chief cities of China will prove of incalculable value, alike in its use, and in its profits to those who erect it and receive its income. The enterprise is a great one, but its reward will be great. Its successful accomplishment seems to be well assured; and New York may expect presently to claim the honor of first giving to the oldest of existing empires the beneficent invention which the newest of nations created, and at the same time of taking the final step for the completion of the one great line which is to put all the countries of the earth in instant communication.

A line from Calcutta to Canton is already undertaken by an English company, with due authority from the British Government.

In Australia there are now in operation twelve thousand miles of telegraph-wire. This Australian system, which is at present so purely local and isolated, is nevertheless expected to be brought into combination, by alternating submarine and island wires, with the Chinese and Russian line above described.

The statistics of the telegraph-lines

in Great Britain show not only an increase in the number of lines, but a great augmentation in the amount of business transacted. In 1861 there were 11,528 miles of line open for public use; in 1862, 12,711 miles; and in 1863, 13,892 miles, comprising 65,012 miles of wire. Last year, the number of stations was augmented in like proportion; and facilities were offered for the transmission of telegraphic dispatches at no fewer than 1,755 stations, containing 6,196 instruments, through which about 3,400,000 telegrams were sent. In addition to the lines on British soil, the Submarine Telegraph Company has cables stretching to Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Jersey, Ostend, Hanover, and Denmark, with which the other lines are more or less in connection, covering 887 miles with 2,683 miles of wire. This company has upwards of 3,000 stations on the Continent. The messages sent by it to and from foreign countries were, in 1861, 230,000; in 1862, 310,595; and in 1863, 345,784.

France possesses a system comprising 71,034 miles of wire and 1,301 stations, which transmit about 1,500,000 private dispatches annually, and nearly 175,000 official ones. Russia has 36,663 miles of wire; Austria, 22,230; Italy, 20,120; Prussia, 24,149; Spain, 17,743; Belgium, 3,773; Switzerland, 3,720; Turkey, 6,571; Persia, 2,500; Greece, 3,000; India, 10,994, and 136 stations; Australia, 12,000; South Australia, 2,000; the United States, 120,000; the British Provinces in America, 20,000;—making a total of upwards of 440,000 miles of aerial wire in operation in all parts of the world.

The following tables give the details of the principal cables hitherto laid by all makers. They are divided into three heads: 1st, Those which have been wholly successful, and are now working (September, 1865); 2d, Those which were partially successful, having worked for a time; 3d, Those which wholly failed, or never worked after their submergence.

TABLE I.

Submarine Telegraph Cables which are now in Successful Working Order.

No.	Date when laid.	From	To	Number of conducting wires.	Length of cable in statute miles.	Length of insulated wire in statute miles.	Maximum depth of water in fathoms.	Weight in tons per statute mile.	Length of time the cables have worked.
1	1851	Dover	Calais	4	27	108	30	6.00	Years.
2	1852	Keyhaven	Hurst Castle	4	3	12	14	4.00	14
3	1853	Denmark	Across the Belt	3	18	54	15	4.00	12
4	1853	Dover	Ostend	6	80½	483	30	5.75	12
5	1853	Frith of Forth		4	5	20		7.00	12
6	1853	England	Holland	1	120	120	30	1.75	12
7	1853	Portpatrick	Donaghadee	6	25	150	160	6.00	12
8	1854	Portpatrick	Whitehead	6	27	162	150	6.00	11
9	1854	Sweden	Denmark	3	12	36	14	6.00	11
10	1854	Italy	Corsica	6	110	660	325	8.00	11
11	1854	Corsica	Sardinia	6	10	60	20	8.00	11
12	1855	Egypt		4	10	40		6.00	10
13	1855	Italy	Sicily	1	5	5	27	6.00	10
14	1856	Prince Edward Island	Cape Breton	1	12	12	14	2.50	9
15	1857	Norway across Fiords		1	49	49	300	2.75	8
16	1857	Across mouth of Danube		1	3	3		1.75	8
17	1857	Ceylon	India	1	60	60	45	2.75	8
18	1858	Italy	Sicily	1	8	8	60	5.25	7
19	1858	England	Holland	4	140	560	30	9.75	7
20	1858	England	Hanover	2	280	560	30	3.00	7
21	1858	Norway across Fiords		1	16	16	300	2.75	7
22	1858	Dardanelles	Scio	1	115	115	200	1.00	7
23	1858	Scio	Syra	1	85	85	200	1.00	7
24	1859	Alexandria		4	2	8		5.25	6
25	1859	England	Denmark	3	360	1,104	30	4.00	6
26	1859	Scio	Smyrna	1	40	40	40	1.00	6
27	1859	Syra	Athens	1	105	105	150	1.00	6
28	1859	Sweden	Gotland	1	64	64	80	2.50	6
29	1859	Folkestone	Boulogne	6	24	144	32	9.50	6
30	1859	Across rivers in India		1	10	10		4.50	6
31	1859	Otranto	Avlona	1	50	50	400	1.00	6
32	1859	Malta	Sicily	1	60	60	79	3.25	6
33	1859	Jersey	Pirou in France	1	21	21	15	3.75	6
34	1859	South Australia	Tasmania	1	140	140	60	2.00	6
35	1860	France	Algiers	1	520	520	1,585	1.14	5
36	1860	Denmark	(Great Belt)	6	14	84	18	8.00	5
37	1860	Denmark	(Great Belt)	3	14	42	18	6.00	5
38	1860	In Arracan		1	116	116	50	1.00	5
39	1860	Barcelona	Port Mahon	1	198	198	1,400	1.25	5
40	1860	Minorca	Majorca	2	35	70	250	2.00	5
41	1860	Iviza	Majorca	2	74	148	500	2.00	5
42	1860	San Antonio	Iviza	2	76	152	450	2.00	5
43	1861	Corfu	Otranto	1	90	90	1,000	2.75	4
44	1861	Norway across Fiords		1	16	16	300	2.75	4
45	1861	Toulon	Corsica	1	195	195	1,550	1.14	4
46	1861	Malta	Alexandria	1	1,535	1,535	420	1.85	4
47	1861	Beachy Head	Dieppe	6	80	320	30	8.00	4
48	1862	Abermawr	Grenore	4	63	252	58	5.25	3
49	1862	England	Holland	4	130	520	30	9.00	3
50	1862	Across rivers in Ireland		1	2	2		..	3
51	1862	Frith of Forth		4	6	24	7	..	3
52	1862	Fortress Monroe	Cherrystone	1	23	23	..	..	3
53	1862	Fortress Monroe	Newport News	1	3	3	..	..	3
54	1863	Sardinia	Sicily	1	243	243	1,200	..	2
55	1864	Gwadur (Persian Gulf)	Fao	1	1,450	1,450	..	..	1
					6,979	11,127			

In addition to the above, there have been laid across American rivers, since 1854, 95 lines, in lengths of from 120 feet to two miles, and comprising from 120 feet to 6 miles of insulated wire

each,—making an aggregate of 250 miles of subaqueous wire in operation on this continent, and a total of 6,979 miles of cable, and 11,127 miles of submarine wire in operation in all parts of the world.

TABLE II.

Submarine Telegraph Cables which have been successful for some Time, but are not now working.

No.	Date when laid.	From	To	Number of conducting wires.	Length of cable in statute miles.	Length of insulated wire in statute miles.	Maximum depth of water in fathoms.	Weight in tons per statute mile.	Length of time the cables have worked.
1	1850	Dover	Calais	1	25	25	30	..	1 day.
2	1853	England (Three Cables)	Holland	1	360	360	30	2.00	5 yrs.
3	1854	Holyhead	Howth	1	75	75	70	2.00	5 "
4		Nantucket	Cape Cod	1	25	25	16	..	..
5	1855	Varna	Balaklava	1	355	355	300	0.10	9 ms.
6	1855	Balaklava	Eupatoria	1	1	1	..	..	9 "
7	1856	Martha's Vineyard	Cape Cod	1	5	5	15	..	2 wks.
8	1856	Newfoundland	Cape Breton	1	85	85	360	2.50	9 yrs.
9	1857	Sardinia	Bona	4	150	600	1,500	..	3 "
10	1857	Varna	Constantinople	1	170	170	..	0.75	5 "
11	1857	Cape Cod	Naushon	1	1	..	..	..	2 "
12	1857	Martha's Vineyard	Nantucket	1	30	30	16	..	4 "
13	1857	Sardinia	Corfu	1	700	700	1,000	0.90	1 yr.
14	1858	England	Channel Islands	1	102	102	60	2.50	3 yrs.
15	1858	Ireland (Atlantic)	Newfoundland	1	2,500	2,500	2,400	1.00	23 ds.
16	1859	Singapore	Batavia	1	630	630	20	0.4	2 yrs.
17	1859	Suez (Red Sea and India)	Kurrachee	1	3,500	3,500	1,910	0.94	6 mos.
18	1859	Spain	Africa (Ceuta)	1	25	25	..	1.00	1 yr.
19	1859	England	Isle of Man	1	36	36	30	2.50	3 yrs.
20	1859	South Australia	Tasmania	1	100	100	60	2.00	1 yr.
21	1859	Liverpool	Holyhead	2	25	50	14	3.10	1 "
22	1859	Syra	Candia	1	150	150	..	0.89	3 yrs.
23	1860	Across the Mersey	..	1	3	3	..	..	1 yr.
					9,053	9,527			

TABLE III.

Submarine Telegraph Cables which are Total Failures.

No.	Date when laid.	From	To	Number of conducting wires.	Length of cable in statute miles.	Length of insulated wire in statute miles.	Maximum depth of water in fathoms.	Weight in tons per statute mile.
1	1852	Holyhead	Howth	1	75	75	70	0.45
2	1852	Portpatrick	Donaghadee	2	17	34	160	..
3	1852	Portpatrick	Donaghadee	1	15	75	160	4.80
4	1854	Holyhead	Howth	1	65	65	70	2.00
5	1855	Sardinia	Africa	6	50	300	800	8.00
6	1855	Cape Ray	Cape North	3	30	90	360	..
7	1855	Sardinia	Africa	3	160	480	1,500	3.70
8	1857	Ireland (lost in laying)	Newfoundland	1	300	300	2,400	..
9	1859	Candia	Alexandria	1	150	150	1,600	0.89
10	1865	Ireland	Newfoundland	1	1,300	1,300	2,400	1.75

It will be seen from the above list of failures, that the great extension and success of submarine cables has been attained through many great failures, — among the most prominent being the old and new Atlantic, the Red Sea and

India, (which was laid in five sections, that worked from six to nine months each, but was never in working order from end to end,) the Singapore and Batavia, and Sardinia and Corfu. None of these cables, with the exception of

the new Atlantic, were tested under water after manufacture, and every one of them was covered with a sheathing of light iron wire, weighing in the aggregate only about fifteen hundred pounds per mile.

These two peculiarities are sufficient to account for every failure which has occurred, with the exception of the new Atlantic. No electrical test will show the presence of flaws in the insulating cover of a wire, unless water, or some other conductor, enters the flaws and establishes an electrical connection between the outside and inside of the cable. All cables now manufactured are tested under water before being laid.

Communication between the Ottoman capital and Western Europe passes through Vienna. From this city to Constantinople there are two distinct lines, — one passing by Semlin and Belgrade to Adrianople, the other by Toulcha, Kustendji, and Varna. There is a third line to Adrianople by Bucharest; and by the opening of the submarine line between Avlona and Otranto, in Italy, the Turkish telegraph service will be in direct communication with the West, without going through Servia or the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities.

Communication between Constantinople and India is maintained over the following route: — To Ismid, 55 miles; thence to Mudurli, 104 miles; thence to Angora, 111 miles; thence to Guzgat, 113 miles; thence to Sivas, 140 miles; Kharpoot, 178 miles; Diarbekir, 77 miles; Mardeen, 61 miles; Djezireh, 104 miles; Mosul, (Nineveh,) 91 miles; Kerkook, 114 miles; Bagdad, 189 miles. From Bagdad to Faó, at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, on the Persian Gulf, is 400 miles. From Faó to Kurrachee the submarine cable stretches along the bottom of the Persian Gulf for 1,450 miles; and thence are 500 miles of aerial line across a portion of British India to Bombay.

The accounts of the successful opening of this line tell of the astonishment of the savage Beloochees and Arabs along the Mekran coast at the marvel

of a blue spark flashing for the Sahib to the Indus and back again in less time than it takes to smoke a hookah. At Gwadar, no sooner was the cable landed than the people of the surrounding country flocked down to hear and talk of the Feringhee witchcraft. Chiefs of the Beloochees, Muscatees, and Heratees, with their retainers, trod upon each other's toes in their eagerness to see it work. Gwadar has given up the idea that Mahomet taught everything that could be known, and now sits upon the carpet of astonishment and chews the betel-nut of meditation.

The establishment of the electric telegraph in India presented some curious as well as difficult problems. In the first place, it was discovered that the air of India is in a state of constant electrical perturbation of the strongest kind, so that the instruments there mounted went into a high fever and refused to work. Along the north and south lines a current of electricity was constantly passing, which threw the needles out of gear and baffled the signallers. Moreover, the tremendous thunder-storms ran up and down the wires and melted the conductors; the monsoon winds tore the teak-posts out of the sodden ground; the elephants and buffaloes trampled the fallen lines into kinks and tangles; the Delta aborigines carried off the timber supports for fuel, and the wires or iron rods upon them to make bracelets and to supply the Hindoo smitheries; the cotton- and rice-boats, kedging up and down the river, dragged the subaqueous wires to the surface. In addition to these graver difficulties were many of an amusing character. Wild pigs and tigers scratched their skins against the posts in the jungle, and porcupines and bandicoots burrowed them out of the ground. Kites, fishing-eagles, and hooded-crows came in hundreds and perched upon the line to see what on earth it could mean, and sometimes after a thunder-storm, when the wires were wet, were found dead by dozens, the victims of their curiosity. Monkeys climbed the posts and ran along the lines, chattering, and drop-

ping an interfering tail from one wire to another, which tended to confound the conversations of Calcutta. Parrots, with the same contempt for electrical insulation, fastened upon one string by the beak and another by the leg; and in one village, the complacent natives hung their fishing-lines to dry upon them.

In 1856 there were four thousand miles of telegraph-wire stretched over India: some upon bamboo posts, which bent to the storms and thus defied them; some, as in the Madras Presidency, upon monoliths of granite,—these, during the Mutiny, proving worth ten times their cost.

Whilst the telegraph has been thus rapidly encircling the globe with its iron threads, great improvement has been made in the apparatus for transmitting the electrical signals over them. Instruments called translators, or repeaters, have been devised, by which aerial lines may be operated, without repetition, over distances of many thousands of miles. Through the use of this valuable invention upon the California line, operators in New York and San Francisco are able to converse as readily and rapidly as those situated at the extremities of a line only a hundred miles in length.

The enormous increase in the amount of matter to be transmitted over the wires has stimulated the inventive genius of our own country and Europe to produce an apparatus by which the capacity of a wire may be greatly increased. Mr. M. G. Farmer of Boston, Mr. J. G. Smith of Portland, Maine, Dr. Gintl of Germany, and one or two other persons, have solved the problem of the simultaneous transmission of messages over a single wire in opposite directions. But while their apparatus, with the proper arrangement of batteries, will unquestionably permit the accomplishment of this apparent paradox, the natural disturbances upon a wire of any considerable length, together with the inequalities of the current caused by escape in wet weather, have precluded its practical use.

In this country, General Lefferts of New York, and in Europe, Professor Bonelli, have devoted much time and expense to the perfection of apparatus for securing greater rapidity of transmission over the aerial lines.

General Lefferts owns several patents covering inventions of great ingenuity and value, which are now being perfected and will shortly be brought into operation. The apparatus consists of an instrument, operated by keys similar to those of a piano-forte, for punching characters, composed of dots and lines, upon a narrow strip of paper. The paper, when thus prepared, is passed rapidly through an instrument attached to a telegraph-wire, at the other end of which is a similar instrument which runs in unison. The first instrument is provided with a flexible metallic comb, which presses through the perforations in the paper and thus closes the circuit at each dot and line, while the second instrument is provided with a metallic stylus, or pointer, which rests upon a fillet of paper prepared with chemicals, and produces, whenever the circuit is closed, dots and lines of a dark blue color upon the prepared paper. When the paper is prepared by the perforating apparatus, it can be run through the instrument at any rate of speed that is desirable, and it is estimated that with this apparatus one wire may easily perform as much work in a day as ten can under the ordinary arrangement.

In Professor Bonelli's system the dispatch is set up in printing-type, and placed on a little carriage, which is made to pass beneath a comb with five teeth, which are in communication with five aerial wires of the line, at the extremity of which these same wires are joined to the five teeth of a second comb, under which passes a chemically prepared paper, carried along on a little carriage similar to the one at the other end on which the printing-type is placed. If under this arrangement the electric circuit of a battery composed of a sufficient number of elements, and distributed in a certain order, be completed, then, at

the same time that the first comb is passing over the printing-type at the one end, the second comb at the other end will trace the dispatch on the prepared paper in beautiful Roman letters, and with so great a rapidity that it may be expected that five hundred messages of twenty words each will be transmitted hourly.

On Wednesday, April 19th, the day of Mr. Lincoln's funeral, eighty-five thousand words of reports were transmitted between Washington and New York, between the hours of 7, P. M., and 1, A. M., being at the rate of over fourteen thousand words per hour. Nine wires were employed for the purpose. Thirteen thousand six hundred words were transmitted by the House printing instruments on a single wire after half past seven o'clock.

A telegraphic message was recently received in London from India in eight hours and a half. This message was forwarded by the Indo-European Telegraph Company, *via* Kurrachee and the Persian Gulf, crossing one half of Asia and the whole of Europe.

During the late Rebellion in this country the telegraph was extensively employed both by the Government and the Insurgents. In the course of the past year, there have been in the service of the Government thirty field-trains, distributed as follows:—In the Army of the Potomac, five; in the Department of the Cumberland, five; in the Department of the Gulf, three; in the Department of North Carolina and Virginia, three; in the Department of the South, two; in the Department of the Tennessee, six; in the Department of the Ohio, two; at the Signal Camp of Instruction, Georgetown, D. C., three; at the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, one. Of these trains, some were equipped with five, and others with ten miles of insulated wire. There were carried in the trains lances for setting up the wire, when necessary,—reels, portable by hand, carrying wire made purposely flexible for this particular use,—and various minor appliances, which experience has

proved useful. A military organization was directed for each train.

In duty of this kind, the construction of the trains, the equipment to be carried by them, and the military organization to be provided for their use, to enable them to be most rapidly and anywhere brought into action, are the subjects for study: the particular instrument to be equipped is a secondary consideration. The soldiers drilled to the duty of construction acquire in a short time a remarkable skill in the rapid extension of these lines. As was anticipated, they have proved valuable auxiliaries to the services of the corps, and have sometimes rendered them available when they would have been otherwise useless. The greatest distance at which the instruments are reported to have worked is twenty miles. The average distances at which they are used are from five to eight miles. The average speed of the most rapid construction is reported to be at the rate of a slow walk.

At the first Battle of Fredericksburg field-trains were for the first time in the history of the war used on the battlefield, under the fire of the enemy's batteries. The movements to be made on the day of that battle were of the first magnitude. The movements of the retreat were perilous to the whole army. The trains in use contributed something to the success of those movements.

Many incidents are recorded of operators accompanying raiding parties into the enemy's territory and tapping the telegraph-lines, sometimes obtaining valuable information. One is related by the "Selma Rebel." The operator at that place was called to his instrument by some one up the Tennessee and Alabama Road, who desired information as to the number of the forces and supplies at Coosa Bridge. After getting all the information he could, regarding the location and strength of the Rebel forces, he informed the Selma operator that he was attached to the expedition under General Wilson, and that, at that particular time, he was stationed with his instruments up

a tree near Monticello, in the hardest rain he ever saw! Permission being given, he sent a dispatch to a young lady in Mobile, and another to a telegraph-operator in the Rebel lines, telling him

he loved him as much as before the war. After some other conversation, the Yankee operator clambered down from the tree, mounted his horse, and rode away.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

IN the month of August, 1865, I set out to visit some of the scenes of the great conflict through which the country has lately passed.

On the twelfth, I reached Harrisburg,—a plain, prosaic town of brick and wood, with nothing especially attractive about it, except its broad-sheeted, shining river, flowing down from the Blue Ridge, around wooded islands, and between pleasant shores.

It is in this region that the traveller from the North first meets with indications of recent actual war. The Susquehanna, on the eastern shore of which the city stands, forms the northern limit of Rebel military operations. The "high-water mark of the Rebellion" is here: along these banks its uttermost ripples died. The bluffs opposite the town are still crested with the hastily constructed breastworks, on which the citizens worked night and day in the pleasant month of June, 1863, throwing up, as it were, a dike against the tide of invasion. These defences were of no practical value. They were unfinished when the Rebels appeared in force in the vicinity. Harrisburg might easily have been taken, and a way opened into the heart of the North. But a Power greater than man's ruled the event. The Power that lifted these azure hills, and spread out the green valleys, and hollowed a passage for the stream, appointed to treason also a limit and a term. "Thus far, and no farther."

The surrounding country is full of lively reminiscences of those terrible times. Panic-stricken populations flying at the approach of the enemy; whole families fugitive from homes

none thought of defending; flocks and herds, horses, wagon-loads of promiscuously heaped household stuffs and farm produce; men, women, children, riding, walking, running, driving or leading their bewildered four-footed chattels,—all rushing forward with clamor and alarm under clouds of dust, crowding every road to the river, and thundering across the long bridges regardless of the "five-dollars-fine" notice (though it is to be hoped that the toll-takers did their duty):—such were the scenes which occurred to render the Rebel invasion memorable. The thrifty German farmers of the lower counties did not gain much credit either for courage or patriotism at that time. It was a panic, however, to which almost any community would have been liable. Stuart's famous raid of the previous year was well remembered. If a small cavalry force had swept from their track through a circuit of about sixty miles over two thousand horses, what was to be expected from Lee's whole army? Resistance to the formidable advance of one hundred thousand disciplined troops was of course out of the question. The slowness, however, with which the people responded to the State's almost frantic calls for volunteers was in singular contrast with the alacrity each man showed to run off his horses and get his goods out of Rebel reach.

From Harrisburg, I went, by the way of York and Hanover, to Gettysburg. Having hastily secured a room at a hotel in the Square, (the citizens call it the "Di'mond,") I inquired the way to the battle-ground.

"You are on it now," said the land-

lord, with proud satisfaction, — for it is not every man that lives, much less keeps a tavern, on the field of a world-famous fight. "I tell you the truth," said he; and, in proof of his words, (as if the fact were too wonderful to be believed without proof,) he showed me a Rebel shell imbedded in the brick wall of a house close by. (N. B. The battle-field was put into the bill.)

Gettysburg is the capital of Adams County: a town of about three thousand souls, — or fifteen hundred, according to John Burns, who assured me that half the population were Copperheads, and that they had no souls. It is pleasantly situated on the swells of a fine undulating country, drained by the headwaters of the Monocacy. It has no special natural advantages, — owing its existence, probably, to the mere fact that several important roads found it convenient to meet at this point, to which accident also is due its historical renown. The circumstance which made it a burg made it likewise a battle-field.

About the town itself there is nothing very interesting. It consists chiefly of two-story houses of wood and brick, in dull rows, with thresholds but little elevated above the street. Rarely a front yard or blooming garden-plot relieves the dreary monotony. Occasionally there is a three-story house, comfortable, no doubt, and sufficiently expensive, about which the one thing remarkable is the total absence of taste in its construction. In this respect Gettysburg is but a fair sample of a large class of American towns, the builders of which seem never once to have been conscious that there exists such a thing as beauty.

John Burns, known as "the hero of Gettysburg," was almost the first person whose acquaintance I made. He was sitting under the thick shade of an English elm in front of the tavern. The landlord introduced him as "the old man who took his gun and went into the first day's fight." He rose to his feet and received me with sturdy politeness, — his evident delight in the celebrity he enjoys twinkling through the veil of a naturally modest demeanor.

"John will go with you and show you the different parts of the battle-ground," said the landlord. "Will you, John?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go," said John, quite readily; and we set out at once.

A mile south of the town is Cemetery Hill, the head and front of an important ridge, running two miles farther south to Round Top, — the ridge held by General Meade's army during the great battles. The Rebels attacked on three sides, — on the west, on the north, and on the east; breaking their forces in vain upon this tremendous wedge, of which Cemetery Hill may be considered the point. A portion of Ewell's Corps had passed through the town several days before, and neglected to secure that very commanding position. Was it mere accident, or something more, which thus gave the key to the country into our hands, and led the invaders, alarmed by Meade's vigorous pursuit, to fall back and fight the decisive battle here?

With the old "hero" at my side pointing out the various points of interest, I ascended Cemetery Hill. The view from the top is beautiful and striking. On the north and east is spread a finely variegated farm country; on the west, with woods and valleys and sunny slopes between, rise the summits of the Blue Ridge.

It was a soft and peaceful summer day. There was scarce a sound to break the stillness, save the shrill note of the locust, and the perpetual click-click of the stone-cutters, at work upon the granite headstones of the soldiers' cemetery. There was nothing to indicate to a stranger that so tranquil a spot had ever been a scene of strife. We were walking in the time-hallowed place of the dead, by whose side the martyr-soldiers, who fought so bravely and so well on those terrible first days of July, slept as sweetly and securely as they.

"It don't look here as it did after the battle," said John Burns. "Sad work was made with the tombstones. The ground was all covered with dead horses, and broken wagons, and pieces of shells, and battered muskets, and

everything of that kind, not to speak of the heaps of dead." But now the tombstones have been replaced, the neat iron fences have been mostly repaired, and scarcely a vestige of the fight remains: Only the burial-places of the slain are there. *Thirty-five hundred and sixty slaughtered Union soldiers lie on the field of Gettysburg.* This number does not include those whose bodies have been claimed by friends and removed.

The new cemetery, devoted to the patriot slain, and dedicated with fitting ceremonies on the 19th of November, 1863, adjoins the old one. In the centre is the spot reserved for the monument, the corner-stone of which was laid on the 4th of July, 1865. The cemetery is semicircular, in the form of an amphitheatre, except that the slope is reversed, the monument occupying the highest place. The granite headstones resemble rows of semicircular seats. Side by side, with two feet of ground allotted to each, and with their heads towards the monument, rest the three thousand five hundred and sixty. The name of each, when it could be ascertained, together with the number of the company and regiment in which he served, is lettered on the granite at his head. But the barbarous practice of stripping such of our dead as fell into their hands, in which the Rebels indulged here as elsewhere, rendered it impossible to identify large numbers. The headstones of these are lettered, "Unknown." At the time when I visited the cemetery, the sections containing most of the unknown had not yet received their headstones, and their resting-places were indicated by a forest of stakes. I have seen few sadder sights.

The spectacle of so large a field crowded with the graves of the slain brings home to the heart an overpowering sense of the horror and wickedness of war. Yet, as I have said, not all our dead are here. None of the Rebel dead are here. Not one of those who fell on other fields, or died in hospitals and prisons in those States where the war was chiefly waged, — not one out of

those innumerable martyred hosts lies on this pleasant hill. The bodies of once living and brave men, slowly mouldering to dust in this sanctified soil, form but a small, a single sheaf from that great recent harvest reaped by Death with the sickle of war.

Once living and brave! How full of life, how full of unflinching courage and fiery zeal, they marched up hither to fight the great fight, and to give their lives! And each man had his history; each soldier resting here had his interests, his loves, his darling hopes, the same as you or I. All were laid down with his life. It was no trifle to him, it was as great a thing to him as it would be to you, thus to be cut off from all things dear in this world, and to drop at once into a vague eternity. Grown accustomed to the waste of life through years of war, we learn to think too lightly of such sacrifices. "So many killed," — with that brief sentence we glide over the unimaginably fearful fact, and pass on to other details. We indulge in pious commonplaces, — "They have gone to a better world, they have their reward," and the like. No doubt this is true; if not, then life is a mockery, and hope a lie. But the future, with all our faith, is vague and uncertain. It lies before us like one of those unidentified heroes, hidden from sight, deep-buried, mysterious, its headstone lettered "Unknown." Will it ever rise? Through trouble, toils, and privations, — not insensible to danger, but braving it, — these men — and not these only, but the uncounted thousands represented by these — confronted, for their country's sake, that awful uncertainty. Did they believe in your better world? Whether they did or not, this world was a reality, and dear to them.

I looked into one of the trenches in which workmen were laying foundations for the headstones, and saw the ends of the coffins protruding. It was silent and dark down there. Side by side the soldiers slept, as side by side they fought. I chose out one coffin from among the rest, and thought of him whose dust it contained, — your

brother and mine, although we never knew him. I thought of him as a child, tenderly reared—for this. I thought of his home, his heart-life:—

“Had he a father?

Had he a mother?

Had he a sister?

Had he a brother?

Or was there a nearer one

Still, and a dearer one

Yet, than all other?”

I could not know: in this world, none will ever know. He sleeps with the undistinguishable multitude, and his headstone is lettered, “Unknown.”

Eighteen loyal States are represented by the tenants of these graves. New York has the greatest number,—upwards of eight hundred; Pennsylvania comes next in order, having upwards of five hundred. Tall men from Maine, young braves from Wisconsin, heroes from every State between, met here to defend their country and their homes. Sons of Massachusetts fought for Massachusetts on Pennsylvania soil. If they had not fought, or if our armies had been annihilated there, the whole North would have been at the mercy of Lee’s victorious legions. As Cemetery Hill was the pivot on which turned the fortunes of the battle, so Gettysburg itself was the pivot on which turned the destiny of the nation. Here the power of aggressive treason culminated; and from that memorable Fourth of July, when the Rebel invaders, beaten in the three days’ previous fight, stole away down the valleys and behind the mountains on their ignominious retreat,—from that day, signalized also by the fall of Vicksburg in the West, it waned and waned, until it was swept from the earth.

Cemetery Hill should be first visited by the tourist of the battle-ground. Here a view of the entire field, and a clear understanding of the military operations of the three days, are best obtained. Looking north, away on your left lies Seminary Ridge, the scene of the first day’s fight, in which the gallant Reynolds fell, and from which our troops were driven back in confusion through the town by overwhelming numbers, in the afternoon. Farther

south spread the beautiful woods and vales that swarmed with Rebels on the second and third day, and from which they made such desperate charges upon our lines. On the right as you stand is Culp’s Hill, the scene of Ewell’s furious, but futile, attempts to flank us there. You are in the focus of a half-circle, from all points of which was poured in upon this now silent hill such an artillery fire as has seldom been concentrated upon one point of an open field in any of the great battles upon this planet. From this spot extend your observations as you please.

Guided by the sturdy old man, I proceeded first to Culp’s Hill, following a line of breastworks into the woods. Here are seen some of the soldiers’ devices hastily adopted for defence. A rude embankment of stakes and logs and stones, covered with earth, forms the principal work; aside from which you meet with little private breastworks, as it were, consisting of rocks heaped up by the trunk of a tree, or beside a larger rock, or across a cleft in the rocks, where some sharpshooter stood and exercised his skill at his ease.

The woods are of oak chiefly, but with a liberal sprinkling of chestnut, black-walnut, hickory, and other common forest-trees. Very beautiful they were that day, with their great, silent trunks, all so friendly, their clear vistas and sun-spotted spaces. Beneath reposed huge, sleepy ledges and boulders, their broad backs covered with lichens and old moss. A more fitting spot for a picnic, one would say, than for a battle.

Yet here remain more astonishing evidences of fierce fighting than anywhere else about Gettysburg. The trees in certain localities are all seamed, disfigured, and literally dying or dead from their wounds. The marks of balls in some of the trunks are countless. Here are limbs, and yonder are whole tree-tops, cut off by shells. Many of these trees have been hacked for lead, and chips containing bullets have been carried away for relics.

Past the foot of the hill runs Rock Creek, a muddy, sluggish stream, “great

for eels," said John Burns. Big boulders and blocks of stone lie scattered along its bed. Its low shores are covered with thin grass, shaded by the forest-trees. Plenty of Rebel knapsacks and haversacks lie rotting upon the ground; and there are Rebel graves in the woods near by. By these I was inclined to pause longer than John Burns thought it worth the while. I felt a pity for these unhappy men which he could not understand. To him they were dead Rebels; and nothing more; and he spoke with great disgust of an effort which had been made by certain "Copperheads" of the town to have all the buried Rebels, now scattered about in the woods and fields, gathered together in a cemetery near that dedicated to our own dead.

"Yet consider, my friend," I said, "though they were altogether in the wrong, and their cause was infernal, these, too, were brave men; and under different circumstances, with no better hearts than they had, they might have been lying in honored graves up yonder, instead of being buried in heaps, like dead cattle, down here."

Is there not a better future for these men also? The time will come when we shall at least cease to hate them.

The cicada was singing, insects were humming in the air, crows were cawing in the tree-tops, the sunshine slept on the boughs or nestled in the beds of brown leaves on the ground,—all so pleasant and so pensive, I could have passed the day there. But John reminded me that night was approaching, and we returned to Gettysburg.

That evening I walked alone to Cemetery Hill to see the sun set behind the Blue Ridge. A quiet prevailed there still more profound than during the day. The stonecutters had finished their day's work and gone home. The katydids were singing, and the shrill, sad chirp of the crickets welcomed the cool shades. The sun went down, and the stars came out and shone upon the graves,—the same stars which were no doubt shining even then upon many a vacant home and mourning heart left lonely by the hus-

bands, the fathers, the dear brothers and sons, who fell at Gettysburg.

The next morning, according to agreement, I went to call on the old hero. I found him living in the upper part of a little whitewashed two-story house, on the corner of two streets, west of the town. A flight of wooden steps outside took me to his door. He was there to welcome me. John Burns is a stoutish, slightly bent, hale old man, with a light blue eye, a long, aggressive nose, a firm-set mouth, expressive of determination of character, and a choleric temperament. His hair, originally dark brown, is considerably bleached with age; and his beard, once sandy, covers his face (shaved once or twice a week) with a fine crop of silver stubble. A short, massy kind of man; about five feet four or five inches in height, I should judge. He was never measured but once in his life. That was when he enlisted in the War of 1812. He was then nineteen years old, and stood five feet in his shoes. "But I've growed a heap since," said the old hero.

He introduced me to his wife, a slow, somewhat melancholy old lady, in ill health. "She has been poorly now for a good many years." They have no children.

At my request he told me his story. He is of Scotch parentage; and who knows but he may be akin to the ploughman-poet whose "arrowy songs still sing in our morning air"? He was born and bred in Burlington, New Jersey. A shoemaker by trade, he became a soldier by choice, and fought the British in what used to be the "last war." I am afraid he contracted bad habits in the army. For some years after the war he led a wandering and dissipated life. Forty years ago he chanced to find himself in Gettysburg, where he married and settled down. But his unfortunate habits still adhered to him, and he was long looked upon as a man of little worth. At last, however, when there seemed to be no hope of his ever being anything but a despised old man, he took a sudden resolution to reform. The fact that he kept that

resolution, and still keeps it so strictly that it is impossible to prevail upon him to taste a drop of intoxicating liquor, attests a truly heroic will. He was afterwards a constable in Gettysburg, in which capacity he served some six years.

On the morning of the first day's fight he sent his wife away, telling her that he would take care of the house. The firing was near by, over Seminary Ridge. Soon a wounded soldier came into the town and stopped at an old house on the opposite corner. Burns saw the poor fellow lay down his musket, and the inspiration to go into the battle seems then first to have seized him. He went over and demanded the gun.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the soldier.

"I'm going to shoot some of the damned Rebels!" replied John.

He is not a swearing man, and the strong adjective is to be taken in a strictly literal, not a profane, sense.

Having obtained the gun, he pushed out on the Chambersburg Pike, and was soon in the thick of the skirmish.

"I wore a high-crowned hat, and a long-tailed blue; and I was seventy years old."

The sight of so old a man, in such costume, rushing fearlessly forward to get a shot in the very front of the battle, of course attracted attention. He fought with the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment, the Colonel of which ordered him back, and questioned him, and finally, seeing the old man's patriotic determination, gave him a good rifle in place of the musket he had brought with him.

"Are you a good shot?"

"Tolerable good," said John, who is an old fox-hunter.

"Do you see that Rebel riding yonder?"

"I do."

"Can you fetch him?"

"I can try."

The old man took deliberate aim and fired. He does not say he killed the Rebel, but simply that his shot was cheered by the Wisconsin boys, and that afterwards the horse the Rebel

rode was seen galloping with an empty saddle. "That's all I know about it."

He fought until our forces were driven back in the afternoon. He had already received two slight wounds, and a third one through the arm, to which he paid little attention: "only the blood running down my hand bothered me a heap." Then, as he was slowly falling back with the rest, he received a final shot through the leg. "Down I went, and the whole Rebel army ran over me." Helpless, nearly bleeding to death from his wounds, he lay upon the field all night. "About sun-up, next morning, I crawled to a neighbor's house, and found it full of wounded Rebels." The neighbor afterwards took him to his own house, which had also been turned into a Rebel hospital. A Rebel surgeon dressed his wounds; and he says he received decent treatment at the hands of the enemy, until a Copperhead woman living opposite "told on him."

"That's the old man who said he was going out to shoot some of the damned Rebels!"

Some officers came and questioned him, endeavoring to convict him of "bushwhacking"; but the old man gave them little satisfaction. This was on Friday, the third day of the battle; and he was alone with his wife in the upper part of the house. The Rebels left, and soon after two shots were fired. One bullet entered the window, passed over Burns's head, and struck the wall behind the lounge on which he was lying. The other shot fell lower, passing through a door. Burns is certain that the design was to assassinate him. That the shots were fired by the Rebels there can be no doubt; and as they were fired from their own side, towards the town, of which they held possession at the time, John's theory was plainly the true one. The hole in the window, and the bullet-marks in the door and wall remain.

Burns went with me over the ground where the first day's fight took place. He showed me the scene of his hot day's work,—pointed out two trees, behind which he and one of the Wisconsin boys stood and "picked off every Rebel

that showed his head," and the spot where he fell and lay all night under the stars and dew.

This act of daring on the part of so aged a citizen, and his subsequent sufferings from wounds, naturally called out a great deal of sympathy, and caused him to be looked upon as a hero. But a hero, like a prophet, has not all honor in his own country. There's a wide-spread, violent prejudice against Burns among that class of the townspeople termed "Copperheads." The young men, especially, who did *not* take their guns and go into the fight as this old man did, but who ran, when running was possible, in the opposite direction, dislike Burns. Some aver that he did not have a gun in his hand that day, and that he was wounded by accident, happening to get between the two lines. Others admit the fact of his carrying a gun into the fight, but tell you, with a sardonic smile, that his "motives were questionable." Some, who are eager enough to make money on his picture, sold against his will, and without profit to him, will tell you in confidence, after you have purchased it, that "Burns is a perfect humbug."

After studying the old man's character, conversing both with his friends and enemies, and sifting evidence, during four days spent in Gettysburg, I formed my conclusions. Of his going into the fight, and *fighting*, there is no doubt whatever. Of his bravery, amounting even to rashness, there can be no reasonable question. He is a patriot of the most zealous sort; a hot, impulsive man, who meant what he said, when he started with the gun to go and shoot some of the Rebels qualified with the strong adjective. A thoroughly honest man, too, I think; although some of his remarks are to be taken with considerable allowance. His temper causes him to form immoderate opinions and to make strong statements. "*He always goes beyant,*" said my landlord, a firm friend of his, speaking of this tendency to overstep the bounds of calm judgment.

Burns is a sagacious observer of men and things, and makes occasionally such shrewd remarks as this:—

"Whenever you see the marks of shells and bullets on a house all covered up, and painted and plastered over, that's the house of a Rebel sympathizer; but when you see them all preserved and kept in sight, as something to be proud of, that's the house of a true Union man."

Well, whatever is said or thought of the old hero, he is *what he is*, and has satisfaction in that, and not in other people's opinions; for so it must finally be with all. *Character* is the one thing valuable. *Reputation*, which is a mere shadow of the man, what his character is *reputed* to be, is, in the long run, of infinitely less importance.

I am happy to add that the old man has been awarded a pension.

The next day I mounted a hard-trotting horse and rode to Round Top. On the way I stopped at the historical peach-orchard, known as Sherfy's, where Sickles's Corps was repulsed, after a terrific conflict, on Thursday, the second day of the battle. The peaches were green on the trees then; but they were ripe now, and the trees were breaking down with them. One of Mr. Sherfy's girls—the youngest, she told me—was in the orchard. She had in her basket rareripes to sell. They were large and juicy and sweet,—all the redder, no doubt, for the blood of the brave that had drenched the sod. So calm and impassive is Nature, silently turning all things to use! The carcass of a mule, or the godlike shape of a warrior cut down in the hour of glory,—she knows no difference between them, but straightway proceeds to convert both alike into new forms of life and beauty.

Between fields made memorable by hard fighting I rode eastward, and, entering a pleasant wood, ascended Little Round Top. The eastern slope of this rugged knob is covered with timber. The western side is steep, and wild with rocks and bushes. Near by is the Devil's Den, a dark cavity in the rocks, interesting henceforth on account of the fight that took place here for the possession of these heights. A photo-

graphic view, taken the Sunday morning after the battle, shows eight dead Rebels tumbled headlong, with their guns, among the rocks below the Den.

A little farther on is Round Top itself, a craggy tusk of the rock-jawed earth pushed up there towards the azure. It is covered all over with broken ledges, boulders, and fields of stones. Among these the forest-trees have taken root,—thrifty Nature making the most of things even here. The serene leafy tops of ancient oaks tower aloft in the bluish-golden air. It is a natural fortress, which our boys strengthened still further by throwing up the loose stones into handy breastworks.

Returning, I rode the whole length of the ridge held by our troops, realizing more and more the importance of that extraordinary position. It is like a shoe, of which Round Top represents the heel, and Cemetery Hill the toe. Here all our forces were concentrated on Thursday and Friday, within a space of three miles. Movements from one part to another of this compact field could be made with celerity. Lee's forces, on the other hand, extended over a circle of seven miles or more around, in a country where all their movements could be watched by us and anticipated.

At a point well forward on the foot of this shoe, Meade had his head-quarters. I tied my horse at the gate, and entered the little square box of a house which enjoys that historical celebrity. It is scarcely more than a hut, having but two little rooms on the ground-floor, and I know not what narrow, low-roofed chambers above. Two small girls, with brown, German faces, were paring wormy apples under the porch; and a round-shouldered, bareheaded, and barefooted woman, also with a German face and a strong German accent, was drawing water at the well. I asked her for a drink, which she kindly gave me, and invited me into the house.

The little box was whitewashed outside and in, except the floor and ceilings and inside doors, which were neatly scoured. The woman sat down to

some mending, and entered freely into conversation. She was a widow, and the mother of six children. The two girls cutting wormy apples at the door were the youngest, and the only ones that were left to her. A son in the army was expected home in a few days. She did not know how old her children were,—she did not know how old she herself was, “she was so forgetful.”

She ran away at the time of the fight, but was sorry afterwards she did not stay at home. “She lost a heap.” The house was robbed of almost everything; “coverlids and sheets and some of our own clo'es, all carried away. They got about two ton of hay from me. I owed a little on my land yit, and thought I 'd put in two lots of wheat that year, and it was all trampled down, and I did n't get nothing from it. I had seven pieces of meat yit, and them was all took. All I had when I got back was jest a little bit of flour yit. The fences was all tore down, so that there wa'n't one standing, and the rails was burnt up. One shell come into the house and knocked a bedstead all to pieces for me. One come in under the roof and knocked out a rafter for me. The porch was all knocked down. There was seventeen dead horses on my land. They burnt five of 'em around my best peach-tree, and killed it; so I ha'n't no peaches this year. They broke down all my young apple-trees for me. The dead horses sp'iled my spring, so I had to have my well dug.”

I inquired if she had ever got anything for the damage.

“Not much. I jest sold the bones of the dead horses. I could n't do it till this year, for the meat had n't rotted off yit. I got fifty cents a hundred. There was seven hundred and fifty pounds. You can reckon up what they come to. That 's all I got.”

Not much, indeed!

This poor woman's entire interest in the great battle was, I found, centred in her own losses. That the country lost or gained she did not know nor care, never having once thought of that side of the question.

The town is full of similar reminiscences ; and it is a subject which everybody except the "Copperheads" likes to talk with you about. There were heroic women here, too. On the evening of Wednesday, as our forces were retreating, an exhausted Union soldier came to Mr. Culp's house, near Culp's Hill, and said, as he sank down, —

"If I can't have a drink of water, I must die."

Mrs. Culp, who had taken refuge in the cellar, — for the house was now between the two fires, — said, —

"I will go to the spring and get you some water."

It was then nearly dark. As she was returning with the water, a bullet whizzed past her. It was fired by a sharpshooter on our own side, who had mistaken her for one of the advancing Rebels. Greatly frightened, she hurried home, bringing the water safely. One poor soldier was made eternally grateful by this courageous womanly deed. A few days later the sharpshooter came to the house and learned that it was a ministering angel in the guise of a woman he had shot at. Great, also, must have been his gratitude for the veil of darkness which caused him to miss his aim.

Shortly after the battle, sad tales were told of the cruel inhospitality shown to the wounded Union troops by the people of Gettysburg. Many of these stories were doubtless true ; but they were true only of the more brutal of the Rebel sympathizers. The Union men threw open their hearts and their houses to the wounded.

One day I met a soldier on Cemetery Hill, who was in the battle, and who, being at Harrisburg for a few days, had taken advantage of an excursion-train to come over and revisit the scene of that terrible experience. Getting into conversation, we walked down the hill together. As we were approaching a double house with high wooden steps, he pointed out the farther one, and said, —

"Saturday morning, after the fight, I got a piece of bread at that house. A

man stood on the steps and gave each of our fellows a piece. We were hungry as bears, and it was a godsend. I should like to see that man and thank him."

Just then the man himself appeared at the door. We went over, and I introduced the soldier, who, with tears in his eyes, expressed his gratitude for that act of Christian charity.

"Yes," said the man, when reminded of the circumstance, "we did what we could. We baked bread here night and day to give to every hungry soldier who wanted it. We sent away our own children, to make room for the wounded soldiers, and for days our house was a hospital."

Instances of this kind are not few. Let them be remembered to the honor of Gettysburg.

Of the magnitude of a battle fought so desperately during three days by armies numbering not far from two hundred thousand men no adequate conception can be formed. One or two facts may help to give a faint idea of it. Mr. Culp's meadow, below Cemetery Hill, — a lot of near twenty acres, — was so thickly strown with Rebel dead, that Mr. Culp declared he "could have walked across it without putting foot upon the ground." Upwards of three hundred Confederates were buried in that fair field in one hole. On Mr. Gwynn's farm, below Round Top, near five hundred sons of the South lie promiscuously heaped in one huge sepulchre. Of the quantities of iron, of the wagon-loads of arms, knapsacks, haversacks, and clothing, which strewed the country, no estimate can be made. Government set a guard over these, and for weeks officials were busy in gathering together all the more valuable spoils. The harvest of bullets was left for the citizens to glean. Many of the poorer people did a thriving business, picking up these missiles of death, and selling them to dealers ; two of whom alone sent to Baltimore fifty tons of lead collected in this way from this battle-field.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

THE greatest name in American history is that of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, if we consider the versatility of the man who bore it, the early age at which he began a great public career, the success which attended all his labors, the impression which he made on his country and its government, and the rare foresight by which he was enabled to understand that our political system would encounter that very danger through which it has just passed,—and passed not without receiving severe wounds, which have left it scarcely recognizable even by its warmest admirers. Talleyrand, who had a just appreciation of Hamilton's talents and character, said that he had divined Europe. An American need not be possessed of high powers or position to venture the assertion that Hamilton divined American history, and foresaw all that we have suffered because our predecessors would build the national edifice on sand, so that it could not stand against the political storm which it was in the breath of selfish partisans to send against it, but has, as it were, to be buttressed by mighty fleets and armies. A system, which, had it been rightly formed in the first place, would have been self-sustaining, was saved from destruction solely by the uprising of the people, who had to operate with bullets and bayonets, when it had been fondly hoped that the ballot would ever be a sufficiently formidable weapon in the hand of the American citizen, and that he never would have to become the citizen-soldier in a civil contest. Had Hamilton been allowed to shape our national polity, it would have worked as successfully for ages as that financial system which he formed has ever worked, and which has never been departed from without the result being most injurious to the country. At this day, when events have so signally justified the views of Alexander Hamilton, and are daily jus-

tifying them,* it may not be unprofitable to glance over the career of one whose virtues, services, and genius are constantly rising in the estimation of his countrymen and of the world, "the dead growing visible from the shades of time."

To be born at all is to be well born is the general belief in this very liberal-minded age; but even the most determined of democrats is not averse to a good descent; and Hamilton, who was a democrat in no sense, had one of the noblest ancestries in Europe, though himself of American birth. His family was of Scotland, a country which, the smallness of its population considered, has produced more able and useful men than any other. The Hamiltons of Scotland, and we may add of France, were one of the noblest of patrician houses, and they had a great part in the stormy history of their country. Walter de Hamilton, of Cambuskeith, in the

* Mr. Riethmüller, in his volume on "Hamilton and his Contemporaries," coolly assumes that Hamilton would have opposed the late war for the maintenance of the Union, had he been living! Anything more absurd than such a view of Hamilton's probable course, under circumstances like those which occurred in 1861, it would be impossible to imagine. Hamilton would have been the firmest supporter of the war, had he lived to see it, or had such a war broken out in his time. His principles would have led him to be for extreme measures. It is easy to see why Mr. Riethmüller thus misrepresents Hamilton's opinions. Living in London, where it is thought that every foreign nation should submit to destruction, if that be desirable to England, he wrote under the influence of the place. The English do not take the same view of Secession, when it comes home to them. They think as unfavorably of that repeal of the Union which the Irish demand as we thought of that dissolution of our Union which South Carolinians demanded; and they moved against the Fenians much earlier than we moved against the Carolinians. Mr. Riethmüller's assumption is pointedly disclaimed by General Hamilton's representatives, who declare that it is a palpable misrepresentation of their father's views; and no one who is familiar with Hamilton's writings and history can honestly say that they are wrong. To say that Andrew Jackson, who crushed Nullification, would have been a Secessionist, had he been living in 1861, would be a moderate assertion, compared to that which places Alexander Hamilton in the list of possible Secessionists, had he survived to Secession times.

County of Ayr, — Burns's county, — second son of Sir David de Hamilton, Dominus de Cadyow, was the founder of that branch of the Hamilton family to which the American statesman belonged. He flourished *temp.* Robert III., second of the Stuart kings, almost five hundred years ago. Many noble Scotch names are very common, because it was the custom of the families to which they belonged to extend them to all their retainers; but Alexander Hamilton obtained his name in no such way as that. His descent from the Lord of Cadyow is made up with the nicest precision. The family became of Grange in the sixteenth century. The names of the ladies married by the heads of the Hamiltons of Cambuskeith and Grange all belong to those of the ingenuous classes. The same Christian names are continued in the line, that of Alexander appearing as early as the latter part of the fifteenth century, and re-appearing frequently for three hundred years. Alexander Hamilton of Grange, fourteenth in descent from Sir David de Hamilton, had three sons, the third bearing his father's name; and that son's fifth child was James Hamilton, who emigrated to the West Indies, settling in the Island of Nevis. Mr. James Hamilton married a French lady, whose maiden name was Faucette, and whose father was one of many persons of worth who were forced to leave France because of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, through the bigotry of that little man who is commonly called the Grand Monarch, and whose bigotry was made active by the promptings of Madame de Maintenon, who was descended from a fierce Huguenot, as was the monarch himself.

Alexander Hamilton was born on the 11th of January, 1757. His mother died in his early childhood, a more than usually severe loss, for she was a superior woman. He was the only one of her children who survived her. His father soon became poor, and the child was dependent upon the relatives of his mother for support and education. They resided at Santa Cruz,

where he was brought up. Just before completing his thirteenth year he entered the counting-house of Mr. Cruger, a merchant of Santa Cruz. Young as he was, his employer left him in charge of his business while he made a visit to New York, and had every reason to be satisfied with the arrangement. He read all the books he could obtain, and read them understandingly. Even at that early age he was remarkable for the manliness of his mind. He wrote, too; and an account of the hurricane of 1772, which he contributed to a public journal, attracted so much attention that he was sought out, and it was determined to send him to New York to be regularly educated. He left Santa Cruz, and sailed for Boston, which port he reached in October, 1772. Proceeding to New York, he was sent to school at Elizabethtown, New Jersey; and in 1773 entered King's College, in the city of New York, where he pursued his studies with signal success. But events were happening that were to place him in a very different school from that in which he was preparing to become a physician. He was to be the physician of the State, and to that end he was thrown among men, and appointed to do the work of men of the highest intellect, at an age when most persons have not half completed the ordinary training which is to fit them to begin the common routine of common life.

Hamilton's connection with the history of his country, as one of those who were making material for it, began at the age of seventeen. The American Revolution was moving steadily onward when he arrived at New York, and by the summer of 1774 it had assumed large proportions. He first spoke at "the Great Meeting in the Fields," July 6th, and astonished those who heard him by the fervor of his eloquence and the closeness of his logic. His fame dates from that day. He sided with the people of his new home from the time that he came among them, and never had any doubt or hesitation as to the course which duty required him

to adopt and pursue. As a writer he was even more successful than as a speaker. A pamphlet which he wrote in December, 1774, vindicating the Continental Congress, attracted much attention, and that and another from his pen were attributed to veteran Whigs, particularly to John Jay; but the evidence of Hamilton's authorship is perfect, or we might well agree with the Tories, and believe that works so able could not have been written by a youth of eighteen. Other writings of his subsequently appeared, and were most serviceable to the patriots. Young as he was, he was already regarded by the country as one of its foremost champions with the pen. The time was fast coming when it was to be made known that the holder of the pen could also hold the sword, and hold it to effective purpose. He had joined a volunteer corps while in college, and was forward in all its doings. The first time he was under fire was when this corps was engaged in removing guns from the Battery. The fire of a man-of-war was opened on it, doing some injury. This was the first act of war in New York, and it is interesting to know that Hamilton had part in it. In the commotion that followed, he was zealous in his efforts to prevent the triumph of a mob, and not more zealous than successful. From the very beginning of his career, he never thought of liberty, save as the closest associate of law. Diligently devoting himself to the study of the military art, and particularly to gunnery, he asked for the command of an artillery company, and obtained it after a thorough examination, being made captain on the 14th of March, 1776, when but two months beyond his nineteenth year. He completed his company, and expended the very last money he received from his relatives in making it fit for the field. Even at that time he advocated promotion from the ranks, and succeeded in having his first sergeant made a commissioned officer: a fact worthy of mention, when it is recollected that his enemies have always represented him as an aristocrat, there being nothing less aristo-

cratical than the placing of the sword of command in the hands of men who have carried the musket. While pursuing his military duties, he did not neglect the study of politics; and his notes show that before the Declaration of Independence he had thought out a plan of government for the nation that was so soon to come into existence. Among them is this inquiry: "*Quære*, would it not be advisable to let all taxes, even those imposed by the States, be collected by persons of Congressional appointment? and would it not be advisable to pay the collectors so much per cent on the sums collected?" This, as his son says, "is the intuitive idea of a general government, truly such, which he first proposed to Congress, and earnestly advocated." He was in his twentieth year when he showed himself capable of understanding the nature of the situation, and the wants of the country. Probably no other person had got so far at that time, and it required years for the people to reach the point at which Hamilton had arrived intuitively. With them it was a conclusion reached through bitter experience. The lesson has not been perfectly acquired even at this time.

Hamilton's company belonged to that army which Washington commanded, in 1776, in New England and New Jersey; and it was while the army was on the heights of Haerlem, in the autumn of 1776, that he attracted the notice of Washington. The General inspected an earthwork which the Captain was constructing, conversed with him, and invited him to his tent. This was the beginning of an acquaintance that was destined to have memorable consequences and lasting effects on the American nation. On the 1st of March, 1777, Hamilton was appointed to a place on Washington's staff, becoming one of his aides, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel,—his "principal and most confidential aide," to use Washington's language. It was not without much hesitation that Hamilton accepted this post. He had already made a name, and his promotion in the line of the army was secured; and had he remained to take

that promotion, he would have won the highest distinction, supposing him to have escaped the casualties of war. His military genius was unquestioned; and what Washington required of him was service that would not secure promotion or opportunity to show that he deserved it. He required the mind and the pen of Hamilton. These he obtained; and the amount of labor performed by the youthful aide-de-camp with his pen was enormous. He was something more than an aide and a private secretary. He was the commander's trusted friend, and he proved that he deserved the trust reposed in him, not less by his high-minded conduct than by the talent which he brought to the discharge of the duties of a most difficult post, — duties which were of an arduous and highly responsible character. The limits of a sketch like the present do not admit of more than the general mention of his great services. Those who would know them in full should consult the work in which Mr. John C. Hamilton has done justice to the part which his father had, first in the Revolutionary contest, and then in the creation of the American Republic, and the settlement of its policy.* There was no event with which Washington was concerned for more than four years with which Hamilton was not also concerned. The range of his business and his labors was equal to his talents, and it is not possible to say more of them. He was but twenty years old when Washington thus really placed him next to himself in the work of conducting the American cause. In what estimation his services were held by the commander-in-chief may be inferred from the fact that he was selected by him, in 1780, being then in his twenty-fourth year, as a special minister to France, to induce the French Government to grant more aid to this coun-

try. Hamilton did not take the office, because it was desired by his friend, Colonel Laurens, whose father was then a prisoner in England.

Colonel Hamilton was married on the 14th of December, 1780, to Miss Elizabeth Schuyler, second daughter of General Philip Schuyler, one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Revolution, to whom was due the defeat of General Burgoyne, and head of one of those old families of which New York possessed so many. This lady was destined to survive her husband half a century, and to be associated with two ages of the country, — her death occurring in 1854, in her ninety-eighth year. She was a woman of exalted character, and worthy to be the wife of Alexander Hamilton.

The relations between Washington and Hamilton were briefly interrupted early in 1781, and Hamilton left the commander's military family. He had a command in that allied army which Washington and Rochambeau led to Yorktown, the success of which put an end to the "great war" of the Revolution on this continent. When the British redoubts were stormed, Hamilton commanded the American column, and carried the redoubt he assailed before the French had taken that which it fell to their lot to attack. Shortly afterward he retired from the service, and, taking up his residence in Albany, devoted himself to the study of the law. In 1782 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress by the Legislature of New York, and took his seat on the 25th of November. He proved an energetic member, his attention being largely directed to the financial state of the country, than which nothing could be more dreary. At an early day he had been convinced that something sound must be attempted in relation to our finances; and in 1780 he had addressed a letter on the subject to Robert Morris, which showed that his ideas regarding money and credit were those of a great statesman. But the time had not come in which he was to mould the country to his will, and make it rich in spite of itself, and against

* *History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries.* By John C. Hamilton. Seven Volumes. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A work in every respect deserving of the closest and most attentive study, replete as it is with valuable and well-arranged matter and able writing.

its own exertions. More suffering was necessary before the people could be made to listen to the words of truth, though uttered by genius. Military matters also commanded the attention of the young member, as was natural, he having been so distinguished as a soldier, and retaining that interest in the army which he had acquired from six years' connection with it. His Congressional career was brilliant, and added much to his reputation. It seemed that he was destined to succeed in everything he attempted. Yet at that time he thought of retiring altogether from public life, and of devoting himself entirely to his profession, in which he had already become eminent. In November, 1783, he removed to the city of New York, which then had entered on that astonishing growth which has since been so steadily maintained.

The first of the law labors of this great man were in support of those *national* principles which are more closely identified with his name than with that of any other individual. In advocating the cause of his client, he had to argue that the terms of the treaty of peace with England and the law of nations were of more force than a statute passed by the Legislature of the State of New York. He carried the court as decidedly with him as public opinion was against him; and he had to defend himself in several pamphlets, which he did with his usual success. As time went on, it became every day more apparent that the country's great need was a strong central government, and that, until such a government should be adopted, prosperity could not be looked for, nor order, nor anything like national life; and had not something been done, North America would doubtless have presented very much the same spectacle that has long been afforded by South America, and from which that rich land is but now slowly recovering. Of those who most earnestly and effectively advocated the action necessary to save the country from anarchy, Hamilton was among the foremost. As we have seen, he had thought soundly on this subject

as early as 1776, and years and events had confirmed and strengthened the impression formed before independence had been resolved upon.

Appointed a delegate from New York to the commercial convention held at Annapolis in 1786, Colonel Hamilton wrote the address put forth by that body to the States, out of which grew the Convention of 1787, which made the Federal Constitution. To that Convention he was sent by the New York Legislature, and his part in the work done was of the first order, though the Constitution formed was far from commanding his entire approbation. Like a wise statesman, who does not insist that means of action shall be perfect, but makes the best use he can of those that are available, Hamilton accepted the Constitution, and became the strongest advocate for its adoption, and its firmest supporter after its adoption. This part of his life—a part as honorable to him as it was useful to his country—has been systematically misrepresented, so that many Americans have been taught to believe that he was an enemy of freedom, and would have established an arbitrary government. He was accused of being opposed to any republican polity, and of seeking the annihilation of the State Governments. He was called a monarchist and a consolidationist. These misrepresentations of his opinions and acts were forever dispelled, according to the views of honest and unprejudiced men, by the publication of a letter which he wrote to Timothy Pickering, in 1803. In that letter he said, — “The highest-toned propositions which I made to the Convention were for a President, Senate, and Judges, during good behavior, and a House of Representatives for three years. Though I would have enlarged the legislative power of the General Government, yet I never contemplated the abolition of the State Governments; but, on the contrary, they were, in some particulars, constituent parts of my plan. This plan was, in my conception, conformable with the strict theory of a government purely republican; the essen-

tial criteria of which are, that the principal organs of the executive and legislative departments be elected by the people, and hold the office by a responsible and temporary or defeasible nature. . . . I may truly, then, say that I never proposed either a President or Senate for life, and that I neither recommended nor meditated the annihilation of State Governments. . . . It is a fact that my final opinion was against an executive during good behavior, on account of the increased danger to the public tranquillity incident to the election of a magistrate of his degree of permanency. In the plan of a constitution which I drew up while the Convention was sitting, and which I communicated to Mr. Madison about the close of it, perhaps a day or two after, the office of President has no longer duration than for three years. This plan was predicated upon these bases: 1. That the political principles of the people of this country would endure nothing but a republican government; 2. That, in the actual situation of the country, it was itself right and proper that the republican theory should have a full and fair trial; 3. That to such a trial it was essential that the government should be so constructed as to give it all the energy and the stability reconcilable with the principles of that theory. These were the genuine sentiments of my heart; and upon them I then acted. I sincerely hope that it may not hereafter be discovered, that, through want of sufficient attention to the last idea, the experiment of republican government, even in this country, has not been as complete, as satisfactory, and as decisive as could be wished."

Such were the views of Hamilton in 1787, and which had undergone no change in the sixteen years that elapsed between that time and the date of his letter to Colonel Pickering. Yet this man, so true a republican that his only desire was to have the republican polity that he knew must here exist so framed and constituted as to become permanent, has been drawn as a bigoted monarchist and as the enemy of freedom!

In the eyes of good democrats he was the Evil Principle incarnate; and even to this day, in the more retired portions of the country, they believe, that, if he had lived a few years longer, he would have made himself king, and married one of the daughters of George III. They had, and some of them yet have, about as clear conceptions of Hamilton's career and conduct as Squire Western and his class had of the intentions of the English Whigs of George II.'s time, whom they suspected of the intention of seizing and selling their estates, with the purpose of sending the proceeds to Hanover, to be invested in the funds.

The leaders of the great party which triumphed in 1801, and who had libelled Hamilton while they were in opposition, found it for their interest to continue their misrepresentations long after the fall of the Federalists, and when the ablest of all the Federalists had been for years in his grave. Many of them could overlook Burr's party treachery, as well as his supposed treason, because he had been the rival of Hamilton; though probably it would be unjust to them to suppose that they approved of his conduct in murdering the man whose talents and influence caused them so much alarm. So far was Hamilton from pursuing a course in the Convention of 1787 that would have embarrassed that body, because it did not adopt all his plans, that Dr. W. S. Johnson, one of Connecticut's delegates, said, that, if "the Constitution did not succeed on trial, Mr. Hamilton was less responsible for that result than any other member, for he fully and frankly pointed out to the Convention what he apprehended were the infirmities to which it was liable,—and that, if it answered the fond expectations of the public, the community would be more indebted to Mr. Hamilton than to any other member, for, after its essential outlines were agreed to, he labored most indefatigably to heal those infirmities, and to guard against the evils to which they might expose it." M. Guizot, who understands our poli-

tics, who knows our history, and whose practical statesmanship and lofty talents render his opinion most valuable, when he declared that "there is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, of duration, which Hamilton has not powerfully contributed to introduce into it and to give it a predominance," stated but the simplest truth. Equally correct is his remark, that "Hamilton must be classed among the men who have best known the vital principles and fundamental conditions of a government." Alone of all the New York delegates Hamilton subscribed the Constitution.

In the discussions that followed the labors of the Convention, Hamilton had the principal part in urging the adoption of the Constitution. "The Federalist," that first of all American political works, and the excellence of which was quickly recognized by foreign statesmen, was his production. Not only did he write most of it, but the least of what he wrote for it excels the best that was contributed to it by men so able as Jay and Madison. Every attempt that has been made to take from him any portion of the honor of this masterly work has failed, and it is now admitted that it can fairly be associated only with his name. "The total number of these essays," says Mr. John C. Hamilton, "by Hamilton's enumeration, approved by Madison, is seen to be eighty-five. Of this enumeration, an abbreviated copy by Hamilton from his original minute, both in Hamilton's autograph, ascribes to himself the sole authorship of sixty-three numbers, and the joint authorship with Madison of three numbers, leaving to the latter the sole authorship of fourteen numbers, and to Jay of five numbers."* "The Federalist" had a pow-

erful influence on the public mind, and contributed vastly to the success of the Constitutionalists; and other writings of Hamilton had scarcely less effect. Had he not been a friend of the Constitution, and had he sought only the creation of a powerful central government, he never would have labored for the success of the Constitutional party; for the surest road to despotism would have been through that anarchy which must have followed a refusal by the people to ratify the action of the Convention of 1787. As a member of the Convention of the State of New York, Hamilton most ably supported the ratification of the Constitution made at Philadelphia.

The Constitution was adopted, and the new government was organized on the 30th of April, 1789, on which day General Washington became President of the United States. It was not until the 2d of September that the Treasury Department was created; and on the 11th Alexander Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury. Writing to Robert Morris, Washington had asked, "What are we to do with this heavy debt?" To which Morris answered, "There is but one man in the United States who can tell you: that is Alexander Hamilton. I am glad you have given me this opportunity to declare to you the extent of the obligations I am under to him." Hamilton had thought of the station for himself, but his warmest personal friends objected to his taking it. Robert Troup says,—"I remonstrated with him: he admitted that, his acceptance of it would be likely to injure his family, but said there was a strong impression on his mind that in the financial department he would essentially promote the welfare of the country; and this impression, united with Washington's request, forbade his refusal of the appointment." Having said, in conversing with Gouverneur Morris, that he was confident he could restore public credit, "Morris remonstrated with him for thinking of so perilous a position, on which calumny and

* *The Federalist: a Commentary on the Constitution of the United States.* A Collection of Essays, by Alexander Hamilton, Jay, and Madison. Also, *The Continentalist*, and other Papers, by Hamilton. Edited by John C. Hamilton, Author of "The Republic of the United States." 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. — This is by far the best edition of "The Federalist" that has appeared, and should alone be consulted and read by Hamilton's admirers. The Historical Notice with which Mr. Hamilton has prefaced it is a no-

persecution were the inevitable attendants. 'Of that,' Hamilton answered, 'I am aware; but I am convinced it is the situation in which I can do most good.' He had the same just self-confidence that Cromwell felt, when he said to John Hampden that he would effect something for the Parliamentary cause, and that William Pitt felt in 1757, when he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "My Lord, I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." As with Cromwell and with Pitt, Hamilton's self-confidence was to be conclusively justified by the event.

Hamilton's career as the first finance minister of the United States is the greatest evidence of statesmanship in American history; nor is it likely ever to be surpassed, so complete is the change in the country's condition, — a change due in great measure to his policy and conduct. The world's annals show no more striking example of the right man in the right place than is afforded by Hamilton's Secretaryship of the Treasury. "The discerning eye of Washington," said Mr. Webster in 1831, "immediately called him to that post which was far the most important in the administration of the new system. He was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country perceived with delight, and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the National Resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva, from the brain of Jove, was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton." Lofty as this praise is, it is literally true. American Public Credit was a dead corpse in 1789; and in 1790 it was living and erect, as it has ever since remained, in spite of the utmost exertions of all political parties to reduce it to the state in which Hamilton found it, in the hope of injuring their

rivals. All that has been good in our financial history for three quarters of a century is due to Alexander Hamilton; and all that has been evil in it can be traced directly to violation of his principles or disregard of his modes of action. That we were enabled to preserve the Union against the attacks of the Secessionists must be attributed to Hamilton's genius and exertions. He is one of those "dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns."

Ten days after his appointment to office, Secretary Hamilton was required by Congress to report a plan for the support of the public credit. His report is admitted, even by those who do not agree with its views, to be an able state paper. Besides upholding the payment of the foreign debt, on which all parties were of one mind, he recommended that the domestic debt should be treated in the same spirit. As the revival and maintenance of the public credit was the object which the Secretary had in view, he advocated the fulfilment of original contracts, no matter by whom claims might be held. His recommendations were adopted; and the famous "funding system" dates from that time, and with it the prosperity of the United States. He had recommended the assumption of the State debts; but in this he was only partially successful. The measures suggested for the carrying out of his system were adopted. Among these was the creation of a national bank, at the beginning of 1791. Other measures concerned the raising of revenue, and were extraordinarily successful. And yet others for the advancement of trade, both foreign and domestic, were not less successful: there being no subject that came properly within his department to which he did not give his entire attention; and as he was laboring for a new nation, it necessarily happened that all the machinery had to be improvised. To the demands made on his intellect, his time, and his industry, the Secretary was found to be more than equal. His triumphs astonished and gratified the friends of good government throughout

the world, and carried his name to all nations. In only eighteen months, a change had been effected such as it well might have taken as many years to accomplish, and which thoroughly justified the new polity, and the measures which had been adopted under it. Foreign commerce flourished, and also the domestic trade. The agricultural interest prospered, and manufactures steadily increased. "The waste lands in the interior were being rapidly settled; towns were springing up in every direction; the seaports were increasing in wealth and population; and that great career of internal improvement, by numerous highways, with which the United States have amazed the world, was begun." Fisher Ames wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury that the national bank and the Federal Government possessed more popularity than any institution or government could long maintain. "The success of the government, and especially of the measures proceeding from your department," he said, "has astonished the multitude; and while it has shut the mouths, it has stung the envious hearts, of the State leaders." American credit was raised so high in Europe, that, at the opening of 1791, a great loan was taken in Holland in two hours, on better terms than any European government but one could have obtained. The subscriptions to the national bank were filled in a day, and could easily have been doubled. Such another instance of successful statesmanship it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find.

It is sometimes said that the success of the Hamiltonian system was due to European events, — that the great wars which grew out of the French Revolution created so extensive demands for our productions that we must have prospered, no matter what should have been the course of American political life. What might have been, had the Constitution failed of adoption, it is not necessary to discuss; but this we know, that the success of Secretary Hamilton's plans was pronounced and complete before the European wars alluded

to began. That success was seen in the early days of 1791, and war did not commence until 1792; and then it was not waged on that grand scale to which it subsequently reached. The war between France and England, which affected this country most, broke out in 1793, two years after Ames had written so encouragingly to Hamilton, and yet warning him to prepare for the inevitable Nemesis, that "envy of the gods," which, according to the Hellenic superstition, but fairly justifiable by innumerable historical facts, waits on all prosperity and rebukes human wisdom. To us it seems that the most that can be said of the effect of the wide-spread and long-continued European quarrel on our business was this, — that it gave to it much of its peculiar character, but did not create it, and was not necessary to its creation or its continuance. What Hamilton did was to remove depressing influences from American life and the American mind, — to substitute order for disorder, hope for fear, and confidence and security for dread and distrust. This was what was done by Hamilton and his associates; and this done, the native energies of the people did all the rest. It is all but certain that the extraordinary career of material prosperity that began immediately after it was seen what was to be our policy under the new polity, would have been essentially the same, as to the general result, had Europe remained quiet for twenty years longer, and had there been no downfall of the old French monarchy. The details of American business life would have been different, but the result would have been pretty much the same as what we have seen.

Events soon justified the apprehensions of the sensitive, but sagacious Ames. Hamilton's prosperity bred its natural consequences, and he became the target at which many aspiring men directed their attacks, — Thomas Jefferson standing at their head. The cause of this, which has been sought in the French Revolution, in opposition to the supposed centralizing tendencies of the Hamiltonian policy, and so forth, really

lies on the surface. It grew out of men's ambition, and their desire for power. It was plain to Southern men, that, if Hamilton were permitted to accomplish his purpose entire, he must become the man of men, and that his influence would become equal to that of Washington, whose influence they bowed to most unwillingly. Not less plain was it that power would be with the North. Hence their determination to "break him down," which they would have pursued with all their might, had the French Revolution been postponed, though its occurrence furnished them with means of attack,—the larger part of the American people sympathizing with the French, while Hamilton shared with Edmund Burke opinions which time has done much to show were sound; and he was a strenuous supporter of that policy of neutrality which Washington wisely adopted. The Secretary of the Treasury was assailed by those who envied and hated him, in various ways. His official integrity was called in question, but the investigations which he courted led to the confounding of his enemies, while his personal character stood brighter than ever. So bitter became the opposition that some of their number wished for the success of the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, as Mr. Jefferson's correspondence shows; and the part which Hamilton had in suppressing that outbreak did not increase their regard for him. The presence of two such men in Washington's Cabinet as Hamilton and Jefferson made it the scene of dissension until Jefferson retired.

Hamilton remained in office some time longer; and when he left it, he did so only for personal reasons. He was poor. He had expended, not only his salary, but almost all the property he possessed when he took office. The man who had made his country rich had made himself poor by his devotion to her interests, and had received nothing but vindictive abuse in requital of his unrivalled labors. He resolved to return to the practice of his profession, which he never would have left, had he

consulted merely his individual interests and those of his family. Some weeks before he retired, he addressed a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, announcing his purpose, in order that inquiry might be made into the state of his department, should Congress see fit to make it; but his foes had been so humiliated by the results of the two inquiries undertaken at their instance, that they would not venture upon a third. In January, 1795, he sent a letter to Congress on the subject of the public credit, which is one of his ablest productions, full of sound financial doctrine, and showing that he was in advance of most men on those economical questions the proper settlement of which so closely concerns the welfare of nations. This letter affords a complete view of the financial history of the government, and may be considered as Secretary Hamilton's statement of his case to the world. The debt exceeded \$76,000,000, a sum that bore as great a proportion to the revenues of the country seventy years since as the debt of to-day bears to our present resources. As Hamilton was no believer in the absurd doctrine that "a national debt is a national blessing," we need say no more than that he dwelt with emphasis on the necessity of providing for the debt's payment. It is important to mention that he declared government could not rightfully tax its promises to pay.

Though Hamilton, as Madison wrote to Jefferson, went to New York "with the word Poverty as his label," his great reputation rapidly secured for him abundant professional employment. But he was too important a personage to be able to refrain altogether from political pursuits, and was forced to defend some of the measures of government, though no longer responsible for them. He advocated Jay's Treaty, one of the most unpopular measures that ever were carried through by an honest government in face of the most vehement opposition. Had the treaty been rejected, war with England would probably have followed, which would have been a profound calamity. While living in retire-

ment, Hamilton was assailed by his Southern enemies, who were supported by their Northern allies, their object being to show that he had acted corruptly while at the head of the Treasury. His reply was as complete a refutation as their earlier calumnies had encountered. He wrote the celebrated Farewell Address of President Washington. On all occasions he was ready with pen and tongue to defend and uphold those political principles in the triumph of which he had that interest which a statesman must ever have in the advancement of truth.

When it was supposed that the French might attempt the invasion of this country, in 1798, preparations were made to meet them. Washington was made Commander-in-Chief, with the rank of Lieutenant-General; but he stipulated that he should not be required to take the field save for active service, and that Hamilton should have the post next to his own, which made the latter actually commander of the army. He was indefatigable in discharging the duties of this station; but, fortunately, hostilities with France were confined to the ocean, and the seizure of power in that country by Bonaparte led to a settlement of the points in dispute. Hamilton again returned to private life. He could not, however, altogether give up politics, but was forced to take some part in the exciting political contests of those days. When the Presidential election of 1801 devolved upon the House of Representatives, he exerted his influence against Burr, whom the Federalists were inclined to support, preferring him to Jefferson. In 1804 he again labored to defeat Burr's political aspirations, and prevented his being chosen Governor of New York. Burr was then on the verge of ruin, and he resolved upon being revenged, and on the destruction of so powerful a political foe. He required from Hamilton the disavowal of language which there was no evidence that he ever had used, and so managed the dispute that a duel became inevitable, — reference being had to the state of public sentiment

then prevalent on the subject of honor, and to the circumstance that duelling was almost as common in New York at that time as it was in any Southern State just before the Secession War.

The death of Alexander Hamilton was as much the work of assassination as was that of Abraham Lincoln, in all save the forms that were observed on the occasion. Aaron Burr, of whose actions he had sometimes spoken with severity, — but not with more severity than is common in all high party times,* — was determined that so bold and able an enemy should be removed from his political path; and to that end he fastened a duel upon him, and in the meeting that ensued deliberately shot him. It has been said, that Burr, who was "a good shot" from his youth, and whose nerves were as brazen as his brow, practised with the pistol for some days before the fatal encounter took place; and the story is perfectly in character, and helps sustain the posi-

* Burr, in his correspondence with Hamilton just before the challenge that led to the duel, said, — "Political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honor and the rules of decorum. I neither claim such privilege, nor indulge it in others." This has been called affectation; but we have no doubt that Burr uttered the truth in the sentences quoted. He was exactly the man to observe the rules of decorum, and those of honor, as he understood them, in political warfare. The strong language that is so common in political disputes is proof as much of the abundance of men's sincerity as it is of their want of good breeding. They are honestly moved by the evil words or deeds, or both, or what they consider such, of their opponents, and speak of them coarsely. The man who is indifferent to all opinions, principles, and actions, but who is nevertheless ambitious, is never tempted to the utterance of disparaging language concerning his political foes. He may laugh at their zeal, but he cannot be offended by it. Burr was utterly indifferent to all political principle. He never really belonged to any party, and was as ready to act with Federalists as with Democrats; and it was only through the force of circumstances that he did act generally with the latter. A party man never would have done as Burr saw fit to do when the Presidential election of 1801 devolved on the House of Representatives. The party to which he professed to belong intended, as everybody knew, that Jefferson should be President; and yet Burr allowed himself to be used against Jefferson. That "all is fair in politics" was his creed. He may have been "a man of honor," but what Lord Macaulay says of Avaux is strictly applicable to him, namely, — "that of the difference between right and wrong he had no more notion than a brute."

tion that Hamilton was assassinated. That Hamilton should have consented to meet such a man, knowing as he did what was his purpose, and that he was capable of any crime, has often been remarked upon; and probably his decision will serve to point many a moral for ages, and all the more emphatically when the force of that opinion in regard to duelling which once was so strong shall not only have utterly passed away, but have been forgotten, and have become quite incomprehensible to men who shall live in the light of sounder opinion than prevailed at the beginning of this century. A soldier, it was reasonable that Hamilton should feel very differently on the point of honor from a mere civilian, and that he should not have felt himself at liberty to decline Burr's challenge. He believed that his ability to be useful thereafter in public life would be greatly lessened, should he not fight. In the paper he drew up, giving his reasons for the course he pursued, he says, — "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or in effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." He was particularly thinking of his power to contend against a scheme for a dissolution of the Union which had been formed in the North, the existence of which he knew, and also that it was known to Burr, who, had he not committed suicide by the same act which made him a murderer, would soon have been seen at the head of a rebellion. The result of the duel was to deprive Burr of all power and influence. He killed Hamilton, but he fell himself by the same shot that carried death to his opponent; and so complete was his fall that he never could rise again, though he continued to cumber the earth for more than thirty-two years. Hamilton's quarrel with Burr, as his son and biographer truly observes, "was the quarrel of his country. It was the last act in the great drama of his life. It was the deliberate sacrifice of that life for his coun-

try's welfare, — a sacrifice which, by overwhelming his antagonist with the execrations of the American people, prevented a civil war, and saved from 'dismemberment' this great republic."

What strikes us most forcibly, in considering Hamilton's career, is the remarkably early development of his powers. At thirteen, he was found competent to take charge of a mercantile establishment. At fifteen, his writings win for him public applause and the aid of friends. At seventeen, he addresses with success a great public meeting. At eighteen, his anonymous productions are attributed to some of the leading men of America. At nineteen, he has thought out that principle of government which is indelibly associated with his name. At twenty, he has not only approved himself a skilful and courageous soldier, but he has won the esteem of the grave and reserved Washington, and is placed by that great man in a post of the closest confidence, and which really makes him the second man in the American service. At twenty-three, he has shown that he is master of the intricate subject of finance. At twenty-five, after an active military life that had allowed no time for study, he is known as a lawyer of the first order. At twenty-six, he is distinguished as a member of Congress. At thirty, he takes a leading part in framing the Constitution of the United States. And in his thirty-third year, he becomes the most extraordinary finance minister the world has ever seen. He was statesman, soldier, writer, and orator, and first in each department; and he was as ready for all the parts which he filled as if he had been long and studiously trained for each of them by the best of instructors. When Mr. Webster so happily compared the instantaneousness and perfection of his financial system to "the fabled birth of Minerva," he did but allude to what is to be remarked of all Hamilton's works. All that he did was perfect, and no one seems to have been aware of his power until he had established the fact of its existence. Such a combination of precocity

and versatility stands quite unparalleled. Octavius, William the Third, Henry St. John, Charles James Fox, and William Pitt the younger, all showed various powers at early periods of their lives; but not one of them was the equal of Hamilton in respect to early maturity of intellect, or in ability to command success in every department to which he turned his attention. The historical character of whom he most reminds us is the elder Africanus. In the early development of his faculties, in his self-reliant spirit, in his patriotism, in his kingliness of mind, in his personal purity, in his generosity of thought and of action, and in the fear and envy that he

excited in inferior minds, he was a repetition of the most majestic of all the Romans. But, unlike the Roman soldier-statesman, he did not desert the land he had saved, but which had proved ungrateful; and the grave only was to be his Litemum. He died at not far from the same age as that to which Africanus reached. In comparing him with certain other men who achieved fame early, it should be remembered that they all were regularly prepared for public life, and were born to it as to an inheritance; whereas he, though of patrician blood, was possessed of no advantages of fortune, and had to fight the battle of life while fighting the battles of the nation.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare, with an Essay toward the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama to the Time of Shakespeare. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

MR. WHITE'S closing-up of his Shakespeare labors has been long in coming, but comes good and acceptable at last. The volume now in hand, however, does not form a part of his edition of the poet; it stands by itself; though a portion of its contents is repeated in the first volume (the last published) of this edition. It is rich in matter, and the workmanship, for the most part, capital. All Shakespearians are bound to relish it; and if any general reader does not find it delectable, he may well suspect some fault in himself.

The contents of the volume are, first, "Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare"; second, "An Essay toward the Expression of Shakespeare's Genius"; third, "An Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama to the Time of Shakespeare."

In his "Memoirs," the author of course adds nothing to what was already known of the poet's life. But his presentation of the

matter is eminently readable, and, in parts, decidedly interesting; which is as much as can fairly be looked for in any writing on that subject. Some readers may think, we do think, that the author is a little at fault on one or two points. For instance, he overworks certain questions touching the poet's wife, worrying up the matter against her to the utmost, and, in fact, tormenting the poor woman's memory in such a way as to indicate something very like spite. Now this is not fair; and Mr. White's general fairness on other subjects makes his proceeding the less excusable in this case.

Of course everybody knows that Mrs. Anne Shakespeare was some eight years older than her husband; that the circumstances of the marriage were not altogether what they should have been; and that the oldest daughter was born a little too soon for the credit of either parent. This is all, all, there is known about the matter. And if conjecture or inference must be at work on these facts, surely it had better run in the direction of charity, especially of charity towards the weaker vessel. We say weaker vessel, because in this case the man must, in all fairness, be supposed to have had the advantage, at least as much in strength of natural understanding as the woman had in years. And as Shakespeare was, by all accounts, a

very attractive person, it does not well appear but that the woman had as good a right to lose her heart in his company as he had to lose his head in hers. Yet our author insinuates, perhaps we should say more than insinuates, that the lady immodestly angled for and seduced the youthful lover, and entangled his honor in an obligation of marriage; and he seems quite positive that the poet afterwards hated her, and took refuge in London partly to escape from her society. Moreover, he presumes her to have been a coarse, low, vulgar creature, such as, the fascination of the honeymoon once worn off, the poet could not choose but loathe and detest. Now all this is sheer conjecture; it has no basis of fact or of fair likelihood to stand upon; there is not so much as a particle even of tradition to support it. Rowe hints nothing of the sort; and surely his candor would not have spared the parties, if he had found anything: it was the very point of all others on which scandal would have been most apt to fasten and feed; and yet even Aubrey, arrant old gossip as he was, supplies nothing to justify it.

In default of other grounds, resort has been had to certain passages in the poet's dramas. And Mr. White, though knowing, none better, the poet's wonderful self-alooness from his representations, thinks it worth the while to make an exception in this particular case. Presuming such and such things to be true in his own experience, the poet, our author observes, must have thought of them while writing certain passages. Our answer is, To be sure, he must have thought of them, and he must have known that others would think of them too; and a reasonable delicacy on his part would have counselled the withholding of anything that he was conscious might be applied to his own domestic affairs. Does not Mr. White see that his inferences in this are just the reverse of what they should be? Sensible men do not write in their public pages such things as would be almost sure to breed or to foster scandal about their own names or their own homes. The man that has a secret cancer on his person will be the last to speak of cancers in reference to others; and if the truth of his own case be suspected at all, it will rather be from his silence than from his speech. We can hardly think Shakespeare was so wanting in a sense of propriety as to have written the passages in question, but that he knew no man could say he was exposing the foulness of his own nest. *But*

But we are dwelling too long on this point; and we confess something of impatience at Mr. White's treatment of it. His *animus* in the thing is shown, perhaps, in one slight mistake he has made. Speaking of the lady's haste to "provide herself with a husband," he says, "In less than five months after she obtained one she was delivered of a daughter." The bishop's license for the marriage was dated November 28th, 1582, and Susannah Shakespeare was baptized May 26th, 1583; thus leaving an interval of but two days short of *six* months between the marriage and the birth. As Sir Hugh observes, "I like not when a woman has a great peard."

We are moved to add one more item of dissent. — Mr. White thinks, and it appears that the German critic, Gervinus, coincides with him, that Shakespeare must have acquired all his best ideas of womanhood after he went to London, and conversed with the ladies of the city. And in support of this notion he cites the fact — for such it is — that the women of the poet's later plays are much superior to those of his earlier ones. But are not the *men* of his later plays quite as much superior to the men of his first? Unquestionably they are. Are not his later plays as much better *every way*, as in respect of the female characters? Mr. White is too wise and too ripe in the theme to question it. The truth seems to be, that Shakespeare saw more of great and good in both man and woman as he became older and knew them better; for he was full of intellectual righteousness in this as in other things. But if there must be any conjecturing about it, we prefer to conjecture that the poet caught his ideas of womanhood, or at least the rudiments of them, from his mother, and other specimens of the sex in his native town. For in this matter it may with something of special fitness be said that a man finds what he brings with him the faculty of finding; and he who does not learn respect for woman in the nursery and at the fireside will hardly learn it at all. The poet's mind did not stay on the surface of things. He had the head to know, and the heart to feel, the claims of humble, modest worth; for, as he was the wisest, so was he also the most human-hearted of men. And to his keen, yet kindly eye, the plain-thoughted women of Stratford may well have been as pure, as sweet, as lovely, as rich in all the inward graces which he delighted to unfold in his female characters, as anything he afterwards

found among the fine ladies of the metropolis: though far be it from us to disrepute these latter; for he was, by the best of all rights, a thorough gentleman; and the ladies who pleased him in London had womanhood enough, no doubt, to recognize him as such, without the flourishes of rank. At all events, it is reasonable to infer that the foundations of his mind were laid before he left Stratford, and that the gatherings of the boy's eye and heart were the germs of the man's thoughts. And, indeed, if his great social heart had found all the best delights of society in London, how should he have been so desirous, as Mr. White allows he was, to escape from the city, and set up his rest in his Stratford home?

Mr. White's history of the Drama, though far from copious, supplies enough, perhaps, to put the reader right as regards Shakespeare's historical relations to that great branch of English literature. From what is there given, any one can, with reasonable attention, learn that the English drama, as we have it in Shakespeare, was the well-ripened fruit of centuries of preparation: the form, structure, and order of the thing being settled long before his time. The attentive reader will also see, though this point is not emphasized so much as it might be, that the national mind and taste were ready and eager to welcome the right man as soon as the right man came; so that, in catering wisely for the public taste, the poet could hardly fail of the supremacy due to his transcendent genius; which infers, of course, that the public taste had nearly as much to do in forming him as he had in forming it. On one or two points, as, for instance, in the matter of Shakespeare's senior contemporaries, we should have preferred a somewhat larger outlay of the author's learned and well-practised strength; while, again, in reference to the old plays of "Jeronimo" and "The Spanish Tragedy," he might well have used more economy of strength, as the matter is neither interesting in itself nor helpful to his purpose. Here is a specimen of his felicity, referring to the plays of old John Lily, the euphuist.

"They are in all respects opposed to the genius of the English drama. They do not even pretend to be representations of human life and human character, but are pure fantasy pieces, in which the personages are a heterogeneous medley of Grecian gods and goddesses, and impassible, colorless crea-

tures, with sublunary names, all thinking with one brain, and speaking with one tongue, — the conceitful, crotchety brain, and the dainty, well-trained tongue of clever, witty John Lily."

This is, indeed, the exact truth of the matter, and it could hardly be better said. On divers points, however, the little that he gives us just sets the reader on fire for more: that is, he does not satisfy the desire quite enough in proportion as he stimulates it. But he probably goes on the safe principle, that in such cases an intelligent reader is apt to crave more than he will justify a writer in giving; or, in other words, that he does not seem to have enough, until he has too much.

But the "Essay" is most decidedly the jewel of the volume: not, however, to disparage the other parts; for it is worthy to be the jewel of anybody's volume. A single reading of the "Essay," as it ought to be read, will suffice to make any one glad to own the book, and will almost certainly induce him to mark it down for a second reading, as the second also will for a third. The work, indeed, is a positive, and we think it will prove a permanent, addition to our already opulent inheritance of Shakespearian criticism. It is weighty throughout with fresh, yet sober and well-considered thought, expressed in tight and sinewy English, — every part being highly elaborate, but nothing over-labored. The author discusses a large number of topics, all in "a manly style, fitted to manly ears," but is particularly full and instructive in regard to the poet's language and style: a rich field, indeed, which has not been proportionably cultivated by the poet's later critics, who have put their force mainly on what may be called his dramatic architecture, and on his development of character, where there is more room to be philosophical, but less chance of determinate results. Over this field Mr. White walks with the firm, yet graceful step of a master: his current of thought running deep, strong, and clear, and carrying us through page after page full of nice and subtle discrimination, without over-refinement, and of illustrations apt and luminous, yet without a touch of false brilliancy or mere smartness; which is saying a good deal, in these days of high-pressure rhetoric.

We commend the "Essay" to all lovers of solid and well-proportioned critical discourse.

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GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR, JEALOUSY.

CHAPTER I.

"**T**HEN I say, once for all, that priest shall never darken my doors again."

"Then I say they are my doors, and not yours, and that holy man shall brighten them whenever he will."

The gentleman and lady, who faced each other pale and furious, and interchanged this bitter defiance, were man and wife, and had loved each other well.

Miss Catharine Peyton was a young lady of ancient family in Cumberland, and the most striking, but least popular, beauty in the county. She was very tall and straight, and carried herself a little too imperiously; yet she would sometimes relax and all but dissolve that haughty figure, and hang sweetly drooping over her favorites; then the contrast was delicious, and the woman fascinating.

Her hair was golden and glossy, her eyes a lovely gray; and she had a way of turning them on slowly and full, so that their victim could not fail to observe two things: first, that they were

grand and beautiful orbs; secondly, that they were thoughtfully overlooking him, instead of looking at him.

So contemplated by glorious eyes, a man feels small and bitter.

Catharine was apt to receive the blunt compliments of the Cumberland squires with this sweet, celestial, superior gaze, and for this and other imperial charms was more admired than liked.

The family estate was entailed on her brother; her father spent every farthing he could; so she had no money, and no expectations, except from a distant cousin,—Mr. Charlton, of Hershaw Castle and Bolton Hall.

Even these soon dwindled. Mr. Charlton took a fancy to his late wife's relation, Griffith Gaunt, and had him into his house, and treated him as his heir. This disheartened two admirers who had hitherto sustained Catharine Peyton's gaze, and they retired. Come-ly girls, girls long-nosed, but rich, girls snub-nosed, but winning, married on all sides of her; but the imperial beauty remained Miss Peyton at two-and-twenty.

She was rather kind to the poor;

would give them money out of her slender purse, and would even make clothes for the women, and sometimes read to them: very few of them could read to themselves in that day. All she required in return was, that they should be Roman Catholics, like herself, or at least pretend they might be brought to that faith by little and little.

She was a high-minded girl, and could be a womanly one, — whenever she chose.

She hunted about twice a week in the season, and was at home in the saddle, for she had ridden from a child; but so ingrained was her character, that this sport, which more or less unsexes most women, had no perceptible effect on her mind, nor even on her manners. The scarlet riding-habit and little purple cap, and the great, white, bony horse she rode, were often seen in a good place at the end of a long run; but, for all that, the lady was a most ungenial fox-huntress. She never spoke a word but to her acquaintances, and wore a settled air of dreamy indifference, except when the hounds happened to be in full cry, and she galloping at their heels. Worse than that, when the dogs were running into the fox, and his fate certain, she had been known to rein in her struggling horse, and pace thoughtfully home, instead of coming in at the death, and claiming the brush.

One day, being complimented at the end of a hard run by the gentleman who kept the hounds, she turned her celestial orbs on him, and said, —

“Nay, Sir Ralph, I love to gallop; and this sorry business gives me an excuse.”

It was full a hundred years ago. The country teemed with foxes; but it abounded in stiff coverts, and a knowing fox was sure to run from one to another; and then came wearisome efforts to dislodge him; and then Miss Peyton’s gray eyes used to explore vacancy, and ignore her companions, biped and quadruped.

But one day they drew Yewtree Brow, and found a stray fox. At Gaylad’s

first note he broke cover, and went away for home across the open country. A hedger saw him steal out, and gave a view halloo; the riders came round helter-skelter; the dogs in cover one by one threw up their noses and voices; the horns blew, the canine music swelled to a strong chorus, and away they swept across country, — dogs, horses, men; and the Deuse take the hindmost!

It was a gallant chase, and our dreamy virgin’s blood got up. Erect, but lithe and vigorous, and one with her great white gelding, she came flying behind the foremost riders, and took leap for leap with them. One glossy, golden curl streamed back in the rushing air; her gray eyes glowed with earthly fire; and two red spots on the upper part of her cheeks showed she was much excited, without a grain of fear. Yet in the first ten minutes one gentleman was unhorsed before her eyes, and one came to grief along with his animal, and a thorough-bred chestnut was galloping and snorting beside her with empty saddle. Presently young Featherstone, who led her by about fifteen yards, crashed through a high hedge, and was seen no more, but heard wallowing in the deep, unsuspected ditch beyond. There was no time to draw bridle. “Lie still, Sir, if you please,” said Catharine, with cool civility; then up rein, in spur, and she cleared the ditch and its muddy contents, alive and dead, and away without looking behind her.

On, on, on, till all the pinks and buckskins, erst so smart, were splashed with clay and dirt of every hue, and all the horses’ late glossy coats were bathed with sweat and lathered with foam, and their gaping nostrils blowing and glowing red; and then it was that Harrowden Brook, swollen wide and deep by the late rains, came right between the fox and Dogmore Underwood, for which he was making.

The hunt sweeping down a hillside caught sight of Reynard running for the brook. They made sure of him now. But he lapped a drop, and then slipped in, and soon crawled out on the other

side, and made feebly for the covert, weightied with wet fur.

At sight of him, the hunt hallooed and trumpeted, and came tearing on with fresh vigor.

But when they came near the brook, lo, it was twenty feet wide, and running fast and brown. Some riders skirted it, looking for a narrow part. Two horses, being spurred at it, came to the bank, and then went rearing round on their heels, depositing one hat and another rider in the current. One gallant steed planted his feet like a tower, and snorted down at the water. One flopped gravely in, and had to swim, and be dragged out. Another leaped, and landed with his feet on the other bank, his haunches in the water, and his rider curled round his neck, and glaring out between his retroverted ears.

But Miss Peyton encouraged her horse with spur and voice, set her teeth, turned rather pale this time, and went at the brook with a rush, and cleared it like a deer. She and the huntsman were almost alone together on the other side, and were as close to the dogs as the dogs were to poor Pug, when he slipped through a run in a quickset hedge, and, reducing the dogs to single file, glided into Dogmore Underwood, a stiff hazel coppice of five years' growth.

The other riders soon straggled up, and then the thing was to get him out again. There were a few narrow roads cut in the underwood; and up and down these the huntsman and whipper-in went trotting, and encouraged the stanch hounds, and whipped the skulkers back into covert. Others galloped uselessly about, pounding the earth, for daisy-cutters were few in those days; and Miss Peyton relapsed into the transcendental. She sat in one place, with her elbow on her knee, and her fair chin supported by two fingers, as undisturbed by the fracas of horns and voices as an equestrian statue of Diana.

She sat so still and so long at a corner of the underwood that at last the harassed fox stole out close to her with lolling tongue and eye askant, and took the open field again. She thrilled at

first sight of him, and her cheeks burned; but her quick eye took in all the signs of his distress, and she sat quiet, and watched him coolly. Not so her horse. He plunged, and then trembled all over, and planted his fore-feet together at this angle \, and parted his hind-legs a little, and so stood quivering, with cocked ears, and peeped over a low paling at the retiring quadruped, and fretted and sweated in anticipation of the gallop his long head told him was to follow. He looked a deal more statuesque than any three statues in England, and all about a creature not up to his knee. — And by the bye: the gentlemen who carve horses in our native isle, did they ever see one, — out of an omnibus? — The whipper-in came by, and found him in this gallant attitude, and suspected the truth, but, observing the rider's tranquil position, thought the fox had only popped out and then in again. However, he fell in with the huntsman, and told him Miss Peyton's gray had seen something. The hounds appeared puzzled; and so the huntsman rode round to Miss Peyton, and, touching his cap, asked her if she had seen nothing of the fox.

She looked him dreamily in the face.

"The fox?" said she; "he broke cover ten minutes ago."

The man blew his horn lustily, and then asked her reproachfully why she had not tally-hoed him, or winded her horn: with that he blew his own again impatiently.

Miss Peyton replied, very slowly and pensively, that the fox had come out soiled and fatigued, and trailing his brush. "I looked at him," said she, "and I pitied him. He was one, and we are many; he was so little, and we are so big; *he had given us a good gallop*; and so I made up my mind he should live to run another day."

The huntsman stared stupidly at her for a moment, then burst into a torrent of oaths, then blew his horn till it was hoarse, then cursed and swore till he was hoarse himself, then to his horn again, and dogs and men came rushing to the sound.

"Couple up, and go home to supper," said Miss Peyton, quietly. "The fox is half-way to Gallowstree Gorse; and you won't get him out of that this afternoon, I promise you."

As she said this, she just touched her horse with the spur, leaped the low hedge in front of her, and cantered slowly home across country. She was one that seldom troubled the hard road, go where she would.

She had ridden about a mile, when she heard a horse's feet behind her. She smiled, and her color rose a little; but she cantered on.

"Halt, in the king's name!" shouted a mellow voice; and a gentleman galloped up to her side, and reined in his mare.

"What! have they killed?" inquired Catharine, demurely.

"Not they; he is in the middle of Gallowstree Gorse by now."

"And is this the way to Gallowstree Gorse?"

"Nay, Mistress," said the young man; "but when the fox heads one way and the deer another, what is a poor hunter to do?"

"Follow the slower, it seems."

"Say the lovelier and the dearer, sweet Kate."

"Now, Griffith, you know I hate flattery," said Kate; and the next moment came a soft smile, and belied this unsocial sentiment.

"Flattery?" said the lover. "I have no tongue to speak half your praises. I think the people in this country are as blind as bats, or they 'd"—

"All except Mr. Griffith Gaunt; *he* has found a paragon, where wiser people see a wayward, capricious girl."

"Then *he* is the man for you. Don't you see that, Mistress?"

"No, I don't quite see that," said the lady, dryly.

This cavalier reply caused a dismay the speaker never intended. The fact is, Mr. George Neville, young, handsome, and rich, had lately settled in the neighborhood, and had been greatly smitten with Kate. The county was talking about it, and Griffith had been

secretly on thorns for some days past. And now he could hide his uneasiness no longer; he cried out, in a sharp, trembling voice,—

"Why, Kate, my dear Kate! what! could you love any man but me? Could you be so cruel? could you? There, let me get off my horse, and lie down on this stubble, and you ride over me, and trample me to death. I would rather have you trample on my ribs than on my heart, with loving any one but me."

"Why, what now?" said Catharine, drawing herself up; "I must scold you handsomely"; and she drew rein and turned full upon him; but by this means she saw his face was full of real distress; so, instead of reprimanding him, she said, gently, "Why, Griffith, what is to do? Are you not my servant? Do not I send you word, whenever I dine from home?"

"Yes, dearest; and then I call at that house, and stick there till they guess what I would be at, and ask me, too."

Catharine smiled, and proceeded to remind him that thrice a week she permitted him to ride over from Bolton, (a distance of fifteen miles,) to see her.

"Yes," replied Griffith, "and I must say you always come, wet or dry, to the shrubbery-gate, and put your hand in mine a minute. And, Kate," said he, piteously, "at the bare thought of your putting that same dear hand in another man's, my heart turns sick within me, and my skin burns and trembles on me."

"But you have no cause," said Catharine, soothingly. "Nobody, except yourself, doubts my affection for you. You are often thrown in my teeth, Griffith,—and" (clenching her own) "I like you all the better, of course."

Griffith replied with a burst of gratitude; and then, as men will, proceeded to encroach.

"Ah," said he, "if you would but pluck up courage, and take the matrimonial fence with me at once."

Miss Peyton sighed at that, and drooped a little upon her saddle. After a pause, she enumerated the "just imped-

iments." She reminded him that neither of them had means to marry on.

He made light of that; he should soon have plenty; Mr. Charlton has as good as told him he was to have Bolton Hall and Grange: "Six hundred acres, Kate, besides the park and paddocks."

In his warmth he forgot that Catharine was to have been Mr. Charlton's heir. Catharine was too high-minded to bear Griffith any grudge; but she colored a little, and said she was averse to come to him a penniless bride.

"Why, what matters it which of us has the dross, so that there is enough for both?" said Griffith, with an air of astonishment.

Catharine smiled approbation, and tacitly yielded that point. But then she objected the "difference in their faith."

"Oh, honest folk get to heaven by different roads," said Griffith, carelessly.

"I have been taught otherwise," replied Catharine, gravely.

"Then give me your hand and I'll give you my soul," said Griffith Gaunt, impetuously. "I'll go to heaven your way, if you can't go mine. Anything sooner than be parted in this world or the next."

She looked at him in silence; and it was in a faint, half apologetic tone she objected, that all her kinsfolk were set against it.

"It is not their business; it is ours," was the prompt reply.

"Well, then," said Catharine, sadly, "I suppose I must tell you the true reason: I feel I should not make you happy; I do not love you quite as you want to be loved, as you deserve to be loved. You need not look so; nothing in flesh and blood is your rival. But my heart bleeds for the Church; I think of her ancient glory in this kingdom, and, when I see her present condition, I long to devote myself to her service. I am very fit to be an abbess or a nun, — most unfit to be a wife. No, no, — I must not, ought not, dare not, marry a Protestant. Take the advice of one

who esteems you dearly; leave me, — fly from me, — forget me, — do everything but hate me. Nay, do not hate me; you little know the struggle in my mind. Farewell; the saints, whom you scorn, watch over and protect you! Farewell!"

And with this she sighed, and struck her spur into the gray, and he darted off at a gallop.

Griffith, little able to cope with such a character as this, sat petrified, and would have been rooted to the spot, if he had happened to be on foot. But his mare set off after her companion, and a chase of a novel kind commenced. Catharine's horse was fresher than Griffith's mare, and the latter, not being urged by her petrified master, lost ground.

But when she drew near to her father's gate, Catharine relaxed her speed, and Griffith rejoined her.

She had already half relented, and only wanted a warm and resolute wooer to bring her round. But Griffith was too sore, and too little versed in woman. Full of suspicion and bitterness, he paced gloomy and silent by her side, till they reached the great avenue that led to her father's house.

And while he rides alongside the capricious creature in sulky silence, I may as well reveal a certain foible in his own character.

This Griffith Gaunt was by no means deficient in physical courage; but he was instinctively disposed to run away from mental pain the moment he lost hope of driving it away from him. For instance, if Catharine had been ill and her life in danger, he would have ridden day and night to save her, — would have beggared himself to save her; but if she had died, he would either have killed himself, or else fled the country, and so escaped the sight of every object that was associated with her and could agonize him. I do not think he could have attended the funeral of one he loved.

The mind, as well as the body, has its self-protecting instincts. This of Griffith's was, after all, an instinct of

that class, and, under certain circumstances, is true wisdom. But Griffith, I think, carried the instinct to excess; and that is why I call it his foible.

"Catharine," said he, resolutely, "let me ride by your side to the house for once; for I read your advice my own way, and I mean to follow it: after to-day you will be troubled with me no more. I have loved you these three years, I have courted you these two years, and I am none the nearer; I see I am not the man you mean to marry: so I shall do as my father did, ride down to the coast, and sell my horse, and ship for foreign parts."

"Oh, as you will," said Catharine, haughtily: she quite forgot she had just recommended him to do something of this very kind.

Presently she stole a look. His fine ruddy cheek was pale; his manly brown eyes were moist; yet a gloomy and resolute expression on his tight-drawn lips. She looked at him sidelong, and thought how often he had ridden thirty miles on that very mare to get a word with her at the shrubbery-gate. And now the mare to be sold! The man to go broken-hearted to sea,—perhaps to his death! Her good heart began to yearn.

"Griffith," said she, softly, "it is not as if I were going to wed anybody else. Is it nothing to be preferred by her you say you love? If I were you, I would do nothing rash. Why not give me a little time? In truth, I hardly know my own mind about it two days together."

"Kate," said the young man, firmly, "I am courting you this two years. If I wait two years more, it will be but to see the right man come and carry you in a month; for so girls are won, when they are won at all. Your sister that is married and dead, she held Josh Pitt in hand for years; and what is the upshot? Why, he wears the willow for her to this day; and her husband married again, before her grave was green. Nay, I have done all an honest man can to woo you; so take me now, or let me go."

At this, Kate began to waver secretly, and ask herself whether it would not be better to yield, since he was so abominably resolute.

But the unlucky fellow did not leave well alone. He went on to say,—

"Once out of sight of this place, I may cure myself of my fancy. Here I never could."

"Oh," said Catharine, directly, "if you are so bent on being cured, it would not become me to say nay."

Griffith Gaunt bit his lip and hung his head, and made no reply.

The patience with which he received her hard speech was more apparent than real; but it told. Catharine, receiving no fresh positive provocation, relented again of her own accord, and, after a considerable silence, whispered, softly,—

"Think how we should all miss you."

Here was an overture to reconciliation. But, unfortunately, it brought out what had long been rankling in Griffith's mind, and was in fact the real cause of the misunderstanding.

"Oh," said he, "those I care for will soon find another to take my place! Soon? quotha. They have not waited till I was gone for that."

"Ah, indeed!" said Catharine, with some surprise; then, like the quick-witted girl she was, "so this is what all the coil is about."

She then, with a charming smile, begged him to inform her who was his destined successor in her esteem. Griffith colored purple at her cool hypocrisy, (for such he considered it,) and replied, almost fiercely,—

"Who but that young black-a-viséd George Neville, that you have been coquetting with this month past,—and danced all night with him at Lady Munster's ball, you did."

Catharine blushed, and said, deprecatingly,—

"You were not there, Griffith, or to be sure I had not danced with *him*."

"And he toasts you by name, wherever he goes."

"Can I help that? Wait till I toast

him, before you make yourself ridiculous, and me very angry — about nothing."

Griffith, sticking to his one idea, replied, doggedly, —

"Mistress Alice Peyton shilly-shal-
lied with her true lover for years, till
Richard Hilton came, that was not fit
to tie his shoes; and then" —

Catharine cut him short, —

"Affront me, if nothing less will serve;
but spare my sister in her grave."

She began the sentence angrily, but
concluded it in a broken voice. Griff-
fith was half disarmed; but only half.
He answered, sullenly, —

"She did not die till she had jilted
an honest gentleman and broken his
heart, and married a sot, to her cost.
And you are of her breed, when all is
done; and now that young coxcomb
has come, like Dick Hilton, between
you and me."

"But I do not encourage him."

"You do not *discourage* him," retort-
ed Griffith, "or he would not be so hot
after you. Were you ever the woman
to say, 'I have a servant already that
loves me dear'? That one frank word
had sent him packing."

Miss Peyton colored, and the water
came into her eyes.

"I may have been imprudent," she
murmured. "The young gentleman
made me smile with his extravagance.
I never thought to be misunderstood
by him, far less by you." Then, sud-
denly, as bold as brass, — "It's all your
fault; if he had the power to make you
uneasy, why did you not check me be-
fore?"

"Ay, forsooth, and have it cast in my
teeth I was a jealous monster, and play-
ed the tyrant before my time. A poor
fellow scarce knows what to be at that
loves a coquette."

"Coquette I am none," replied the
lady, bridling magnificently.

Griffith took no notice of this inter-
ruption. He proceeded to say that he
had hitherto endured this intrusion of
a rival in silence, though with a sore
heart, hoping his patience might touch
her, or the fire go out of itself. But at
last, unable to bear it any longer in si-

lence, he had shown his wound to one
he knew could feel for him, his poor
friend Pitt. Pitt had then let him know
that his own mistake had been over-
confidence in Alice Peyton's constancy.

"He said to me, 'Watch your Kate
close, and, at the first blush of a rival,
say you to her, Part with him, or part
with me.'"

Catharine pinned him directly.

"And this is how you take Joshua
Pitt's advice, — by offering to run away
from this sorry rival."

The shrewd reply, and a curl of the
lip, half arch, half contemptuous, that
accompanied the thrust, staggered the
less ready Griffith. He got puzzled, and
showed it.

"Well, but," stammered he at last,
"your spirit is high; I was mostly
afraid to put it so plump to you. So I
thought I would go about a bit. How-
ever, it comes to the same thing; for
this I do know, — that, if you refuse me
your hand this day, it is to give it to
a new acquaintance, as your Alice did
before you. And if it is to be so, 't is
best for me to be gone: best for *him*,
and best for you. You don't know me,
Kate; for, as clever as you are, at the
thought of your playing me false, af-
ter all these years, and marrying that
George Neville, my heart turns to ice,
and then to fire, and my head seems
ready to burst, and my hands to do mad
and bloody acts. Ay, I feel I should
kill him, or you, or both, at the church-
porch. Ah!"

He suddenly griped her arm, and at
the same time involuntarily checked his
mare.

Both horses stopped.

She raised her head with an inquir-
ing look, and saw her lover's face dis-
colored with passion, and so strangely
convulsed that she feared at first he
was in a fit, or stricken with death or
palsy.

She uttered a cry of alarm, and stretch-
ed forth her hand towards him.

But the next moment she drew it back
from him; for, following his eye, she
discerned the cause of this ghastly look.
Her father's house stood at the end of

the avenue they had just entered; but there was another approach to it, namely, by a bridle-road at right angles to the avenue or main entrance; and up that bridle-road a gentleman was walking his horse, and bid fair to meet them at the hall-door.

It was young Neville. There was no mistaking his piebald charger for any other animal in that county.

Kate Peyton glanced from lover to lover, and shuddered at Griffith. She was familiar with petty jealousy; she had even detected it pinching or coloring many a pretty face that tried very hard to hide it all the time. But that was nothing to what she saw now: hitherto she had but beheld the feeling of jealousy; but now she witnessed the livid passion of jealousy writhing in every lineament of a human face. That terrible passion had transfigured its victim in a moment: the ruddy, genial, kindly Griffith, with his soft brown eye, was gone; and in his place lowered a face older, and discolored, and convulsed, and almost demoniacal.

Women (wiser, perhaps, in this than men) take their strongest impressions by the eye, not ear. Catharine, I say, looked at him she had hitherto thought she knew, — looked and feared him. And even while she looked and shuddered, Griffith spurred his mare sharply, and then drew her head across the gray gelding's path. It was an instinctive impulse to bar the lady he loved from taking another step towards the place where his rival awaited her.

"I cannot bear it," he gasped. "Choose you now, once for all, between that puppy there and me": and he pointed with his riding-whip at his rival, and waited with his teeth clenched for her decision.

The movement was rapid, the gesture large and commanding, and the words manly: for what says the fighting poet?—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

CHAPTER II.

MISS PEYTON drew herself up and back by one motion, like a queen at bay; but still she eyed him with a certain respect, and was careful now not to provoke nor pain him needlessly.

"I prefer *you*, — though you speak harshly to me, Sir," said she, with gentle dignity.

"Then give me your hand, with *that man* in sight, and end my torments; promise to marry me this very week. Ah, Kate, have pity on your poor, faithful servant, who has loved you so long!"

"I do, Griffith, I do," said she, sweetly; "but I shall never marry now. Only set your mind at rest about Mr. Neville there. He has never asked me, for one thing."

"He soon will, then."

"No, no; I declare I will be very cool to him, after what you have said to me. But I cannot marry you, neither. I dare not. Listen to me, and do, pray, govern your temper, as I am doing mine. I have often read of men with a passion for jealousy, — I mean, men whose jealousy feeds upon air, and defies reason. I know you now for such a man. Marriage would not cure this madness; for wives do not escape admiration any more than maids. Something tells me you would be jealous of every fool that paid me some stale compliment, jealous of my female friends, and jealous of my relations, and perhaps jealous of your own children, and of that holy, persecuted Church which must still have a large share of *my* heart. No, no; your face and your words have shown me a precipice. I tremble and draw back, and now I never *will* marry at all: from this day I give myself to the Church."

Griffith did not believe one word of all this.

"That is your answer to me," said he, bitterly. "When the right man puts the question (and he is not far off) you will tell another tale. You take me for a fool, and you mock me; you are not the lass to die an old maid: and men are not the fools to let you. With faces like yours, the new servant comes before

the old one is gone. Well, I have got my answer. County Cumberland, you are no place for me! The ways and the fields we two have ridden together,—oh, how could I bear their sight without my dear? Why, what a poor-spirited fool I am to stay and whine! Come, Mistress, your lover waits you there, and your discarded servant knows good-breeding: he leaves the country not to spoil your sport."

Catharine panted heavily.

"Well, Sir," said she, "then it is your doing, not mine. Will you not even shake hands with me, Griffith?"

"I were a brute else," sighed the jealous one, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "I have spent the happiest hours of my life beside you. If I loved thee less, I had never left thee."

He clung a little while to her hands, more like a drowning man than anything else, then let them go, and suddenly shook his clenched fist in the direction of George Neville, and cried out with a savage yell,—

"My curse on him that parts us twain! And you, Kate, may God bless you single, and curse you married! and that is my last word in Cumberland."

"Amen!" said Catharine, resignedly.

And even with this they wheeled their horses apart, and rode away from each other: she very pale, but erect with wounded pride; he reeling in his saddle like a drunken man.

And so Griffith Gaunt, stung mad by jealousy, affronted his sweetheart, the proudest girl in Cumberland, and, yielding to his foible, fled from his pain.

Our foibles are our manias.

CHAPTER III.

MISS PEYTON was shocked and grieved; but she was also affronted and wounded. Now anger seems to have some fine buoyant quality, which makes it rise and come uppermost in an agitated mind. She rode proudly into the court-yard of her father's house, and would not look once behind to see the last of her perverse lover.

The old groom, Joe, who had taught her to ride when she was six years old, saw her coming, and hobbled out to hold her horse, while she alighted.

"Mistress Kate," said he, "have you seen Master Griffith Gaunt anywheres?"

The young lady colored at this question.

"Why?" said she.

"Why?" repeated old Joe, a little contemptuously. "Why, where have *you* been not to know the country is out after un? First comed Jock Den-net, with his horse all in a lather, to say old Mr. Charlton was took ill, and had asked for Master Griffith. I told him to go to Dogmore Copse: 'Our Kate is a-hunting to-day,' says I; 'and your Griffith, he is sure not to be far from her gelding's tail'; a sticks in his spurs and away a goes. What, ha'n't you seen Jock, neither?"

"No, no," replied Miss Peyton, impatiently. "What, is there anything the matter?"

"The matter, quo' she! Why, Jock had n't been gone an hour when in rides the new footman all in a lather, and brings a letter for Master Griffith from the old gentleman's housekeeper. 'You leave the letter with me, in case,' says I, and I sends him a-field after t' other. Here be the letter."

He took off his cap and produced the letter.

Catharine started at the sight of it.

"Alack!" said she, "this is a heavy day. Look, Joe; sealed with black. Poor Cousin Charlton! I doubt he is no more."

Joe shook his head expressively, and told her the butcher had come from that part not ten minutes ago, with word that the blinds were all down at Bolton Hall.

Poor human nature! A gleam of joy shot through Catharine's heart; this sad news would compel Griffith to stay at home and bury his benefactor; and that delay would give him time to reflect; and, somehow or other, she felt sure it would end in his not going at all.

But these thoughts had no sooner passed through her than she was ashamed of them and of herself. What! wel-

come that poor old man's death because it would keep her cross-grained lover at home? Her cheeks burned with shame; and, with a superfluous exercise of self-defence, she retired from Old Joe, lest he should divine what was passing in her mind.

But she was so wrapt in thought that she carried the letter away with her unconsciously.

As she passed through the hall, she heard George Neville and her father in animated conversation. She mounted the stairs softly, and went into a little boudoir of her own on the first floor, and sat down. The house stood high, and there was a very expansive and beautiful view of the country from this window. She sat down by it and drooped, and looked wistfully through the window, and thought of the past, and fell into a sad reverie. Pity began to soften her pride and anger, and presently two gentle tears dimmed her glorious eyes a moment, then stole down her delicate cheeks.

While she sat thus lost in the past, jovial voices and creaking boots broke suddenly upon her ear, and came up the stairs; they jarred upon her; so she cast one last glance out of the window, and rose to get out of their way, if possible. But it was too late; a heavy step came to the door, and a ruddy, Port-drinking face peeped in. It was her father.

"See-ho!" roared the jovial Squire. "I've found the hare on her form; bide thou outside a moment."

And he entered the room; but he had no sooner closed the door than his whole manner changed from loud and jolly to agitated and subdued.

"Kate, my girl," said he, piteously, "I have been a bad father to thee. I have spent all the money that should have been thine; thy poor father can scarce look thee in the face. So now I bring thee a good husband; be a good child now, and a dutiful. Neville's Court is his, and Neville's Cross will be, by the entail; and so will the baronetcy. I shall see my girl Lady Neville."

"Never, papa, never!" cried Kate.

"Hush! hush!" said the Squire, and put up his hand to her in great agitation and alarm; "hush, or he will hear ye. Kate," he whispered, "are you mad? Little I thought, when he asked to see me, it was to offer marriage. Be a good girl now; don't you quarrel with good luck. You are not fit to be poor; and you have made enemies: do but think how they will flout you when I die, and Bill's jade of a wife puts you to the door, as she will. And now you can triumph over them all, my Lady Neville, — and make your poor father happy, my Lady Neville. Enough said, for I promised you; so don't go and make a fool of me, and yourself into the bargain. And — and — a word in your ear: he hath lent me a hundred pounds."

At this climax, the father hung his head; the daughter winced and moaned out, —

"Papa, how *could* you?"

Mr. Peyton had gradually descended to that intermediate stage of degradation, when the substance of dignity is all gone, but its shadow, shame, remains. He stamped impatiently on the ground, and cut his humiliation short by rushing out of the room.

"Here, try your own luck, youngster," he cried at the door. "She knows my mind."

He trampled down the stairs, and young George Neville knocked respectfully at the door, though it was half open, and came in with youth's light foot, and a handsome face flushed into beauty by love and hope.

Miss Peyton's eye just swept him as he entered, and with the same movement she turned away her fair head and blushing cheek towards the window; yet — must I own it? — she quietly moulded the letter that lay in her lap, so that the address was no longer visible to the new-comer.

(Small secrecy, verging on deceit, you are bred in woman's bones!)

This blushing and averted cheek is one of those equivocal receptions that have puzzled many a sensible man. It is a sign of coy love; it is a sign of

gentle aversion; *our* mode of interpreting it is simple and judicious: whichever it happens to be, we go and take it for the other.

The brisk, bold wooer that now engaged Kate Peyton was not the man to be dashed by a woman's coyness. Handsome, daring, good-humored, and vain, he had everything in his favor but his novelty.

Look at Kate! her eye lingers wistfully on that disconsolate horseman whose every step takes him farther from her; but George has her ear, and draws closer and closer to it, and pours love's mellow murmurs into it.

He told her he had made the grand tour, and seen the beauties of every land, but none like her; other ladies had certainly pleased his eye for a moment, but she alone had conquered his heart. He said many charming things to her, such as Griffith Gaunt had never said. Amongst the rest, he assured her the beauty of her person would not alone have fascinated him so deeply; but he had seen the beauty of her mind in those eyes of hers, that seemed not eyes, but souls; and begging her pardon for his presumption, he aspired to wed her mind.

Such ideas had often risen in Kate's own mind; but to hear them from a man was new. She looked askant through the window at the lessening Griffith, and thought "how the grand tour improves a man!" and said, as coldly as she could,—

"I esteem you, Sir, and cannot but be flattered by sentiments so superior to those I am used to hear; but let this go no farther. I shall never marry now."

Instead of being angry at this, or telling her she wanted to marry somebody else, as the injudicious Griffith had done, young Neville had the address to treat it as an excellent jest, and drew such comical pictures of all the old maids in the neighborhood that she could not help smiling.

But the moment she smiled, the inflammable George made hot love to her

again. Then she besought him to leave her, piteously. Then he said, cheerfully, he would leave her as soon as ever she had promised to be his. At that she turned sullen and haughty, and looked through the window and took no notice of him whatever. Then, instead of being discouraged or mortified, he showed imperturbable confidence and good-humor, and begged archly to know what interesting object was in sight from that window. On this she blushed and withdrew her eyes from the window, and so they met his. On that he threw himself on his knees, (custom of the day,) and wooed her with such a burst of passionate and tearful eloquence that she began to pity him, and said, lifting her lovely eyes,—

"Alas! I was born to make all those I esteem unhappy!" and she sighed deeply.

"Not a bit of it," said he; "you were born, like the sun, to bless all you shine upon. Sweet Mistress Kate, I love you as these country boors can never be taught to love. I lay my heart, my name, my substance, at your feet; you shall not be loved,—you shall be worshipped. Ah! turn those eyes, brimful of soul, on me again, and let me try and read in them that one day, no matter how distant, the delight of my eyes, the joy of all my senses, the pride of Cumberland, the pearl of England, the flower of womankind, the rival of the angels, the darling of George Neville's heart, will be George Neville's wife."

Fire and water were in his eyes, passion in every tone; his manly hand grasped hers and trembled, and drew her gently towards him.

Her bosom heaved; his passionate male voice and touch electrified her, and made her flutter.

"Spare me this pain," she faltered; and she looked through the window and thought, "Poor Griffith was right, after all, and I was wrong. He had cause for jealousy, and CAUSE FOR FEAR."

And then she pitied him who panted at her side, and then she was sorry for him who rode away disconsolate, still lessening to her eye; and what with

this conflict and the emotion her quarrel with Griffith had already caused her, she leaned her head back against the shutter, and began to sob low, but almost hysterically.

Now Mr. George Neville was neither a fool nor a novice; if he had never been downright in love before, (which I crave permission to doubt,) he had gone far enough on that road to make one Italian lady, two French, one Austrian, and one Creole, in love with him; and each of these love-affairs had given him fresh insight into the ways of woman. Enlightened by so many bitter-sweet experiences, he saw at once that there was something more going on inside Kate's heaving bosom than he could have caused by offering her his hand. He rose from his knees and leaned against the opposite shutter, and fixed his eyes a little sadly, but very observantly, on her, as she leaned back against the shutter, sobbing low, but hysterically, and quivering all over.

"There's some other man at the bottom of this," thought George Neville.

"Miss Kate," said he, gently, "I do not come here to make you weep. I love you like a gentleman. If you love another, take courage, tell me so, and don't let your father constrain your inclinations. Dearly as I love you, I would not wed your person, and your heart another's: that would be too cruel to you, and" (drawing himself up with sudden majesty) "too unjust to myself."

Kate looked up at him through her tears, and admired this man, who could love ardently, yet be proud and just. And if this appeal to her candor had been made yesterday, she would have said, frankly, "There is one I—esteem." But, since the quarrel, she would not own to herself, far less to another, that she loved a man who had turned his back upon her. So she *parried*.

"There is no one I love enough to wed," said she. "I am a cold-hearted girl, born to give pain to my betters. But I shall do something desperate to end all this."

"All what?" said he, keenly.

"The whole thing: my unprofitable life."

"Miss Kate," said Neville, "I asked you, was there another man. If you had answered me, 'In truth there is, but he is poor and my father is averse or the like,' then I would have secretly sought that man, and, as I am very rich, you should have been happy."

"Oh, Mr. Neville, that is very generous, but how meanly you must think of me!"

"And what a bungler you must think me! I tell you, you should never have known. But let that pass; you have answered my question; and you say there is no man you love. Then I say you shall be Dame Neville."

"What, whether I will or no?"

"Yes; whether you *think* you will or no."

Catharine turned her dreamy eyes on him.

"You have had a good master. Why did you not come to me sooner?"

She was thinking more of him than of herself, and, in fact, paying too little heed to her words. But she had no sooner uttered this inadvertent speech than she felt she had said too much. She blushed rosy red, and hid her face in her hands in the most charming confusion.

"Sweetest, it is not an hour too late, as you do not love another," was stout George Neville's reply.

But nevertheless the cunning rogue thought it safest to temporize, and put his coy mistress off her guard. So he ceased to alarm her by pressing the question of marriage, but seduced her into a charming talk, where the topics were not so personal, and only the tones of his voice and the glances of his expressive eyes were caressing. He was on his mettle to please her by hook or by crook, and was delightful, irresistible. He set her at ease, and she began to listen more, and even to smile faintly, and to look through the window a little less perseveringly.

Suddenly the spell was broken for a while.

And by whom?

By the other.

Ay, you may well stare. It sounds strange, but it is true, that the poor forlorn horseman, hanging like a broken man, as he was, over his tired horse, and wending his solitary way from her he loved, and resigning the field, like a goose, to the very rival he feared, did yet (like the retiring Parthian) shoot an arrow right into that pretty boudoir and hit both his sweetheart and his rival, — hit them hard enough to spoil their sport, and make a little mischief between them — for that afternoon, at all events.

The arrow came into the room after this fashion.

Kate was sitting in a very feminine attitude. When a man wants to look in any direction, he turns his body and his eye the same way, and does it; but women love to cast oblique regards; and this their instinct is a fruitful source of their graceful and characteristic postures.

Kate Peyton was at this moment a statue of her sex. Her fair head leaned gently back against the corner of the window-shutter; her pretty feet and fair person in general were opposite George Neville, who sat facing the window, but in the middle of the room; her arms, half pendent, half extended, went listlessly aslant her, and somewhat to the right of her knees, yet, by an exquisite turn of the neck, her gray eyes contrived to be looking dreamily out of the window to her left. Still in this figure, that pointed one way and looked another, there was no distortion; all was easy, and full of that subtle grace we artists call repose.

But suddenly she dissolved this feminine attitude, rose to her feet, and interrupted her wooer civilly.

"Excuse me," said she, "but can you tell me which way that road on the hill leads to?"

Her companion stared a little at so sudden a turn in the conversation, but replied by asking her, with perfect good-humor, what road she meant.

"The one that gentleman on horse-

back has just taken. Surely," she continued, "that road does not take to Bolton Hall."

"Certainly not," said George, following the direction of her finger. "Bolton lies to the right. That road takes to the sea-coast by Otterbury and Stanhope."

"I thought so," said Kate. "How unfortunate! He cannot know; but, indeed, how should he?"

"Who cannot know? and what? You speak in riddles, Mistress. And how pale you are! Are you ill?"

"No, not ill, Sir," faltered Kate; "but you see me much discomposed. My cousin Charlton died this day; and the news met me at the very door." She could say no more.

Mr. Neville, on hearing this news, began to make many excuses for having inadvertently intruded himself upon her on such a day; but, in the midst of his apologies, she suddenly looked him full in the face, and said, with nervous abruptness, —

"You talk like a *preux chevalier*. I wonder whether you would ride five or six miles to do me a service."

"Ay, a thousand!" said the young man, glowing with pleasure. "What is to do?"

Kate pointed through the window.

"You see that gentleman on horseback. Well, I happen to know that he is leaving the country; he thinks that he — that I — that Mr. Charlton has many years to live. He must be told Mr. Charlton is dead, and his presence is required at Bolton Hall. I *should* like somebody to gallop after him, and give him this letter; but my own horse is tired, and I am tired; and, to be frank, there is a little coolness between the gentleman himself and me. Oh, I wish him no ill, but really I am not upon terms — I do not feel complaisant enough to carry a letter after him; yet I do feel that he *must* have it. Do not you think it would be malicious and unworthy in me to keep the news from him, when I know it is so?"

Young Neville smiled.

"Nay, Mistress, why so many words?"

Give me your letter, and I will soon overtake the gentleman: he seems in no great hurry."

Kate thanked him, and made a polite apology for giving him so much trouble, and handed him the letter. When it came to that, she held it out to him rather irresolutely; but he took it promptly, and bowed low, after the fashion of the day. She curtsied; he marched off with alacrity. She sat down again, and put her head in her hand to think it all over, and a chill thought ran through her. Was her conduct wise? What would Griffith think at her employing his rival? Would he not infer Neville had entered her service in more senses than one? Perhaps he would throw the letter in the dirt in a rage, and never read it.

Steps came rapidly, the door opened, and there was George Neville again, but not the same George Neville that went out but thirty seconds before. He stood in the door looking very black, and with a sardonic smile on his lips.

"An excellent jest, Mistress!" said he, ironically.

"Why, what is the matter?" said the lady, stoutly; but her red cheeks belied her assumption of innocence.

"Oh, not much," said George, with a bitter sneer. "It is an old story; only I thought you were nobler than the rest of your sex. This letter is to Mr. Griffith Gaunt."

"Well, Sir!" said Kate, with a face of serene and candid innocence.

"And Mr. Griffith Gaunt is a suitor of yours."

"Say, *was*. He is so no longer. He and I are out. But for that, think you I had even listened to — what you have been saying to me this ever so long?"

"Oh, that alters the case," said George. "But stay!" and he knitted his brows, and reflected.

Up to a moment ago, the loftiness of Catharine Peyton's demeanor, and the celestial something in her soul-like, dreamy eyes, had convinced him she was a creature free from the small dishonesty and lubricity he had noted in so many women otherwise amiable and

good. But this business of the letter had shaken the illusion.

"Stay!" said he, stiffly. "You say Mr. Gaunt and you are out?"

Catharine assented by a movement of her fair head.

"And he is leaving the country. Perhaps this letter is to keep him from leaving the country."

"Only until he has buried his benefactor," murmured Kate, in deprecating accents.

George wore a bitter sneer at this.

"Mistress Kate," said he, after a significant pause, "do you read Molière?"

She bridled a little, and would not reply. She knew Molière quite well enough not to want his wit levelled at her head.

"Do you admire the character of Célimène?"

No reply.

"You do not. How can you? She was too much your inferior. She never sent one of her lovers with a letter to the other to stop his flight. Well, you may eclipse Célimène; but permit me to remind you that I am George Neville, and not Georges Dandin."

Miss Peyton rose from her seat with eyes that literally flashed fire; and — the horrible truth must be told — her first wild impulse was to reply to all this Molière with one cut of her little riding-whip. But she had a swift mind, and two reflections entered it together: first, that this would be unlike a gentlewoman; secondly, that, if she whipped Mr. Neville, however inefficaciously, he would not lend her his piebald horse. So she took stronger measures; she just sank down again, and faltered, —

"I do not understand these bitter words. I have no lover at all; I never will have one again. But it is hard to think I cannot make a friend nor keep a friend," — and so lifted up her hands, and began to cry piteously.

Then the stout George was taken aback, and made to think himself a ruffian.

"Nay, do not weep so, Mistress Kate," said he, hurriedly. "Come, take courage. I am not jealous of Mr. Gaunt,

—a man that hath been two years dangling after you, and could not win you. I look but to my own self-respect in the matter. I know your sex better than you know yourselves. Were I to carry that letter, you would thank me now, but by-and-by despise me. Now, as I mean you to be my wife, I will not risk your contempt. Why not take my horse, put whom you like on him, and so convey the letter to Mr. Gaunt?"

Now this was all the fair mourner wanted; so she said, —

"No, no, she would not be beholden to him for anything; he had spoken harshly to her, and misjudged her cruelly, cruelly, — oh! oh! oh!"

Then he implored her to grant him this small favor; then she cleared up, and said, Well, sooner than bear malice, she would. He thanked her for granting him that favor. She went off with the letter, saying, —

"I will be back anon."

But once she got clear, she opened the door again, and peeped in at him gayly, and said she, —

"Why not ask me who *wrote* the letter, before you compared me to that French coquette?" — and, with this, made him an arch curtsy, and tripped away.

Mr. George Neville opened his eyes with astonishment. This arch question, and Kate's manner of putting it, convinced him the obnoxious missive was not a love-letter at all. He was sorry now, and vexed with himself, for having called her a coquette, and made her cry. After all, what was the mighty favor she had asked of him? To carry a sealed letter from somebody or other to a person who, to be sure, had been her lover, but was so no longer, — a simple act of charity and civility; and he had refused it in injurious terms.

He was glad he had lent his horse, and almost sorry he had not taken the letter himself.

To these chivalrous self-reproaches succeeded an uneasy feeling that perhaps the lady might retaliate somehow. It struck him, on reflection, that the arch query she had let fly at him was

accompanied with a certain sparkle of the laughing eye, such as ere now had, in his experience, preceded a stroke of the feminine claw.

As he walked up and down, uneasy, awaiting the fair one's return, her father came up, and asked him to dine and sleep. What made the invitation more welcomie was, that it in reality came from Kate.

"She tells me she has borrowed your horse," said the Squire; "so, says she, I am bound to take care of you till daylight; and, indeed, our ways are perilous at night."

"She is an angel!" cried the lover, all his ardor revived by this unexpected trait. "My horse, my house, my hand, and my heart are all at her service, by night and day."

Mr. Peyton, to wile away the time before dinner, invited him to walk out and see — a hog, deadly fat, as times went. But Neville denied himself that satisfaction, on the plea that he had his orders to await Miss Peyton's return where he was. The Squire was amused at his excessive docility, and winked, as much as to say, "I have been once upon a time in your plight," and so went and gloried in his hog alone.

The lover fell into a delicious reverie. He enjoyed, by anticipation, the novel pleasure of an evening passed all alone with this charming girl. The father, being friendly to his suit, would go to sleep after dinner; and then, by the subdued light of a wood-fire, he would murmur his love into that sweet ear for hours, until the averted head should come round by degrees, and the delicious lips yield a coy assent. He resolved the night should not close till he had surprised, overpowered, and secured his lovely bride.

These soft meditations reconciled him for a while to the prolonged absence of their object.

In the midst of them, he happened to glance through the window; and he saw a sight that took his very breath away, and rooted him in amazement to the spot. About a mile from the house, a lady in a scarlet habit was galloping

across country as the crow flies. Hedge, ditch, or brook, nothing stopped her an instant ; and as for the pace, —

"She seemed in running to devour the way."

It was Kate Peyton on his piebald horse.

CHAPTER IV.

GRIFFITH GAUNT, unknown to himself, had lost temper as well as heart before he took the desperate step of leaving the country. Now his temper was naturally good ; and ere he had ridden two miles, he recovered it. To his cost ; for the sustaining force of anger being gone, he was alone with his grief. He drew the rein half mechanically, and from a spirited canter declined to a walk.

And the slower he went, the chillier grew his heart, till it lay half ice, half lead, in his bosom.

Parted ! oh, word pregnant with misery !

Never to see those heavenly eyes again, nor hear that silver voice ! Never again to watch that peerless form walk the minuet ; nor see it lift the gray horse over a fence with the grace and spirit that seemed inseparable from it !

Desolation streamed over him at the thought. And next his forlorn mind began to cling even to the inanimate objects that were dotted about the place which held her. He passed a little farm-house into which Kate and he had once been driven by a storm, and had sat together by the kitchen fire ; and the farmer's wife had smiled on them for sweethearts, and made them drink rum and milk and stay till the sun was fairly out.

"Ah ! good-bye, little farm !" he sighed ; "when shall I ever see you again ?"

He passed a brook where they had often stopped together and given their panting horses just a mouthful after a run with the harriers.

"Good-bye, little brook !" said he ; "you will ripple on as before, and warble as you go ; but I shall never drink

at your water more, nor hear your pleasant murmur with her I love."

He sighed and crept away, still making for the sea.

In the icy depression of his heart his body and his senses were half paralyzed, and none would have known the accomplished huntsman in this broken man, who hung anyhow over his mare's neck and went to and fro in the saddle.

When he had gone about five miles, he came to the crest of a hill ; he remembered, that, once past that brow, he could see Peyton Hall no more. He turned slowly and cast a sorrowful look at it.

It was winter, but the afternoon sun had come out bright. The horizontal beams struck full upon the house, and all the western panes shone like burnished gold. Her very abode, how glorious it looked ! And he was to see it no more.

He gazed and gazed at the bright house till love and sorrow dimmed his eyes, and he could see the beloved place no more. Then his dogged will prevailed and carried him away towards the sea, but crying like a woman now, and hanging all dislocated over his horse's mane.

Now about half a mile farther on, as he crept along on a vile and narrow road, all wobegone and broken, he heard a mighty scurry of horse's feet in the field to his left ; he looked languidly up ; and the first thing he saw was a great piebald horse's head and neck in the act of rising in the air, and doubling his fore-legs under him, to leap the low hedge a yard or two in front of him.

He did leap, and landed just in front of Griffith ; his rider curbed him so keenly that he went back almost on his haunches, and then stood motionless all across the road, with quivering tail. A lady in a scarlet riding-habit and purple cap sat him as if he had been a throne instead of a horse, and, without moving her body, turned her head swift as a snake, and fixed her great gray eyes full and searching upon Griffith Gaunt.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

SO spake the matron. Hector left in haste
The mansion, and retraced his way between
The rows of stately dwellings, traversing
The mighty city. When, at length, he reached
The Scaean gates, that issue on the field,
His spouse, the nobly dowered Andromache,
Came forth to meet him, daughter of the Prince
Eëtion, who among the woody slopes
Of Placos, in the Hypoplacian town
Of Thebé, ruled Cilicia's sons, and gave
His child to Hector of the beamy helm.
She came, attended by a maid who bore
A tender child, a babe too young to speak,
Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called
Scamandrius,—but all else Astyanax,
The City's Lord, since Hector stood the sole
Defence of Troy. The father on his child
Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
Pressed to his side, meanwhile, and all in tears
Clung to his hand, and, thus beginning, said:—
“Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
Thy widow: all the Greeks will rush on thee,
To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth;
For I shall have no hope, when thou art gone,—
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother. Great Achilles slew
My father, when he sacked the populous town
Of the Cilicians, Thebé with high gates.
'T was there he smote Eëtion, yet forbore
To make his arms a spoil: he dared not that,
But burned the dead with his bright armor on,
And raised a mound above him. Mountain nymphs,
Daughters of ægis-bearing Jupiter,
Came to the spot and planted it with elms.
Seven brothers had I in my father's house,
And all went down to Hades in one day:
Achilles the swift-footed slew them all,
Among their slow-paced beeves and snow-white flocks.
My mother, princess on the woody slopes
Of Placos, with his spoils he bore away,
And only for large ransom gave her back.
But her Diana, archer-queen, struck down
Within her father's palace. Hector, thou

Art father and dear mother now to me,
And brother, and my youthful spouse besides.
In pity keep within the fortress here,
Nor make thy child an orphan, nor thy wife
A widow. Post thine army near the place
Of the wild fig-tree, where the city-walls
Are low, and may be scaled. Thrice, in the war,
The boldest of the foe have tried the spot:
The brothers Ajax, famed Idomeneus,
The two chiefs born to Atreus, and the brave
Tydides: whether counselled to the attempt
By some wise seer, or prompted from within."

Then answered Hector great in war:—"All this,
Dear wife, I bear in mind; but I should stand
Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
Of Troy, were I to keep aloof, and shun
The battle, coward-like. Not thus my heart
Prompts me; for greatly have I learned to dare
And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
Upholding my great father's fame and mine.
But well in my undoubting mind I know
The day shall come in which our sacred Troy,
And Priam, and the people over whom
Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.
But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those
Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
My brothers many and brave, who yet, at last,
Slain by the leaguering foe, shall lie in dust,
Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee
Thy day of freedom. Thou, in Argos, then,
Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
Or from the fountain of Messeis draw
Water, or from the Hypereian spring,
Constrained, unwilling, by thy cruel lot.
And then shall some one say, who sees thee weep,
'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
Around their city.' So shall some one say;
And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him
Who haply might have kept afar the day
Of thy captivity. Oh, let the earth
Be heaped above my head in death, before
I hear thy cries, as thou art borne away!"

So saying, mighty Hector stretched his arms
To take the boy. The boy shrank crying back
To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see
His father helmeted in glittering brass,
And eying with affright the horse-hair plume
That grimly nodded from the crest on high.
The tender father and fond mother smiled;

And hastily the mighty Hector took
The helmet from his brow, and laid it down
Gleaming upon the ground, and, having kissed
His darling son, and tossed him up in play,
Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven:—

“O Jupiter, and all ye deities!

Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become

Among the Trojans eminent like me,

And, with a might and courage like my own,

Rule nobly over Ilium. May they say,

‘This man is greater than his father was,’

When they behold him from the battle-field

Bring back the bloody spoils of the slain foe,

That so his mother may be glad at heart.”

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse

He gave the boy. She on her fragrant breast

Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief

Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed

Her forehead gently with his hand, and said:—

“Sorrow not thus, belovèd one, for me.

No living man can send me to the shades

Before my time; no man of woman born,

Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.

But go thou home, and tend thy labors there,

The web, the distaff, and command thy maids

To speed the work; the cares of war pertain

To all men born in Troy, and most to me.”

Thus spake the mighty Hector, and took up

His helmet shadowed with the horse-hair plume,

While homeward his belovèd consort went,

Oft looking back and shedding many tears.

Soon was she in the spacious palace-halls

Of the man-queller Hector. There she found

A troop of damsels; with them all she shared

Her grief, and all in his own house bewailed

The living Hector, whom they thought no more

To see returning from the battle-field,

Escaped the rage and weapons of the Greeks.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

THIS active, energetic, and in every way remarkable man, who was not only the originator, proprietor, and purveyor, but the editor,—the actual and only editor,—of “Blackwood’s Magazine,” up to the day of his death, in 1834, has never been properly understood nor appreciated, either abroad or at home, owing to circumstances the public are unacquainted with.

While exercising despotic power, in all that concerned the management of that bold and saucy and at times unprincipled work, in all that concerned the management or the contributors, and never yielding even to “Old Christopher” himself, who passed for the editor, where any serious question sprang up, he was so careful to keep out of sight himself, and to thrust that old gentleman forward, upon all occasions,—a sort of myth, at the best,—a shadowy, mysterious personage, who deceived nobody, and whom all were glad enough to take on trust, well knowing that Professor Wilson was behind the mask,—that, up to this day, William Blackwood, the little, tough, wiry Scotch bookseller, with a big heart, and a pericardium of net-work,—interwoven steel springs,—has been regarded as the publisher and proprietor only, and Professor Wilson as the editor, and one who would suffer no interference with his prerogative, and “bear no brother near the throne.”

To bring about this belief, Blackwood spared no expense of indirect assertion, and no outlay of incidental evidence. Never faltering in his first plan, and never foregoing an opportunity of strengthening the public delusion, what cared he for the reputation of editorship, so long as the great mystery paid? Walter Scott had already shown how profitably and safely such a game might be played, year after year, in the midst of the enemies’ camp; and Blackwood was just the man to profit by such experience.

In the *Life of Professor Wilson*, by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, edited here by Professor Mackenzie, there might be found enough to disabuse the public upon this point, if it were not read by the lamplight—or twilight—of long-cherished opinions.

But as Blackwood, the shrewd, sharp, wary Scotchman, always talked about “our worthy friend Christopher” as a real, and not a mythological personage,—as if, in short, he were himself and nobody else,—and never of Wilson but as one of the contributors, or as the author of “Margaret Lyndsay” or “The Isle of Palms,” and then with a look or a smile which he never explained, and which nobody out of the charmed circle ever understood, no wonder the delusion was kept up to the last.

“All I can say,” he once wrote me, while negotiating for more grist,—“all I can say is, that whatever is good in itself we are always happy to receive; the only difficulty is, that our worthy friend Christopher is a very absolute person, and therefore always judges for himself with regard to everything that is offered.” Now this—considering that he himself, William Blackwood, was Christopher North, in spirit, if not in substance, and that he himself, and not Wilson, was the autocrat from whose judgment there was no appeal—might pass anywhere, I think, for one of the happiest examples of persevering, impudent mystification ever hazarded by a respectable man, while writing confidentially to another, and quite of a piece with the celebrated Chaldee manuscript.

And now for my acquaintance with the man himself. I was living in Baltimore. I had given up my editorships. I had forsworn poetry and story-telling, (on paper,) and had not only entered upon the profession of the law with encouraging success, but had begun to settle upon my lees.

One day, while dining with my friend Henry Robinson, who introduced gas into Boston, after a series of disastrous experiments in Baltimore, and the conversation happening to turn upon that subject, we wandered off into the state of English opinions generally. He was an Englishman by birth and early education, though his heart was American to the core. Something was said about the literature of the day, and the question was asked, — "Who reads an American book?" I blazed out, of course, and, after denouncing the "Edinburgh Review," where the impudent question was first broached, accompanied by the suggestion, that, so long as we could "import our literature in bales and hogsheads," we had better not try to manufacture for ourselves, I made up my mind on the spot, and within the next following half-hour at furthest, to carry the war into Africa.

Mr. Walsh, — "Robert Walsh, Junior, Esquire," — the "American Gentleman," as he called himself in the title-page of his Dictionary, — had acknowledged, while undertaking our vindication, that our American Parnassus was barren, or fruitful only in weeds; and by common consent my countrymen had taken for the highest praise throughout the land what I regarded as at best a humiliating admission from our friends over sea. They had acknowledged, and we were base enough to feel flattered by the acknowledgment, that, although we could not even hope to write English, and were wellnigh destitute of invention, having no materials to work with, and little or no aptitude for anything but the manufacture of wooden nutmegs, horn gun-flints, and cuckoo-clocks, and being always too busy for anything better than dicker and truck in a small way, — the haberdashery of nations, — yet, after all, it might be said of us that we were capital imitators, or thieves and counterfeiters, so that our Brockden Brown was at least the American Godwin, — our Cooper, the American Scott, — our Irving, just flowering in the "Sketch-Book," the American Goldsmith or Ad-

dison, — and our Sigourney, the American Hemans.

That my blood boiled in my veins, whenever I thought of this, I must acknowledge; and within three weeks, I believe, I was on my way to London, with a novel in the rough, which, after undergoing many transformations, appeared in that city as "Brother Jonathan," — the manuscript of "Otho, a Tragedy," wholly recast and rewritten, with "*exit omnes*," and other monstrous Latin blunders corrected, and, on the whole, very much as it afterwards appeared in "The Yankee," — and heaps of letters, which I could not well afford to deliver, and therefore threw into the fire: leaving my law business to take care of itself, somewhat after the fashion of that Revolutionary volunteer, "Old Put," who, when he heard the sound of a trumpet and knew the lists were opened, left his plough in the furrow, and the cattle standing in the field. My law-library, and the building I occupied, I passed over to the care of a young man of great promise, just entering the profession, who not only burned up my supply of wood for the year, but failed to pay the rent, and then took the liberty of dying suddenly, poor fellow! without a word of notice to my landlord: so that I was fairly adrift.

On arriving in London, I took lodgings in Warwick Street, Pall Mall, introduced to the landlady by Leslie the painter, and occupying the very chambers where Washington Irving was delivered of the "Sketch-Book": my windows on the first floor looking out on the back entrance of Carlton House, by which the Princess Charlotte had escaped not long before, when she ran away from her father, as my landlady took care to inform me; adding, that, from the very window where we stood, she had seen the little madcap get into the carriage — a common hack, by the way — and go off at full speed.

I lost no time in looking about me, and preparing for a literary campaign, where I might forage upon the enemy, beat up his quarters when I chose,

and, if possible, get possession of a battery or so, and turn the guns upon his camp.

Being pretty well acquainted with the characteristics of all the monthlies and quarterlies, I was not long in determining that "Blackwood" was my *point d'appui*. The "Old Monthly" was dead asleep, and smouldering in white ashes; the "New Monthly," with Campbell for editor, was unfitted for the job I had in view; the "London," though clever and saucy and stinging, wanted manliness and nerve, and would be sure to fail me at a pinch, now that John Scott was disposed of. And as for the quarterlies, even supposing I could secure a place and keep it, they were all slow coaches, and much too dignified and stately, as they lumbered along the smooth, level turnpikes they were built for, to allow of any dashing or skirmishing from the windows. Even the "Westminster" was untrustworthy, as I afterwards found to my cost.

And so I settled down upon "Blackwood," the cleverest and spitefullest of the whole, with Lockhart, "the Scorpion," and Wilson, "the Leopard," for mischief-makers, and "Ebony" for the whipper-in, and "Christopher North" "in golden panoply complete" for *collaborateur*, a puzzle and a problem to the last. Before I slept, I believe, certainly within a few hours, I wrote a sketch of our five American Presidents, and of the five presidential candidates then actually in the field, and sent it off to Edinburgh with a letter, not for the publisher, not for Blackwood, but for the *Editor*, saying that I had adopted the name of "Carter Holmes," and writing as a traveller, pretty well acquainted with the United States and with the people thereof. This mask I wore, not with a view to escape responsibility, for I was ready to answer for all I said, but to baffle the curious and the inquisitive. Had I come out boldly as a native American, I knew there was no chance for me in that, or in any other leading British journal.

After a few days, I received the fol-

lowing in reply from Blackwood himself, the *Editor*, which I give at length.

"April 20, 1824."

"On my return from London a few days ago," says he, "I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 7th March, — April, I suppose, as it only arrived here on the 10th current.

"I am very sorry that there was not room for your spirited and amusing sketches in this number; but they will appear in our next.

"You are exactly the correspondent that we want, and I hope you will continue to favor us with your communications, and you may depend upon being liberally treated. I do not wish to say much about terms, as I have a perfect horror at the manufacturing system of gentlemen who *do* articles for periodicals at so much per sheet. I feel confident that you are none of these, but one who, like the friends who have supported my Magazine, writes upon subjects which he takes an interest in, and therefore handles them *con amore*. It is this system of *piece-work* which has made most periodicals such commonplace affairs; and it is by keeping free of it that 'Maga' will preserve her name and fame.

"Meantime, I am perfectly sensible that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that no gentleman need refuse the remuneration he is entitled to. It gives me great pleasure, therefore, to send an *honorarium* to all my contributors. I may also mention to you that this varies from seven to ten guineas, or perhaps more, per sheet, according to the nature of the articles.

"By way of *arles*, (*Anglich*, earnest,) I annex a draft on Mr. Cadell for five guineas to account.

"With regard to your name, you will do just as you feel most convenient and agreeable. All I shall say is, that whatever is confided to me I keep sacredly to myself.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"W. BLACKWOOD."

"Five guineas!" said I to myself, — "twenty-five dollars cash, for a paper I had flung off at a single sitting, and which at home would have been thought well paid for with a "Much obliged," or, at most, with a five-dollar bill, — even the great "North American Review" then paying, where it paid at all, only a dollar a page in "that day of small things"; and to work I went forthwith, preparing another article upon another American subject, determined to be in season, and not allow the blaze I had lighted up to go out for want of kindling-stuff. The article, I may say here, created quite a sensation, and was copied into the Continental journals and papers, and even reappeared in the great "European Review," then just established at London, Paris, and Vienna, under the editorship of Alexander Walker, a Scotchman, who began his literary career by undertaking to supply the deficiencies of D'Alembert, while he wrote me about *a jeux d'esprit*, with all seriousness.

One curious little incident occurs to me here in connection with the signature I had adopted. Perhaps the Spiritualists may be able to account for it. Having finished my second article, and folded it up, and directed it, as before, to the "Editor," and being about to affix the seal, — for wafers were not used by decent people in England, and self-sealing envelopes were unheard of in that day, — I went below, where I heard voices in conversation that I knew, to borrow a seal, not wishing to use mine, which not only bore an eagle's head for a crest, but my initials and the striped shield of my country.

There were present Humphreys, the engraver, — Lady Lilicraft, one of Washington Irving's lay figures, and the cast-off *chère amie* of an English lordling, — Peter Powell, of whom a word or two hereafter, — Chester Harding, — and the celebrated John Dunn Hunter, whose portrait Harding had just under way.

When I had stated my request, two or three hands, with two or three seals, were instantly reached forth. I took the nearest, and was not a little sur-

prised, on looking at the impression, to find the very initials I needed, in old English. The seal belonged to Chester Harding; and as my *nom de plume* was "Carter Holmes," the "C. H." seemed quite providential. From that time forward, I continued to use the same seal whenever I found Harding within reach, until, one day, a still stranger "happening" occurred. I was in a hurry, and could not wait. Any seal would do, of course; and the mistress, pitying my perplexity, said there was a seal up-stairs somewhere which might serve my turn, if she could find it. After a short absence, she returned, and, handing me an old-fashioned affair, which I did not stop to look at, I made the impression, and was just about sending off the parcel, when my attention was attracted by the very same initials of "C. H.," as you live! Her husband's name was Charles Halloway, Harding was Chester Harding, and I was, "Carter Holmes"!

One word now about another of Irving's associates and playmates, — Peter Powell, whom I often met with at Mrs. Halloway's. You will find him frequently mentioned by name in the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," as a "fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy," and full of the strangest contrivances for "setting the table in a roar"; and more than once, though I do not now remember where, I have met with a grotesque shadow, under a fictitious name, — a sort of Santa Claus or Æsop at large, — either in the "Sketch-Book" or in the "Tales of a Traveller," which I saw at a glance, when I came to know the original, could be no other than Peter Powell himself.

But as Irving did not particularize, I must. Peter would personate a dancing bear; and with the help of a shaggy overcoat pulled up about his ears, and a pair of black kid gloves, he being a small man, hardly taller than a good-sized bear, when standing up with his knees bent, the representation was not only surprisingly faithful, but sometimes absolutely startling.

He would serve you out with passages from a new opera, taking all the parts himself, either separately or together, and with feet, hands, and voice, a table, a chair, and a paper trumpet extemporized for the occasion from a sheet of music-paper, would almost persuade you that a rehearsal was going on at your elbow.

He would tie a couple of knots in his pocket-handkerchief, throw the rest of it over his hand so as to conceal the action, thrust his left forefinger into the lowest knot for a head, while the uppermost would go for a turban, spread out the middle finger and thumb, covered with the drapery, and make the figure bow and salaam, as if it were alive, to the unspeakable amazement of the little ones. Many years after this, I tried the same trick with the Aztec children, and drove the little monsters half crazy with delight.

He would imitate rooks in their noisiest flight, by putting on a pair of black gloves, and spreading the fingers, and cawing; and butterflies alighting on a flower, by pressing his two hands together where they join the wrist, closing the fingers with a fluttering motion, and moving them this way and that, until it was quite impossible to misunderstand the representation; and he would give you a sailor's hornpipe at the dinner-table, by striping two of his fingers with a pen, drawing a face on the back of his hand, with vest and waistband to explain the trousers, and set you screaming as he went through the steps and flourishes on a plate, with the greatest possible seriousness and propriety.

But enough. Let us now return to Blackwood. For my next paper he paid me ten guineas, — fifty dollars, — and, in reply to certain suggestions of mine, wrote as follows. I give this letter to show how much of a business man he was, and how well fitted for the duties of editorship.

“EDINBURGH, 17 May, 1824.

“DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 13th makes me feel very much ashamed at

having so long delayed answering your two former favors. The truth is, that you have given me such a bill of fare of what you could furnish for our monthly entertainment, I felt it would be necessary to write you more at length than I had leisure for at the time I received your letter; and, like everything that is delayed at the proper moment, every day has presented excuses for procrastination.

“If I had the pleasure of knowing you, I might have been able, as you say, to have given you some hints as to subjects; but in present circumstances, all I have to say is, that *whatever is good in itself we are always happy to receive*, [&c., &c., as hereinbefore quoted in relation to “Christopher North.”] I shall only add, that anything of yours he will be disposed to view with a favorable eye. As to the theatre, exhibitions, &c., the daily papers are so stuffed with notices of them, that even what is good has but a poor chance. However, I do not mean to say that these subjects should be excluded from your communications; all I mean is, that you should just write upon what you yourself feel a strong interest in.

“I *would* be happy to see your novel, [“Brother Jonathan,”] but it is now too late of thinking to publish at this season. If you will send it, addressed to me, to Mr. Cadell's, with a note, desiring it to be forwarded by first mail-coach, I *will* receive it quite safely; and I will, in the course of ten days after its reception, write you my sentiments with regard to it. No one shall see it; for in these matters I judge for myself. If you should go to the Continent, perhaps you could leave the manuscript in such a state that it could be printed in your absence.

“I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

“W. BLACKWOOD.”

Here was encouragement, certainly; and it was clear enough that he had a willingness to be pleased, if nothing more.

I lost no time, therefore, in recasting and rewriting the whole of “Brother

Jonathan," which, as I have mentioned before, was blocked out before I left America. But, having my board to pay, and not willing to stake much on a single cast, though ready enough "to stand the hazard of the die" after my washerwoman was satisfied, I kept on writing for the magazines and quarterlies, and always about America, and by special desire too, until my papers were to be found, not only in Blackwood every month, but in the "New Monthly," the "Old Monthly," the "London," the "European," the "Oriental Herald," the "Westminster," and others.

On the 8th of the following November, Mr. Blackwood, having worried through the manuscript of "Brother Jonathan," wrote me a letter of six enormous pages, from which I give the following extracts, to show the temper of the man, his downright honesty and heartiness, and great good sense.

"My dear Sir," he says, "you will be blaming me for not writing you sooner; and when I tell you that the delay was caused by my unwillingness to write you"—(here I began to foresee what was coming)—"so very differently from what I had so fondly and anxiously expected, I fear you will blame me, not for the delay, but for my want of taste and judgment in not properly appreciating the merits of 'Brother Jonathan.'"

Here he wronged me; for I was quite prepared to agree with him, having spoiled the original draft by working it up too much, and overdoing and exaggerating all that I was best pleased with.

"Never," he continues,—"never did I take up any manuscript with more sincere wishes for its being everything that could be desired. Unfortunately, my expectations have been disappointed." (Comfortable, hey?) "While I admire the originality and talent and power which the work displays,"—(I began to breathe more freely),—"I must frankly tell you, that, in my humble opinion, there are defects in your plan, and there are incidents, as well as reflections, which, in this country,

would certainly injure any work, however great its talent.

"I wish I had the pleasure of seeing you for half an hour, as I could explain by word of mouth so much better than I can by scribbling what my ideas are, and such as they are. Distrusting my own judgment, after I had carefully perused the manuscript, I gave it, in the strictest confidence, to a friend whose opinion I value much, and begged of him, without saying one word of my opinion, to give me his frankly and without reserve. My mind was so far satisfied, when I received his remarks, as I found, that, in general, he had taken the same view of the work as I had done. I inclose his remarks, as they will save me from going over the same ground."

The remarks referred to were by Professor Wilson, I have good reason to believe. They filled half a dozen pages, and were eminently judicious and proper, and, I may add, far from being unpalatable.

"I shall now, in a rambling way," continues Mr. Blackwood, "state anything that has occurred to me, and I shall make no apology for offering you my crude remarks; only you will suppose me to be speaking to you, and telling you such and such things strike me so and so, that I may be quite wrong," &c., &c.

And then he proceeds to say, —

"The character of the Yankees (Chapter I.) is too didactic, though excellent anywhere else than in the commencement of a novel."

Here, too, he was right. I threw the whole chapter aside in rewriting the book as it now stands, and sent the substance to Campbell's "New Monthly," where it appeared forthwith.

After frankly stating a number of well-founded objections, and suggesting two or three important changes in the plot, he finishes after the following fashion: allow me to commend it to all who find themselves obliged to "give the mitten," or to snub a respectable aspirant. By so doing, they may keep life in him, if nothing more: —

"I have said a good deal more than I intended to, as to what things have struck me as defects in your work. Its excellences I need not take up your time with dwelling upon. With all the power, interest, and originality, I regret most exceedingly, that, in its present state, I would most earnestly advise you not to publish. It would be doing yourself the greatest injustice. I feel perfectly confident, however, that, with such materials as these, you could make a glorious book, if you would set about it again in the proper way. I do not think it would cost you much trouble, provided that the thing were to strike you."

By way of postscript, he adds, —

"I received your parcel, with No. 3 of the American Writers, and the critique on Cadell's American work. Are you not giving us too much of the *Vita Virum Obscurorum*? There is a danger of palling the public with too much even of a very good thing. This, too, terrifies me at the length of your critique, as we have had so many American articles lately. It is, in fact, as you say, a work, not an article. However, we shall see what can be done."

The critique here referred to was a review of a book entitled "Summary View of America," and published by Cadell, who was also the London publisher for Blackwood. It was full of dangerous, though somewhat plausible errors, and mischievous, though perhaps unintentional, misrepresentations of our whole political and social system. I did not spare the book, nor the author, nor the publisher; and notwithstanding the great length of the paper, which grew up of itself, as I read the work with pen in hand, into most unreasonable proportions, though divided into brief paragraphs, it appeared, nevertheless, in the next following month, as a leader, with a note from "C. N.," which has already been given in the sketch of Bentham.

Meanwhile this indefatigable purveyor, who knew I was engaged upon "Brother Jonathan," recasting and re-writing the whole, — not for the second

time, but for the twentieth time, I verily believe, — and that I was beginning to write for other journals upon American affairs, wanted me to furnish an occasional paper for the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," to be incorporated, warp and woof, into the dialogues which appeared month after month and year after year, up to the death of poor Wilson in 1853, and were afterward embodied in a book by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, and republished here.

This I could not bring myself to undertake, without first seeing the interlocutors face to face, and looking into their eyes, and hearing them laugh together "like a rhinoceros," or like the chorus in "Der Freischütz." Though I knew Wilson, and Lockhart, and Hogg, and "Old Christopher," and "O'Doherty," and "Timothy Tickler," and "Ebony," by reputation, it was only as a company of shadows, and not as creatures of substantial flesh and blood. The lightning had struck; my guns were in position; I had got the range of the enemies' camp, and meant to be in no hurry, but "to fight it out on the line" I had chosen, if it took me till doomsday. I refused, therefore. I was willing to wait. I knew, to be sure, that the Chinese could grow oranges from the seed in half an hour; but then the oranges were peas, and I wanted to grow "some pumpkins." In short, I would not

"wear
My strength away in wrestling with the air."

Next he wanted me to write a review of "Margaret Lyndsay," a charming story by Wilson himself, of which I had incidentally expressed the highest opinion, in our correspondence. Mr. Blackwood sprang at the idea, like a half-famished pickerel at a frog. But no. Although such a paper would be quite in my way, for I have always delighted in showing off, and teaching grandmothers to suck eggs, I could not be persuaded, for reasons which may be guessed at by the proud and sensitive and foolish, so long as the question about "Brother Jonathan" was undecided.

On the 24th of November, having

received my answer to his of the 8th, he wrote again as follows : —

"MY DEAR SIR,— I felt very anxious, indeed, till I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 11th, fearing that you might not, perhaps, take the remarks I sent you in the spirit of kindness in which they were honestly and sincerely made. Your letter has satisfied me that you will yet make a glorious book of 'Brother Jonathan.'

"Let the better feelings and passions of our nature have freer scope and happier development and results. This is what your work wants ; for mankind like better to see the bright side of the picture than the dark one. I do not think it necessary to say one word more to you on the subject. Your own taste and feelings must direct you as to what is necessary to be done. All that I hope and pray for is, that you may have set seriously to work with the revision and correction."

Are not these two extracts enough to show of themselves the leading characteristics of "Ebony," or "Old Christopher"? How business-like, and yet how friendly and judicious are the suggestions !

Meanwhile, I had furnished a paper for him, entitled "Men and Women ; or, A Brief Hypothesis concerning the Differences in their Genius." My object was to show, that, although unlike, they were not unequal ; that each had a standard for itself. I did not urge that Arabs, who are reckoned pretty good judges of horse-flesh, always give the preference to mares for endurance and swiftness, — that the female bird of prey is larger and fiercer than the male, — that the female body-guard of the King of Dahomey are terrible Amazons, — nor that, where women reign, men rule, and *vice versa* ; but that, by endowing woman with a more sensitive organization, our Father had given her what was better than a mane for the lioness, a beard for the goat, or a voice and plumage to the female singing-bird, etc., etc. This

also appeared, and was handsomely paid for.

"In this number," he says, "you will see, that, though we have given an additional half-sheet, we have only had room for your 'American Writers.' . . . I hope you are going on with the series ; and that you do not dwell more than is necessary upon the *Poeta Minores*, whom no one cares about. This is what has sometimes been objected to your articles ; and among other remonstrances I have received, I extract the following from the letter of a gentleman for whom I have a great respect. He says your article contains 'misstatements, and some of them of a mischievous tendency ; but what mostly concerns you to know is the odium which is likely to be thrown on your Magazine, in America at least, by the manner in which (from malice or blundering) some meritorious individuals are dealt with, *who have every claim to the shelter of private life.*'"

As the meddling gentleman from whose letter the passage was taken did not particularize, all I could do in reply, and that I lost no time in doing, was to give him the lie direct, and offer my name to the publisher. I called for specifications and proof, which never came ; and have an idea that the writer was an artist — a great coxcomb — of whom I had spoken too well, on paper, though not well enough to satisfy his inordinate vanity.

"I make no apology to you," continues "Old Christopher," "for giving you this extract from my friend's letter. He is, I trust, writing under some strong feeling of something or other, which has concerned some one whom he knows ; but I am sure he is perfectly sincere in what he says. I hope, therefore, you will be particularly on your guard against saying anything which any one would be entitled on good grounds to say was unfair or ungentlemanly. I regret that, in the hurry of the sheet going to press, what is said of Hall (John E. Hall of Philadelphia) was not modified. '*Blackguard*' is a shocking appellation ; and had my friend seen,

this number, I should not have wondered at his remarks. You will, I am sure, excuse me," etc., etc.

"All very just and proper," said I to myself; but coming from a man who not long before had said in "Maga," or allowed somebody to say for him, with a chuckle of triumph never to be forgotten, that Canning had given the lie to Brougham on the floor of Parliament, I must acknowledge that I felt rather astonished at his sensitiveness.

On the 19th of February, 1825, — by which time I had completed the series of "American Writers," pursuing my first plan without deviating from it a hair's breadth, and introducing an American department into three or four monthlies, — never, in fact, writing a word upon any other subject than our literature, authors, manners, politics, and painters, except in two instances, that I now remember, — he wrote as follows.

"MY DEAR SIR, — You have finished your series in capital style. The whole is spirited and most original. Many may differ from you on some points, but, beauties or blemishes, no one will pretend to say that they are not your own. And may I add, that I hardly know any work except 'Maga' where you could have felt yourself so much at your ease in most fearlessly saying what you thought right of men and things." All very true; and it was for that reason that I launched forth in "Blackwood," hit or miss, neck or nothing, determined to make a spoon or spoil a horn. And then he adds, — "Washington Irving once told me that he considered my 'Maga' as a daringly original work. It was too much for his delicate nerves."

Undoubtedly; and it was for that reason that the papers I wrote in a different style for the "European Magazine," New Series, — out of which grew the famous controversy with Mathews for his admirable misrepresentations of Yankee character, — were attributed for a long while to Washington Irving himself; but he could not have written them, any more than I could have writ-

ten the "Sketch-Book" or "Bracebridge Hall."

"I hope," continues our friend "Ebony," — "I hope you are thinking of something else for me, as you must have much to communicate with regard to America, men and matters, which we know nothing of in this country, both as to what has been done and what is now doing. Perhaps it might be well to give anything of this kind just in separate articles, as one is sometimes rather fettered in a regular series. However, all this depends upon the subject-matter and the way in which it happens to strike yourself. . . . I enclose you an order on Mr. Cadell for fifteen guineas."

Thus much to show, that, however absolute and arbitrary "our worthy friend Christopher" was on ordinary occasions, he was a man of the kindest feelings, delicate, magnanimous, and liberal.

In the course of the next following three months "Brother Jonathan" was finished, read, accepted, and paid for at my own price, — two hundred guineas, — the same that Murray paid Irving for his "Sketch-Book," with a contingent proviso for another hundred guineas, which never amounted to anything.

Meanwhile, however, we were in constant communication by letter, and I give now the following extracts to show his exceeding carefulness, and the consequences — the disastrous consequences, I might say — to both of us. I have already mentioned, that, in the progress of revision, I had probably written the book, not twice, but twenty times over; and this I believe to be true. I had grown too fastidious, over-anxious, nervous, and fidgety. I could not endure the coming together of the same or similar sounds, — *ds* and *ts*, for example, or *vs* and *fs*, — and wrote some pages or paragraphs at least forty or fifty times over to prevent this, and thereby sacrificed all freedom and naturalness. When Mr. Blackwood wrote me, therefore, as follows, it only served to confirm me in my evil habit, — a disease, in fact, — and the result was further alter-

ations and corrections, so numerous and so troublesome, though trivial in themselves, that, in going through the press, the printer himself, Mr. Spottiswood, got alarmed, and charged accordingly.

On the 14th of April he writes me at length about the book. "I wished also, before writing you, to be able to give you the opinion of my friend whose remarks I formerly sent you. In some things I agree with him, in others I do not; but I think it best you should judge yourself as to all that he says. I also enclose you a note from another friend, whose judgment I value more than that of any one I know, almost." Here follows a string of suggestions, most of which I took advantage of, in carrying this, my third complete copy of the work, through the press. No wonder it grew more and more artificial, as it grew more and more strange and euphonious.

He continues,—"I have read the manuscript again very carefully," (the third time,—a manuscript of three volumes!) "and I do think you have improved the work very much. I cannot again venture to suggest anything to you, even if I could, (which I am very doubtful of,) because you give yourself so much labor, and any crude ideas of mine may perhaps be more injurious than useful. You must yourself feel best what is necessary, and to your own judgment everything must be left. I have therefore put up the manuscript with this, as it must be printed under your own eye in London. All that I would advise you to do is, *to go over the manuscript before sending it to the printer, and correct it as you would do a proof*; for, should any material alterations occur to you, you can easily make them on the blank pages. . . .

"I suppose you would wish the work to be printed in post 8vo, like 'Reginald Dalton' and others that I have published. This is certainly the most elegant form, but it is expensive, and it is perhaps worthy of consideration whether or not it might be advisable to take the less expensive form of 12mo, similar to my second edition of 'Adam

Blair' (by Lockhart, the 'Scorpion'). I am, I confess, in considerable doubt both ways. If, however, you prefer the post 8vo, my doubts will be at an end. I have written a few lines to my friends the Messrs. Spottiswood, (the King's printers,) in order that you may at once put the manuscript into their hands, as soon as you are ready. If you prefer the post 8vo, you will get from Mr. Cadell a volume of 'Reginald Dalton' or of 'Percy Mallory'; but if you like the 12mo, you will get a copy of the second edition of 'Adam Blair,' and give your directions to Messrs. Spottiswood accordingly. . . .

"I do not think that the volumes should be less than three hundred and sixty pages, for thin volumes look so catchpenny-like. At the same time, it is better to have thin volumes than to keep in or add anything that interrupts or interferes with the story. . . .

"I have been quite overloaded with articles this month, and some of them very long, which cannot for various reasons be delayed. I shall therefore be obliged to keep both of your articles till next month. I am vexed at not being able to get in your tale," (the original sketch of "Rachel Dyer," and the first of a series which I had in contemplation,) "which is very striking and powerful; but it was too long for this number, having so many other long articles, and it would have destroyed it to have divided it. The 'American Books,' too, is very interesting, though you perhaps hit poor Cooper rather hard, and some of the Cockneys will be apt to quote it when 'Brother Jonathan' comes into their paws. . . . I enclose you ten guineas on account."

April 26th he writes,—"I am very much pleased with the appearance of the sheet, and above all with what you have done to it. The work now starts fair and straightforward, and you will feel your own way much better and take a much firmer hold of your reader by allowing the narrative to take its natural course."

In due time I had my pockets picked of my last shilling, and "Brother Jon-

athan" appeared just in the nick of time and in the best possible shape to keep me out of a sponging-house. For a while it created quite a sensation, and led to many new engagements with different periodicals. It was well received on the Continent, and reviewed in the leading journals of France. It would have been republished in this country, had not the sheets been suppressed, which I sent in advance to Wiley, the publisher of Cooper's works, till it was too late. Other copies were lost, I know not how, and I gave up the idea of astonishing the natives here.

Meanwhile Mr. Blackwood and I had never met. Hindrances had happened, month after month, when it seemed that we should certainly have a chance for a grapple; and he had behaved so handsomely to me through all our negotiations and correspondence, that I wanted to look into his eyes.

At last he came down upon me when least expected. Mrs. Halloway tapped at my door to say that a strange gentleman was below, inquiring for Mr. Carter Holmes; and then she handed me Mr. Blackwood's card. "Show him up," said I, as a knowing smile drifted athwart her fine old-fashioned English face,—for she had the secret under lock-and-key, and used to collect my drafts and take charge of the letters to and from "Carter Holmes." The girl who went to the door knew nothing of such a gentleman, and so the landlady took the business into her own hands.

We met after a most agreeable fashion, and I was greatly pleased with my visitor, though disappointed in his personal appearance. I found him a short, "stubbled" man, of about five feet six, I should say, with a plain, straightforward business air,—like that of a substantial tradesman,—and a look of uncommon though quiet shrewdness. You could see at a glance that he was a man to be trusted,—frank and fearless, without being either boastful or aggressive. After talking over matters generally, and getting my pay in cash,—guineas for pounds,—without taking a bill or engaging my name for a discount in the

usual course of trade, he invited me to dine with him at an eating-house in the Strand, saying that he had asked "Ensign O'Doherty" (Dr. Maginn) to meet me: the man who wrote Hebrew and Greek and Latin poetry, and had begun for "Blackwood" not long before with rendering the ballad of "Chevy Chase" into Latin verse. I could see, that, although Mr. Blackwood had the highest opinion of the Doctor's genius and scholarship, he was a little shy of him, and I dare say saw through and through him, as I think I did.

The dinner was a plain, substantial affair, without wine or delicacies,—or even whiskey,—which may have been out of deference to me; for when asked what I would "take?" I answered, "Nothing beyond a glass of ale or porter." It may be that our friend the Doctor was a little disappointed, or that "Ebony," knowing his weakness upon that point, was unwilling to show him up altogether, on whiskey-punch, or old Port, before a stranger; for, instead of talking freely and pleasantly, and keeping up appearances, the Doctor grew shy and reserved, and answered the simplest questions with an air of embarrassment, as if he were afraid of being entrapped. In short, he disappointed me. There was nothing in his language, look, or manner to justify his reputation as "Ensign O'Doherty"; nor was there anything in the little that he said or did to indicate the lamentable tendency of his gifted nature, which ended within a few months, or a year or two at most, in his utter degradation and ruin. He had the air and manners of a gentleman, though not of one who had seen much of the world; with a mild, pleasant expression of countenance, and a dash of seriousness. He seemed to be about five-and-twenty, according to my present recollection, of middling stature, and of a decidedly intellectual type; but he said nothing to be remembered while we were together; and I have since had an intimation that he was never himself when sober, and that Mr. Blackwood had just taken him out of a sponging-house to meet me.

Otherwise, our dinner passed off in a very agreeable, unpretending fashion, and we separated, never to meet again, — with a settled conviction on my part, however, that I understood the characters of both as well as if we had been dining together for a twelvemonth.

Soon after this, Mr. Millar, the first publisher of the "Sketch-Book," engaged me to write for the "European Magazine," New Series, without allowing me to know that the "John Bull" newspaper and Theodore Hook were at the bottom of the affair. I wrote for it month after month, upon American matters, until I discovered the truth, and had just got through a sharp controversy with Mathews, when I found it necessary to knock off: the "John Bull" constantly abusing America, and Theodore Hook losing no opportunity of saying the most offensive and brutal things of us, — as, for example, that Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams both died drunk on the 4th of July.

I had also contributed a series of papers to the "London Magazine," under the title of "Yankee Notions," and was showing up John Dunn Hunter as he deserved, in which I was followed soon after by Mr. Sparks in the "North American Review," about the time that the "Edinburgh Review" adopted in the lump my theory of "Men and Women," already referred to, saying in September, 1826, substantially what I had said in October, 1824. "We think it probable," says Mr. Jeffrey, "that some men have originally a greater excitability or general vivacity of mind than others, and that is the chief difference. But considering how variously they may be developed or directed in after-life, it seems to us of no sort of importance whether we call it a *temperament*, and say that it is shown by the color of the hair and the eyes, or maintain that it is a balance of active powers and propensities, the organs of which are in the skull."

I had also written for the "Westminster," and, in short, was furnishing about all of the monthlies and two of the quarterlies with American *pabulum*; and yet

the public were not satisfied. It seemed as if "increase of appetite did grow with what it fed on." This, of course, must have been very gratifying to "Old Christopher," though he did not like the idea of anybody's knowing who wrote for the "Maga," and letting the "delicious secret out." He wanted all his contributors to himself, either in fact or in appearance; and when he found, from something I said in the "London," or somewhere else, that I was known as the writer of the "Blackwood Papers," he took me to task in a way that displeased me. So we quarrelled, — or rather I quarrelled, — for he did not. He kept his temper, and I lost mine, — for which, by the way, I ought to be thankful; and the affair ended by my withdrawing the first of a series of "North American Stories," which I was preparing for him, and returning the fifteen guineas he had paid me for it. It was already in type, and was the framework or skeleton of "Rachel Dyer."

On the whole, I must acknowledge that I was chiefly to blame, though not altogether. I never wrote another line for him, and we had no further correspondence.

About the same time, another misunderstanding arose between him and "O'Doherty," who entered upon a rival enterprise, and became editor of a new monthly, the title of which I do not now remember. It was of the "Blackwood" type, though somewhat exaggerated, being ferocious where "Blackwood" was only sarcastic, and utterly regardless of truth, where "Blackwood" was rather cautious and circumspect in all that required proof. In the very first number there appeared what was claimed to be an extract from that "Life of Byron" which he had given to Moore, and which had been suppressed, if not bought up. It was entitled "My Wedding Night," and went into particulars so much in the style of Byron, that I, for one, have always believed it faithful, and neither an imitation nor a counterfeit. I have since been assured that Lady Caroline Lamb, and two or three more at least "of that ilk," had the reading of these

memoirs, and of course portions of the whole might have been copied. But however that may be, the publication by Dr. Maginn of the chapter mentioned was either such a piece of heartless treachery or such an impudent fabrication as no decent person would venture to encourage. Though other chapters were promised, not another line appeared; the magazine blew up, the Doctor was *taboed*, and soon after died a miserable death.

But enough. That William Blackwood was an extraordinary man is evident enough from the astonishing suc-

cess of his Magazine. Whatever may have been its history, its faults, or its follies, it has maintained itself now in the public favor of the world itself for nearly fifty years, and most of the time at a prodigious elevation, in unapproachable solitude. Burning and acrimonious, unrelenting, and at times deadly in its hatred, full of desperate partisanship, and of judicial blindness toward all who belonged to the other side in politics, it was always full of earnestness and originality and tumultuous life, and oftentimes not only generous, but magnanimous and forgiving.

THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

XI.

THE WOMAN QUESTION: OR, WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HER?

“WHAT do you think of this Woman’s Rights question?” said Bob Stephens. “From some of your remarks, I apprehend that you think there is something in it. I may be wrong, but I must confess that I have looked with disgust on the whole movement. No man reverences women as I do; but I reverence them *as* women. I reverence them for those very things in which their sex differs from ours; but when they come upon our ground, and begin to work and fight after our manner and with our weapons, I regard them as fearful anomalies, neither men nor women. These Women’s Rights Conventions appear to me to have ventilated crudities, absurdities, and blasphemies. To hear them talk about men, one would suppose that the two sexes were natural born enemies, and wonders whether they ever had fathers and brothers. One would think, upon their showing, that all men were a set of ruffians, in league against women,—they seeming, at the same time, to forget how on their very platforms the most constant

and gallant defenders of their rights are men. Wendell Phillips and Wentworth Higginson have put at the service of the cause masculine training and manly vehemence, and complacently accepted the wholesale abuse of their own sex at the hands of their warrior sisters. One would think, were all they say of female powers true, that our Joan-of-Arcs ought to have disdained to fight under male captains.”

“I think,” said my wife, “that, in all this talk about the rights of men, and the rights of women, and the rights of children, the world seems to be forgetting what is quite as important, the *duties* of men and women and children. We all hear of our *rights* till we forget our *duties*; and even theology is beginning to concern itself more with what man has a right to expect of his Creator than what the Creator has a right to expect of man.”

“You say the truth,” said I; “there is danger of just this overaction: and yet rights must be discussed; because, in order to understand the duties, we

owe to any class, we must understand their rights. To know our duties to men, women, and children, we must know what the rights of men, women, and children justly are. As to the 'Woman's Rights movement,' it is not peculiar to America, it is part of a great wave in the incoming tide of modern civilization; the swell is felt no less in Europe, but it combs over and breaks on our American shore, because our great wide beach affords the best play for its waters: and as the ocean waves bring with them kelp, sea-weed, mud, sand, gravel, and even putrefying debris, which lie unsightly on the shore, and yet, on the whole, are healthful and refreshing,—so the Woman's Rights movement, with its conventions, its speech-makings, its crudities and eccentricities, is nevertheless a part of a healthful and necessary movement of the human race towards progress. This question of Woman and her Sphere is now, perhaps, the greatest of the age. We have put Slavery under foot, and with the downfall of Slavery the only obstacle to the success of our great democratic experiment is overthrown, and there seems no limit to the splendid possibilities which it may open before the human race.

"In the reconstruction that is now coming there lies more than the reconstruction of States and the arrangement of the machinery of Government. We need to know and feel, all of us, that, from the moment of the death of Slavery, we parted finally from the *régime* and control of all the old ideas formed under old oppressive systems of society, and came upon a new plane of life.

"In this new life we must never forget that we are a peculiar people, that we have to walk in paths unknown to the Old World, paths where its wisdom cannot guide us, where its precedents can be of little use to us, and its criticisms, in most cases, must be wholly irrelevant. The history of our war has shown us of how little service to us in any important crisis the opinions and advice of the Old World can be. We have

been hurt at what seemed to us the want of sympathy, the direct antagonism, of England. We might have been less hurt, if we had properly understood that Providence had placed us in a position so far ahead of her ideas or power of comprehension that just judgment or sympathy was not to be expected from her.

"As we went through our great war with no help but that of God, obliged to disregard the misconceptions and impertinences which the foreign press rained down upon us, so, if we are wise, we shall continue to do. Our object must now be to make the principles on which our government is founded permeate consistently the mass of society, and to purge out the leaven of aristocratic and Old World ideas. So long as there is an illogical working in our actual life, so long as there is any class denied equal rights with other classes, so long will there be agitation and trouble."

"Then," said my wife, "you believe that women ought to vote?"

"If the principle on which we founded our government is true, that taxation must not exist without representation, and if women hold property and are taxed, it follows that women should be represented in the State by their votes, or there is an illogical working of our government."

"But, my dear, don't you think that this will have a bad effect on the female character?"

"Yes," said Bob, "it will make women caucus-holders, political candidates."

"It may make this of some women, just as of some men," said I. "But all men do not take any great interest in politics; it is very difficult to get some of the best of them to do their duty in voting; and the same will be found true among women."

"But, after all," said Bob, "what do you gain? What will a woman's vote be but a duplicate of that of her husband or father, or whatever man happens to be her adviser?"

"That may be true on a variety of

questions ; but there are subjects on which the vote of women would, I think, be essentially different from that of men. On the subjects of temperance, public morals, and education, I have no doubt that the introduction of the female vote into legislation, in States, counties, and cities, would produce results very different from that of men alone. There are thousands of women who would close grogshops, and stop the traffic in spirits, if they had the legislative power ; and it would be well for society, if they had. In fact, I think that a State can no more afford to dispense with the vote of women in its affairs than a family. Imagine a family where the female has no voice in the housekeeping ! A State is but a larger family, and there are many of its concerns which equally with those of a private household would be bettered by female supervision."

"But fancy women going to those horrible voting-places ! It is more than I can do myself," said Bob.

"But you forget," said I, "that they are horrible and disgusting principally because women never go to them. All places where women are excluded tend downward to barbarism ; but the moment she is introduced, there come in with her courtesy, cleanliness, sobriety, and order. When a man can walk up to the ballot-box with his wife or his sister on his arm, voting-places will be far more agreeable than now ; and the polls will not be such bear-gardens that refined men will be constantly tempted to omit their political duties there.

"If for nothing else, I would have women vote, that the business of voting may not be so disagreeable and intolerable to men of refinement as it now is ; and I sincerely believe that the cause of good morals, good order, cleanliness, and public health would be a gainer, not merely by the added feminine vote, but by the added vote of a great many excellent, but too fastidious men, who are now kept from the polls by the disagreeables they meet there.

"Do you suppose, that, if women had equal representation with men in the

municipal laws of New York, its reputation for filth during the last year would have gone so far beyond that of Cologne, or any other city renowned for bad smells ? I trow not. I believe a *lady-mayor*ess would have brought in a dispensation of brooms and whitewash, and made a terrible searching into dark holes and vile corners, before now. *Female* New York, I have faith to believe, has yet left in her enough of the primary instincts of womanhood to give us a clean, healthy city, if female votes had any power to do it."

"But," said Bob, "you forget that voting would bring together all the women of the lower classes."

"Yes ; but, thanks to the instincts of their sex, they would come in their Sunday clothes : for where is the woman that has n't her finery, and will not embrace every chance to show it ? Biddy's parasol, and hat with pink ribbons, would necessitate a clean shirt in Pat as much as on Sunday. Voting would become a *fête*, and we should have a population at the polls as well dressed as at church. Such is my belief."

"I do not see," said Bob, "but you go to the full extent with our modern female reformers."

"There are certain neglected truths, which have been held up by these reformers, that are gradually being accepted and infused into the life of modern society ; and their recognition will help to solidify and purify democratic institutions. They are,—

"1. The right of every woman to hold independent property.

"2. The right of every woman to receive equal pay with man for work which she does equally well.

"3. The right of any woman to do any work for which, by her natural organization and talent, she is peculiarly adapted.

"Under the first head, our energetic sisters have already, by the help of their gallant male adjutants, reformed the laws of several of our States, so that a married woman is no longer left the unprotected legal slave of any unprincipled, drunken spendthrift who may be

her husband, — but, in case of the imbecility or improvidence of the natural head of the family, the wife, if she have the ability, can conduct business, make contracts, earn and retain money for the good of the household; and I am sure no one can say that immense injustice and cruelty are not thereby prevented.

"It is quite easy for women who have the good fortune to have just and magnanimous husbands to say that they feel no interest in such reforms, and that they would willingly trust their property to the man to whom they give themselves; but they should remember that laws are not made for the restraint of the generous and just, but of the dishonest and base. The law which enables a married woman to hold her own property does not forbid her to give it to the man of her heart, if she so pleases; and it does protect many women who otherwise would be reduced to the extremest misery. I once knew an energetic milliner who had her shop attached four times, and a flourishing business broken up in four different cities, because she was tracked from city to city by a worthless spendthrift, who only waited till she had amassed a little property in a new place to swoop down upon and carry it off. It is to be hoped that the time is not distant when every State will give to woman a fair chance to the ownership and use of her own earnings and her own property."

"Well," said Bob, "the most interesting question still remains: What are to be the employments of woman? What ways are there for her to use her talents, to earn her livelihood and support those who are dear to her, when Providence throws that necessity upon her? This is becoming more than ever one of the pressing questions of our age. The war has deprived so many thousands of women of their natural protectors, that everything must be thought of that may possibly open a way for their self-support."

"Well, let us look over the field," said my wife. "What is there for woman?"

"In the first place," said I, "come the professions requiring natural genius, — authorship, painting, sculpture, with the subordinate arts of photographing, coloring, and finishing; but when all is told, these furnish employment to a very limited number, — almost as nothing to the whole. Then there is teaching, which is profitable in its higher branches, and perhaps the very pleasantest of all the callings open to woman; but teaching is at present an overcrowded profession, the applicants everywhere outnumbering the places. Architecture and landscape-gardening are arts every way suited to the genius of woman, and there are enough who have the requisite mechanical skill and mathematical education; and though never yet thought of for the sex, that I know of, I do not despair of seeing those who shall find in this field a profession at once useful and elegant. When women plan dwelling-houses, the vast body of tenements to be let in our cities will wear a more domestic and comfortable air, and will be built more with reference to the real wants of their inmates."

"I have thought," said Bob, "that *agencies* of various sorts, as canvassing the country for the sale of books, maps, and engravings, might properly employ a great many women. There is a large class whose health suffers from confinement and sedentary occupations, who might, I think, be both usefully and agreeably employed in business of this sort, and be recruiting their health at the same time."

"Then," said my wife, "there is the medical profession."

"Yes," said I. "The world is greatly obliged to Miss Blackwell and other noble pioneers who faced and overcame the obstacles to the attainment of a thorough medical education by females. Thanks to them, a new and lucrative profession is now open to educated women in relieving the distresses of their own sex; and we may hope that in time, through their intervention, the care of the sick may also become the vocation of cultivated, refined, in-

telligent women instead of being left, as heretofore, to the ignorant and vulgar? The experience of our late war has shown us what women of a high class morally and intellectually can do in this capacity. Why should not this experience inaugurate a new and sacred calling for refined and educated women? Why should not NURSING become a vocation equal in dignity and in general esteem to the medical profession, of which it is the right hand? Why should our dearest hopes, in the hour of their greatest peril, be committed into the hands of Sairey Gamps, when the world has seen Florence Nightingales?"

"Yes, indeed," said my wife; "I can testify, from my own experience, that the sufferings and dangers of the sick-bed, for the want of intelligent, educated nursing, have been dreadful. A prejudiced, pig-headed, snuff-taking old woman, narrow-minded and vulgar, and more confident in her own way than seven men that can render a reason, enters your house at just the hour and moment when all your dearest earthly hopes are brought to a crisis. She becomes absolute dictator over your delicate, helpless wife and your frail babe, — the absolute dictator of all in the house. If it be her sovereign will and pleasure to enact all sorts of physiological absurdities in the premises, who shall say her nay? "She knows her business, she hopes!" And if it be her edict, as it was of one of her class whom I knew, that each of her babies shall eat four baked beans the day it is four days old, eat them it must; and if the baby die in convulsions four days after, it is set down as the mysterious will of an overruling Providence.

"I know and have seen women lying upon laced pillows under silken curtains, who have been bullied and dominated over in the hour of their greatest helplessness by ignorant and vulgar tyrants, in a way that would scarce be thought possible in civilized society, and children that have been injured or done to death by the same

means. A celebrated physician told me of a babe whose eyesight was nearly ruined by its nurse taking a fancy to wash its eyes with camphor, "to keep it from catching cold," she said. I knew another infant that was poisoned by the nurse giving it laudanum in some of those patent nostrums which these ignorant creatures carry secretly in their pockets, to secure quiet in their little charges. I knew one delicate woman who never recovered from the effects of being left at her first confinement in the hands of an ill-tempered, drinking nurse, and whose feeble infant was neglected and abused by this woman in a way to cause lasting injury. In the first four weeks of infancy, the constitution is peculiarly impressible; and infants of a delicate organization may, if frightened and ill treated, be the subjects of just such a shock to the nervous system as in mature age comes from the sudden stroke of a great affliction or terror. A bad nurse may affect nerves predisposed to weakness in a manner they never will recover from. I solemnly believe that the constitutions of more women are broken up by bad nursing in their first confinement than by any other cause whatever. And yet there are at the same time hundreds and thousands of women wanting the means of support, whose presence in a sick-room would be a benediction. I do trust that Miss Blackwell's band of educated nurses will not be long in coming, and that the number of such may increase till they effect a complete revolution in this vocation. A class of cultivated, well-trained, intelligent nurses would soon elevate the employment of attending on the sick into the noble calling it ought to be, and secure for it its appropriate rewards."

"There is another opening for woman," said I, — "in the world of business. The system of commercial colleges now spreading over our land is a new and a most important development of our times. There that large class of young men who have either no time or no inclination for an extended classical edu-

cation can learn what will fit them for that active material life which in our broad country needs so many workers. But the most pleasing feature of these institutions is, that the complete course is open to women no less than to men, and women there may acquire that knowledge of book-keeping and accounts, and of the forms and principles of business transactions, which will qualify them for some of the lucrative situations hitherto monopolized by the other sex. And the expenses of the course of instruction are so arranged as to come within the scope of very moderate means. A fee of fifty dollars entitles a woman to the benefit of the whole course, and she has the privilege of attending at any hours that may suit her own engagements and convenience."

"Then, again," said my wife, "there are the departments of millinery and dress-making and the various branches of needle-work, which afford employment to thousands of women; there is type-setting, by which many are beginning to get a living; there are the manufactures of cotton, woollen, silk, and the numberless useful articles which employ female hands in their fabrication, — all of them opening avenues by which, with more or less success, a subsistence can be gained."

"Well, really," said Bob, "it would appear, after all, that there are abundance of openings for women. What is the cause of the outcry and distress? How is it that we hear of women starving, driven to vice and crime by want, when so many doors of useful and profitable employment stand open to them?"

"The question would easily be solved," said my wife, "if you could once see the kind and class of women who thus suffer and starve. There may be exceptions, but too large a portion of them are girls and women who *can or will do no earthly thing well*, — and what is worse, are not willing to take the pains to be taught to do anything well. I will describe to you one girl, and you will find in every intelligence-

office a hundred of her kind to five thoroughly trained ones.

"Imprimis: she is rather delicate and genteel-looking, and you may know from the arrangement of her hair just what the last mode is of disposing of rats or waterfalls. She has a lace bonnet with roses, a silk mantilla, a silk dress trimmed with velvet, a white skirt with sixteen tucks and an embroidered edge, a pair of cloth gaiters, underneath which are a pair of stockings without feet, the only pair in her possession. She has no under-linen, and sleeps at night in the working-clothes she wears in the day. She never seems to have in her outfit either comb, brush, or tooth-brush of her own, — neither needles, thread, scissors, nor pins: her money, when she has any, being spent on more important articles, such as the lace bonnet or silk mantilla, or the rats and waterfalls that glorify her head. When she wishes to sew, she borrows what is useful of a convenient next neighbor; and if she gets a place in a family as second girl, she expects to subsist in these respects by borrowing of the better-appointed servants, or helping herself from the family stores.

"She expects, of course, the very highest wages, if she condescends to live out, and by help of a trim outside appearance and the many vacancies that are continually occurring in households she gets places, where her object is to do just as little of any duty assigned to her as possible, to hurry through her performances, put on her fine clothes, and go a-gadding. She is on free and easy terms with all the men she meets, and ready at jests and repartee, sometimes far from seemly. Her time of service in any one place lasts indifferently from a fortnight to two or three months, when she takes her wages, buys her a new parasol in the latest style, and goes back to the intelligence-office. In the different families where she has lived she has been told a hundred times the proprieties of household life, how to make beds, arrange rooms, wash china, glass, and silver, and set

tables; but her habitual rule is to try in each place how small and how poor services will be accepted. When she finds less will not do, she gives more. When the mistress follows her constantly and shows an energetic determination to be well served, she shows that she *can* serve well; but the moment such attention relaxes, she slides back again. She is as destructive to a house as a fire; the very spirit of wastefulness is in her; she cracks the china, dents the silver, stops the water-pipes with rubbish; and after she is gone, there is generally a sum equal to half her wages to be expended in repairing the effects of her carelessness. And yet there is one thing to be said for her: she is quite as careful of her employer's things as of her own. The full amount of her mischiefs often does not appear at once, as she is glib of tongue, adroit in apologies, and lies with as much alertness and as little thought of conscience as a blackbird chatters. It is difficult for people who have been trained from childhood in the school of verities, — who have been lectured for even the shadow of a prevarication, and shut up in disgrace for a lie, till truth becomes a habit of their souls, — it is very difficult for people so educated to understand how to get on with those who never speak the truth except by mere accident, who assert any and every thing that comes into their heads with all the assurance and all the energy of perfect verity.

“What becomes of this girl? She finds means, by begging, borrowing, living out, to keep herself extremely trim and airy for a certain length of time, till the rats and waterfalls, the lace hat and parasol, and the glib tongue, have done their work in making a fool of some honest young mechanic who earns three dollars a day. She marries him with no higher object than to have somebody to earn money for her to spend. And what comes of such marriages?

“That is *one* ending of her career; the other is on the street, in haunts of vice, in prison, in drunkenness, and death.

“Whence come these girls? They are as numerous as yellow butterflies in autumn; they flutter up to cities from the country; they grow up from mothers who ran the same sort of career before them; and the reason why in the end they fall out of all reputable employment and starve on poor wages is, that they become physically, mentally, and morally incapable of rendering any service which society will think worth paying for.”

“I remember,” said I, “that the head of the most celebrated dress-making establishment in New York, in reply to the appeals of the needle-women of the city for sympathy and wages, came out with published statements to this effect: that the difficulty lay not in unwillingness of employers to pay what work was worth, but in finding any work worth paying for; that she had many applicants, but among them few who could be of real use to her; that she, in common with everybody in this country who has any kind of serious responsibilities to carry, was continually embarrassed for want of skilled work-people, who could take and go on with the labor of her various departments without her constant supervision; that out of a hundred girls, there would not be more than five to whom she could give a dress to be made and dismiss it from her mind as something certain to be properly done.

“Let people individually look around their own little sphere and ask themselves if they know any woman really excelling in any *valuable* calling or accomplishment who is suffering for want of work. All of us know seamstresses, dress-makers, nurses, and laundresses, who have made themselves such a reputation, and are so beset and overcrowded with work, that the whole neighborhood is constantly on its knees to them with uplifted hands. The fine seamstress, who can cut and make trousseaus and layettes in elegant perfection, is always engaged six months in advance; the pet dress-maker of a neighborhood must be engaged in May for September, and in September for May;

a laundress who sends your clothes home in nice order always has all the work that she can do. Good work in any department is the rarest possible thing in our American life; and it is a fact that the great majority of workers, both in the family and out, do only tolerably well, — not so badly that it actually cannot be borne, yet not so well as to be a source of real, thorough satisfaction. The exceptional worker in every neighborhood, who does things really *well*, can always set her own price, and is always having more offering than she can possibly do.

“The trouble, then, in finding employment for women lies deeper than the purses or consciences of the employers; it lies in the want of education in women: the want of *education*, I say,—meaning by education that which fits a woman for practical and profitable employment in life, and not mere common school learning.”

“Yes,” said my wife; “for it is a fact that the most troublesome and hopeless persons to provide for are often those who have a good medium education, but no feminine habits, no industry, no practical calculation, no muscular strength, and no knowledge of any one of woman’s peculiar duties. In the earlier days of New England, women, as a class, had far fewer opportunities for acquiring learning, yet were far better educated, physically and morally, than now. The high school did not exist; at the common school they learned reading, writing, and arithmetic, and practised spelling; while at home they did the work of the household. They were cheerful, bright, active, ever on the alert, able to do anything, from the harnessing and driving of a horse to the finest embroidery. The daughters of New England in those days looked the world in the face without a fear. They shunned no labor; they were afraid of none; and they could always find their way to a living.”

“But although less instructed in school learning,” said I, “they showed no deficiency in intellectual acumen.

I see no such women, nowadays, as some I remember of that olden time, — women whose strong minds and ever active industry carried on reading and study side by side with household toils.

“I remember a young lady friend of mine, attending a celebrated boarding-school, boarded in the family of a woman who had never been to school longer than was necessary to learn to read and write, yet who was a perfect cyclopedia of general information. The young scholar used to take her Chemistry and Natural Philosophy into the kitchen, where her friend was busy with her household work, and read her lessons to her, that she might have the benefit of her explanations; and so, while the good lady scoured her andirons or kneaded her bread, she lectured to her *protégée* on mysteries of science far beyond the limits of the text-book. Many of the graduates of our modern high schools would find it hard to shine in conversation on the subjects they had studied, in the searching presence of some of these vigorous matrons of the olden time, whose only school had been the leisure hours gained by energy and method from their family cares.”

“And in those days,” said my wife, “there lived in our families a class of American domestics, women of good sense and good powers of reflection, who applied this sense and power of reflection to household matters. In the early part of my married life, I myself had American ‘help’; and they were not only excellent servants, but trusty and invaluable friends. But now, all this class of applicants for domestic service have disappeared, I scarce know why or how. All I know is, there is no more a Betsey or a Lois, such as used to take domestic cares off my shoulders so completely.”

“Good heavens! where are they?” cried Bob. “Where do they hide? I would search through the world after such a prodigy!”

“The fact is,” said I, “there has been a slow and gradual reaction against

household labor in America. Mothers began to feel that it was a sort of *curse*, to be spared, if possible, to their daughters; women began to feel that they were fortunate in proportion as they were able to be entirely clear of family responsibilities. Then Irish labor began to come in, simultaneously with a great advance in female education.

"For a long while nothing was talked of, written of, thought of, in teachers' meetings, conventions, and assemblies, but the neglected state of female education; and the whole circle of the arts and sciences was suddenly introduced into our free-school system, from which needle-work as gradually and quietly was suffered to drop out. The girl who attended the primary and high school had so much study imposed on her that she had no time for sewing or housework; and the delighted mother was only too happy to darn her stockings and do the housework alone, that her daughter might rise to a higher plane than she herself had attained to. The daughter, thus educated, had, on coming to womanhood, no solidity of muscle, no manual dexterity, no practice or experience in domestic life; and if she were to seek a livelihood, there remained only teaching, or some feminine trade, or the factory."

"These factories," said my wife, "have been the ruin of hundreds and hundreds of our once healthy farmers' daughters and others from the country. They go there young and unprotected; they live there in great boarding-houses, and associate with a promiscuous crowd, without even such restraints of maternal supervision as they would have in great boarding-schools; their bodies are enfeebled by labor often necessarily carried on in a foul and heated atmosphere; and at the hours when off duty, they are exposed to all the dangers of unwatched intimacy with the other sex.

"Moreover, the factory-girl learns and practises but one thing,—some one mechanical movement, which gives no scope for invention, ingenuity, or any

other of the powers called into play by domestic labor; so that she is in reality unfitted in every way for family duties.

"Many times it has been my lot to try, in my family service, girls who have left factories; and I have found them wholly useless for any of the things which a woman ought to be good for. They knew nothing of a house, or what ought to be done in it; they had imbibed a thorough contempt of household labor, and looked upon it but as a *dernier resort*; and it was only the very lightest of its tasks that they could even begin to think of. I remember I tried to persuade one of these girls, the pretty daughter of a fisherman, to take some lessons in washing and ironing. She was at that time engaged to be married to a young mechanic, who earned something like two or three dollars a day.

"My child," said I, 'you will need to understand all kinds of housework, if you are going to be married.'

"She tossed her little head,—

"Indeed, she was n't going to trouble herself about that.'

"But who will get up your husband's shirts?"

"Oh, he must put them out. I'm not going to be married to make a slave of myself!"

"Another young factory-girl, who came for table and parlor work, was so full of airs and fine notions, that it seemed as difficult to treat with her as with a princess. She could not sweep, because it blistered her hands, which, in fact, were long and delicate; she could not think of putting them into hot dish-water, and for that reason preferred washing the dishes in cold water; she required a full hour in the morning to make her toilet; she was laced so tightly that she could not stoop without vertigo, and her hoops were of dimensions which seemed to render it impossible for her to wait upon table; she was quite exhausted with the effort of ironing the table-napkins and chamber-towels;—yet she could not think of 'living out' under two dollars a week.

"Both these girls had had a good free-school education, and could read any amount of novels, write a tolerable letter, but had not learned anything with sufficient accuracy to fit them for teachers. They were pretty, and their destiny was to marry and lie a dead weight on the hands of some honest man, and to increase, in their children, the number of incapables."

"Well," said Bob, "what would you have? What is to be done?"

"In the first place," said I, "I would have it felt by those who are seeking to elevate woman, that the work is to be done, not so much by creating for her new spheres of action as by elevating her conceptions of that domestic vocation to which God and Nature have assigned her. It is all very well to open to her avenues of profit and advancement in the great outer world; but, after all, *to make and keep a home* is, and ever must be, a woman's first glory, her highest aim. No work of art can compare with a perfect home; the training and guiding of a family must be recognized as the highest work a woman can perform; and female education ought to be conducted with special reference to this.

"Men are *trained* to be lawyers, to be physicians, to be mechanics, by long and self-denying study and practice. A man cannot even make shoes merely by going to the high school and learning reading, writing, and mathematics; he cannot be a book-keeper, or a printer, simply from general education.

"Now women have a sphere and profession of their own, — a profession for which they are fitted by physical organization, by their own instincts, and to which they are directed by the pointing and manifest finger of God, — and that sphere is *family life*.

"Duties to the State and to public life they may have; but the public duties of women must bear to their family ones the same relation that the family duties of men bear to their public ones.

"The defect in the late efforts to push on female education is, that it

has been for her merely general, and that it has left out and excluded all that is professional; and she undertakes the essential duties of womanhood, when they do devolve on her, without any adequate preparation."

"But is it possible for a girl to learn at school the things which fit her for family life?" said Bob.

"Why not?" I replied. "Once it was thought impossible in schools to teach girls geometry, or algebra, or the higher mathematics; it was thought impossible to put them through collegiate courses: but it has been done, and we see it. Women study treatises on political economy in schools; and why should not the study of domestic economy form a part of every school course? A young girl will stand up at the blackboard, and draw and explain the compound blowpipe, and describe all the process of making oxygen and hydrogen. Why should she not draw and explain a refrigerator as well as an air-pump? Both are to be explained on philosophical principles. When a school-girl, in her Chemistry, studies the reciprocal action of acids and alkalies, what is there to hinder the teaching her its application to the various processes of cooking where acids and alkalies are employed? Why should she not be led to see how effervescence and fermentation can be made to perform their office in the preparation of light and digestible bread? Why should she not be taught the chemical substances by which food is often adulterated, and the tests by which such adulterations are detected? Why should she not understand the processes of confectionery, and know how to guard against the deleterious or poisonous elements that are introduced into children's sugar-plums and candies? Why, when she learns the doctrine of *mordants*, the substances by which different colors are set, should she not learn it with some practical view to future life, so that she may know how to set the color of a fading calico or restore the color of a spotted one? Why, in short, when a girl has labored through a profound chemical

work, and listened to courses of chemical lectures, should she come to domestic life, which presents a constant series of chemical experiments and changes, and go blindly along as without chart or compass, unable to tell what will take out a stain or what will brighten a metal, what are common poisons and what their antidotes, and not knowing enough of the laws of caloric to understand how to warm a house, or of the laws of atmosphere to know how to ventilate one? Why should the preparation of food, that subtle art on which life, health, cheerfulness, good temper, and good looks so largely depend, forever be left in the hands of the illiterate and vulgar?

"A benevolent gentleman has lately left a large fortune for the founding of a university for women, and the object is stated to be to give women who have already acquired a general education the means of acquiring a professional one, to fit themselves for some employment by which they may gain a livelihood.

"In this institution the women are to be instructed in book-keeping, stenography, telegraphing, photographing, drawing, modelling, and various other arts; but so far as I remember, there is no proposal to teach domestic economy as at least *one* of woman's professions.

"Why should there not be a professor of domestic economy in every large female school? Why should not this professor give lectures, first on house-planning and building, illustrated by appropriate apparatus? Why should not the pupils have presented to their inspection models of houses planned with reference to economy, to ease of domestic service, to warmth, to ventilation, and to architectural appearance? Why should not the professor go on to lecture further on house-fixtures, with models of the best mangles, washing-machines, clothes-wringers, ranges, furnaces, and cooking-stoves, together with drawings and apparatus illustrative of domestic hydraulics, showing the best contrivances for bathing-rooms and the

obvious principles of plumbing, so that the pupils may have some idea how to work the machinery of a convenient house when they have it, and to have such conveniences introduced when wanting? If it is thought worth while to provide at great expense apparatus for teaching the revolutions of Saturn's moons and the precession of the equinoxes, why should there not be some also to teach what it may greatly concern a woman's earthly happiness to know?

"Why should not the professor lecture on home-chemistry, devoting his first lecture to bread-making? and why might not a batch of bread be made and baked and exhibited to the class, together with specimens of morbid anatomy in the bread line,—the sour cotton bread of the baker,—the rough, big-holed bread,—the heavy, fossil bread,—the bitter bread of too much yeast,—and the causes of their defects pointed out? And so with regard to the various articles of food,—why might not chemical lectures be given on all of them, one after another?—In short, it would be easy to trace out a course of lectures on common things to occupy a whole year, and for which the pupils, whenever they come to have homes of their own, will thank the lecturer to the last day of their life.

"Then there is no impossibility in teaching needle-work, the cutting and fitting of dresses, in female schools. The thing is done very perfectly in English schools for the working classes. A girl trained at one of these schools came into a family I once knew. She brought with her a sewing-book, in which the process of making various articles was exhibited in miniature. The several parts of a shirt were first shown, each perfectly made, and fastened to a leaf of the book by itself, and then the successive steps of uniting the parts, till finally appeared a miniature model of the whole. The sewing was done with red thread, so that every stitch might show and any imperfection be at once remedied. The same process was pursued with regard to other garments, and a good

general idea of cutting and fitting them was thus given to an entire class of girls.

"In the same manner the care and nursing of young children and the tending of the sick might be made the subject of lectures. Every woman ought to have some general principles to guide her with regard to what is to be done in case of the various accidents that may befall either children or grown people, and of their lesser illnesses, and ought to know how to prepare comforts and nourishment for the sick. Hawthorne's satirical remarks upon the contrast between the elegant Zenobia's conversation and the smoky porridge she made for him when he was an invalid might apply to the volunteer cookery of many charming women."

"I think," said Bob, "that your Professor of Domestic Economy would find enough to occupy his pupils."

"In fact," said I, "were domestic economy properly honored and properly taught, in the manner described, it would open a sphere of employment to so many women in the home life, that we should not be obliged to send our women out to California or the Pacific, to put an end to an anxious and aimless life.

"When domestic work is sufficiently honored to be taught as an art and science in our boarding-schools and high schools, then possibly it may acquire also dignity in the eyes of our working classes, and young girls who have to earn their own living may no longer feel degraded in engaging in domestic service. The place of a domestic in a family may become as respectable in

their eyes as a place in a factory, in a printing-office, in a dress-making or millinery establishment, or behind the counter of a shop.

"In America there is no class which will confess itself the lower class, and a thing recommended solely for the benefit of any such class finds no one to receive it.

"If the intelligent and cultivated look down on household-work with disdain, if they consider it as degrading, a thing to be shunned by every possible device, they may depend upon it that the influence of such contempt of woman's noble duties will flow downward, producing a like contempt in every class in life.

"Our sovereign princesses learn the doctrine of equality very quickly, and are not going to sacrifice themselves to what is not considered *de bon ton* by the upper classes; and the girl with the laced hat and parasol, without underclothes, who does her best to "shirk" her duties as housemaid, and is looking for marriage as an escape from work, is a fair copy of her mistress, who married for much the same reason, who hates housekeeping, and would rather board or do anything else than have the care of a family; — the one is about as respectable as the other.

"When housekeeping becomes an enthusiasm, and its study and practice a fashion, then we shall have in America that class of persons to rely on for help in household labors who are now going to factories, to printing-offices, to every kind of toil, forgetful of the best life and sphere of woman."

THE FORGE.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was not long before I was established in my new situation. Mr. Bray said, roughly, —

"I s'pose new friends is better than them your father picked out for you; leastways you must try 'em and see. I don't say as I would n't on no account take you back, if I found you could n't git along without me. You must n't have that look of bein' twenty mile away, when a hoss's leg is in your hand, and you 're ready to shoe him; for I sha'n't be by to bring you back again."

Mrs. Bray said, —

"Well, it is rather a long ride for the grand folks 'way down to Lower Warren, and Amos bein' a family man, of course they would n't expect him to be a-movin' to suit them; and as he 's had the trainin' of you, they think it 'll be all right. I hope it will, I 'm sure."

Little Annie looked sadder than usual, but said nothing, until the morning when I was to commence work at the new forge; then she followed me to the door with her little straw basket, in which she had packed a nice lunch, covered with lilac-leaves from the bush by the front door.

"You said you should n't have time to come home to dinner, as you go to Hillside this afternoon, Sandy," she said, apologetically, as she slipped it into my hand. "I hope it will be long before you go away altogether, it would be so lonely without you"; and the tears filled her blue eyes.

Why was that gentle, appealing beauty always luring me back to the village life, whose rustic, homely ways I was learning to despise? I could not tell; but she, part and parcel of it though she was, bound to it by parentage and pursuits, had never failed to touch my heart. I stooped and kissed her, as I so often had done before, and answered, laughing, —

"Go away? Never, Annie, until I take you with me."

She blushed; the old happiness stole back into her eyes at the first kind word from me, and she returned to her simple, daily tasks; while I, filled with ambition and pride in my new life, soon dismissed her from my mind.

I had meant to ask Annie to help me in arranging my new forge, as she had helped me with my first picture; and when the necessary purchases were made and in their places, when the woman living in the other part of the building I occupied had swept my floor and washed my solitary window, which was at one end and looked toward the hill, I resolutely determined to delay the unpacking of a box of pictures and books, of which the latter were to fill a small shelf above, and the former to hang around the window, until I could bring Annie up the next day to assist me. Deciding to read, therefore, until some custom should fall to me, I knocked a narrow board off the top of the box and slipped out a single book, when I heard the tramp of horses' feet, and, going to the door, saw the party from Hillside returning from a horseback ride. Mr. Lang, mounted on his magnificent horse, hurried forward and rode fairly within the smithy.

"Why, Sandy, actually established? I thought it was but right that Warrior should be your first visitor. See how he paws! He knows you, and will be getting a shoe off for your benefit."

I patted my old friend, who arched his neck still more proudly, as though hardly brooking the familiarity, when Miss Merton, Miss Darry, and Mr. Leopold rode up.

"Are you entirely ready for work, Sandy?" asked Miss Darry, after the first greeting.

"Ready for work, but not quite in order here," I replied.

"But if anything is lacking, why have

a book there? Why not arrange matters at once?" she continued, with her customary energy.

"What is that shelf for? and that old box? You may as well confess to any little adornments at once."

"I have a few books, and just one or two old pictures there," I replied, reluctantly; "but I have made up my mind not to arrange them until to-morrow: little Annie Bray can help me then, and the poor child has seldom anything to amuse her."

"Nonsense, Sandy! Little Annie Bray cannot put the books on that high shelf without your assistance, and very probably you will have other employment to-morrow. Then you will make yourself late for Mr. Leopold, and will begin wrong, which is about equal to going wrong all the way through. I have half a mind to dismount and help you myself. It will be a charming combination of forge and studio, won't it, Mr. Leopold?"

Mr. Leopold smiled, but assented, as though his interest in the matter was by no means proportioned to hers; and I could but notice that both Miss Merton and Mr. Lang looked as if quite enough of this sunny spring morning had been spent in examination of the new forge. So I replied, hastily,—

"Oh, well, Miss Darry, if it will give you any satisfaction, I'll finish my work here at once."

"Thank you, Sandy. And now I think of it, Alice, a Madeira vine can be trained from the shelf up over the window to make a delightful green curtain. A man, you know, never understands exactly how to plan these things."

"Ah, but I have planned, Miss Darry. This box will occupy the window; but it is to be filled with water, aquatic plants, insects, and tiny fish, for Annie's pleasure, when she makes me a visit."

"You mean to establish a kind of nursery, I see. I hope you won't waste your time, Sandy," retorted Miss Darry.

I could not fail to see that her disapproval of my interest in Annie Bray

had not abated; for no plans formed with reference to her seemed to meet with approbation. And so I was the more pleased when Miss Merton turned to me, as they were about to ride away, saying,—

"I forgot to ask you the other evening to bring that sweet little girl to Hillside some day, or let her come alone. I will find plenty of amusement for her that shall not interfere with the work which Miss Darry is so desirous should go on."

They all laughed merrily, as they rode away; but I felt in no gay mood. I was provoked that I had yielded so readily to Miss Darry's wishes, and irritated by her evident dislike to the only person in the world whose affection I possessed.

"Why not dismount and help me herself?" I muttered, impatiently, as I broke open the cover of my box. "Far above me as she is, she has no right to interfere with my friendship with Annie, if she does not give me her own in its place."

However, as the morning wore on, I became interested in my new arrangements; the decorations of my low attic bedroom were displayed to greater advantage in the forge, where I should now pass so much more of my time; and as for Annie, after all, she would enjoy seeing it far better when completed. Before noon, too, I had opened an account with one of the most prosperous farmers in the neighborhood, and in hard manual labor my excitement passed away; and I presented myself at Hillside at the appointed hour, as grateful to its inmates as ever.

CHAPTER X.

PERHAPS no art differs more widely with individual mind and temperament than that of teaching. I soon appreciated this under Mr. Leopold's training. For the first few lessons, I was put to no copying, given no verbal instruction; he showed me how to mix oil-colors, expecting his to be prepared

for him, when, in his eagerness to produce an effect, he did not care to stop for the purpose himself; and for the rest, advised me to watch him, which I did narrowly, while he worked sometimes by the hour without speaking. When I commenced painting, therefore, I felt as though I was making constant discoveries, and began to think, in the conceit of my youth and developing power, that I was working without other guide than my own intuition, until I found a number of serious errors indicated. Miss Darry's teaching made me feel that I could not do without her; Mr. Leopold's, that just so far as he carried me, I in turn could take some one else.

The summer days wore on. My hands grew rougher and coarser with hard work, yet just as surely increased their dexterity in holding the brush with a firm grasp and giving flexible and delicate strokes to finer work. My lessons and new forge left but little time for the cottage and Annie Bray now. Moreover, she, too, changed as the months wore on. When did I ever imagine, with all my growing plans and manhood, that she also was to have her work and purpose in the world? Yet she had made her visit to Hillside, had been not only amused and delighted, but instructed, by all she saw there. I was too deeply engrossed in self-development to continue my attention to her studies; but Miss Merton, inspired by Miss Darry's example, or attracted by the modest sweetness so congenial to her own womanly character, undertook the unwonted occupation of teaching; and Mr. Lang, greatly to my surprise, encouraged her in it. Three afternoons in the week Annie went to Hillside to receive a course of instruction, barren of system and conducted with supreme disregard of plainer and more useful branches, yet bringing out in a graceful way all her peculiarly refined tastes. Annie's hours rarely admitted of my walking home with her; and though occasionally she stopped at the forge, on her way through the village, it was only for a moment, and that often a busy

one with me. She had grown taller and paler, sadder in expression, too, I fancied, notwithstanding the new interest at Hillside. But then she was leaving childhood behind her; her father had been more rough than ever since I left him; and with a momentary pity and wonder that she was more shy of my fond and brotherly ways than formerly, I ascribed it to these ordinary causes, and kept steadily at my work. It was not for me, the *protégé* of so brilliant a woman as Frank Darry, and a rising genius, to pause in my career for the pale cheeks of the village blacksmith's daughter.

My intercourse with Mr. Leopold did not become more familiar with time. The idea of his not looking like a genuine artist, the disappointment and failure to comprehend his pictures, changed into awe of the inner force of the man, as I beheld his patient, earnest labor. To my shallow comprehension of the worth of genius, his persistent effort, after the attainment of all I hoped to realize, was marvellous. He was rich, famed, cultivated, yet the ideal excellence hovered ever above him, waiting like a resurrection body to clothe the escaped soul of inspiration; and for this he toiled more unremittingly than I in my struggle for existence even in the world of Art. The secret of this man's soul was not, however, revealed to my questioning. Ever considerate and kind, he was no friend in any sense implying mutual interchange of thought or confidence. With Miss Darry, on the contrary, he was his free and natural self. Whenever I saw them together, I was conscious that his great nature went out irresistibly to meet hers, a fact of which it seemed to me she was far less aware than I. She walked and drove with him, but merely because Miss Merton and Mr. Lang were engrossed with each other, and as a side-play from the main object of her life.

I had been employed for several weeks upon a picture of greater importance than any before attempted. Miss Darry confidently declared it would be accepted at the autumn exhibition of

paintings in the city ; and Mr. Leopold briefly advised me to make the attempt, backed by his favor to get it in. It was the working up of the odd fancy in which Annie and I had indulged so long ago, — that the forest haunts were not deserted, even though man did not invade them. In a clearing in the midst of the woods I had assembled the familiar squirrels, birds, and flowers, to play their part in the revels Nature takes on summer afternoons ; and from the gnarled trunks and twisted vines whose grotesque involutions hinted the serpent-life within to the elves which peered from beneath the broad dank leaves, I had reasserted the old childish faith.

As I have said, Miss Darry approved my picture, though only as a preliminary to better things, saying, —

“You must paint Chimborazo, or some of the mammoth California scenery, Sandy. The microscope, not the canvas, is the proper instrument by which to scrutinize the minute. Genius certainly need not forever be peeping at Nature through her key-holes, but can enter her open door and dwell amid the grandest scenes of the universe.”

CHAPTER XI.

I HURRIED away from the forge earlier than usual one July day, and, finding the studio vacant, worked a full hour before Mr. Leopold presented himself. He came in hurriedly, glanced at my picture, pointing out a fault or two, then seated himself at his easel for an hour longer of silent work. At the expiration of this time he rose, put away his materials, and said, as he turned toward the door, —

“Miss Merton and Mr. Lang are to be married this afternoon, Sandy. They wished me to ask you down to the ceremony, which is to be private. An unexpected affair, hurried on account of business which calls Mr. Lang to town for a great part of the winter, and so would separate them much, if she could not go with him.”

I was extremely surprised. However, Mr. Leopold was so collected that I felt called upon to refrain all expression of astonishment.

“You need not go home to make any alteration in your dress, Sandy,” he added. “Come up to my room and help yourself to all the minor articles you need.”

It was not long before I entered the drawing-room, where I found Miss Darry, evidently expecting me.

“Well, Sandy, this is a hurried affair. Your presence was particularly desired ; and, by the way, Alice insisted upon dispatching a messenger to Annie Bray with an invitation to the ceremony, but her mother sends word that she is away on some excursion. Alice will be sorry, she has taken such a fancy to her : you must explain that she was really wanted.”

“Oh, no, — Annie will be so disappointed ! I can hunt her up and be back here before Miss Merton is prepared for the occasion” ; and I started for the door, but the will stronger than my own recalled me.

“Sandy, pray reflect a moment, and you will attempt nothing of the kind. They leave in the eight o’clock train, and will be married some time about sunset. In the interval you could never go and return from Warren on any other horse than Mr. Lang’s, and I suppose you would not expect your little friend to ride before you. Besides, we have been busy to-day planning other matters, and the final decorations have not been thought of. You are the very one to make the proper disposition of light and shade, flowers, etc.”

“Miss Darry, do call in Mr. Leopold to gather flowers and pull the shades up or down, and let me try at least to find Annie,” I answered, impatiently.

But she only replied, —

“Mr. Leopold ! why, you innocent youth, he has n’t half your artistic capacity. I can see how you reverence him ; but trust me, it is only from the innate modesty of your nature.”

“He exhausted the fanciful region in which I dwell years ago, Miss Darry,

and has gone up higher. You surely must see you undervalue his great nature."

"I see nothing just at present, Sandy, but the need of your assistance," she replied.

And by various devices she busied me until the arrival of the minister and the few intimate friends banished all further thought of Annie's regret at not being present. Miss Merton's loveliness and Mr. Lang's manly beauty made a picture I would gladly have studied longer than the time required to make them man and wife. I had long ago seen the ceremony performed by Mr. Purdo for a rustic couple; but this was a new and more fascinating phase of it. Impressed as I was apt to be by anything appealing to my emotions or sense of beauty, I did not care to join at once Miss Darry and Mr. Leopold, who engaged in their customary repartee directly after the bride retired to prepare for her journey; but Miss Darry, slipping away from Mr. Leopold, soon joined me on the lawn, to which I had stepped from the French window.

"What a serious expression, Sandy! One might imagine you had been making all these solemn promises yourself. You must learn not to be so easily affected by forms and symbols. It is a weakness of your poetic temperament. Their love has existed just as truly all these months as now; yet I never saw you grow serious over the contemplation of it, until a minister consecrated it by prayer and address."

I started.

"You do not give much of a niche to Cupid in your gallery of life, Miss Darry."

"Now that is poorer reasoning than I should have looked for even from you, Sandy. Because I laugh at your reverence for outward expression, do I necessarily depreciate the sentiment?"

"No," I answered, bluntly; "I was thinking how you bade me set aside Annie Bray, — how you always slight her claims upon me."

"Ah, it has a personal application, then," she replied, thoughtfully, but

frankly as before. "It is only because I want you to make the most of your fine powers, that I would have you choose friends who can appreciate you."

"I know that you have been disinterested, noble," I returned, remorsefully. "But outward success would never atone to me for the lack of love. Perhaps it is through my very weakness that I cling so to the only human being who really loves me."

Miss Darry's face changed color. For the first time in her intercourse with me, she was strongly and visibly moved.

"Sandy," she said, after a pause, in a low, broken voice, strangely at variance with its usual ringing tone, "without this love I, as a woman, have lived all my life, until a week ago; and then, because it was not the love I demanded, even though I could have taken it with inexpressible comfort into my lonely life, I rejected it. I tell you this merely as an encouragement. If Annie Bray is all you crave, forsake everything else for her; if not, deny yourself the gratification of being worshipped, and wait until you also can bestow your whole heart."

She stood there, in the waning light, plucking nervously the petals from the rose-bush, and scattering them on the grass, — her dark eye filled with a melancholy which I had never supposed could subdue its flashing light, or relax the outlines of the thinly cut lips, — unsatisfied, — her womanly nature rebelling against an unusually lonely lot. It needed just this humble acknowledgment of human need and human love to make Frank Darry irresistible, and my impressive fancy responded to the spell. Impelled by a passion which from its very force forbade analysis, I bent over her. Even then, as my hand fell upon her shoulder, and her eyes, still lulled in their dangerous trance of sadness, met mine inquiringly, my purpose was arrested by the voices of Nature around me, as if Annie Bray, herself allied to them, were reminding me of claims which had once held such power over me. I recall now the oriole

whose nest swung like a pendulum from the branch above, marking the passing of the summer day, and whose clear note struck more sweetly than the cuckoo clock the evening hour. I noticed a humming-bird nestled in its silver-lined apartment, its long bill looking as though even the honeyed sweetness of the flowers must be rendered more delicate before it could help to nourish the exuberant and palpitating life of its little body. Then I looked at the begonias and fuchsias in Miss Darry's hair, spilling their precious juices on the stem, as they hurried to reveal the glowing secret of their blossom; and while I yielded to the fascination of the scene, the woman beside me was absorbed into its wonderful witchery. Annie Bray and Frank Darry — timid, loving child and brilliantly developed woman — both united to win from me the passion of my life. Had I waited, the affinity of moods which drew us together would probably never have been reproduced; but I exclaimed, —

"Miss Darry, I can never entirely love any other woman than yourself!"

She started almost convulsively from the contact of my hand, and met my burning glance with one of such alarm and astonishment that I was stung almost to madness. Undoubtedly, my anger was partly a reaction from the period of dependence and tutelage, so galling to a proud and sensitive nature.

"You have no right," I cried, passionately, "to despise the love you have created. Listen; I do not expect any return. I know how theories are practically applied, — how one may work for the poor and ignorant on the broad table-land of perfect equality before God, and yet shrink from contact with these befriended brothers and sisters at the same social meal or in the same church. Shakspeare might have blackened Othello's skin by toil, instead of nature, and the obstacles to a happy love would have been in no degree lessened."

I paused; yet not a word did Miss Darry utter. Her face was so pale and

rigid that all my suspicion was confirmed; and I exclaimed, more vehemently than before, —

"Remember, you cannot avoid the fact that I, a mere blacksmith, am your lover; if rejected and despised, your lover still. I shall think of you daily. You will not come to me alone the companion of my studio, one of those delicate visions which flit through an artist's brain. You shall stand beside my anvil. I will whisper your name when rough men are about me. You shall be the one gold thread embroidered into the coarse garment of my life, — my constant companion; yes, though you marry the first man in the land."

Still she stood immovable, as if carved in her favorite marble.

"Miss Darry," I implored, "I know how unworthy my character is of your love. Speak! If it is that you reject, I say no more; but what if your prophecies are fulfilled, — if I become what you desire?"

Then my statue glowed with life, — a deep color on the cheek, a frank, loving smile on the lips, banishing the doubtful, troubled expression I had watched so narrowly.

"You do not understand the woman you profess to love, Sandy," she replied, "if you suppose her capable of staking her favor on your future distinction. Not as blacksmith or artist, but as the man I love, I think of you to-night," she added, in a lower tone, returning to my side.

My happiness for the next few moments was complete. I held her closer in that fading light, and studied with delight the sweet, half-yielding, half-reproving expression with which she met my protestations of gratitude and devotion, and which I fondly fancied my love had stamped upon her face forever. Then I heard a quick step in the shrubbery, as of some one sent to summon us, and reluctantly released from my hold the embodiment at that instant of all I esteemed noblest and loveliest in woman. With characteristic composure, Miss Darry answered the message by gathering some of the

roses beside us, and turning to reënter the house. Afraid of my own lack of self-control, I would gladly have gone home like a blushing girl; but my new pride of protecting Miss Darry under all circumstances of difficulty compelled me to follow her. She was, however, on returning to the house, the same bright, helpful person as before. The scene on the lawn became, in half an hour, as the baseless fabric of a dream; and thinking that Miss Darry's sentiment, like that of the Colosseum, was best revealed by moonlight, I trusted in the few parting words which I should seek occasion to speak to her on the steps, as likely to restore her most captivating mood. When we parted, however, she only said, with heightened color, to be sure, —

"Sandy, I am well aware, that, were you the 'mere blacksmith' you called yourself in momentary passion to-night, bounded by narrow aims and desires, I could never love you. We must not, therefore, allow our affection to delay the destiny which, if you are faithful, most surely awaits you."

The fervent nonsense which might naturally have disgusted or at least wearied her she endured at first, as a necessary drawback; but it was soon toned down by the consciousness that she was guiding me, as usual, in paths best, if not always most agreeable to myself. She made no stipulations of secrecy with regard to our engagement. Her frank nature apparently admitted of no dim recesses to which only one must have the key.

After a few days, therefore, I resolved to disclose my new relations to the Brays, though I felt a most unaccountable reluctance to so doing. Mr. Bray received the information with indifference; Mrs. Bray looked surprised, and said she always knew Amos was respected, still she should n't have felt certain that the "school-ma'am" (in which capacity Miss Darry was spoken of in the village) would like to marry his apprentice; and Annie stole from her seat at the breakfast-table, and, laying her little hand on my shoulder, with

a troubled look in her large blue eyes, asked, —

"Do you really mean it, Sandy, — that you have promised to marry the proud, handsome woman at Hillside?"

"Certainly, my little Annie," I replied; "I have promised to love and care for her, and I suppose we shall be married by-and-by. Miss Darry is not proud; it is only because you are too young to understand her that you think so."

"But I understand Mrs. Lang, and I thought I understood you, Sandy. Are you sure she will help you to grow happier and better?"

The tears were in her eyes. What induced these two — my betrothed wife and little sister — to have such doubts of each other?

"Of course I am sure of her, Annie. She has helped me to grow more of a man ever since I have known her; and as to being happier, two persons loving each other must, of course, be happy together. Besides," I added, smothering a sudden doubt, and assuming the philosopher, "we were not placed in this world to be happy, Annie, — only to make of ourselves all we can in every way."

"And to make others happy, Sandy," she added, in a wistful, tremulous way, as though her heart were full.

"Yes, certainly; and when I have a wife and home, I will make my little Annie so. She shall live with me, and confess that my wife is not proud, but noble and kind."

"No, Sandy, I shall not leave my mother, father, and brother Tom, to live with any one. I shall work with them and for them," she returned, with a womanly dignity I had never before noticed in her.

"You do not love me, then, Annie?" I asked, selfishly grasping at the affection I had so lightly prized.

"Yes, Sandy, as you love me; but not as we either of us care for our own, — you for Miss Darry, I for my mother, father, and Tom."

This final, clear settlement of my claims was all that was granted, though

I lingered while she busied herself with her morning work, in the hope of more hearty sympathy. I carried about with me all day a restless, unsatisfied state of mind, quite strange in a newly accepted lover, and scarcely to be exorcised by Miss Darry's bright cordiality in the evening.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. LANG returned from her wedding-journey happy and beautiful, charmed by all she had seen, and Mr. Lang was unusually demonstrative to every one in the excess of his joy; but I had reason to suppose that the announcement of our engagement reduced his exuberance considerably. Miss Darry did not, however, admit the least disappointment in their manner of receiving it; her own judgment was an estimate, from which, for herself, there was no appeal. She was the most entirely self-sustained woman I have ever met. Having decided that I was a genius, and that she loved me, the opinion of others was of no moment in her eyes. Mr. Lang merely offered his congratulations to me by saying, —

"Well, Sandy, my dear fellow, you are to obtain, it seems, what many a man of wealth and position will envy you. You must pardon me for saying that Miss Darry's choice is quite astonishing to her friends. If you possess the genius of Raphael, I shall still regard you as two very peculiar persons to come together; but I am in no mood to cavil at love."

Mr. Lang said, kindly, —

"We must see more of you than ever, Mr. Allen, if you are finally to deprive us of Miss Darry. She has lived with me ever since the death of her parents, who were old friends of my mother, and we shall miss her very much. She is a splendid woman. You are sure you understand her?" she added, naïvely; "I freely confess I don't."

My pride swelled at all this. Frank Darry's love was the most blissful proof yet afforded of the personal power of the

man who had captivated her, and more vehemently than was perhaps natural under the circumstances, I professed to comprehend, love, nay, worship Miss Darry.

The efforts for my culture were now redoubled. In order to demonstrate the wisdom of Miss Darry's choice, I must give palpable proof of superiority. I had earned enough for present support, and my forge must be given up. I must cut off all my old connections, go to the city, visit studios, draw from casts, attend galleries of paintings, have access to public libraries, make literary and artistic acquaintances, pursue my classical studies, and display the powers which Miss Darry, by her own force of will, projected into me. Such were the business-like plans which usurped the place of those mutual adulatory confidences presumed to occupy the first elysian hours of an engagement. Miss Darry's love was not of that caressing, tendril description, so common with her sex, which plays in tender demonstrativeness around the one beloved; it helped constantly to keep the highest standard before him, and to sustain rather than depend.

About a week after Mr. and Mrs. Lang's return, Mr. Leopold, who had accompanied them, came back; and Miss Darry intimated that it would be well for me to inform him of our engagement. I said to him, therefore, rather abruptly one afternoon, as I was about leaving to seek Miss Darry, (who was never quite ready to see me, if my painting-hours were abridged,) —

"Mr. Leopold, I have sold my forge to-day. I wanted to ask your advice about the course to be pursued in town; but I am under orders now of the most binding kind. I am engaged to Miss Darry."

Mr. Leopold was busy at his easel, his profile toward me. I was certainly not mistaken; the blood rushed over his face, subsided, leaving it very pale, and he made a quick, nervous movement which overthrew his palette. He rose quietly and replaced it, however, saying, in his usual tone, —

"Very well, Sandy. I am ready to help you in any way I can."

"But you do not—no one congratulates me," I said, deceived by his calmness, and supposing the momentary suspicion that his was the love rejected by Miss Darry must have been a mistaken one.

"If they do not, it is not because of any lack of appreciation for either of you," he answered slowly, "but that they fail to see the point of union. I admire the pine; it is straight, strong, self-reliant, and yet wind-haunted by many tender and melancholy sentiments; I like the peach-tree, too, with its pink tufts of fanciful blooming in the spring-time: but if these two should grow side by side, I am not sure but I should wonder a little."

His smile, as he looked me full in the eye, had genuine good-will mingled with its humor; and it softened the indignation I felt at the implied comparison.

"You make me out the weaker vessel of the two, then?" I asked, resentfully.

"No, Sandy, I don't say that; possibly, as whatever power we have runs parallel with Providential forces or against them, it makes mortal strength or weakness. But may you become a truly noble man, if you are to be Miss Darry's husband!" he answered, rising and extending his hand.

I believe he was one to scorn a lack of self-control in himself; but I do not think he cared either to reveal or to hide the love which I read at that moment. I grasped his hand as cordially as it was given, and hurried down stairs, out of the door, and over the hill, with a strong conviction that Miss Darry was a mistaken and foolish woman, and a prompting to disinterestedness not quite compatible with my relations to her. I was in no mood for her society, so I resolved to delay seeing her until evening, and conclude my arrangements at the forge, as I was to go to the city the next week.

Approaching the village, I overtook Miss Dinsmore; and though my new pretensions had not increased my popularity among the villagers, I had reason

to consider her my firm friend and advocate; so I was quite willing to escape my unpleasant train of thought in listening to her.

"Well, Sandy, nobody gets a sight of you nowadays down this way. I never was so set up as when I heard tell you was goin' to marry the schoolmarm. Why, I was always certain sure you 'd take to Annie Bray. Such a sweet little lamb as she is; not a bit high-strung 'cause she 's made much of at the great house on the hill, though she does sing like a bird in an apple-tree every Sunday, when Louisy Purdo does n't drown her voice with screechin'; but she 's grown more sober an' quiet-like than ever. Miss Bray says she helps a powerful deal about house, and Amos don't swear so much now he sees it hurts her."

"She 's a dear little thing," I interrupted, impatiently; "but, Miss Dinsmore, do you know Mr. Bray may have all the blacksmith-work to himself now? for I 'm going to town for the rest of the summer and autumn."

"You don't say so, Sandy! Well, old Dr. Allen was n't one of us, as I tell 'em, and there 's no sort of reason why you should be; and your mother was a real born lady, though she was so gentle-spoken 't was n't half the women could tell the difference between her and them."

"But, Miss Dinsmore," I said, "I don't expect to forget my old friends, because I hope to do better somewhere else than here. I shall often come down to Warren."

"Oh, yes, you 'll come down, I don't mistrust that," she replied, slowly nodding her green calash, "as long as the schoolmarm is at the Hill; but Annie will look paler than ever. She thinks a sight of you, poor thing, and it will never be the same to her. She loves you like—a sister," added Miss Dinsmore, the tears in her faded blue eyes, and her sense of womanly modesty supplying the familiar title.

We were very near the Variety Store. If I could for a moment drift away from this annoying theme!

"How did you like Mr. Leopold, that afternoon I introduced him to you, Miss Dinsmore?" I asked, in desperation.

"Oh! ah! Well, Sandy, to speak plain, I've seen him a matter of three or four times, may-be, since. He set down, quite friendly-like, to a bit of supper, last time he come. I suppose he feels lonely; he seems pleasant-spoken, and is liked by everybody round here; poor man, he ought n't to be without a mate. He's taken a great likin' to Annie Bray; but then, of course, he's got some sense of what 's becomin'; she's years too young for him."

"Too young! I should think so," I cried, indignantly; "he's old enough to be her grandfather."

"No, Sandy,—no, I think not," said Miss Dinsmore, pausing thoughtfully at her door-step. "Old Mr. Bray would have been nigh upon eighty come next harvest; but then Annie has nobody to look out for her now, you know, exceptin' Amos, who a'n't over wide-awake, between you and me, though an honest man never lived."

I was very willing to part with Miss Dinsmore.

"Another afternoon experience like this will make a hermit of me," I muttered, impatiently, as I strode away in the same direction from which I had come.

Miss Darry, Mr. Leopold, anybody, was better than Annie Bray, with her sweet, pale face, in my present mood.

"Annie has nobody to look out for her now, you know": many a day I remembered with a pang that this was too true.

CHAPTER XIII.

I SOLD my forge and went to the city. My name appeared in the catalogue of the fall exhibition:—"Forest Scene, by Alexander Allen." I have no reason to suppose that the genuine merit of my picture secured for it a place in the gallery, though doubtless some as poor by established artists found their way

there; but these having proved they could do better could afford to be found occasionally below concert pitch. However, Mr. Leopold commended it as highly as his conscience would permit, and I reaped the reward; while Miss Darry gloried over its admission as an unalloyed tribute to ability, and treasured the catalogue more carefully than my photograph. The same course of study and labor which I had pursued in Warren was continued in the city, with this difference: I had not the pure air, simple food, regular life, manual exertion, or social evenings at Hillside. Miss Darry wrote to me regularly, but I felt wearied after her letters. There were no tender assurances of undying affection, so soothing, doubtless, to tired brain and heavy heart; but they read somewhat in this style:—

"MY DEAR SANDY,—Won't you begin at once a course of German reading? 'Das Leben Jesu' of Strauss will help you wonderfully. The old Platonic philosophers have done you some good; but you have a faith too childlike, a complete reliance upon Providence quite too unreasoning, for a man of your ability. Through your own developed self you must learn to find the Supreme Intelligence,—not to spell him out letter by letter in every flower that grows, every trifling event of your life. You began with belief in the old theological riddle of the Trinity; then with perception of the Creator in his visible world; but to your Naturalism you must add at least a knowledge of Mysticism, Transcendentalism,—mists which, veiling indeed the outward creation, are interpenetrated by the sun of personal illumination, more alluring by their veiled light, like those sunned fogs Mr. Leopold deals with occasionally, than the clear every-day atmosphere of beliefs sharply outlined by a creed. When you have sounded the entire scale of prevailing and past theories, even to the depths of unbelief, then alone are you able, as a reasoning being, to translate God's dealings with you into consistent religious faith."

And ended often with, —

"I hope you work hard, intensely, in your art. Do not think, when you lay aside your brush, you lay aside the artist also. Genius is unresting. A picture may shape itself in your brain at any hour, by day or night; and don't be too indolent, my dear boy, to give it outward embodiment, if it does."

"I was sadly disappointed at the result of the last," she wrote once. "Mr. Lang showed it to Mr. Peterson, the sculptor, who pronounced it slightly below the average first attempts. Of course, from your devotion to coloring, you did not feel sufficiently interested to put forth all your powers; still I accept the trial as a proof of your affection. Having greater genius for painting, you could certainly succeed in sculpture, nevertheless, if you heartily labored at it. I could never accept the definition of genius given by the author of 'Rab and his Friends,' which limits it, if I remember rightly, to an especial aptitude for some one pursuit. Genius is a tremendous force, not necessarily to succeed only in one channel, although turned to one by natural bent."

Little Annie, at my earnest request, wrote to me occasionally. It was a brief parting with her: she feared her own self-control, possibly. I know I feared mine; for, had she showed actual grief, I might have pacified it at the cost of my profession or my life. She wrote in this wise: —

"DEAR SANDY, — I know of course you are very busy, for Miss Darry told me at Hillside that your painting was in the Exhibition, and that you were rapidly becoming a great artist; and this makes me think I ought to confess to you, Sandy, that I was wrong that morning when I called Miss Darry proud. She has been very kind to me lately. She said it was not right that I should be taught music, and all sorts of lovely, pleasant studies, and not know how to write and cipher. So she teaches me with Mrs. Lang's sisters. She says I already express myself better than I

did, and I can cast up father's account-book every Saturday night; but, please forgive me, dear brother Sandy, I long for that stiff old work-hour to be over, that I may run up to Mrs. Lang's sunshiny room, with its flowers, pictures, piano, and herself. Miss Darry, because of her very great talents, Sandy, is far above me. Do you know, though you are to be a great painter, she seems to me more talented than you, with your old home-like ways? But then we sha'n't have those home-like ways any more. Oh, Sandy, we miss you! but I do hope you will be good and great and happy. Miss Darry says you work night and day. But you must sleep some, or you'll be sick. I always fancied great men were born great; it must be hard to have to be made so. I guess you will be glad to hear that father don't swear and scold now; he says he is doing well, and he bought me a new dress the other day at Miss Dinsmore's. She has got back from the city with the gayest flowers and ribbons. My dress is orange-colored. I don't fancy one quite so bright, and wear the old violet one you gave me oftener; but I can't exactly see why I don't like it, after all; for the very same color, on the breast of the Golden Oriole that builds a nest in our garden, I think is perfectly splendid. I hope you won't forget your loving little sister,
"ANNIE BRAY."

Sometimes she wrote less brightly and hopefully; but, oh, what a blessing it was to have her write at all! I found myself watching for those natural, loving words, for the acknowledgment of missing me, as, wearied after viewing Alpine peaks, one might stoop cheered and satisfied to pluck a tiny flower. Miss Darry never missed me. She discouraged the idea of a long autumn vacation, and offered to come to the city and board, that my work might still go on. I began to entertain serious doubts, if, when we were married, I should be suffered to live with her, — or whether she would not send me to boarding-school, or to pursue my studies abroad.

When October came, with the rich sadness of its days, at once a prophecy of grief and an assurance of its soothing, I broke down utterly. My æsthetic and literary friends did not feel that sympathy for my worn-out body and soul which both demanded. I applied to the only legitimate source for aid in my weakness and the permission to yield to it; but before either arrived, Nature proved more than a match for Miss Darry, and sent me exhausted to bed. Miss Darry appeared the next morning, and if the whole breezy atmosphere of Hillside had clung to her garments, she could not have had a more bracing effect. How bright, loving, and gentle she was, when she found me really ill! To be sure, she prescribed vigorous tonics, as was in accordance with her style; in fact, she was one herself; but she relieved my weak and languid dejection by brilliant talk, when I could bear it,—by tender words of hope, when I could not. My late internal censures upon her, as a hard task-mistress, were now the ghosts of self-reproach, which a morbid condition conjured about my pillow; and the vision of her healthy, self-restrained nature presided over every dream, recalling most derisively Mr. Leopold's simile of the pine- and peach-trees.

I left my bed, from very shame at prostration, long before I was able, and returned with her to Hillside, whither Mrs. and Mr. Lang invited me for the rest which she now considered necessary. Mr. Leopold had left Warren, and retaken a studio in town for the fall and winter; but many a memory of his kind deeds and pleasant manners lingered in the place. Every village must have its hero, its great man of past or present, looking down, like Hawthorne's great stone face, in supreme benignity upon it. Mr. Leopold had been the first occupant of this royal chair in Warren; for the enthusiasm which seeks a better than itself had just been called forth by the teaching and influence of Hillside.

One morning, when Miss Darry was occupied with her scholars, I wandered

through the village and to the Brays' cottage to make my first call. Mrs. Bray was busy making cake. Annie, so tall and slender, that, as she stood with her face turned from me, I wondered what graceful young lady they had there, was prepared for her walk to Hillside, her books in a little satchel on her arm. Her eyes filled with tears at the sight of my thin, pale face, though her own was fragile as a snow-drop; but she at once apologized for and explained her sorrow by calling me her "dear old brother Sandy." I proposed one of our old-time strolls together up the hill, and we soon started in company. Half way up, at the meadow, where we had arranged and painted our first picture, I yielded to the impulse, which heretofore I had resisted, to sit again on the old stump and recall the scene. I was really weary, for this was my first long walk, and Annie looked as though rest would not come amiss; so I helped her over the stile, and we sat down. The rich, fervid hues I used so homœopathically by the stroke of my brush were spread over miles of forest; a vaporous veil of mist hung over every winding stream and mountain lake, and, reflecting the brilliant-colored shrubbery which bordered them, they glared like stained glass; the sunshine filtered down through haze and vapor like gold-dust on the meadow-land; gold and purple key-notes of autumn coloring in many varying shades of tree, water, and cloud blended to the perfect chord, uttering themselves lastly most quietly in the golden-rods and asters at our feet. That hazy, dreamy atmosphere uniting with my vague, aimless state of mind, I would fain make it accountable for the talk which followed.

First we went over the old times, I recalling, Annie assenting in a quiet, half-sad way, or brightening as though by an effort, and throwing in a reminiscence herself. We talked of those we had mutually known, and I was just recalling the rude admiration of Tracy Waters to her mind, when she suggested that she should be late for her lesson,—it was time to leave.

"No, indeed, Annie!" I exclaimed, seizing her hand as she sat beside me,—"this is the first hour's actual rest I have had for months; it is like the returning sleep of health after delirium. You shall not go. When have I ever had you to myself before? The time is beautiful; we are happy; do not let us go up to Hillside to-day—or any more."

I spoke not so much wildly as naturally and weariedly; but Annie's cheek flushed scarlet, as she started, with a touch of Miss Darry's energy, from the stump beside me.

"Yes, Sandy, we will go to Hillside at once; you shall tell Miss Darry, that, in talking over by-gone days with your little sister, you forgot yourself and overstayed your time; and I, too, must make my excuses."

She walked quickly away, and before I had risen, in a half-stupefied way, she was at the stile.

It was rather difficult to rejoin her. I had the novel and not altogether pleasing sensation of having been refused before I had asked; and my child-friend, taught of Nature's simple dignity and sense of right, was more at ease for the remainder of the walk than I.

CHAPTER XIV.

I MEANT to have frankly confessed my talk with Annie to Miss Darry. No orthodox saint could have been more penitentially conscious of having fallen from grace. But she gave me no time. She was either so animated, so thoroughly agreeable and entertaining, that I felt only pride at the part I held in her, or else she gave premonitory symptoms of a return to the drill, which always suggested to me the absolute need of physical exercise, and ended in a walk or horseback ride,—in her company, of course. At last I really was so far restored, that my plea of being so much stronger, more at rest, near her, (which was true, for her oral teaching was not unmingled with subtle fascination,) failed to call forth the gen-

ial, loving smile. She began to pine for more honors, greater development, more earnest life. Strange! I, the former blacksmith, was a very flower, lulled in the *dolce far niente* of summer air and sunshine, beside her more vigorous intellectual nature. Sensation and emotion were scarcely expressed by me before they were taken up into the arctic regions of her brain, and looked coldly on their former selves.

I resolved one day, by a grand effort, to leave the next. As I had not seen Annie since the walk with her to Hillside, and had declined Mrs. Lang's offer to invite her to the house that I might see more of her, on the ground of fatigue and occupation in the evening with Miss Darry, it became incumbent upon me to go to the cottage for a farewell.

It looked very quiet, as I approached. The blinds were closed, as in summer, and there was no one in the kitchen. Hearing footsteps in the sitting-room, however, I entered, and met Miss Dinsmore with her finger on her lips and an agitated expression on her face.

"For mercy's sake, don't come here now, Sandy Allen! You might have done some good by coming before; but now, poor, sweet lamb, she's very sick, and Miss Bray's 'most distracted. You're the very last person she'd care to see. You'd better go out just the very same quiet way you come in."

"Annie sick? How? where? when?" I asked, breathlessly.

Miss Dinsmore seized me by the shoulder, and pushing me, not too gently, into the kitchen, closed the door, and stood beside me.

"She's got brain-fever. I guess she caught cold the other day, when she went up to Hillside. She a'n't been out since, and she's been wanderin',—somethin' about not wantin' to go into a meader."

"I shall go up and see her," I answered, turning again to the door.

"Indeed you won't, Sandy Allen! You'll set her wilder than ever again."

"I shall go up and see her," I repeated, firmly; and, pushing by Miss

Dinsmore, I went up the front stairs to Annie's little room.

There she lay, — her bright, golden hair on the pillow, her eyes closed, — a pale, panting phantom of herself, apparently in a troubled sleep, — her mother, the bustling, gaudily attired woman, as quiet as a little child beside her. She turned her head when she heard me, changed color, and the tears filled her eyes; but it was probably owing to the self-control of this woman, whom I had so looked down upon, that I did not snap the thread of Annie Bray's life that day. With her child on the brink of a precipice, she would make no moan to startle her off. The doctor said her sleep must be unbroken. He, too, sat there; and, obeying Mrs. Bray's quiet motion, I seated myself behind the others. The hours wore on; the October sun went down. None of us moved, but gazed in mute apprehension at the figure of her who, it seemed, could awake only in heaven. This earthly love, so strong, so fierce, in the effort to retain her, — would it prevail? This was the question which chained us there; and when, at eight o'clock, she awoke, I waited until the doctor pronounced his favorable opinion, then, without Annie's having seen me, stole out by the other door and away.

At Hillside, when I entered, pale with suppressed excitement, and told where I had been, Mrs. Lang rose at once.

"I wondered why she missed her lessons, until her brother brought word she was not well. I will send some flowers and white grapes to her at once"; and she would have rung the bell, but Miss Darry prevented her.

"Dear Alice," she said, "white grapes are only water sweetened by a little sunshine, and flowers she is too ill to enjoy. Let me make up a basket. Come down with me, Sandy, to the pantry."

Mechanically I followed her down, watched her moving busily about, and heard her talk, yet could not find a word to utter in reply.

"White grapes are excellent for peo-

ple who sit down to a luxurious dinner every day, but pale, feeble bodies like little Annie Bray's must recuperate on richer fare, — a bottle of wine, some rich, juicy beef; and the sight of this old working world from the window is worth all the flowers in creation."

She filled her basket, called a servant, and sent him off. Still pale and silent, I neither moved nor spoke.

"What is the matter with you, Sandy?" Miss Darry asked, a half-smothered fear in her voice. "You are not strong enough for such excitement. Come to the drawing-room, and I will play you to sleep with some of those grand old German airs. You shall have Mendelssohn or Von Weber, if you are not in the mood for Beethoven or Chopin," she added, compromising to my nervous weakness.

She led the way, I followed, to the parlor, — only, however, once there, and finding it unoccupied, I led, and she listened.

"No music this evening, Frank, for heaven's sake!" I cried, my voice thick with emotion, as she seated herself at the piano. "I must be truthful with you. I have been a weak fool; and to you, whom I respect and admire so thoroughly, I will confess it. Bear with me awhile longer, then you shall speak," I added, as she rose and came toward me.

"In the first place, since I am a genius," I continued, bitterly, "I ought to have had a clearer vision. I ought to have seen, that, because you were the most fascinating, brilliant woman I had ever dreamed of, the most highly cultured, and planned on the noblest scale, — because you disinterestedly devoted yourself to my improvement, kindled a spark of what you were pleased to call genius, and then gave your own life to fan it into a flame, — I ought to have seen that all this did not necessarily imply that subtle bond and affinity between us which alone should end in marriage. But I did not see. I was touched to the heart by your kindness. I thrilled with pride, when you turned from men of refinement and intellect, to smile cordially, tenderly, upon me. I

longed to be a suitable companion for one so superior; and I have worked — honestly, faithfully, have I worked — to become so. But what you grew upon made me languid. I was satiated with study, weary even of my brush. Metaphysics and mystical speculation bewilder a mind too weak to trust itself in their mazes, without the old established guides, the helps to a child-like faith. I was worn out and sick. Then your presence revived me; all the doubts which have since become certainties were thrust aside. I came here; I met Annie Bray; I said some foolish words one day, when we were walking up here, about being worn out and staying where we were forever. They were dishonorable words, for they were due first of all to you; and they have haunted me since like a nightmare. It was Annie herself who reproved and repelled them. To-day I went there with the thought of saying good-bye. I was sure that my feeling for you was firm as a rock; it is only periodically and indefinitely, Frank, that it has seemed otherwise; and now I would lay down my life to restrain these words, to be worthy of the love I renounce. Some other and better man must win what I have been too weak to keep. This afternoon has proved to me that I do not belong exclusively to you."

Was I base and unfeeling, or only weak, as I had said? Frank Darry turned away, and walked to the long French window, looking out in the moonlight upon the very spot, perhaps, where I had so passionately declared my love. I could see her tremble with emotion. Yet I dared not speak or go to her. Perhaps five minutes passed, — it might have been an hour, — when, pale, but composed, she came to the sofa, upon which I had thrown myself.

"You love Annie Bray, then, Sandy?" she asked, calmly.

"No," I answered, "I do not love her; but I feel that I have done violence to what might have grown into love between us. I do not intend to see her. I do not wish to ask for what would assuredly not be granted. I de-

sire only to go away, to be alone and quiet."

"You are, indeed, forever rushing to extremes, Sandy," she said, slowly. "We have both done wrong: I, in tempting you, without, of course, a thought of self," she added, proudly, "to set aside this first and strongest interest; and you, in your acceptance of fascination as love. We have done wrong; but you are now right, for you are true. Let me be so also. I consider it no disgrace to my womanhood to admit the pain your avowal gives me, yet I thank you for making it. Remember, Sandy, if a true affection spring up within you, do not crush it from a morbid remembrance of this: it would be a poor revenge for me to desire."

She spoke sadly. I could not reply to her. Such generosity was, indeed, like coals of fire on my head. Say as I might to myself that her strong will had held me spellbound, — reason as I might that it was only because she had developed, made me, as it were, that this motherly, yearning, protecting love had been lavished upon me, — there was still the fact, that this rich, strong nature had given of its best treasure in answer to my passionate pleading, had wasted it on me.

"Frank Darry," I said, "why I do not entirely love what I completely reverence and admire I cannot tell. To live without you seems like drifting through life without aim or guide. I would gladly think that one who suffered through my joy, one far better than I, should yet win what he longed for."

Then only did her paleness vary.

"Sandy, spare me, at least just now, such complete renunciation. Remember, I have not confessed what you have."

She took my hand: it was, I know, burning, while hers was cold as marble. She stooped and kissed my forehead.

"Good night, and good bye, Sandy. The time may come, when, as teacher and pupil, we shall think of each other tenderly."

Where was the passionate avowal I would once have made? Had I learned a lesson? Yes, the most bitter of my life. When I heard her firm footstep die away in the hall, I crossed to the library, and in a few brief words explained to Mr. and Mrs. Lang that I must leave their house at once, and that our engagement was broken because I alone had proved unworthy. The color mounted to Mr. Lang's brow.

"You are weak, Sandy," he ejaculated, bitterly; "it is what I always feared."

Mrs. Lang, in her gentle, kindly way, tried to soften his anger; but it must have been a hard task with one who, while he pitied sin, scorned weakness; and I did not await the result, but, hurrying to my room, packed my portmanteau and left for the station.

A fortnight later I received from Miss Dinsmore, in reply to my inquiries, a letter giving a most favorable account of Annie Bray's health. This was all I desired. I wrote a few lines of friendly farewell, and, hinting at no period of return, merely explained that I was about to leave for Europe. I restrained my desire to give her some advice as to her pursuits in my absence. Such mentorship, at present, seemed like creating another barrier between us. I assumed no superiority myself, I had no disposition to seek it in others.

CHAPTER XV.

WORN out and jaded, I began my travels. I strove to make these travels as inexpensive as possible. I walked much, and at times lived both cheaply and luxuriously, as one learns to do after a little experience abroad. At first I resolved to make this tour one long summer day of pleasure through the outward senses. I took no books with me. I painted no picture. I rarely even sketched. Brain and heart rested, while there flowed into them, through the outward avenues of eye and ear, new pictures and harmonies, — I fancied, for present enjoyment merely, but in reality for future use.

When I reached Rome, my funds, which had even previously been eked out by the sale of the few sketches I had made, were quite exhausted. Anticipating this, I had, after great hesitation, written to Mr. Leopold, desiring letters of introduction to some artists, in the hope of obtaining work from them. I found his reply to this letter awaiting my arrival in Rome; and though I had not hinted at my destitution, he must have guessed it, for he inclosed a check and all the information I desired. I provided myself with a humble studio and recommenced work. How fresh and charming was this return to my old mode of life! I even bought a few choice books at the old stalls, and revelled in poetry. Dante opened his Purgatory to me just as I escaped from my own, and I basked in the returning sunlight of a free and happy life.

Copying in a painting-gallery one day, I beheld with pain, albeit he was my benefactor, a ghost of my former life arising to haunt me. Mr. Leopold, having arrived the night before, was enjoying the pictures preparatory to hunting me up. His greeting was cordial; he cheered me by most favorable opinions as to my progress in my art, and was dumb about the past. He desired that I should again work in connection with himself; and the profound respect I had always felt for his abilities was confirmed and heightened by the affection he inspired in me. His really harmonious character guided mine without the absolute surrender of my individuality. One by one I resumed the old interests, and began to feel the old heart which has throbbed through the centuries, from Adam downward, beating within me. How very much I was like other men, after all!

"Sandy," Mr. Leopold said to me one day, as we sat sketching some old ruin on the Campagna, "is it your wish to be silent as to the past? Are you restrained by fear of yourself or me?"

For only answer I exclaimed, —

"How and where is Miss Darry?"

"She is well, and at Munich," he answered, smiling pleasantly, — "devel-

oping in herself the powers with which she invested you. As a sculptress she gives great promise; her figures show wonderful anatomical knowledge."

"And you, Mr. Leopold," I asked breathlessly, "how could you forgive and befriend one who had so weakly treated the woman you alone were worthy to love?"

"You are indeed breaking silence, Sandy," he replied; "it is with you the Chinese wall or illimitable space. Perhaps you have not really wronged either her or me. She worked off some extravagant theories on you. You exhausted your weakness, I trust, on her; and as for me, I have learned to conquer through both."

I have lived several years since that morning in Rome, where, at the headquarters of the confessional, I opened my heart to Mr. Leopold. Standing, as he does, at the head of his art, I follow him. Those who prefer fancy to vigorous thought and imagination, the lovely and familiar in Nature to the sublime, sometimes rank me above him. Time has not evolved the genius which Miss Darry prophesied, yet I am as fully convinced that I occupy my true position and do my appropriate work in the world as though it had. Mrs. Leopold professes occasionally to me, with a smile, that her opinion is unaltered, that my weakness was only an additional proof of genius, but that her husband is a hero worth all the geniuses in the world. She holds this subtle essence more lightly in estimation now than formerly. Some think she possesses it; and her groups of statuary fairly entitle her to more laurels than in her happy domestic life she is likely to win. She

laughs at my wife, and calls her sentimental, because her Art instincts, like vines over a humble dwelling, embroider only the common domestic life. Her many fanciful ways of adorning our home, and her own sweet, sunny self, its perpetual light and comfort, are to me just so many 'traps to catch the sunbeams' of life, especially as I see beneath all this the earnest, developed womanhood of the blacksmith's daughter. Do you ask me how I won her? I can describe my passionate admiration, even the weakness and limitations of my nature; but I will not unveil my love. Is it not enough that I am a thorough democrat, have little faith in the hereditary transmission of good or evil, and welcome Mr. and Mrs. Bray to my home and hearth? I am not hurried now.

"You have only this lifetime to make a *man* in, Sandy," Annie pleads occasionally, when a call for service outside my profession presents itself; "but any special power of mind, it seems to me, will have the mending ages in which to unfold."

To love men, to labor for them and for the ideas which free and redeem them, seems the special mission of our times; and my little wife has caught its spirit, and so helps me to recognize the virtue which eighteen hundred years ago was crucified to rise again, which has been assailed in our country, and is rising again to be the life and inspiration of Christendom, the death-blow to slavery and oppression, the light of many a humble home and simple heart. Unselfishness! keystone to the arch through which each pure soul looks heavenward!

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

A MERRY monarch two years and four months old.

If we could have stood by when the world was a-making,—could have sniffed the escaping gases, as they volatilized through the air,—could have seen and heard the swash of the waves, when the whole world was, so to speak, in hot water,—could have watched the fiery tumult gradually soothing itself into shapely, stately palms and ferns, cold-blooded Pterodactyles, and gigantic, but gentle Megatheriums, till it was refined, at length, into sunshine and lilies and Robin Redbreasts,—we fancy we should have been intensely interested. But a human soul is a more mysterious thing than this round world. Its principles firmer than the hills, its passions more tumultuous than the sea, its purity resplendent as the light, its power too swift and subtle for human analysis,—what wonder in heaven above or earth beneath can rival this mystic, mighty mechanism? Yet it is formed almost under our eyes. The voice of God, “Let there be light,” we do not hear; the stir of matter thrilled into mind we do not see; but the after-march goes on before our gaze. We have only to look, and, lo! the mountains are slowly rising, the valleys scoop their levels, the sea heaves against its barriers, and the chaotic soul evolves itself from its nebulous, quivering light, from its plastic softness, into a world of repose, of use, of symmetry, and stability. This mysterious soul, when it first passed within our vision, was only not hidden within its mass of fleshly life, a seed of spirituality deep-sunk in a pulp of earthliness. Passing away from us in ripened perfection, we behold a being but little lower than the angels, heir of God and joint heir with Christ, crowned with glory and honor and immortality.

Come up, then, Jamie, my King, into the presence of the great congregation! There are poets here, and philosophers, wise men of the East who can speak of

trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. But fear them not, little Jamie! you are of more value, even to science, than many fishes. Wise as these Magi are, yesterday they were such as you, and such they must become again or ever they shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Come up, little Jamie, into the hall of audience! Blue eyes and broad brow, sunny curls, red lips, and dainty, sharp teeth, stout little arm, strong little hand, sturdy little figure, and most still and steadfast gaze: truly it is the face and form of a king,—sweetness in power, unconsciousness in royalty.

“Jamie, you are a little beauty! You are too handsome to live!”

“No!” says Jamie, vehemently, for the fiftieth time, stamping the royal foot and scowling the royal brows. “Gemma say *not* too ha’some!”

“But you are a young Apollo.”

“No my ‘Pollo!”

“What are you, then?”

“I goo e baw,” which is Jametic for good little boy.

This microcosm, like the macrocosm, may be divided into many departments. As the world is viewed geographically, geologically, historically, astronomically, so in this one little Jamie we have many Jamies. There is the Jamie philological, Jamie theological, Jamie psychological, Jamie emotional, Jamie social; in fact, I can hardly think of any natural, moral, or mathematical science, on which a careful study of Jamie will not throw some light. Would you frame a theory of metaphysics? Consult Reid, and Locke, and Hamilton warily, for they are men, subject to like mistakes as we are; but observe Jamie with utmost confidence and the closest care, for he is the book of God, and will teach only truth, if your eye is single to perceive truth. Theologically, Jamie has points superior to both Andover and

Princeton; he is never in danger of teaching for doctrine the commandments of men; nor have passion and prejudice in him any power to conceal, but, on the contrary, they illuminate truth. For the laws of language, mark how the noble tree of human speech springs in his soul from mustard-seed into fair and fruitful symmetry. In good sooth, one marvels that there should be so much error in the world with children born and growing up all over it. If Jamie were, like Jean Paul, the Only, I should expect philosophers to journey from remotest regions to sit at his feet and learn the ways of God to man. Every one who presumed to teach his fellows should be called upon to produce his diploma as a graduate of Jamie, or forfeit all confidence in his sagacity. But, with a baby in every other house, how is it that we continually fall out by the way? It must be that children are not advantageously used. We pet them, and drug them, and spoil them; we trick them out in silks and fine array; we cross and thwart and irritate them; we lay unholy hands upon them, but are seldom content to stand aside and see the salvation of the Lord.

Tug, tug, tug, one little foot wearily ranging itself beside the other, and two hands helping both: that is Jamie coming up stairs. Patter, patter, patter: that is Jamie trotting through the entry. He never walks. Rattle, clatter, shake: Jamie is opening the door. Now he marches in. Flushed with exertion, and exultant over his brilliant escapade from the odious surveillance below, he presents himself peering on tiptoe just over the arm of the big chair, and announces his errand,—

"Come t' see Baddy."

"Baddy does n't want you."

"Baddy *do*."

Then, in no wise daunted by his cool welcome, he works his way up into the big chair with much and indiscriminate pulling: if it is a sleeve, if it is a curtain, if it is a table-cloth whereon repose many pens, much ink and paper, and knick-knacks without number, nothing heeds he, but clutches desperately at

anything which will help him mount, and so he comes grunting in, all tumbled and twisted, crowds down beside me, and screws himself round to face the table, poking his knees and feet into me with serene unconcern. Then, with a pleased smile lighting up his whole face, he devotes himself to literature. A small, brass-lined cavity in the frame of the writing-desk serves him for an inkstand. Into that he dips an old, worn-out pen with consequential air, and assiduously traces nothing on bits of paper. Of course I am reduced to a masterly inactivity, with him wriggling against my right arm, let alone the danger hanging over all my goods and chattels from this lawless little Vandal prowling among them. Shall I send him away? Yes, if I am an insensate clod, clean given over to stupidity and selfishness; if I count substance nothing, and shadow all things; if I am content to dwell with frivolities forever, and have for eternal mysteries nothing but neglect. For suppose I break in upon his short-lived delight, thrust him out grieved and disappointed, with his brave brow clouded, a mist in his blue eyes, and—that heart-rending sight—his dear little under-lip and chin all quivering and puckering. Well, I go back and write an epic poem. The printers mangle it; the critics fall foul of it; it is lost in going through the post-office; it brings me ten letters, asking an autograph, on six of which I have to pay postage. There is vanity and vexation of spirit, besides eighteen cents out of pocket, and the children crying for bread. I let him stay. A little, innocent life, fearfully dependent on others for light, shines out with joyful radiance, wherein I rejoice. To-morrow he will have the measles, and the mumps, and the croup, and the whooping-cough, and scarlatina; and then come the alphabet, and Latin grammar, and politics, and his own boys getting into trouble: but to-day, when his happiness is in my hands, I may secure it, and never can any one wrest from him the sunshine I may pour into his happy little heart. Oh! the time comes so soon, and comes so often, that Love can only

look with bitter sorrow upon the sorrow which it has no power to mitigate!

Language is unceremoniously resolved into its original elements by Jamie. He is constitutionally opposed to inflection, which, as he must be devoid of prejudice, may be considered indisputable proof of the native superiority of the English to other languages. He is careful to include in his sentences all the important words, but he has small respect for particles, and the disposition of his words waits entirely upon his moods. *My* usually does duty for *I*. "Want that Uncle Frank gave me hossey," with a finger pointing to the mantel-piece, is just as flexible to his use as "Want the hossey that Uncle Frank gave me." "Where Baddy *can* be?" he murmurs softly to himself, while peering behind doors and sofas in playing hide-and-seek. Hens are cud-dah, a flagrant example of Onomatopœia. The cradle is a cay-go; corn-balls are ball-corn; and snow-bird, bird-snow; and all his rosy nails are toe-nails. He has been drilled into meet response to "how d' ye do?" but demonstrates the mechanical character of his reply by responding to any question that has the *you* and *how* sounds in it, as, "What do you think of that?" "How did you do it?" "How came you by this?" "Pit-tee well."

But his performances are not all mechanical. He has a stock of poetry and orations, of which he delivers himself at bedtime with a degree of resignation,—that being the only hour in which he can be reduced to sufficient quietude for recitation; nor is that because he loves quiet more, but bed less. It is a very grievous misfortune, an unreasonable and arbitrary requisition, that breaks in upon his busy life, interrupts him in the midst of driving to mill on an inverted chair, hauling wood in a ditto footstool, and other important matters, and sweeps him off to darkness and silence. So, with night-gown on, and the odious bed imminent, he puts off the evil day by compounding with the authorities and giving a public entertainment, in consideration of a quarter of

an hour's delay. He takes large liberties with the text of his poems, but his rhetorical variations are of a nature that shows it is no vain repetition, but that he enters into the spirit of the poem. In one of his songs a person

"Asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
That sung in the apple-tree over the way,"

what it was he was singing.

"Don't you know? he replied, you cannot guess
wrong;
Don't you know I am singing my cold-water
song?"

This Jamie intensifies thus:—

"Do' know my sing my co'-wotta song, hm?"

When he reaches the place where

"Jack fell down
Boke cown,"

he invariably leaves Gill to take care of herself, and closes with the pathetic moral reflection, "'At *too* bad!" Little Jack Horner, having put in his thumb and picked out a plum, is made to declare definitely and redundantly,—

"My *ga-ate* big boy, jus' so big!"

He persists in praying,—

"F I should die 'fore I wake up."

Borne off to bed at last, in spite of every pretext for delay, tired Nature droops in his curling lashes, and gapes protractedly through his wide-dividing lips.

"I seepy," he cries, fighting off sleep with the bravery of a Major-General,—observing phenomena, *in articulo somni*, with the accuracy and enthusiasm of a naturalist, and reasoning from them with the skill of a born logician.

A second prolonged and hearty gape, and

"I two seepies," he cries, adding mathematics to his other accomplishments.

And that is the last of Jamie, till the early morning brings him trudging up stairs, all curled and shining, to "hear Baddy say 'Boo!'"

Total depravity, in Jamie's presence, is a doctrine hard to be understood. Hon-

estly speaking, he does not appear to have any more depravity than is good for him,—just enough to make him piquant, to give him a relish. He is healthy and hearty all day long. He eats no luncheon and takes no nap, is desperately hungry thrice a day and sleeps all night, going to bed at dark after a solitary stale supper of bread and butter, more especially bread; and he is good and happy. Laying aside the revelations of the Bible and of Doctors of Divinity, I should say that his nature is honest, simple, healthful, pure, and good. He shows no love for wrong, no inclination towards evil rather than good. He is affectionate, just, generous, and truthful. He just lives on his sincere, loving, fun-loving, playful, yet earnest life, from day to day, a pure and perfect example, to my eye, of what God meant children to be. I cannot see how he should be very different from what he is, even if he were in heaven, or if Adam had never sinned. There is so fearful an amount of, and so decided a bent towards, wickedness in the world, that it seems as if nothing less than an inborn aptitude for wickedness can account for it; yet, in spite of all theories and probabilities, here is Jamie, right under my own eye, developing a far stronger tendency to love, kindness, sympathy, and all the innocent and benevolent qualities, than to their opposites. The wrong that he does do seems to be more from fun and frolic, from sheer exuberance of animal spirits and intensity of devotion to mirth, than anything else. He seems to be utterly devoid of malice, cruelty, revenge, or any evil motive. Even selfishness, which I take to be the fruitful mother of evil, is held in abeyance, is subordinate to other and nobler qualities. Candy is dearer to him than he knows how to express; yet he scrupulously lays a piece on the mantel for an absent friend; and though he has it in full view, and climbs up to it, and in the extremity of his longing has been known, I think, to chip off the least little bit with his sharp mouse-teeth, yet he endures to the end and delivers up

the candy with an eagerness hardly surpassed by that with which he originally received it. Can self-denial go farther?

It seems to me that the reason of Jamie's gentleness and cheerfulness and goodness is, that he is comfortable and happy. The animal is in fine condition, and the spirit is therefore well served; consequently, both go on together with little friction. And I cannot but suspect that a great deal of human depravity comes from human misery. The destruction of the poor is his poverty. Little sickly, fretful, crying babies, heirs of worn nerves, fierce tempers, sad hearts, sordid tastes, half-tended or over-tended, fed on poison by the hand of love, nay, sucking poison from the breasts of love, trained to insubordination, abused by kindness, abused by cruelty,—that is the human nature from which largely we generalize, and no wonder the inference is total depravity. But human nature, distorted, defiled, degraded by centuries of misdealing, is scarcely human nature. Let us discover it before we define it. Let us remove accretions of long-standing moral and physical disease, before we pronounce sentence against the human nature. If it ever becomes an established and universally recognized principle, as fixed and unquestionable as the right and wrong of theft and murder, that it is a sin against God, a crime against the State, an outrage upon the helpless victim of their ignorance or wickedness, for an unhealthy man or woman to become the parent of a child, I think our creeds would presently undergo modification. Disease seems to me a more fertile source of evil than depravity; at least it is a more tangible source. We must have a race of healthy children, before we know what are the true characteristics of the human race. A child suffering from scrofula gives but a feeble, even a false representation of the grace, beauty, and sweetness of childhood. Pain, sickness, lassitude, deformity, a suffering life, a lingering death, are among the woful fruits of this dire disease, and it is acknowl-

edged to be hereditary. Is not, then, every person afflicted with any hereditary disease debarred as by a fiat of the Almighty from becoming a parent? Every principle of honor forbids it. The popular stolidity and blindness on these subjects are astonishing. A young woman whose sisters have all died of consumption, and who herself exhibits unmistakable consumptive tendencies, is married, lives to bear three children in quick succession, and dies of consumption. Her friends mourn her and the sad separation from her bereaved little ones, but console themselves with the reflection that these little ones have prolonged her life. But for her marriage, she would have died years before. Of the three children born of this remedial marriage, two die in early girlhood of consumption. One left, a puny infant, languishes into a puny maturity. Even as a remedy, what is this worth? To die in her youth, to leave her suffering body in the dust and go quickly to God, with no responsibility beyond herself, or to pine through six years, enduring thrice, besides all her inherited debility, the pain and peril, the weariness and terror of child-bearing, to be at last torn violently and prematurely away from these beloved little ones, — which is the disease, and which the remedy? And when we look farther on at the helpless little innocents, doomed to be the recipients of disease, early deprived of a mother's care, for which there is no substitute, dragging a load of weakness and pain, and forced down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death before years shall have blunted the point of its terrors, or religion robbed them of their sting, — it is only not atrocious because so unwittingly wrought.

And bodily health is only one of the possessions which every child has a right to claim from its parents. Not merely health, but dispositions, traits, lie within human control far beyond the extent of common recognition. We say that character is formed at fourteen or sixteen, and that training should begin in infancy; but sometimes it seems to me, that, when the child is born, the

work is done. All the rest is supplementary and subordinate. Subsequent effort has, indeed, much effect, but it cannot change quality. It may modify, but it cannot make anew. After neglect or ignorance may blight fair promise, but no after wisdom can bring bloom for blight. There are many by-laws whose workings we do not understand; but the great, general law is so plain, that wayfaring folk, though fools, need not err therein. Every one sees the unbri-dled passions of the father or mother raging in the child. Gentleness is born of gentleness, insanity of insanity, truth of truth. Careful and prayerful training may mitigate the innate evil; but how much better that the young life should have sprung to light from seas of love and purity and peace! Through God's mercy, the harsh temper, the miserly craving, the fretful discontent may be repressed and soothed; but it is always up-hill work, and never in this world wholly successful. Why be utterly careless in forming, to make conscious life a toilsome and thankless task of reforming? Since there is a time, and there comes no second, when the human being is under human control, — since the tiny infant, once born, is a separate individual, is for all its remaining existence an independent human being, why not bring power to bear where form is amenable to power? Only let all the influences of that sovereign time be heavenly, — and whatever may be true of total depravity, Christ has made such a thing possible, — and there remains no longer the bitter toil of thwarting, but only the pleasant work of cultivating Nature.

It is idle, and worse than idle, to call in question the Providence of God for disaster caused solely by the improvidence of man. The origin of evil may be hidden in the unfathomable obscurity of a distant, undreamed-of past, beyond the scope of mortal vision; but by far the greater part of the evil that we see — which is the only evil for which we are responsible — is the result of palpable violation of Divine laws. Humanity here is as powerful as Divin-

ity. The age of miracles is past. God does not interfere to contravene His own laws. His part in man's creation He long ago defined, and delegated all the rest to the souls that He had made. Man is as able as God to check the destructive tide. And it is mere shuffling and shirking and beating the wind, for a people to pray God to mitigate the ill which they continually and unhesitatingly perpetuate and multiply.

The great mistake made by the believers in total depravity is in counting the blood of the covenant of little worth. We admit that in Adam all die; but we are slow to believe that in Christ all can be made alive. We abuse the doctrine. We make it a sort of scapegoat for short-coming. But Christ has made Adamic depravity of no account. He came not alone to pardon sin, but to save people from sinning. Father-love, mother-love, and Christ-love are so mighty that together they can defy Satan, and, in his despite, the soul shall be born into the kingdom of heaven without first passing through the kingdom of hell. And in this way only, I think, will the kingdom of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

"Now, Jamie, having set the world right,—you and I, for which the world will be deeply grateful,—let us see what you are about, for you have been suspiciously still lately. What doing, Jamie?"

"Hay-puh!" says Jamie, very red, eager, and absorbed, with no intermission of labor.

"Making hasty pudding! Oh, yes! I know what that means. Only taking all the chips and shavings out of the wood-box in the closet and carrying them half across the room by the eminently safe conveyance of his two fat hands, and emptying them into my box of paper, and stirring all together with a curling-stick. That's nothing. Keep on, Jamie, and amuse yourself; but let us hear your geography lesson.

"Where are you going one of these days?"

"Min-nee-so-toh."

"Where is Minnesota?"

Jamie gives a jerk with his arm to the west. He evidently thinks Minnesota is just beyond the hill.

"Where is papa going to buy his horses?"

"Ill-noy."

"And where does Aunt Sarah live?"

"Cog-go."

"What river are you going to sail up to get to Minnesota?"

"Miss-iss-ipp-ee."

"That's a *good* little boy! He knows ever so much; and here is a peppermint. Open his mouth and shut his eyes, and pop! it goes."

There is, however, a pretty picture on the other side, that Jamie thrusts his iconoclastic fists through quite as unconcernedly; and that is the dignity of human nature. The human being can be trained into a dignified person: that no one denies. Looking at some honored and honorable man bearing himself loftily through every crisis, and wearing his grandeur with an imperial grace, one may be pardoned for the mistake, but it is none the less a mistake, of reckoning the acquirement of an individual as the endowment of the race. Behold human nature unclothed upon with the arts and graces of the schools, if you would discover, not its possibilities, but its attributes. The helplessness of infancy appeals to all that is chivalric and Christian in our hearts; but to dignity it is pre-eminently a stranger. A charming and popular writer — on the whole, I am not sure that it was not my own self — once affirmed that a baby is a beast, and gave great offence thereby; yet it seems to me that no unprejudiced person can observe an infant of tender weeks sprawling and squirming in the bath-tub, and not confess that it looks more like a little pink frog than anything else. And here is Jamie, not only weeks, but months and years old, setting his young affections on candy and dinner, and eating in general, with an appalling intensity. It is humiliating to see how easily he is moved by

an appeal to his appetite. I blush for my race, remembering the sparkle of his eyes over a dainty dish, and the abandonment of his devotion to it,—the enthusiasm with which his feet spring, and his voice rings through the house, to announce the fact, “Dinnah mo’ weh-wy! dinnah mo’ weh-wy!” To the naked eye, he appears to think as much of eating as a cat or a chicken or a dog. Reasons and rights he is slow to comprehend; but his conscience is always open to conviction, and his will pliable to a higher law, when a stick of candy is in the case. His bread-and-butter is to him what science was to Newton; and he has been known to reply abstractedly to a question put to him in the height of his enjoyment, “Don’ talk t’ me now!” This is not dignity, surely. Is it total depravity? What is it that makes his feet so swift to do mischief? He sweeps the floor with the table-brush, comes stumbling over the carpet almost chin-deep in a pair of muddy rubber boots, catches up the bird’s seed-cup and darts away, spilling it at every step; and the louder I call, the faster he runs, half frightened, half roguish, till an unmistakable sharpness pierces him, makes him throw down cup and seed together, and fling himself full length on the floor, his little heart all broken. Indeed, he can bear anything but displeasure. He tumbles down twenty times a day, over the crickets, off the chairs, under the table, head first, head last, bump, bump, bump, and never a tear sheds he, though his stern self-control is sometimes quite pitiful to see. But a little slap on his cheek, which is his standing punishment,—not a blow, but a tiny tap that must derive all its efficacy from its moral force,—oh, it stabs him to the heart! He has no power to bear up against it, and goes away by himself, and cries bitterly, sonorously, and towards the last, I suspect, rather ostentatiously. Then he spoils it all by coming out radiant, and boasting that he has “make tear,” as if that were an unparalleled feat. If you attempt to chide him, he puts up his plump hand with a repelling ges-

ture, turns away his head in disgust, and ejaculates vehemently, “Don’ talk t’ me!” After all, however, I do not perceive that he is any more sensitive to reproof than an intelligent and petted dog.

His logical faculty develops itself somewhat capriciously, but is very prompt. He seldom fails to give you a reason, though it is often of the Wordsworthian type,—

“At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that’s the reason why.”

“Don’ talk t’ me! I little Min-nee-so-toh boy!”—as if that were an amnesty proclamation. You invite him to stay with you, and let Papa go to Minnesota without him. He shakes his head dubiously, and protests, with solemn earnestness, “Mus’ go Min-nee-so-toh ca’y my fork,” which, to the world-incrusted mind, seems but an inadequate pretext. I want him to write me a letter when he is gone away; but, after a thoughtful pause, he decides that he cannot, “’cause I got no pen.” If he is not in a mood to repeat the verse you ask for, he finds full excuse in the unblushing declaration, “I bashful.” He casts shadows on the wall with his wreathing, awkward little fingers, and is perfectly satisfied that they are rabbits, though the mature eye discerns no resemblance to any member of the vertebrate family. He gazes curiously to see me laugh at something I am reading,—“What ’at? my want to see,”—and climbs up to survey the page with wistful eyes; but it is “a’ a muddle” to him. He greets me exultantly after absence, because I have “come home pay coot with Jamie”; and there is another secret out: that it is of no use to be sentimental with a child. He loves you in proportion as you are available. His papa and mamma fondly imagine they are dearer to him than any one else, and it would be cruel to disturb that belief; but it would be the height of folly to count yourself amiable because Jamie plants himself firmly against the door, and pleads piteously, “Don’ go in e parly wite!” He wants you to “pay coot” with him,—that is all. If your

breakfast shawl is lying on a chair, it would not be sagacious to attribute an affectionate unselfishness to him in begging leave to "go give Baddy shawl t' keep Baddy back warm." It is only his greediness to enter forbidden ground. Sentiment and sensibility have small lodgement in his soul.

But when Jamie is duly forewarned, he is forearmed. Legally admitted into the parlor to see visitors, he sits on the sofa by his mother's side, silent, upright, prim, his little legs stuck straight out before him in two stiff lines, presenting a full front view of his soles. By the way, I wonder how long grown persons would sit still, if they were obliged to assume this position. But Jamie maintains himself heroically, his active soul subdued to silence, till Nature avenges herself, not merely with a palpable, but a portentous yawn. "You may force me to this unnatural quiet," she seems to say; "but if you expect to prevent me from testifying that I think it intolerably stupid, you have reckoned without your host."

And here Jamie comes out strongly in favor of democracy, universal suffrage, political equality, the Union and the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and the rights of man. Uncontaminated by conventional rules, he recognizes the human being apart from his worldly state. He is as silent and abashed in the presence of the day-laborer, coarsely clad and rough of speech and manners, as in that of the accomplished man of the world, or the daintiest silken-robed lady. With simple gravity, and never a thought of wrong, he begs the poet, "Pease, Missa Poet, tie up my shoe." He stands in awe before the dignity of the human soul; but dress and rank and reputation receive no homage from him. He is reverent, but to no false gods. The world finds room for kingdoms and empires and oligarchies; but undoubtedly man is born a democrat.

Is there only one Jamie here? Can one little urchin about as high as the table so fill a house with mirth and mischief, so daguerrotype himself in every

corner, possess, while claiming nothing, so large a share of the household interest? For he somehow bubbles up everywhere. Not a mischance or a misplacement but can pretty surely be brought home to him. Is a glass broken? Jamie broke it. Is a door open that ought to be shut? Jamie opened it. Or shut that ought to be open? Jamie shut it. Is there a mighty crash in the entry? It is Jamie dropping the crowbar through the side-lights. The "Atlantic" has been missing all the morning.

"Jamie," — a last, random resort, after fruitless search, — "where is the 'Atlantic Monthly'?"

"In daw."

"In the drawer? No, it is not in the drawer. You don't know anything about it."

Not quite so fast. Jamie knows the "Atlantic Monthly" as well as you; and if you will open the drawer for him, he will rapidly scatter its contents till he comes to the missing "Monthly," safe under the shawls where he deposited it.

If you are hanging your room with ground-pine, he lays hold of every stray twig, and tucks it into every crack he can reach. Will you have some corn out of the barrel? It is Jamie for balancing himself on the edge, and reaching down into the depths after it, till little more than his heels are visible. If, in a sudden exuberance, you make a "cheese," — not culinary, but *whirligig*, — round go his little bobtail petticoats in fatuous imitation. You walk the floor awhile, lost in day dreaming, to find this little monkey trotting behind you with droll gravity, his hands clasped behind his head, like yours; and he breaks in upon your most serious meditations with, "Baddy get down on floor, want wide on Baddy back," as nonchalantly as if he were asking you to pass the salt. All that he says, all that he does, has its peculiar charm. Not that he is in the least a remarkable child.

"I trust we have within our realme
Five [thousand] as good as hee."

Otherwise what will befall this sketch?

I do not expect anything will ever

come of him. In a few years he will be just like everybody else ; but now he is the *peculiar* gift of Heaven. Men and women walk and talk all day long, and nobody minds them ; while this little ignoramus seldom opens his lips but you think nothing was ever so winsomely spoken. I suspect it is only his complete simplicity and sincerity. What he says and what he does are the direct, unmistakable effusions of his nature. All comes straight from the secret place where his soul abideth. Even his subtleties are open as the day. You know that you are looking upon virgin Nature. Just as it flashed from its source, you see the unadulterated spirit. If grown-up persons would or could be as frank as he, — if they had no more misgivings, concealments, self-distrust, self-thought than he, — they would doubtless be as interesting. Every separate human being is a separate phenomenon and mystery ; and if he could only be unthinkingly himself, as Jamie is, that self would be as much more captivating as it is become great and subtle by growth and experience. But we — fashion, habit, society, training, all the culture of life, mix a sort of paste, and we gradually become coated with it, and it hardens upon us ; so it comes to pass by-and-by that we see our associates no longer, but only the casing in which they walk about ; and as one is a good deal like another, we are not deeply fascinated. Sometimes a Thor's hammer breaks this flinty rock in pieces. Sometimes a fervid sun melts it, and you are let in to where the vigilant soul keeps watch and ward. Sometimes, alas ! the hardening process seems to have struck in, and you find nothing but petrification all the way through.

Perhaps, after all, it is just as well ; for, if our neighbors won upon us unawares as Jamie does, when should we ever find time to do anything ? On the whole, it is a great deal better as it is, until the world has learned to love its neighbor as itself. For the present, it would not be safe to go abroad with the soul exposed. You fetch me a blow

with your bludgeon, and I mind it not at all through my coat-of-mail ; but if it had fallen on my heart, it would have wounded me to death. Nay, if you did but know where the sutures are, how you would stab and stab, dear fellow-man and brother, not to say Christian ! No, we are not to be trusted with each other yet, — I with you, nor you with me ; so we will keep our armor on awhile, please Heaven.

And as I think of Jamie frisking through the happy, merry days, I see how sad, unnatural, and wicked a thing it is, that mothers must so often miss the sunshine that ought to come to them through their little ones. We speak of losing children, when they die ; but many a mother loses her children, though they play upon her threshold every day. She loses them, because she has no leisure to bask, and loiter, and live in them. She is so occupied in providing for their wants, that she has no time to sun herself in their grace. She snatches from them sweetness enough to keep herself alive, but she does not expand and mellow and ripen in their warmth for all the world. And the hours go by, and the days go by, evening and morning, seed-time and harvest, and the little frocks are outgrown, and the little socks outworn, and the little baby — oh ! there is no little baby any more, but a boy with the crust formed already on his soul.

I marvel what becomes of these small people in heaven. They cannot stay as they are, for then heaven would be a poorer place than earth, where all but idiots increase in wisdom and stature. And if they keep growing, — why, it seems but a sorry exchange, to give up your tender, tiny, clinging infant, that is still almost a part of your own life, and receive in return a full-grown angel a great deal wiser and stronger than you. Perhaps it is only a just punishment for our guilty ignorance and selfishness in treating the little things so harshly, that they die away from us in sheer self-defence. And how good is the All-Father thus to declare for His little ones, when the strife waxes too hot, and the odds

too heavy against them! We can maltreat them, but only to a certain limit. Beyond that, the lovely, stern angel of Death steps in, and bears them softly away to perpetual peace. I read our vital statistics, — so many thousands under five years of age dying each year; and I rejoice in every one. If their chances were fair for purity and happiness, the earth is too beautiful to slip so quickly from their hold; but, with sin and suffering, twin beasts of prey, lying in wait to devour, oh! thrice and four times happy are they who escape swiftly from the struggle in which they are all too sure to fail. So many, at least, are safe within the fold.

And thus, too, it seems providential, that the sin of pagan nations should take the form of infanticide. It is Satanic work, but God overrules it for good. Evil defeats itself, and hatred crowds the lists of love. From misery and wickedness, from stifled cities, overfull, from pagan lands, steeped centuries long in vice and crime, from East and West and North and South, over all the world, the innocent souls go up, — little lily-buds, swelling white and pure from earthly slime to bloom in heavenly splendor.

Jamie, Jamie, do you see birdie has put his head under his wing and gone to sleep? What does that mean? It means "Good night, Jamie." Now come, let us have "Cr-e-e-p, cr-e-e-p, cr-e-e-p!" And two fingers go slowly, measuring Jamie from toe to neck, and Jamie cringes and squirms and finally screams outright, and almost flings himself upon the floor; but, as soon as his spasm is over, begs again, "Say, "K-e-e-p, k-e-e-p, k-e-e-p!" and would keep it going longer than I have time to wait.

In this very passion for reiteration may be found a sufficient answer to those uneasy persons who are perpetu-

ally attempting to bring new singing-books into our churches, on pretext that people are tired of the old tunes. You never hear from Jamie's pure taste any clamor for new songs or stories. Whenever he climbs up into your lap to be amused, he is sure to ask for the story of "Kitty in Ga'et Window," though he knows it as Boston people know oratorio music, and detects and condemns the slightest departure from the text. And when you have gone through the drama, with all its motions and mewings, he wants nothing so much as "Kitty in Ga'et Window 'gen." Let us keep the old tunes. It is but a factitious need that would change them.

Gentle and friendly reader, I pray your pardon for this childish record. Some things I say of set purpose for your good, and the more you do not like them, the more I know they are the very things you need; and I shall continue to deal them out to you from time to time, as you are able to bear them. But this broken, rambling child-talk — with "a few practical reflections, arising naturally from my subject," as the preachers say — was penned only for your pleasure — and mine; and if you do not like it, I shall be very sorry, and wish I had never written it. For we might have gone away by ourselves and enjoyed it all alone; — could we not, Jamie, you and I together? Oh, no, no! Never again! Never, never again! for the mountains that rise and the prairies that roll between us. Ah! well, Jamie, I shall not cry about it. If you had stayed here, it would have been but a little while before you would have grown up into a big boy, and then a young fellow, and then a man, and been of no account. So what does it signify? Good night, little Jamie! good night, darling! Do I hear a sleepy echo, as of old, wavering out of the West, "*Goo-i-dah-ing*"?

THE SLEEPER.

I.

THE glen was fair as some Arcadian dell,
All shadow, coolness, and the rush of streams,
Save where the dazzling fire of noonday fell
Like stars within its under-sky of dreams.
Rich leaf and blossomed grape and fern-tuft made
Odors of Life and Slumber through the shade.

II.

"O peaceful heart of Nature!" was my sigh,
"How dost thou shame, in thine unconscious bliss,
Thy calm accordance with the changing sky,
O quiet heart, the restless life of this!
Take thou the place false friends have vacant left,
And bring thy bounty to repair the theft!"

III.

So sighing, weary with the unsoothed pain
From insect-stings of women and of men,
Uneasy heart and ever-baffled brain,
I breathed the silent beauty of the glen,
And from the fragrant shadows where she stood
Evoked the shyest Dryad of the wood.

IV.

Lo! on a slanting rock, outstretched at length,
A woodman lay in slumber, fair as death,—
His limbs relaxed in all their supple strength,
His lips half-parted with his easy breath,
And by one gleam of hovering light caressed
His bare brown arm and white uncovered breast.

V.

"Why comes he here?" I whispered, treading soft
The hushing moss beside his flinty bed:
"Sweet are the haycocks in yon clover-croft,—
The meadow turf were light beneath his head:
Could he not slumber by the orchard-tree,
And leave this quiet unprofaned for me?"

VI.

But something held my step. I bent, and scanned
(As one might view a veiny agate-stone)
The hard, half-open fingers of his hand,
Strong cords of wrist, knit round the jointed bone,
And sunburnt muscles, firm and full of power,
But harmless now as petals of a flower.

VII.

The rock itself was not more still: yet one
Light spray of grass shook ever at his wrist,
Counting the muffled pulses. Where the sun
The open fairness of his bosom kissed,
I marked the curious beauty of the skin,
And dim blue branches of the blood within.

VIII.

There lay the unconscious Life, but, ah! more fair
Than ever blindly stirred in leaf and bark,—
Warmth, beauty, passion, mystery everywhere,
Beyond the Dryad's feebly burning spark
Of cold poetic being: who could say
If here the angel or the wild beast lay?

IX.

Then I looked up and read his helpless face:
Peace touched the temples and the eyelids, slept
On drooping lashes, made itself a place
In smiles that gently to the corners crept
Of parting lips, and came and went, to show
The happy freedom of the heart below.

X.

A holy rest! wherein the man became
Man's interceding representative:
In Sleep's white realm fell off his mask of blame,
And he was sacred, for that he did live.
His presence marred no more the quiet deep,
But all the glen became a shrine of sleep!

XI.

And then I mused:—How lovely this repose!
How the shut sense its dwelling consecrates!
Sleep guards itself against the hands of foes:
Its breath disarms the Envy and the Hates
Which haunt our lives: were this mine enemy,
My stealthy watch could not less reverent be!

XII.

Here lie our human passions, sung to rest
By tender Nature, anxious to restore
Some hours of innocence to every breast,
To part the husks around the untainted core
Of life, and show, in equal helplessness,
The hearts that wound us and the hearts that bless!

XIII.

How swiftly in this frame the primal seeds
 Of purity and peace revive anew!
 One wave of sleep the stain of evil deeds
 Effaces, as with Heaven's baptismal dew.
 The pure white flame through all its ashes burns:
 The effluent being to its source returns.

XIV.

So hang their hands that would have done me wrong;
 So sweet their breathing whose unkindly spite
 Provoked the bitter measures of my song;
 So they might slumber, sacred in my sight,
 As I in theirs: — why waste contentious breath?
 Forget, like Sleep, and then forgive, like Death!

XV.

I bowed my head: the sleeper gently smiled, —
 How far he lay from every sting and smart!
 Some sinless dream his wandering thought beguiled,
 And left its sweetness in his open heart.
 The God that watched him in the lonely glen
 Sent me, consoled and patient, back to men.

DOCTOR JOHNS.

XL.

IT would lead us far too widely from the simple order of our narrative to detail the early history of Madame Arles; and although the knowledge of it might serve in some degree to explain the peculiar interest which that poor woman has shown in the motherless Adèle, we choose rather to leave the matter unexplained, and to regard the invalid enthusiast as one whose sympathies have fastened in a strange way upon the exiled French girl, and grow all the stronger by the difficulties in the way of their full expression.

Madame Arles did not forego either her solicitude or the persistence of her

inquiry under the harsh rebuff of the Doctor. Again and again, after night-fall, he saw her figure flitting back and forth upon the street, over against Adèle's window; and the good man perplexed himself vainly with a hundred queries as to what such strange conduct could mean. The village physician, too, had been addressed by this anxious lady with a tumult of questionings; and the old gentleman — upon whose sympathies the eager inquirer had won an easier approach than upon those of the severe parson — had taken hearty satisfaction in assuring her, within a few days after the night interview we have detailed, that the poor girl was mending, was out of danger, in fact, and would be

presently in a condition to report for herself.

After this, and through the long convalescence, Madame Arles was seen more rarely upon the village street. Yet the town gossips were busy with the character and habits of the "foreign lady." Her devotion to the little child of the outcast Boody woman was most searchingly discussed at all the tea-tables of the place; and it was special object of scandal, that the foreign lady, neglectful of the Sabbath ministrations of the parson, was frequently to be seen wandering about the fields in "meeting-time," attended very likely by that poor wee thing of a child, upon whose head the good people all visited, with terrible frowns, the sins of the parents. No woman, of whatever condition, could maintain a good reputation in Ashfield under such circumstances. Dame Tourtelot enjoyed a good sharp fling at the "trollop."

"I allers said she was a bad woman," submitted the stout Dame; and her audience (consisting of the Deacon and Miss Almiry) would have had no more thought of questioning the implied decision than of cutting down the meeting-house steeple.

"And I 'm afeard," continued the Dame, "that Adeel is n't much better; she keeps a crucifix in her chamber!—need n't to look at me, Tourtelot!—Miss Johns told me all about it, and I don't think the parson should allow it. I think you oughter speak to the parson, Tourtelot."

The good Deacon scratched his head, over the left ear, in a deprecating manner.

"And I 've heerd this Miss Arles has been a-writin' to Mr. Maverick, Adeel's father,—need n't to look at me, Tourtelot!—the postmaster told me; and she 's been receivin' furren letters,—filled with Popery, I ha'n't a doubt."

In short, the poor woman bore a most execrable reputation; and Doctor Johns, good as he was, took rather a secret pride in such startling confirmation of his theories in respect to French character. He wrote to his friend Maver-

ick, informing him that his suspicions in regard to Madame Arles were, he feared, "only too well-founded. Her neglect of Sabbath ordinances, her unhallowed associations, her extreme violence of language, (which was on a signal occasion uttered in my hearing,) have satisfied me that your distrust was only too reasonable. I shall guard Adely from all further intercourse with extreme care."

Indeed, Miss Eliza and the Doctor (the latter from the best of motives) had scrupulously kept from Adèle all knowledge of Madame Arles's impatient and angry solicitude during her illness. And when Adèle, on those first sunny days of her convalescence, learned incidentally that her countrywoman was still a resident of the village, it pained her grievously to think that she had heard no tender message from her during all that weary interval of sickness, and she was more than half inclined (though she did not say this) to adopt the harshest judgments of the spinster. There was not a visitor at the parsonage, indeed, but, if the name were mentioned, sneered at the dark-faced, lonely woman, who was living such a godless life, and associating, as if from sheer bravado, with those who were under the ban of all the reputable people of Ashfield.

When, therefore, Adèle, on one of her early walks with Reuben, after her recovery was fully established, encountered, in a remote part of the village, Madame Arles, trailing after her the little child of shame,—and yet darting toward the French girl, at first sight, with her old effusion,—Adèle met her coolly, so coolly, indeed, that the poor woman was overcome, and, hurrying the little child after her, disappeared with a look of wretchedness upon her face that haunted Adèle for weeks and months. Thereafter very little was seen of Madame Arles upon the principal street of the village; and her avoidance of the family of the parsonage was as studied and resolute as either the Doctor or Miss Eliza could have desired. A moment of chilling indifference on the part of Adèle had worked stronger repulse

than all the harsh rebuffs of the elder people; but of this the kind-hearted French girl was no way conscious: yet she *was* painfully conscious of a shadowy figure that still, from time to time, stole after her in her twilight walks, and that, if she turned upon it, shrank stealthily from observation. There was a mystery about the whole matter which oppressed the poor girl with a sense of terror. She could not doubt that the interest of her old teacher in herself had been a kindly one; but whatever it might have been, that interest was now so furtive, and affected such concealment, that she was half led to entertain the cruellest suspicions of Miss Eliza, who did not fail to enlarge upon the godlessness of the stranger's life, and to set before Adèle the thousand alluring deceits by which Satan sought to win souls to himself.

Rumor, one day, brought the story, that the foreign woman, who had been the subject of so much village scandal, lay ill, and was fast failing; and on hearing this, Adèle would have broken away from all the parsonage restraints, to offer what consolations she could: nor would the good Doctor have repelled her; but the rumor, if not false, was, in his view, grossly exaggerated; since, on the Sunday previous only, some officious member of his parish had reported the Frenchwoman as strolling over the hills, decoying with her that little child of her fellow-lodger, which she had tricked out in the remnants of her French finery, and was thus wantoning throughout the holy hours of service.

A few days later, however, the Doctor came in with a serious and perplexed air; he laid his cane and hat upon the little table within the door, and summoned Adèle to the study.

"Adaly, my child," said he, "this unfortunate countrywoman of yours is really failing fast. I learn as much from the physician. She has sent a request to see you. She says that she has an important message, a dying message, to give you."

A strange tremor ran over the frame of Adèle.

"I fear, my child, that she is still bound to her idolatries; she has asked that you bring to her the little bauble of a rosary, which, I trust, Adaly, you have learned to regard as a vanity."

"Yet I have it still, New Papa; she shall have it"; and she turned to go.

"My child, I cannot bear that you should go as the messenger of a false faith, and to carry to her, as it were, the seal of her idolatries. You shall follow her wishes, Adaly; but I must attend you, my child, were it only to protest against such vanities, and to declare to her, if it be not too late, the truth as it is in the Gospel."

Adèle was only too willing; for she was impressed with a vague terror at thought of this interview, and of its possible revelations; and they set off presently in company. It was a chilly day of later autumn. Only a few scattered, tawny remnants of the summer verdure were hanging upon the village trees, and great rows of the dead and fallen leaves were heaped here and there athwart the path, where some high wall kept them clear of the winds; and as the walkers tramped through them, they made a ghostly rustle, and whole platoons of them were set astir to drift again until some new eddy caught and stranded them in other heaps. Adèle, more and more disturbed in mind, said, —

"It's such a dreary day, New Papa!"

"Is it the thought that one you know may lie dying now makes it dreary, my child?"

"Partly that, I dare say," returned Adèle; "and then the wind so tosses about these dead leaves. I wish it were always spring."

"There is a country," said the parson, "where spring reigns eternal. I hope you may find it, Adaly; I hope your poor countrywoman may find it; but I fear, I fear."

"Is it, then, so dreadful to be a Romanist?"

"It is dreadful, Adaly, to doubt the free grace of God, — dreadful to trust in any offices of men, or in tithes of mint and anise and cumin, — dreadful

to look anywhere for absolution from sin but in the blood of the Lamb. I have a conviction, my child," continued he, in a tone even more serious, "that the poor woman has not lived a pure life before God, or even before the world. Even at this supreme moment of her life, if it be such, I should be unwilling to trust you alone with her, Adaly."

Adèle, trembling, — partly with the chilling wind, and partly with an ill-defined terror of — she knew not what, — nestled more closely to the side of the old gentleman; and he, taking her little hand in his, as tenderly as a lover might have done, said, —

"Adaly, at least *your* trust in God is firm, is it not?"

"It is! it is!" said she.

The house, as we have said, lay far out upon the river-road, within a strip of ill-tended garden-ground, surrounded by a rocky pasture. A solitary white-oak stood in the line of straggling wall that separated garden from pasture, and showed still a great crown of leaves blanched by the frosts, and shivering in the wind. An artemisia, with blackened stalks, nodded its draggled yellow blossoms at one angle of the house, while a little company of barn-door fowls stood closely grouped under the southern lea, with heads close drawn upon their breasts, idling and winking in the sunshine.

The young mother of the vagrant little one who had attracted latterly so much of the solitary woman's regard received them with an awkward welcome.

"Miss Arles is poorly, to-day," she said, "and she's flighty. She keeps Arthur" (the child) "with her. You hear how she's a-chatterin' now." (The door of her chamber stood half open.) "Arty seems to understand her. I'm sure I don't."

Nor, indeed, did the Doctor, to whose ear a torrent of rapid French speech was like the gibberish of demons. He never doubted 't was full of wickedness. Not so Adèle. There were sweet sounds to her ear in that swift flow of Provençal speech, — tender, endearing epithets, that seemed like the echo of

music heard long ago, — pleasant banter of words that had the rhythm of the old godmother's talk.

"Ah, you're a gay one! Now — put on your velvet cap — so. We'll find a bride for you some day — some day, when you're a tall, proud man. Who's your father, Arty? Pah! it's nothing. You'll make somebody's heart ache all the same, — eh, Arty, boy?"

"Do you understand her, Miss Maverick?" says the mother.

"Not wholly," said Adèle; and the two visitors stepped in noiselessly.

The child, bedizened with finery, was standing upon the bed where the sick woman lay, with a long feather from the cock's tail waving from his cap. Madame Arles, with the hot flush of the fever upon her, looked — saving the thinness — as she might have looked twenty years before. And as her flashing eye caught the new comers, her voice broke out wildly again, —

"Here 's the bride, and here 's the priest! Where 's the groom? Where 's the groom? Where 's the groom, I say?"

The violence of her manner made poor Adèle shiver.

The boy laughed as he saw it, and said, —

"She's afraid! I'm not afraid."

"Oh, no!" said the crazed woman, turning on him. "You're a man, Arty: men are not afraid, — you wanton, you wild one! Where 's the groom?" said she again, addressing the Doctor, fiercely.

"My good woman," says the old gentleman, "we have come to offer you the consolations that are only to be found in the Gospel of Christ."

"Pah! you're a false priest!" — defiantly. "Where 's the groom?"

And Adèle, hoping to pacify the poor woman, draws from her reticule the little rosary, and, holding it before the eyes of the sufferer, says, timidly, —

"My dear Madam, it is I, — Adèle; I have brought what you asked of me; I have come to comfort you."

And the woman, over whose face there ran instantly a marvellous change,

snatched the rosary, and pressed it convulsively to her lips ; then, looking for a moment yearningly, with that strange double gaze of hers, upon the face of Adèle, she sprang toward her, and, wreathing her arms about her, drew her fast upon her bosom, —

"Ma fille ! ma pauvre fille !"

The boy slipped down from the bed, — his little importance being over, — and was gone. The Doctor's lips moved in silent prayer for five minutes or more, wholly undisturbed, while the twain were locked in that embrace. Then the old gentleman, stooping, says, —

"Adaly, will she listen to me now ?"

And Adèle, turning a frightened face to him, whispers, —

"She's sleeping ; unclasp her hands ; she holds me tightly."

And the Doctor, with tremulous fingers, does her bidding.

Adèle, still whispering, says, —

"She's calm now ; she'll talk with us when she wakes, New Papa."

"My poor child," said the Doctor, solemnly, and with a full voice, "she'll never wake again."

And Adèle, turning, — in a maze of terror, as she thought of that death-clasp, — saw that her eyes had fallen open, — open, and fixed, and lustreless. So quietly Death had come upon his errand, and accomplished it, and gone ; while without, the fowls, undisturbed, were still blinking idly in the sunshine under the lea of the wall, and the yellow chrysanthemums were fluttering in the wind.

XLI.

In the winter of 1838–9, Adèle, much to the delight of Dr. Johns, avowed at last her wish to join herself to the little church-flock over which the good parson still held serenely his office of shepherd. And as she told him quietly of her desire, sitting before him there in the study of the parsonage, without urgency upon his part, it was as if a bright gleam of sunshine had darted

suddenly through the wintry clouds, and bathed both of them in its warm effulgence. The good man, rising from his chair and crossing over to her place, touched her forehead with as tender and loving a kiss as ever he had bestowed upon the lost Rachel.

He had seen too closely the development of her Christian faith to disturb her with various questionings. She rejoiced in this ; for even then, with all the calm serenity of her trust, it was doubtful if her answers could have fully satisfied the austerities of his theological traditions. Nay, she doubted, even, if the exuberance of her spirits would not sometimes, in days to come, bound over the formalities of his Sunday observance, and startle a corrective glance ; but withal she knew her trust was firm, and on this had full repose. Even the little rosary, so obnoxious to the household of the parsonage, was, by its terrible association with the death-scene of Madame Arles, endeared to her tenfold ; and she could not forbear the hope that the poor woman, at the very last, by that clinging kiss upon the image of Christ, told a prayer that might give access to His abounding mercy.

Nor did Adèle seek to comprehend in their entirety all those wearisome dogmatic utterances which were familiar to her tongue, and which she could understand might form the steps to fullness of belief for the rigorous mind of the Doctor : for herself there was other ladder of approach, in finding which the emotional experiences of Reuben had been of such signal service.

To Reuben himself those experiences brought a temporary exhilaration, but as yet no peace. He has a vague notion creeping over him, with fearfully chilling effect, that his sensibilities have been wrought upon rather than his reason ; a confused sense of having yielded to enthusiasms, which, if they once grow cool, will leave him to slump back into a mire worse than the old. Therefore he must, by all possible means, keep them at fever-heat. A dim consciousness, however, possessed him, that, for the feeding of the necessary

fires, there would be needed an immense consumption of fuel, — such stock as an ordinary experience could hardly hope to supply. By degrees, this consciousness took the force of conviction, and he became painfully sensible of his own limitations. There was a weary, matter-of-fact world to struggle with, in whose homely cares and interests he must needs be a partner. He could not wear the gyves of a Gabriel on the muddy streets of life, or carry the ecstatic language of praise into the world's talk: if he could, he would be reckoned insane, and not unjustly, since sanity is, after all, but a term to express the average normal condition of mind. He looked with something like envy upon the serene contentment of Adèle. He lived like an ascetic; he sought, by reading of all manner of exultant religious experience, to keep alive the ferment of the autumn. "If only death were near," he said to himself, "with what a blaze of hope one might go out!" But death was not near, — or, at least, life and its perplexing duties were nearer. The intensity of his convictions somehow faded, and they lost their gorgeous hue, under the calm doctrinal sermons of the parson. If the glory of the promises and the tenderness of Divine entreaty were to be always dropping mellifuously on his ear, as upon that solemn Sunday of the summer, it might be well. But it is not thus; and even were the severe quiet of the Ashfield Sundays lighted up by the swift and burning words of such fiery evangelism, yet six solid working-days roll over upon the heel of every Sunday, — in which he sees good Deacon Tourtelot in shirt-sleeves driving some sharp bargain for his two-year-old steers, or the stout Dame hectoring some stray peddler by the hour for the fall of a penny upon his wares, and wonders where their Christian largeness of soul is gone. Is the matter real to him? And if real, where is the peace? Shall he consult the good Doctor? He is met straightway with an array of the old catechismal formulas, clearly stated, well

argued, but brushing athwart his mind like a dusty wind. The traditional dislikes of his boyhood have armed him against all such, *cap-à-pie*. In this strait, he wanders over the hills in search of loneliness, and a volume of Tillotson he carries with him is all unread. Nature speaks more winningly, but scarce more helpfully.

Adèle, with a quick eye, sees the growing unrest, and, with a great weight of gratitude upon her heart, says, timidly, —

"Can I help you, Reuben?"

"No, thank you, Adèle. I understand you; I'm in a boggle, — that's all."

The father, too, at a hint from Adèle, (whose perceptions are so much quicker,) sees at last how the matter stands.

"Reuben," he says, "these struggles of yours are struggles with the Great Adversary of Souls. I trust, my son, you will not allow him to have the mastery."

It was kindly said and earnestly said, but touched the core of the son's moral disquietude no more than if it were the hooting of an owl. Yet, for all this, Reuben makes a brave struggle to wear with an outward calm the burden of the professions he has made, — a terrible burden, when he finds what awful chasms in his faith have been overleaped by his vaulting Quixotic fervor. Wearily he labors to bridge them across, with overmuch reading, there in the quiet study of the parsonage, of Newton and Tillotson and Butler; and he takes a grim pleasure (that does not help him) in following the amiable argumentation of Paley. It pains him grievously to think what humiliation would possess the old Doctor, if he but knew into what crazy currents his boy's thoughts were drifting over the pages of his beloved teachers. But a man cannot live a deceit, even for charity's sake, without its making outburst some day, and wrecking all the fine preventive barriers which kept it in.

The outburst came at last in the quiet of the Ashfield study, Reuben had been poring for hours — how wearily!

how vainly! — over the turgid dogmas of one of the elder divines, when he suddenly dashed the book upon the floor.

“Confound the theologies! I’ll have no more of them!”

The Doctor dropped his pen, and stared as if a serpent had stung him.

“My son! Reuben! Reuben!”

It was not so much the expression that had shocked him, as it was the action and the defiance in his eye.

“I can’t help it, father. It’s the Evil One, perhaps. If it be, I’ll cheat him, by making a clean breast of it. I can’t abide the stuff; I can’t see my way through it.”

“My son, it is your sin that blinds you.”

“Very likely,” says Reuben.

“It was not thus with you three months ago, Reuben,” continues the Doctor, in a softened tone.

“No, father, there was a strange light around me in those days. It seemed to me that the path lay clear and shining through all the maze. If Death had caught me then, I think I could have sung hosannas with the saints. It was a beautiful dream. It’s faded dimly, father, — as if the Devil had painted it.”

The old man shuddered, and lifted his hands, as he was wont to do in his most earnest pleas at the Throne of Grace.

“The muddle of the world and the theologies has come in since,” continued Reuben, “and the base professions I see around me, and the hypocrisies and the cant, have taken away the glow. It’s all a weariness and a confusion, and that’s the solemn truth.”

The Doctor said, measuredly, (as if the Book were before him,) —

“*Some seeds fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth. And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.*” Reuben! Reuben! we must agonize to enter into the strait gate!”

“It’s a long agony,” said Reuben;

and he rose and paced back and forth for a time; then suddenly stopping before the Doctor, he laid his hand upon his shoulder, (the boy was of manly height now, and overtopped the old gentleman by an inch,) — “Father, it grieves me to pain you, — indeed it does; but truth is truth. I have told you my story; but if you wish it, I will live outwardly as if no such talk had passed. I will respect as much as ever all your religious observances, and no person shall be the wiser.”

“I would not have you practise hypocrisy, my son; but I would not have you withdraw yourself from any of the appointed means of grace.”

And at this Reuben went out, — out far upon the hills, from which he saw the village roofs, and the spire, and the naked tree-tops, the fields all bare and brown, the smoke of a near house curling lazily into the sky; and the only sound that broke the solemn stillness was the drumming of a partridge in the woods or the harsh scream of a belated jay.

Never had Reuben been more kind or attentive to the personal wants of the old gentleman than on the days which followed upon this interview. There was something almost like a daughter’s solicitude in his watchfulness. On the next Sunday the Doctor preached with an emotion that was but poorly controlled, and which greatly mystified his people. Twice in the afternoon his voice came near to failing. Reuben knew where the grief lay, but wore a composed face; and as he supported the old gentleman home after service, he said, (but not so loudly that Adèle could hear, who was tripping closely behind,) —

“Father, I grieve for you, — upon my soul I do; but it’s fate.”

“Fate, Reuben?” said the Doctor, but with a less guarded voice, — “fate? God only is fate!”

The Doctor was too much mortified by this revelation of Reuben’s present state of feeling to make it the subject of conversation, even with Miss Eliza, and much less with the elders of his flock.

To Squire Elderkin, indeed, whose shrewd common-sense he had learned to value even in its bearings upon the "weightier matters of the law," he had dropped some desponding reflections in regard to the wilful impetuosity of his poor son Reuben, from which the shrewd Squire at once suspected the difficulty.

"It's the blood of the old Major," he said. "Let it work, Doctor, let it work!"

From which observation, it must be confessed, the good man derived very little comfort.

Miss Eliza, though she is not made a confidant in these latter secrets of the study, cannot, however, fail to see that Reuben's constancy to the Doctor's big folios is on the wane, and that symptoms of his old boyish recklessness occasionally show themselves under the reserve which had grown out of his later experiences. She has hopes from this — true to her keen worldly wisdom — that the abandoned career of the city may yet win his final decision. But her moral perceptions are not delicate enough to discover the great and tormenting wrangle of his thought. She ventures from time to time, as on his return, and from sharp sense of duty, some wiry, stereotyped religious reflections, which set his whole moral nature on edge. Nor is this the limit of her blindness: perceiving, as she imagines she does, the ripening of all her plans with respect to himself and Adèle, she thinks to further the matter by dropping hints of the rare graces of Adèle and of her brilliant prospects,—assuring him how much that young lady's regard for him has been increased since his conversion, (which word has to Reuben just now a dreary and most detestable sound,) and in a way which she counts playful, but which to him is *agaçant* to the last degree, she forecasts the time when Reuben will have his pretty French wife, and a rich one.

Left to himself, the youth would very likely have found enough to admire in the face and figure and pleasantly subdued enthusiasm of Adèle; but the

counter irritant of the spinster's speech drove him away on many an evening to the charming fireside of the Elderkins, where he spent not a few beguiling hours in listening to the talk of the motherly mistress of the household, and in watching the soft hazel eyes of Rose, as they lifted in eager wonderment at some of his stories of the town, or fell (the long lashes hiding them with other beauty) upon the work where her delicate fingers plied with a white swiftness that teased him into trains of thought which were not wholly French.

Adèle has taken a melancholy interest in decking the grave of the exiled lady, which she has insisted upon doing out of her own resources, and thus has doubled the little legacy which Madame Arles had left to the outcast woman and child with whom she had joined her fate, and who, with good reason, wept her death bitterly. Hour upon hour Adèle pondered over that tragic episode, tasking herself to imagine what message the dying woman could have had to communicate, and wondering if the future would ever clear up the mystery. To the good Doctor it seemed only a strange Providence, by which the religious convictions of Adèle should be deepened and made sure. And in no way were the results of those convictions more beautifully apparent than in the efforts of Adèle to overcome her antipathies to the spinster. It is doubtful, indeed, if a bolder challenge can be made to the Christian graces of any character whatever than that which demands the conquest of social prejudices which have grown into settled aversion. With all the stimulus of her new Christian endeavor, Adèle sought to think charitably of Miss Eliza. Yet it was hard; always, that occasional cold kiss of the spinster had for Adèle an iron imprint, which drove her warm blood away, instead of summoning it to response.

For her, Miss Eliza's staple praises of Reuben, and her adroit stories of the admiration and attachment of Mrs. Brindlock for her nephew, were distasteful to the last degree. Coarse na-

tures never can learn upon what fine threads the souls of the sensitive are strung.

Adèle felt a tender gratitude toward Reuben, which it seemed to her the boisterous affection of the spinster could never approach. She apprehended his spiritual perplexities more keenly than the austere aunt, and saw with what strange ferment his whole nature was vexed. Had he been a brother by blood, she could not have felt for him more warmly. And if she ever allowed herself to guess at a nearer tie, it was not to Miss Eliza that she would have named the guess,—not even, thus far, to herself. As yet there was a soft fulness in her heart that felt no wound,—at least no wound in which her hope rankled. Whether Reuben were present or away, her songs rose, with a sweeter, a serener, and a loftier cheer than of old under the roof of the parsonage; and, as of old, the Doctor laid down his book and listened, as if an angel sang.

XLII.

In the summer of 1840 the Doctor received a letter from Maverick which overwhelmed him with consternation; and its revelations, we doubt not, will prove as great a surprise to our readers.

"My good friend Johns," he wrote, "I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay; you have shown such fatherly interest in my dear child,—you have so guided and guarded her,—you have so abundantly filled the place which, though it was my duty, I had never the worthiness to fill, that I have no words to thank you. And now you have crowned all by giving her that serene trust"—

"Not I! not I!" says the Doctor to himself,— "only God's mercy,—God's infinite mercy!"—and he continues, "that serene trust in Heaven which will support her under all trials. Poor child, she will need it all!"

"And that this man," pursues the

Doctor meditatively, "who thinks so wisely, should be given over still to the things of this world!"

"I hear still further,—from what sources it will be unnecessary for me now to explain,—that a close intimacy has grown up latterly between your son Reuben and my dear Adèle, and that this intimacy has provoked village rumors of the possibility of some nearer tie. These rumors may be, perhaps, wholly untrue; I hope to Heaven they are, and my informant may have exaggerated only chance reports. But the knowledge of them, vague as they are, has stimulated me to a task which I ought far sooner to have accomplished, and which, as a man of honor, I can no longer defer. I know that you think lightly of any promptings to duty which spring only from a sense of honor; and before you shall have finished my letter I fear that you will be tempted to deny me any claim to the title. Indeed, it has been the fear of forfeiting altogether your regard that has kept me thus far silent, and has caused me to delay, from year to year, that full explanation which I can no longer with any propriety or justice withhold.

"I go back to the time when I first paid you a visit at your parsonage. I never shall forget the cheery joyousness of that little family scene at your fireside, the winning modesty and womanliness of your lost Rachel, and the serenity and peace that lay about your household. It was to me, fresh from the vices of Europe, like some charming Christian idyl, in whose atmosphere I felt myself not only an alien, but a profane intruder; for, at that very time, I was bound by one of those criminal *liaisons* to which so many strangers on the Continent are victims. Your household and your conversation prompted a hope and a struggle for better things. But, my dear Johns, the struggle was against a whole atmosphere of vice. And it was only when I had broken free of entanglement, that I learned, with a dreary pang, that I was the father of a child,—my poor, dear Adèle!"

The Doctor crumpled the letter in

his hand, and smote upon his forehead. Never, in his whole life, had he known such strange revulsion of feeling. With returning calmness he smooths the letter upon his desk, and continues : —

“ I expect your condemnation, of course ; yet listen to my story throughout. That child I might have left to the tender mercies of the world, might have ignored it, and possibly forgotten its existence. Many a man, with fewer stains on his conscience than I have, would have done this, and met the world and old friends cheerily. But then the memory of you and of your teachings somehow kindled in me what I counted a worthier purpose. I vowed that the child should, if possible, lead a guileless life, and should no way suffer, so far as human efforts could prevent, for the sins of the parents. The mother assented, with what I counted a guilty willingness, to my design, and I placed her secretly under the charge of the old godmother of whom Adèle must often have spoken.

“ But I was no way content that she should grow up under French influences, and to the future knowledge (inevitable in these scenes) of the ignominy of her birth. And if that knowledge were ever to come, I could think of no associations more fitted to make her character stanch to bear it than those that belong to the rigid and self-denying virtues which are taught in a New England parish. Is it strange that I recurred at once to your kindness, Johns ? Is it strange that I threw the poor child upon your charity ?

“ It is true, I used deceit, — true that I did not frankly reveal the truth ; but see how much was at stake ! I knew in what odium such trespasses were held in the serenity of your little towns ; I knew, that, if you, with Spartan courage, should propose acceptance of the office, your family would reject it. I knew that your love of truth would be incapable of the concealments or subterfuges which might be needed to protect the poor child from the tongue of scandal. In short, I was not willing to take the risk of a repulse. ‘ Such deceit

as there may be,’ I said, ‘ is my own. My friend Johns can never impute it as a sin to Adèle.’ I am sure you will not now. Again, I felt that I was using deceit (if you will allow me to say it) in a good cause, and that you yourself, when once the shock of discovery should be past, could never reprimand yourself for your faithful teachings to an erring child, but must count her, in your secret heart, only another of the wandering lambs which it was your duty and pleasure to lead into the true fold. Had she come to you avowedly as the child of sin, with all the father’s and mother’s guilt reeking upon her innocent head, could you have secured to her, my dear Johns, that care and consideration and devotion which have at last ripened her Christian character, and made her proof against slander ? ”

Here the Doctor threw down the letter again, and paced up and down the room.

“ The child of sin ! the child of sin ! Who could have thought it ? Yet does not Maverick reason true ? Does not Beelzebub at times reason true ? Adaly ! my poor, poor Adaly ! ”

“ It seemed to me,” the letter continued, “ that there might possibly be no need that either you or my poor child should ever know the whole truth in this matter ; and I pray (with your leave) that it may be kept from her even now. You will understand, perhaps, from what I have said, why my visits have been more rare than a fatherly feeling would seem to demand : to tell truth, I have feared the familiar questionings of her prattling girlhood. Mature years shrink from perilous inquiry, I think, with an instinct which does not belong to the freshness of youth.

“ But from your ears, in view of the rumors that have come to my hearing, I could not keep the knowledge longer. I cannot, my dear Johns, read your heart, and say whether or not you will revolt at the idea of any possible family tie between your son and my poor Adèle. But whatever aspect such possibility may present to your mind, I can regard it only with horror. If I have deceived

you, the deceit shall reach no such harm as this. Whatever your Christian forgiveness or your love for Adèle (and I know she is capable of winning your love) may suggest, I can never consent that any stain should be carried upon your family record by any instrumentality of mine. I must beg, therefore, that, if the rumor be true, you use all practicable means, even to the use of your parental authority, in discountenancing and forbidding such intimacy. If necessary to this end, and Reuben be still resident at the parsonage, I pray you to place Adèle with Mrs. Brindlock, or other proper person, until such time as I am able to come and take her once more under my own protection.

"If you were a more worldly man, my dear Johns, I should hope to win your heartier coöperation in my views by telling you that recent business misfortunes have placed my whole estate in peril, so that it is extremely doubtful if Adèle will have any ultimate moneyed dependence beyond the pittance which I have placed in trust for her in your hands. Should it be necessary, in furtherance of the objects I have named, to make communication of the disclosures in this letter to your son or to Miss Johns, you have my full liberty to do so. Farther than this, I trust you may not find it necessary to make known the facts so harmful to the prospects and peace of my innocent child.

"I have thus made a clean breast to you, my dear Johns, and await your scorching condemnation. But let not any portion of it, I pray, be visited upon poor Adèle. I know with what wrathful eyes you, from your New England standpoint, are accustomed to look upon such wickedness; and I know, too, that you are sometimes disposed to 'visit the sins of the fathers upon the children'; but I beg that your anathemas may all rest where they belong, upon my head, and that you will spare the motherless girl you have taught to love you."

Up and down the study the Doctor paced, with a feverish, restless step, which in all the history of the parsonage had never been heard in it before.

"Such untruth!" is his exclamation. "Yet no, there has been no positive untruth; the deception he admits."

But the great fact comes back upon his thought, that the child of sin and shame is with him. All his old distrust and hatred of the French are revived on the instant; the stain of their iniquities is thrust upon his serene and quiet household. And yet what a sweet face, what a confiding nature God has given to this creature conceived in sin! In his simplicity, the good Doctor would have fancied that some mark of Cain should be fixed on the poor child.

Again, the Doctor had somewhere in his heart a little of the old family pride. The spinster had ministered to it, coyly indeed by word, but always by manner and conduct. How it would have shocked the stout Major, or his good mother, even, to know that he had thus fondled and fostered the vagrant offspring of iniquity upon his hearth! A still larger and worthier pride the Doctor cherished in his own dignity,—so long the honored pastor of Ashfield,—so long the esteemed guide of this people in paths of piety.

What if it should appear, that, during almost the entire period of his holy ministrations, he had, as would seem, colluded with an old acquaintance of his youth—a brazen reprobate—to shield him from the shame of his own misdeeds, and to cover with the mantle of respectability and with all the pastoral dignities this French-speaking child, who, under God, was the seal of the father's iniquities?

As he paced back and forth, there was a timid knock at the door; and in a moment more, Adèle, blooming with health, and radiant with hope, stood before him. Her face had never beamed with a more wondrous frankness and sweetness.

BOOKS FOR OUR CHILDREN.

THE war is over, yet our fight is not through ; and we always, in this life of ours, and especially in this new country and eventful age, have trouble enough to keep our eyes open when they ought to sleep, and our hands busy when they have earned the right to rest. Several knotty questions already begin to try us sorely, although we are confident that the knots can be untied by skilful fingers without calling upon the sword to cut them. We shall settle the Reconstruction problem, the Negro, the Debt, John Bull, and Louis Napoleon, all in due time, and without war. But there is a question to be settled which comes nearer home to each family, and which distances all others in magnitude and interest : — What shall we do with our children ? how train and teach them in body and mind, by schools and books, by play and work, for that marvellous American life that is now opening to us its new and eventful chapter in the history of man ? The Slaveholders' Rebellion is put down ; but how shall we deal with the never-ceasing revolt of the new generation against the old ? and how keep our Young America under the thumb of his father and mother without breaking his spirit or blighting his destiny ? Our brave old flag has swept the waters of all Secession craft, and our iron-clad Monitors do not flinch in fear of the model fleets of France and England mustered at Cherbourg. But what standard rules over our children and youth ? and what Monitors are keeping watch over our countless schools and playgrounds ? Our people have risen to a new and mighty sense of our national life, and the thousands of Americans who are now returning from Europe say that the tide there has wholly turned in our favor, and Americans are too proud to boast of their country, and are quite safe in leaving her to speak for herself. But how are we recruiting the ranks of the nation from the fresh blood

and spirits, the new impulses and passions of childhood ? and how does our legion of juvenile infantry compare with the young legions of England, France, Germany, Russia, or Italy ? These are grave questions, not to be approached without misgiving, yet not by any means with mistrust, much less with despair. We of course do not propose to try to answer all or any of them now, but must be content with throwing out a few plain thoughts upon the kind of intellectual food we are giving our children, and especially upon the kind of juvenile literature that we ought to encourage.

We do not claim for the American child any exemption from the common lot, nor make him out to be above or below the human nature to which he belongs, in common with the children of the Old World. He is a chip of the old block ; and that old block is from the old trunk that has been growing for ages, is a great deal older than the father or mother, as old as mankind ; and each new comer into the field bears with him some traces or remains of all the traits and dispositions and liabilities that have appeared in the ancestors and become the heritage of the race. Not only is the American child of the same nature as his European contemporary, but he is born into very much of the same life, the same general circumstances of climate, scenery, morals, and religion, and surely into much of the same nursery talk and juvenile amusement, not excepting books. "Mother Goose" has a nursery catholicity, wherever the English language is spoken, that is denied to any other book ; and fruitful as America has been and is in children's books, we have not yet apparently added a single one to the first rank of juvenile classics, and have distanced *Æsop*, *Bunyan*, *De Foe*, *Edgeworth*, and the old fairy story-tellers, as little as we have distanced *Homer*, *Dante*, *Shakspeare*, *Milton*, *Words-*

worth, and Goethe in the higher imagination.

It may be that the children's books that have been most characteristic of our native authors have been in important respects a mistake, and the "Quarterly Review," not without reason, assailed them some years ago in two articles of considerable sagacity and much patient study. But we have outgrown them now, and see the error that afflicted them. We have ceased to think it the part of wisdom to cross the first instincts of children, and to insist upon making of them little moralists, metaphysicians, and philosophers, when great Nature determines that their first education shall be in the senses and muscles, the affections and fancy, rather than in the critical judgment, logical understanding, or analytic reason. Peter Parley — Heaven rest his soul! — has gone to his repose, and much of his philosophizing and moralizing is buried deeper than his dust; yet Peter himself lives, and will live, in the graphic histories, anecdotes, sketches of life and Nature, and the rich treasures of pictorial illustration, that have blessed the eyes and ears, the hearts and imaginations of our children. He was wisest when he least thought of being wise, and weakest when he tried to be strong. We are not likely to repeat his mistakes, and our best new juvenile literature is too loyal to the old standards and to common-sense to undertake to make a precocious reasoning monster of the dear little child whom God is asking us to help onward in the unfolding of his senses and the observation of the world and its scenes and people.

We must be willing to own that our America is a child of the ages, and to give our children a full share of their birthright as heirs of the juvenile treasures of all nations. Judæa must still give her sacred stories, that charm youth as much, as they edify maturity; Arabia loses nothing of the enchantment of her marvellous tales in the clear light of this nineteenth century, but makes her dreams dearer, as science and business insist that we shall not dream at

all; the old classic times shall still teach us in the fables of Æsop, and the romantic ages shall be with us in the legends of fairies and elves, dwarfs and giants, saints and angels, that are constantly coming up with faces new or old; the Protestant Reformation shall speak to our little folks in the lives of the martyrs and in "Pilgrim's Progress"; the age of modern adventure shall never tire in "Robinson Crusoe"; the new secular era of ethical schooling shall not lose its power so long as Maria Edgeworth finds a printer; nor will the didactic school of writers of juvenile religious books, die out so long as Hannah More stands by our Sunday schools and Tract Societies, and keeps their piety and ethics from swamping themselves wholly in dogmatism and dullness.

Yet whilst we are thus to acknowledge and use the old treasures, we are none the less bound to have a juvenile literature of our own; and because we are possessed by the truly catholic spirit that appreciates all good things, we are more likely to have a full and fair growth from the good seed that takes root in our own nurseries. What that new growth shall be we do not presume to predict, for it cannot be fully known until it comes up and speaks for itself; yet it is not presumption to undertake to say what are the essential conditions of its rise and the probable traits of its character. It must grow out of our civilized Christian mind under the peculiar circumstances and dispositions of our children, according to the great laws of God, as they bear upon our sensibilities, tastes, faculties, and associations. It is already showing unmistakable signs of its quality, and none the less so, although we must allow that its best specimens are fugitive stories, stray poems, and magazine pieces, rather than any conspicuous master-works of literature that rival the old standards.

The American child is undoubtedly in some respects peculiar alike in temperament, disposition, and surroundings. He is somewhat delicate and sensitive in organization, and not as

tough and thick-skinned, surely, as his English cousins. He grows up in the midst of excitement, with an average amount of privilege and prosperity unknown heretofore to the mass of children in any community. Our children are generally supplied with pocket-money to an extent unknown in the good old times; and the books that circulate among them at holiday seasons, and are sometimes found in school and Sunday libraries, often have a richness and beauty that were never seen fifty years ago on the parlor tables or shelves of parents. Reading begins very early among us; and the universal hurry of the American mind crowds children forward, and tempts them in pleasure, as in study and work, to rebel at the usual limitations of years, and push infancy prematurely into childhood, childhood into youth, and youth into maturity. The spirit of competition shows its head unseasonably, and there is a precocious fever of ambition among those who are taught almost in the cradle to feel that here the race for the highest prizes is open to all, and the emulation of the school is the forerunner of the rivalry of business, society, and politics. Our heads are apt to be much older than our shoulders, and English critics of our juvenile literature say that much of it seems written for the market and counting-room rather than for the nursery and playground. Yet we are not disposed to quarrel with the American child, or put him down at the feet of the pet children of Europe. He is a precious little creature, with rare susceptibilities and powers, whose very perils indicate high aptitudes, and whose great exposures should move us to temper not a little our pity for his failings with admiration for his excellence. Our boys and girls have done nobly, and the nation which they have now become may well prove its greatness by new wisdom and care for the boys and girls who are yet to grow up men and women and become the nation that is to be.

There are vital questions that meet us at the very outset of the discussion:—What are children? and what is the

difference between them and grown people? and what should be the difference in the reading provided for the two? Some persons seem to think and speak of children as a distinct order of beings, and not as a part of mankind. The simple truth is, that they are men and women in *nature*, but not in *development*. All that is *actual* in the mature mind is *potential* in them, and there is no theory more absurd than that which affirms that the adult powers and dispositions are wholly factitious, and education makes us what we are, instead of simply bringing out what is born in us. The great human mind is in the little child as well as in the gray-headed sage; but it has not come forth into activity and consciousness. The most complete culture, instead of obliterating diversities of natural talent and tendency, does but develop them more effectually; and our great masters and schools are more memorable for the strongly pronounced minds and wills that go forth from them than for any monotony of mediocre scholars or uniformity of paragons of genius. True culture brings out the common human mind in all, and the rare gifts that are in the few, and vindicates the force of Nature by the perfection of its art. Our juvenile literature should proceed upon this idea, and treat its little readers as representatives of the great human mind on its way to its full rights and powers and quite true to its high birthright, as far as it puts forth its prerogative.

What error, then, can be greater than to take it for granted that children have no mind, because they have not had time and means to bring out their whole mind? As far as it goes, is not their mind the great human intelligence? and even in its lisping and stumblings, does it not give hints and promises of the majestic powers that are on the way to development? Children are, indeed, treated and written about, sometimes, as if they were *little fools*, and any baby-talk or twaddle were good enough for them; but we are inclined to believe that they are in the main *great fools* who make

this mistake, and so sadly libel God's handiwork. In fact, it is probably safe to say, that, so far as their mind works, it works with more intensity and quickness than the adult mind; for they are fresh and unworn, and they put their whole life into the first play of their faculties. They do not know many things, indeed, and require constant instruction; but their *intelligence* is by no means as defective as their *knowledge*, but is as sharp and unwearied as their insatiate appetite for food. Talk nonsense to children, forsooth! Rather talk it to anybody else,—far rather to the pedants and worldlings who have fooled away their common-sense by burying thought under book-dust, or by hiding nature under shams and artifices. Children not only want the true thing said to them, but want to have it said in a true and fitting way; and no language pleases them so much as the pure, simple speech which the good old Bible uses, and which all our great masters of style follow. Any one who has seen the quizzical expression of a score or two of bright little children in listening to some old or young proser, who is undertaking to palm off upon them his platitudes for wisdom and his baby-talk for simplicity, cannot remain long in doubt as to which party leans most towards the fool.

There is, indeed, great difference between the mind of children and of adults, and literature should respect and provide for this difference,—although it is true that the best books please and edify both, and the nursery and parlor can meet in pretty full fellowship over "*Æsop's Fables*," "*Robinson Crusoe*," and "*Pilgrim's Progress*," if not over the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" and Edgeworth's "*Popular Tales*." The great distinction between juvenile and adult literature is a very obvious and natural one. Not to discuss now the absence of business cares and ambition, children, in their normal, healthful state, know nothing of love as a passion, whilst it is the conspicuous feature of adult society, and the motive of all romances for readers of advanced years, and espe-

cially for all who have just passed into the charmed borders of adult life. I do not say, indeed, that children are to know nothing of love, or that it should be shut out of their habitual reading; for love is a part of human life, and is organized into manners and institutions, and sanctioned and exalted by religion. As a fact, and as sustaining great practical relations, love is to be treated freely in juvenile literature, but not as a passion. Every boy and girl who reads the Prayer-Book, and hears every-day talk, and sees what is going on in the world, knows that men and women marry, and young people fall in love and are engaged. This is all well, and children's stories may tell freely whatever illustrates the home usages and social customs of the people; but the more the love senses and passions are left to sleep in their sacred and innocent reserve within their mystic cells, so much the better for the child whilst a child, and so much the better for the youth when no more a child, and Nature betrays her great secret, and the charming hallucinations of romance open their fascinations and call for the sober counsels of wisdom and kindness.

But if love, as a passion, does not belong to our juvenile literature, its place is fully supplied by a power quite as active and marvellous,—the mighty genius of play. Try to read a three-volume novel of love and flirtation to a set of well-trained, healthfully organized children, or try them with a single chapter that describes the raptures or the jealousies, and gives the letters and dialogues, of the enamored couple, who are destined, through much tribulation, to end their griefs at the altar, not of sacrifice, but of union, and you will find your auditors ready to go to sleep or to run away. The girls may, indeed, brighten up, if a famous dress or set of jewels, a great party or grand wedding, is described; and the boys may open their eyes, if the story turns upon a smart horse-race or a plucky fight. Children, in their normal state, do not enter into the romance of the passion, nor should they be trained to it. They may

be bred in all courtesy and refinement without it; and the girls and boys may be true to their sex, and have all the gentle manners that should come from proper companionship. The boys will not want a certain chivalry in the school-room, play-ground, and parlor, and the girls will learn from instinct as well as discipline the delicacy that is their charm and shield. Nothing can be worse than to ply them with love-stories, or throw them into the false society that fosters morbid sentiments and impulses, and gives them the passions without the judgment and control of men and women. Kind Providence, in the gift of play, has mercifully averted this danger, and brought our children into a companionship that needs no precocious passion to give it charm.

How wonderful it is, this instinct for play, and how worthy of our careful and serious study! It is the key to the whole philosophy of juvenile literature: for we take it for granted that books for children belong to the easy play, rather than to the hard work of life; and that they are an utter failure, if they do not win their way by their own charms. Here, in fact, we distinguish between juvenile literature and school-books. School-books are for children, indeed, but not for them alone, but for the teacher also, and they are to be as interesting as possible; yet they are not for play, but for work, and it is best to be quite honest at the outset, and let the little people know that study is work and not play, and that their usual gift-books are not for study mainly, but for entertainment. In this way, study is the more patient and comforting, and reading more free and refreshing. Children make the distinction very shrewdly, and are quite willing to pore carefully over their school-lessons, but are very impatient of lessons that are sugared over with pleasantry, and detect the pedagogue under the mask of the playmate. They are willing to have their pills sugared over, but do not like to have them called sugar-plums.

Playfulness does not require the sacrifice of good sense or sound principle

or serious purpose, but subjects them to certain conditions; and there is no form in which exalted characters or sacred truths are brought home more effectually to the hearts both of young and old than in the stories and dramas that make life speak for itself, and play themselves into the affections and fancy. It does require that the laws of attention and emotion, the unities and the varieties of æsthetic art, shall be observed; and as soon as the book is dull, and offers no sparkling waters nor fair flowers nor tempting fruits to lure the flagging reader over its intervals of dusty road or sandy waste, it is a failure, and not what it pretends to be. With children, play demands more the *varieties* than the *unities* of Art; and their first education deals with those spontaneous sensibilities and impulses that insist upon being played upon freely, with little regard to exact method. Those sports are most pleasing to young children, especially, that touch the greatest number of the keys of sensation and will, and make them answer to the pulse of Nature and companionship. One may learn a deal of philosophy from the most popular nursery rhymes; and Mother Goose, good old soul, who has sung many of those strange old verses to children for a thousand years, if the antiquaries are not mistaken, proves to us that the way to please little ears and eyes is by presenting a variety of images in the easiest succession, without any attempt at intellectual method or logical unity. Her style is that of the kaleidoscope, and she turns words and pictures over as rapidly, and with as little method, as that instrument shows in its handling of colors. As the child's development advances, the varieties need more of the unities, and the favorite sports rise into more method and sequence, nearer the rule of actual life: marbles give way to cricket, and blind-man's buff yields to chess. For a long time, however, anything like severe intellectual unity of plan is irksome, and even the toys that require careful thought and embody extraordinary workmanship are less agreeable than

the rude playthings that can be knocked about at will, and made to take any shape or use that the changing mood or fancy may decree. The rag baby is more popular with the little girl than the mechanical doll; and a tin pot, with a stick to drum upon it, pleases little master more than the elegant music-box. As long as the child's mind is in a chaos of unsorted sensations and impulses, he does not like plays that are so utterly in advance of his position as to present a perfect order that calls up Kosmos within him before its time. There is a good Providence in this necessity, and Nature is servant of God in her attempt to touch and voice the separate keys of the great organ, before she tunes them together to the great harmonies and symphonies that are to be performed. She is busy with each key first by itself; and there is something winning, as well as healthful, in that intensity which attaches to the sensations and impulses of children in this their first education. They are finding themselves and the universe at once; and the marvellous zest with which they see and feel and hear and handle whatever comes within their reach is a kind of rapturous wedding of the senses to the world of Nature and life, and a prelude to that more interior and spiritual union that is to be.

Our best books for children must not forget this great fact, and they must present great variety of impression and images in such sequence and unity as the young reader's mind can easily appreciate and enjoy. The great juvenile classics are rich illustrations of this law, and they have a "variety" as "infinite" as Cleopatra's, whilst they aim at a purpose far more true and persistent than hers, and do not end with a broken life and a serpent's sting. They are invariably *sensuous* in their imagery, but not *sensual*; and the great masters of the nursery well know that the senses are not made to be earth-born drudges of the flesh, but godly ministers of the spirit, and their true office is to open the gates of the whole world of truth and goodness and beauty. All who know

the ways of true children will understand the distinction between *sensual* and *sensuous* impression. Hold up before a true child a ripe, red apple, or a bunch of purple grapes, and how the eye sparkles and the hand reaches forth! But the desire expressed is half aspiration and half appetite, and the dainty rises into ideal beauty under this dear little aspirant's gaze, and is seen in a light quite other than that which falls on a gourmand's table, after he is gorged with viands and wine, and ends his gross banquet with a dessert of fruit which his stupid and uncertain eye can hardly distinguish. The child is *sensuous*, the gourmand is *sensual*. We should give the benefit of this distinction to all of our authors who abound in graphic description and encourage pictorial illustration. The senses should be skilfully appealed to, and the higher spheres of the reason, conscience, and affections may thus be effectually reached. Pictures, whether in words or lines or colors, are symbols; and the child's mind is a rare master of all the true symbolism of Nature and Art. There is no end to the range of susceptibility in children to impressions from this source; and all the chords of feeling and impulse, pathos and humor, seem waiting and eager to be played upon. Instead of needing to be laboriously schooled to pass from one emotion or mental state to another, they go by alternations as easy as the changing feet that pass from a walk to a run and back again, as if change were the necessity of Nature, not the work of the striving will.

Our books for children should study this great law, and be free to go "from grave to gay, from gentle to severe," as is the habit of all high literature. They should not be afraid to let the child have a good hearty laugh before or after telling him that he should study or should pray. It is odd to see the rapid transitions through which very well-behaved children will go in an instant; and I have known a child who has been romping in a complete gale of innocent roguery to burst into tears, if not duly called to the table in time to hear grace

said, and, after clucking with the hens, crying as if heart-broken over a dead bird. I went last spring with a friend to witness a great religious festival at a distinguished ecclesiastical community, — the festival of Corpus Christi, with its gorgeous procession. We were admitted through the private entrance, and saw the altar-boys in the entry waiting in caps and robes to lead off the pageant. They were in high spirits, and pulling and nudging each other like boys of the usual mould. Soon they appeared in church with folded hands, chanting the “*Lauda Sion*” before the uplifted Host as demurely as if they had walked down from the pictures of seraphs on the walls. “What little hypocrites!” the Philistines at once cry; “what a trick, thus to affect to be pious, after those pranks of mischief!” I say, No such thing; and although not personally given to Corpus-Christi ceremonials as a devotee, I interpret such transitions as I would interpret the conduct of my own children who came from a frolic on the lawn or a game of croquet to a Scripture lesson or the household worship. Let us be true to human nature, and give every genuine faculty and impulse fair play. Our American literature can afford to be more generous to children than it has been, and let them gambol on the play-ground none the less from keeping the library open for grave reading, and the chapel not closed in ghostly gloom.

Our books for children must be truthful as well as interesting; and we are quite strong in the belief that they should be true to all our just American ideas. It cannot be expected, indeed, that our story-tellers, poets, and biographers for the young will desert their pleasant arts, and inflict upon their readers prosy essays upon American law, society, reform, and progress. What we should expect and demand is, that our children should be brought up to regard American principles as matters of course; and their books should take these principles for granted, and illustrate them with all possible interest

and power. They should be trained in the belief that here the opportunities for education, labor, enterprise, freedom, influence, and prosperity are to be thrown open to all; and the highest encouragement should be given to every one to seek the chief good. We are not afraid to say that our children’s books should be thoroughly republican, or, in the best sense of the word, democratic, and should aim to give respect to the genuine man more than to his accidents, and to rank character above circumstance. They should rebuke the ready American failings, the haste to be rich, the passion for ostentation, the rage for extravagance, the habit of exaggeration, the impatience under moderate means, the fever for excitement, and the great disposition to subordinate the true quality of life to the quantity of appliances of living. They should especially assail the failings to which our children are tempted, — the morbid excitement, precocious sensibility, and airs and ambition to which they are prone. Some of our best juvenile books, especially some of our best magazine writers, do great service in this way; and it has seemed to us that we may well learn wisdom from the juvenile literature of France in this matter, and translate with profit many of those excellent books for children which do not for a moment countenance the idea that they are to have any hot-bed forcing, or have their senses and fancy turn upon the passions and cares that belong to mature years. Christendom has no cause for gratitude to France for its adult romantic literature; and it is an offence to American as to English homes for its free notions of married life. But the French literature for the young is quite another matter, and may teach purity and wisdom to the parents who allow their sons and daughters to ape the ways and often the follies of men and women, and spoil the flower and fruit of maturity by forcing open the tender bud of childhood and youth.

We may take quite as serious lessons against the wrong of schooling the young in precocious care and calcula-

tion, and setting a bounty upon the too ready covetousness of our people. We spend freely, indeed, as well as accumulate eagerly; but there is a fearful overestimate of wealth amongst us, in the absence of other obvious grounds of distinction; and the evil is nurtured sometimes from childhood. Such books as "The Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man" do vast good; and it is very important that our sons and daughters should have a loving, helpful, cheerful, devout childhood, a true age of gold, to look back upon and ever to remember, without the taint of Mammon-worship that multiplies care, blasts prosperity with inordinate desires, and curses adversity by making it out to be the loss of the supreme good, and little short of hell. It is well to take very high ground with them, and train them to know and enjoy the supreme treasures that are open to them all, to make them observers and lovers of Nature and Art, and to take it for granted that the best gifts of God and humanity are freely offered to every true life. Our magnificent country should be held before them as their rightful heritage, and its flowers, plants, trees, minerals, animals, lakes, rivers, seas, mountains, should be made a part of every child's property. What observers of Nature, in its uses and beauty, bright children are, and how much may be made of their aptness by good books and magazines! I confess, for my own part, that I never saw and enjoyed Nature truly until I learned to see it through a bright child's eyes. Good Providence gave us our little farm and our little May at about the same time; and the child has been the priestess of our domain, and has made spring of our autumn, May of our September. She noticed first only bright colors and moving objects and striking sounds; but with what zest she noticed them, and jogged our dull eyes and ears! Then she observed the finer traits of the place, and learned to call each flower and tree, and even each weed, by name, and to join the birds and chickens in their glee. She gathered bright weeds as freely as garden-

flowers, and, with larger wisdom than she knew, came shouting and laughing with a lapful of treasures, in which the golden-rod or wild aster, the violet or buttercup, the dandelion or honeysuckle, were as much prized as the pink or larkspur, the rose or lily. Darling seer, how much wiser and better might we be, if we had as open eye for loveliness and worth within and without the inclosures of our pride and our pets! I called the first rustic arbor that I built by her name; and May's Bower, on its base of rock, with solid steps cut in the granite by a faithful hand, and with a sight of the distant sea through its clustering vines, is to us a good symbol of childhood, as observer, interpreter, and lover of Nature. When I see in a handsome book or magazine for children any adequate sketch of natural scenes and objects, I am grateful for it as a benefaction to children, and a help to them in their playful yearning to read that elder alphabet of God.

How much power there is in the elements of the beautiful that so abound in the universe, and what capacity in children for enjoying them, especially in our American children, may we not say! The constitution of Americans is in some respects delicate, and shows great susceptibility in early life, and capability of æsthetic culture. Our children are vastly wiser and happier by being taught to distinguish beauty from tinsel pretence, and to see the difference between the fine and superfine. The whole land groans in ignorance of this distinction; and the most extravagant outlay for children and adults is made for dress and furniture, toys and ornaments, that are an abomination to true taste. We may begin the reform at the beginning, and apply the ideas of the truly beautiful in the books and magazines that we put before our children. We can make Præraphaelites of them of the right kind, by training their eye, not to love bald scenes and ghostly figures, but to appreciate natural form, feature, and color, and composition, and so possess their senses and fancy with the materials and im-

pressions of loveliness, that, when the constructive reason or the ideal imagination begins to work, it will work wisely and well, and not only dream fair visions and speak and write fair words, but carve true shapes, and plan noble grounds, and rear goodly edifices for dwelling, or for study, art, humanity, or religion. The child that learns to see the beautiful has the key of a blessed gate to God's great temple, and can find everywhere an entrance to the shrine. What a new and higher Puritanism will come, when we learn to apply pure taste to common affairs, and carry out all the laws of truth and beauty, as the old saints carried out the letter of the Bible! The day is coming, and is partly come. Do not many New-Yorkers look upon the Central Park as being, with its waters and flowers and music for all, as good a commentary on the Sermon on the Mount as any in the Astor Library? and does not solid Boston regard its great organ as a part of that great interpretation of the Divine Mind which Cotton and Winthrop sought only in the sacred book? Give us a thirty years' fair training of our children in schools and reading, galleries and music-halls, gardens and fields, and our America, the youngest among the great nations, will yield to none the palm of strength or of beauty; and as she sits the queen, not the captive, in her noble domain, her children, who have learned grace under her teaching, shall rise up and call her blessed.

In claiming thus for our children's books this embodiment of wholesome truth in beautiful forms, we are not favoring any feeble *dilettanteism*, or sacrificing practical strength to pleasant fancy. Nay, quite the contrary; for it is certain that truth has power, especially with the young, only when it is so embodied as to show itself in the life, and to speak and act for itself. We believe in dynamic reading for children; and we now make a distinct and decided point of this, quite positive, as we are, that books are a curse, if they merely excite the sensibilities and stimulate the nerves and brain, and bring on sedentary

languor, and do not stir the muscles, and quicken the will, and set the hand and foot to work and play under the promptings of a cheerful heart. Undoubtedly many children read too much, and spindle legs and narrow chests and dropsical heads are the sad retribution upon the excess. But the best books are good tonics, and as refreshing and strengthening as the sunshine and the sea-water, the singing-circle, and the play-ground. Let us encourage this tonic quality in our juvenile literature, and favor as much of sound muscular morality and religion as stories of adventure, sketches of sports, hints of exercise and health, with all manner of winning illustrations, can give. It is well that Dio Lewis is now on a mission to our Young Folks, and after exhorting adults, and especially the clergy, to repent of their manifold sins against the body, he is now carrying the gospel of health to children; and I have been quite amused at having him quoted against my own physical transgressions, by his most attentive reader, the youngest member of the family. The cure should not stop there; but the tonic force should knock at every door of the mental and moral faculties, and touch every chord of latent power. A fresh, free, dauntless will should breathe through every page, and be the invigorating air of our juvenile literature, and be as essential to its strength as truth is to its light and beauty to its color.

The great social, civil, and religious forces that move the nation should be brought to bear upon the young, not by learned essays or by ambitious philosophizing, but by living portraiture and taking life-sketches, stirring songs and ballads. A good home story can express as much of the law and economy of the household as a chapter of Paley or Wayland. Our girls and boys will feel the great pulse-beat of patriotism and loyalty more free, by following the brave old flag through perils to final peace, in graphic sketches of our history, from Washington's times to Lincoln's, from the days of Greene and Putnam to those of Sherman and Grant,

than from any learned lectures on the Constitution, or abridgments of Kent and Story. Those more universal and spiritual forces that bind us to our race and to God are surely not to be ignored in books for children, difficult as it is to present them adequately; and the absence of a national church makes religion so various in its ideas and forms as not to offer that ready and common symbolism that makes the cross as expressive as the flag to some nations, and binds the home and country to the altar. But our best writers are finding the way to touch the chords of supreme religion in the young, and the nation is fast developing a faith and worship that meet the wants of youthful feeling and fancy better than catechisms and lectures. Our children have a much more genial church nurture now than their parents had, and the worship in their chapels is sometimes more impressive than that in the churches. I confess to great regret that we, who are now in our prime, had so little joy and action in connection with our early religious impressions, and wish better things for our children, and delight to see the signs of amendment. Our best books are helping it on, and bringing poetry and art, as well as good sense and devout faith, to the rescue of our boys and girls from the prosy pedantry that forgets that the religion of the Bible itself did not begin in the dry letter, but was a rich and various life with Nature and among men, before it was made into a book.

All moving forces, whether domestic, social, civil, or religious, reach children most effectually through personal influence; and not only do they imitate the examples, but they seem to imbibe or breathe in the spirit of their associates and teachers. Hence the importance of having our best people write for children, and give them the precious ministry of all their high qualities of mind and heart. The little readers may not take in the whole of the influence consciously at once, but they are more receptive than they know, and take in the grace of refined manner and pure culture, even as they take diseases, without be-

ing aware of the fact at the time. Is it not well to treat them in their relation to human life as God treats them in their relation to the universe? He puts before them the broad earth and the glorious heavens from the first, and He does not strike off a toy edition of Nature to come down to little eyes and ears. Children look upon the whole universe at once, and their first impressions store up truths that years may interpret, but cannot exhaust. Why not throw open the best minds, and their earth and heaven of earthly sense and starry wisdom, with equal generosity to the young, and put them into communication with the best writers and thinkers of the land? They will not take the whole sense and spirit of the talk or story in at once, but they will have a certain impression or germinal seed of it within; and even before they can interpret or explain what they have learned, they will feel and enjoy and apply most of its meaning and power. Especially do they take in more than they know of the higher manifestations of moral and spiritual life; and a good story of a true soul, or an earnest sermon or devout prayer, goes deeper into their minds and hearts than they can understand, and they may have a great deal of religion before they know a word of theology.

In view of this assimilating force of example and personal character, it is cheering to note the number of our first-class writers who are giving their pens and studies to our children. The authors who figure on the list of contributors to our leading juvenile magazine need not hide their heads before any staff of contributors to any periodical in the country; and they do not seem to lose their wisdom or their wit in getting down from their stately heights to chat and romp with the boys and girls who come thronging to meet them. It is a good sign for our American letters; and I am not ashamed to say, that, after reading some of the numbers of that monthly, and talking over the remainder with a bright child of six, and as bright a girl of eighteen, I felt some-

what envious of the position of those writers, and wondered whether I could write anything that the rising millions of American children would be eager to read. Who might not be envious of the distinction, and which of our poets may not be proud to walk in the steps of Whittier, and sing loving words for the nursery and playground, after ringing the liberty-bell and sounding the bugle-call of liberty through the nation?

We close these cursory thoughts by presenting one idea that seems to us of the highest importance, although it may strike others as far-fetched or fanciful. It refers to the start that our children are to take in life, or, rather, to the ground from which they are to start. Their destiny depends, of course, upon what they make of themselves in their career; but does it not also depend upon their starting-ground, and is there not something dreary in the frequent remark that we can make anything of ourselves, and the implication that we are nothing at all at the outset? The old civilization reversed this; and the great question was not, What shall a man make of himself? but, What is his *status*? and his family or national birthright was more urged than his individual enterprise. Now I am not fighting against our American individualism, or expecting to establish a new national caste; yet may I not hint that it would be well, if our children were brought up in such sense of their native privilege, worth, and respectability as to start upon a solid ground of loyalty and reliance, and to go forth into the world with the feeling, that, whilst they have much to win, they have also much to hold? I would not have them bred in Jewish exclusiveness or pride; yet even that is better than no sense of birthright at all. How striking and suggestive is that trait in the life of one of the most benevolent and liberal-minded of our American Israelites, who, when his leg was broken, and his physician advised amputation, stoutly refused to submit to the knife, and said that he would die first, since he was of

the tribe of Levi, and none of that tribe were allowed to enter the sanctuary with mutilated limbs! A plucky son of Abraham indeed; and his pluck would be worthy of our imitation, if we insisted on such a *status* of manly integrity as to refuse to do any wrong to our manhood, on the ground of its destroying our position and selling our birthright. We do need certainly some deeper sense of our personal and national worth at the outset; and our children should be trained to look upon themselves as heirs of the ages, children of Providence, and bound to keep the priceless trust confided to them. A cheerful home should love them before they can return the love, a great nation guard them before they can keep guard over themselves, and a broad and exalted and genial and helpful church should be mother to them before they know how to interpret her care; and the golden light of the first home should shine upon them as but the faint, earthly gleam of that uncreated light that kindles every rational intelligence, and sends it into the world, as if, "trailing clouds of glory," we came "from God who is our home." We ask our writers for children to throw this cheerful radiance upon the outset of their pilgrimage, and relieve the sore pressure of care, and the anxious burden of never ceasing responsibility, and the force of incessant temptation, by the great and blessed conviction that we start from the supreme good, and, if we go away from it, we not only come short of a precious prize, but we forfeit a sacred birthright. All the ages, nations, leaders, sages, heroes, apostles, have endowed us and our children with a priceless heritage; and we are not to start in life as if we were a set of beggars, aliens, slaves, or heathen. Rome has thought to bless and enrich our America by putting the land under the watch of the immaculate and supernatural Mother. I will not stop now to fight against Rome, but will be content to say that our children have from God a peculiar guardianship from the natural mother who bore them, and from

that natural humanity which is the daughter of God and the recipient of all natural and supernatural graces. Mystical as this thought may seem, when stated in general terms, every genuine American poem and story is full of its meaning; and our best juvenile literature is making it our household faith and love. We shall see good days, when our children start from the true

home feeling, and a sacred memory joins hands with a brave and cheerful hope. Our good old mothers thought so; and our books are good as they repeat their wisdom and renew their love. We might weary our readers, if we tried to say what is in our minds of the American mother in history, and the ideal mother that should charm our books and pictures; but no more now.

DIOS TE DE.*

IN the green and shadowy woodpath,
Where the Fly-bird's† golden hue,
Like a shower of broken fire,
Lights the forests of Peru,
'Mid primeval sward and tree,
Lives the bird, DIOS TE DE.

There the Indian hunter roaming
Softly through the massive shade,
By the Laurel and Cinchona
And the thick-leaved Balsam made,
Halts beneath the canopy
At the sounds, DIOS TE DE.

And the bow unbent reposes,
And the poisoned arrows rest,
And a gush of solemn feeling
Thrills with awe the savage breast,
While the bird unharmed and free
Rocks and sings, DIOS TE DE.

If the name of God thus dropping
From the preacher of the wild,
In the solitude of Nature,
Wraps with awe the forest child, —
What a meaning deep have we
In the bird, DIOS TE DE!

* "May God give thee."

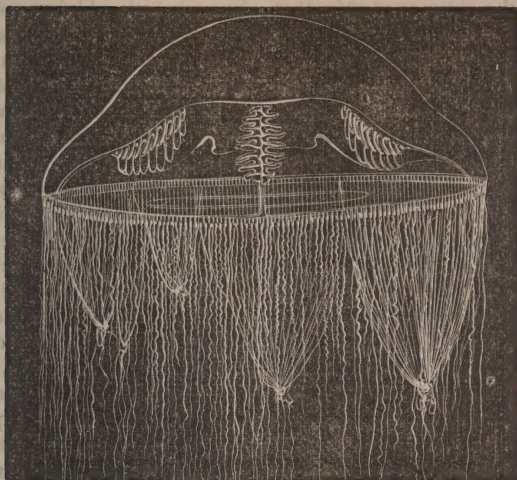
† *Trochilas Chrysurus*.

MODE OF CATCHING JELLY-FISHES.

NOT the least attractive feature in the study of these animals is the mode of catching them. We will suppose it to be a warm, still morning at Nahant, in the last week of August, with a breath of autumn in the haze, that softens the outlines of the opposite shore, and makes the horizon line a little dim. It is about eleven o'clock, for few of the Jelly-Fishes are early risers; they like the warm sun, and at an earlier hour they are not to be found very near the surface. The sea is white and glassy, with a slight swell, but no ripple, and seems almost motionless as we put off in a dory from the beach near Saunders's Ledge. We are provided with two buckets: one for the larger Jelly-Fishes, the *Zygodactyla*, *Aurelia*, etc.; the other for the smaller fry, such as the various kinds of *Ctenophoræ*, the *Tima*, *Melicertum*, etc. Besides these, we have two nets and glass bowls, in which to take up the more fragile creatures that cannot bear rough handling. A bump or two on the stones before we are fairly launched, a shove of the oar to keep the boat well out from the rocks along which we skirt for a moment, and now we are off. We pull around the point to our left and turn toward the ledge, filling our buckets as we go. Now we are crossing the shallows that make the channel between the inner and outer rocks of Saunders's Ledge. Look down: how clear the water is, and how lovely the sea-weeds above which we are floating! dark brown and purple fronds of the *Ulvæ*, and the long blades of the *Laminaria* with mossy green tufts between. As we issue from this narrow passage we must be on the watch, for the tide is rising, and may oome laden with treasures, as it sweeps through it. A sudden cry from the oarsman at the bow, not of rocks or breakers ahead, but of "A new Jelly-Fish a-stern!" The quick eye of the naturalist of the party pronounces it unknown to zoölogists, undescribed by

any scientific pen. Now what excitement! "Out with the net!—we have passed him! he has gone down! no, there he is again! back us a bit." Here he is floating close by us; now he is within the circle of the net, but he is too delicate to be caught safely in that way; while one of us moves the net gently about, to keep him within the space inclosed by it, another slips the glass bowl under him, lifts it quickly, and there is a general exclamation of triumph and delight;—we have him! And now we look more closely. Yes, decidedly he is a novelty as well as a beauty (*Ptychogena lactea*, A. Ag.). Those white mossy tufts for ovaries are unlike anything we have found before, and not represented in any published figures of Jelly-Fishes. We float about here for a while, hoping to find more of the same kind, but no others make their appearance, and we keep on our way to East Point, where there is a capital fishing-ground for *Medusæ* of all sorts. Here two currents meet, and the Jelly-Fishes are stranded, as it were, along the line of juncture, able to move neither one way nor the other. At this spot the sea actually swarms with life: one cannot dip the net into the water without bringing up *Pleurobrachia*, *Bolina*, *Idyia*, *Melicertum*, etc., while the larger *Zygodactyla* and *Aurelia* float about the boat in numbers. These large Jelly-Fishes produce a singular effect as one sees them at some depth beneath the water; the *Aureliæ*, especially, with their large disks, look like pale phantoms wandering about far below the surface; but they constantly float upward, and if not too far out of reach, one may bring them up by stirring the water under them with the end of the oar.

When we have passed an hour or so floating about just beyond East Point, and have nearly filled our buckets with Jelly-Fishes of all sizes and descriptions, we turn and row homeward. The



Ptychogena lactea.

buckets look very pretty as they stand in the bottom of the boat with the sunshine lighting up their living contents. The *Idyia* glitters and sparkles with ever-changing hues; the *Pleurobrachia* dart about, trailing their long, graceful tentacles after them; the golden *Melicerta* are kept in constant motion by their quick, sudden contractions; and the delicate, transparent *Tima* floats among them all, not the less beautiful because so colorless. There is an unfortunate *Idyia*, who, by some mistake, has got into the wrong bucket, with the larger Jelly-Fish, where a *Zygodactyla* has entangled it among his tentacles and is quietly breakfasting upon it.

During our row the tide has been rising, and as we near the channel of Saunders's Ledge, it is running through more strongly than before, and at the entrance of the shallows a pleasant surprise is prepared for us: no less than half a dozen of our new friends, (the *Ptychogena*, as he has been baptized,) come to look for their lost companion perhaps, await us there, and are presently added to our spoils. We reach the shore heavily laden with the fruits of our morning's excursion.

The most interesting part of the work for the naturalist is still to come. On

our return to the Laboratory, the contents of the buckets are poured into separate glass bowls and jars; holding them up against the light, we can see which are our best and rarest specimens; these we dip out in glass cups and place by themselves. If any small specimens are swimming about at the bottom of the jar, and refuse to come within our reach, there is a very simple mode of catching them. Dip a glass tube into the water, keeping the upper end closed with your finger, and sink it till the lower end is just above the animal you want to entrap; then lift your finger, and as the air rushes out the water rushes in, bringing with it the little creature you are trying to catch. When the specimens are well assorted, the microscope is taken out, and the rest of the day is spent in studying the new Jelly-Fishes, recording the results, making notes, drawings, etc.

Still more attractive than the rows by day are the night expeditions in search of Jelly-Fishes. For this object we must choose a quiet night; for they will not come to the surface if the water is troubled. Nature has her culminating hours, and she brings us now and then a day or night on which she seems to have lavished all her treasures. It was on such a rare evening,

at the close of the summer of 1862, that we rowed over the same course by Saunders's Ledge, and East Point described above. The August moon was at her full, the sky was without a cloud, and we floated on a silver sea; pale streamers of the aurora quivered in the north, and notwithstanding the brilliancy of the moon, they, too, cast their faint reflection in the ocean. We rowed quietly along past the Ledge, past Castle Rock, the still surface of the water unbroken, except by the dip of the oars and the ripple of the boat, till we reached the line off East Point, where the Jelly-Fishes are always most abundant, if they are to be found at all. Now dip the net into the water. What genie under the sea has wrought this wonderful change? Our dirty, torn old net is suddenly turned to a web of gold, and as we lift it from the water, heavy rills of molten metal seem to flow down its sides and collect in a glowing mass at the bottom. The truth is, the Jelly-Fishes, so sparkling and brilliant in the sunshine, have a still lovelier light of their own at night; they give out a greenish golden light, as brilliant as that of the brightest glow-worm, and on a calm summer night, at the spawning season, when they come to the surface in swarms, if you do but dip your hand into the water, it breaks into sparkling drops beneath your touch. There are no more beautiful phosphorescent animals in the sea than the *Medusæ*. It would seem that the expression, "rills of molten metal," could hardly apply to anything so impalpable as a Jelly-Fish, but, although so delicate in structure, their gelatinous disks give them a weight and substance; and at night, when their transparency is not perceived, and their whole mass is aglow with phosphorescent light, they truly have an appearance of solidity which is most striking, when they are lifted out of the water and flow down the sides of the net.

The various kinds present very different aspects. Wherever the larger *Aureliæ* and *Zygodactylæ* float to the surface, they bring with them a dim spreading halo of light, the smaller *Ctenophoræ*

become little shining spheres, while a thousand lesser creatures add their tiny lamps to the illumination of the ocean: for this so-called phosphorescence of the sea is by no means due to the Jelly-Fishes alone, but is also produced by many other animals, differing in the color as well as the intensity of their light; and it is a curious fact that they seem to take possession of the field by turns. You may row over the same course which a few nights since glowed with a greenish golden light wherever the surface of the water was disturbed, and though equally brilliant, the phosphorescence has now a pure white light. On such an evening, be quite sure, that, when you empty your buckets on your return and examine their contents, you will find that the larger part of your treasures are small crustacea (little shrimps). Of course there will be other phosphorescent creatures, Jelly-Fishes, etc., among them, but the predominant color is given by these little crustacea. On another evening the light will have a bluish tint, and then the phosphorescence is principally due to the *Dysmorphosa*.

Notwithstanding the beauty of a moonlight row, if you would see the phosphorescence to greatest advantage, you must choose a dark night, when the motion of your boat sets the sea on fire around you, and a long undulating wave of light rolls off from your oar as you lift it from the water. On a brilliant evening this effect is lost in a great degree, and it is not until you dip your net fairly under the moonlit surface of the sea that you are aware how full of life it is. Occasionally one is tempted out by the brilliancy of the phosphorescence, when the clouds are so thick, that water, sky, and land become one indiscriminate mass of black, and the line of rocks can be discerned only by the vivid flash of greenish golden light, when the breakers dash against them. At such times there is something wild and weird in the whole scene, which at once fascinates and appalls the imagination; one seems to be rocking above a volcano, for the surface around is intensely black, ex-

cept where fitful flashes or broad waves of light break from the water under the motion of the boat or the stroke of the oars. It was on a night like this, when the phosphorescence was unusually brilliant, and the sea as black as ink, the surf breaking heavily and girdling the rocky shore with a wall of fire, that our collector was so fortunate as to find in the rich harvest he brought home the entirely new and exceedingly pretty little floating Hydroid, described under the name of *Nanomia*. It was in its very infancy, a mere bubble, not yet possessed of the various appendages which eventually make up its complex structure; but it was nevertheless very important to have seen it in this early stage of its existence, since, when a few

full-grown specimens were found in the autumn, which lived for some days in confinement and quietly allowed their portraits to be taken, it was easy to connect the adult animal with its younger phase of life, and thus make a complete history.

Marine phosphorescence is no new topic, and we have dwelt too long, perhaps, upon a phenomenon that every voyager has seen, and many have described; but its effect is very different, when seen from the deck of a vessel, from its appearance as one floats through its midst, distinguishing the very creatures that produce it; and any account of the *Medusæ* which did not include this most characteristic feature would be incomplete.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

IN the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, "*Household Words*," a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating-library in the western district of London. Through this channel, Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen.

How we came gradually to establish at the office of "*Household Words*" that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But we settled somehow, to our complete satisfac-

tion, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable; so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me than Miss Berwick the governess became.

This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas number, entitled "*The Seven Poor Travellers*," was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as "*Barry Cornwall*," I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in

existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter.

The anecdote I have here noted down, besides serving to explain why the parents of the late Miss Procter have looked to me for these poor words of remembrance of their lamented child, strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character. I had known her when she was very young; I had been honored with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said at home, "If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers."

Perhaps it requires an editor's experience of the profoundly unreasonable grounds on which he is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own—fully to appreciate the delicacy and the self-respect of this resolution.

Some verses by Miss Procter had been published in the "Book of Beauty," ten years before she became Miss Berwick. With the exception of two poems in the "Cornhill Magazine," two in "Good Words," and others in a little book called "A Chaplet of Verses," (issued in 1862 for the benefit of a Night Refuge,) her published writings first appeared in "Household Words" or "All the Year Round."

Miss Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825. Her love of poetry was conspicuous at so early an age, that I have before me a tiny album, made of small note-paper, into which her favorite passages were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write. It looks as if she had carried it about,

as another little girl might have carried a doll. She soon displayed a remarkable memory and great quickness of apprehension. When she was quite a young child, she learned with facility several of the problems of Euclid. As she grew older, she acquired the French, Italian, and German languages, became a clever piano-forte player, and showed a true taste and sentiment in drawing. But as soon as she had completely vanquished the difficulties of any one branch of study, it was her way to lose interest in it and pass to another. While her mental resources were being trained, it was not at all suspected in her family that she had any gift of authorship, or any ambition to become a writer. Her father had no idea of her having ever attempted to turn a rhyme, until her first little poem saw the light in print.

When she attained to womanhood, she had read an extraordinary number of books, and throughout her life she was always largely adding to the number. In 1853 she went to Turin and its neighborhood, on a visit to her aunt, a Roman Catholic lady. As Miss Procter had herself professed the Roman Catholic faith two years before, she entered with the greater ardor on the study of the Piedmontese dialect, and the observation of the habits and manners of the peasantry. In the former she soon became a proficient; and on the latter head, I extract from her familiar letters, written home to England at the time, two pleasant pieces of description.

A BETROTHAL.

"WE have been to a ball, of which I must give you a description. Last Tuesday we had just done dinner at about seven, and stepped out into the balcony to look at the remains of the sunset behind the mountains, when we heard very distinctly a band of music, which rather excited my astonishment, as a solitary organ is the utmost that toils up here. I went out of the room for a few minutes, and on my returning, Emily said,—

"Oh! that band is playing at the

farmer's near here. The daughter is *fiancée* to-day, and they have a ball.'

"I said, —

"'I wish I was going!'

"'Well,' replied she, 'the farmer's wife did call to invite us.'

"'Then I shall certainly go,' I exclaimed.

"I applied to Madame B., who said she would like it very much, and we had better go, children and all. Some of the servants were already gone. We rushed away to put on some shawls, and put off any shred of black we might have about us, (as the people would have been quite annoyed, if we had appeared on such an occasion with any black,) and we started. When we reached the farmer's, which is a stone's throw above our house, we were received with great enthusiasm; the only drawback being, that no one spoke French, and we did not yet speak Piedmontese. We were placed on a bench against the wall, and the people went on dancing. The room was a large whitewashed kitchen, (I suppose,) with several large pictures in black frames, and very smoky. I distinguished the 'Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian,' and the others appeared equally lively and appropriate subjects. Whether they were Old Masters or not, and if so, by whom, I could not ascertain. The band were seated opposite us. Five men, with wind instruments, part of the band of the National Guard, to which the farmer's sons belong. They played really admirably, and I began to be afraid that some idea of our dignity would prevent my getting a partner; so, by Madame B.'s advice, I went up to the bride, and offered to dance with her. Such a handsome young woman! Like one of Uwins's pictures. Very dark, with a quantity of black hair, and on an immense scale. The children were already dancing, as well as the maids. After we came to an end of our dance, which was what they call a Polka-Mazourka, I saw the bride trying to screw up the courage of her *fiancé* to ask me to dance, which, after a little hesitation, he did. And admirably he danced, as indeed they all did, — in excellent time,

and with a little more spirit than one sees in a ball-room. In fact, they were very like one's ordinary partners, except that they wore ear-rings and were in their shirt-sleeves, and truth compels me to state that they decidedly smelt of garlic. Some of them had been smoking, but threw away their cigars when we came in. The only thing that did not look cheerful was, that the room was only lighted by two or three oil-lamps, and that there seemed to be no preparation for refreshments. Madame B., seeing this, whispered to her maid, who disengaged herself from her partner, and ran off to the house; she and the kitchen-maid presently returning with a large tray covered with all kinds of cakes, (of which we are great consumers and always have a stock,) and a large hamper full of bottles of wine, with coffee and sugar. This seemed all very acceptable. The *fiancée* was requested to distribute the eatables, and a bucket of water being produced to wash the glasses in, the wine disappeared very quickly, — as fast as they could open the bottles. But elated, I suppose, by this, the floor was sprinkled with water, and the musicians played a Monferrino, which is a Piedmontese dance. Madame B. danced with the farmer's son, and Emily with another distinguished member of the company. It was very fatiguing, — something like a Scotch reel. My partner was a little man, like Perrot, and very proud of his dancing. He cut in the air and twisted about, until I was out of breath, though my attempts to imitate him were feeble in the extreme. At last, after seven or eight dances, I was obliged to sit down. We stayed till nine, and I was so dead beat with the heat that I could hardly crawl about the house, and in an agony with the cramp, it is so long since I have danced."

A MARRIAGE.

"The wedding of the farmer's daughter has taken place. We had hoped it would have been in the little chapel of our house; but it seems some special

permission was necessary, and they applied for it too late. They all said, 'This is the Constitution. There would have been no difficulty before!' — the lower classes making the poor Constitution the scapegoat for everything they don't like. So, as it was impossible for us to climb up to the church where the wedding was to be, we contented ourselves with seeing the procession pass. It was not a very large one; for, it requiring some activity to go up, all the old people remained at home. It is not the etiquette for the bride's mother to go, and no unmarried woman can go to a wedding, — I suppose for fear of its making her discontented with her own position. The procession stopped at our door, for the bride to receive our congratulations. She was dressed in a shot silk, with a yellow handkerchief, and rows of a large gold chain. In the afternoon they sent to request us to go there. On our arrival, we found them dancing out-of-doors, and a most melancholy affair it was. All the bride's sisters were not to be recognized, they had cried so. The mother sat in the house, and could not appear; and the bride was sobbing so, she could hardly stand. The most melancholy spectacle of all, to my mind, was, that the bridegroom was decidedly tipsy. He seemed rather affronted at all the distress. We danced a Monferrino, — I with the bridegroom, and the bride crying the whole time. The company did their utmost to enliven her, by firing pistols, but without success; and at last they began a series of yells, which reminded me of a set of savages. But even this delicate method of consolation failed, and the wishing good-bye began. It was altogether so melancholy an affair, that Madame B. dropped a few tears, and I was very near it, — particularly when the poor mother came out to see the last of her daughter, who was finally dragged off between her brother and uncle, with the last explosion of pistols. As she lives quite near, makes an excellent match, and is one of nine children, it really was a most desirable marriage, in spite of all the show of dis-

tress. Albert was so discomfited by it that he forgot to kiss the bride, as he had intended to, and therefore went to call upon her yesterday, and found her very smiling in her new house, and supplied the omission. The cook came home from the wedding declaring she was cured of any wish to marry; but I would not recommend any man to act upon that threat, and make her an offer. In a couple of days we had some rolls of the bride's first baking, which they call Madonna's. The musicians, it seems, were in the same state as the bridegroom; for, in escorting her home, they all fell down in the mud. My wrath against the bridegroom is somewhat calmed by finding that it is considered bad luck, if he does not get tipsy at his wedding."

Those readers of Miss Procter's poems who should suppose from their tone that her mind was of a gloomy or despondent cast would be curiously mistaken. She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humor. Cheerfulness was habitual with her; she was very ready at a sally or a reply; and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected; as modestly silent about her productions as she was generous with their pecuniary results. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature. No claim can be set up for her, thank God, to the possession of any of the conventional poetical qualities. She never, by any means, held the opinion that she was among the greatest of human beings; she never suspected the existence of a conspiracy on the part of mankind against her; she never recognized in her best friends her worst enemies; she never cultivated the luxury of being misunderstood and unappreciated; she would far rather have died without seeing a line of her composition in print than that I should have maundered

about her here as "the Poet" or "the Poetess."

With the recollection of Miss Procter, as a mere child and as a woman, fresh upon me, it is natural that I should linger on my way to the close of this brief record, avoiding its end. But even as the close came upon her, so must it come here, and cannot be staved off.

Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her; now it was the sheltering of the houseless; now it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize, and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down; hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink.

To have saved her life then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice,

would have been impossible, without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered.

At length, at midnight on the 2d of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up.

The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck; and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one, —

"Do you think I am dying, mamma?"

"I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear."

"Send for my sister. My feet are so cold! Lift me up."

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said, "It has come at last!" and, with a bright and happy smile, looked upward, and departed.

Well had she written, —

"Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel, Death,
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,
Ready with gentle hand to close thine eyes?"

Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
Are blinded by their tears, or thou wouldst see
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee."

BEYOND.

FROM her own fair dominions,
 Long since, with shorn pinions,
 My spirit was banished :

But above her still hover, in vigils and dreams,
 Etherèal visitants, voices, and gleams,
 That forever remind her
 Of something behind her
 Long vanished.

Through the listening night,
 With mysterious flight,

Pass those winged intimations :

Like stars shot from heaven, their still voices fall to me ;
 Far and departing, they signal and call to me,
 Strangely beseeching me,
 Chiding, yet teaching me
 Patience.

Then at times, oh ! at times,
 To their luminous climes

I pursue as a swallow !

To the river of Peace, and its solacing shades,
 To the haunts of my lost ones, in heavenly glades,
 With strong aspirations
 Their pinions' vibrations
 I follow.

O heart, be thou patient !

Though here I am stationed

A season in durance,

The chain of the world I will cheerfully wear ;

For, spanning my soul like a rainbow, I bear,

With the yoke of my lowly

Condition, a holy

Assurance, —

That never in vain

Does the spirit maintain

Her eternal allegiance :

Through suffering and yearning, like Infancy learning

Its lesson, we linger ; then skyward returning,

On plumes fully grown

We depart to our own

Native regions !

CLEMENCY AND COMMON SENSE.

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE; WITH A MORAL.

*Instabile est regnum quod non clementia firmat.**Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.*

HERE are two famous verses, both often quoted, and one a commonplace of literature. That they have passed into proverbs attests their merit both in substance and in form. Something more than truth is needed for a proverb. And so also something more than form is needed. Both must concur. The truth must be expressed in such a form as to satisfy the requirements of art.

Most persons whose attention has not been turned especially to such things, if asked where these verses are to be found, would say at once that it was in one of the familiar poets of school-boy days. Both have a sound as of something that has been heard in childhood. The latter is very Virgilian in its tone and movement. More than once I have heard it insisted that it was by Virgil. But nobody has been able to find it there, although the opposite dangers are well represented in the voyage of Æneas: *—

"Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis
Obsidet."

Thinking of the historical proverb, I am reminded of the eminent character who first showed it to me in the heroic poem where it appears. I refer to the late Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham, who had been a favorite pupil of Dr. Parr, and was unquestionably one of the best scholars in England. His amenity was equal to his scholarship. I was his guest at Auckland Castle early in the autumn of 1838. Conversation turned much upon books and the curiosities of study. One morning after breakfast the learned Bishop came to me with a small volume in his hand, printed in the Italian character, and remarking, "You seem to be interested in such things," he pointed to this much-quoted verse. It was in a Latin

poem called "Alexandreis, sive Gesta Alexandri Magni," by Philippus Gualterus, a mediæval poet of France.

Of course the fable of Scylla and Charybdis is ancient; but this verse cannot be traced to antiquity. For the fable Homer is our highest authority, and he represents the Sirens as playing their part to tempt the victim.

These opposite terrors belong to mythology and to geography. Mythologically, they were two voracious monsters, dwelling opposite to each other, — Charybdis on the coast of Sicily, and Scylla on the coast of Italy. Geographically, they were dangers to the navigator in the narrow strait between Sicily and Italy. Charybdis was a whirlpool, in which ships were often sucked to destruction; Scylla was a rock, on which ships were often dashed to pieces.

Ulysses in his wanderings encountered these terrors, but by prudence and the counsels of Circe he was enabled to steer clear between them, although the Sirens strove to lure him on to the rock. The story is too long; but there are passages which are like pictures, and they have been illustrated by the genius of Flaxman. The first danger on the Sicilian side is thus described in the *Odyssey*: *—

"Beneath, Charybdis holds her boisterous reign
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly!
'T is better six to lose than all to die."

But endeavoring to shun this peril, the navigator encounters the other:—

"Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest, abhorred by men and gods!
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide."

* *Æneis*, Lib. III. v. 420.

* Book XII.

Near by were the Sirens, who strove by their music to draw the navigator to certain doom:—

"Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man whom music wins to stay
Nigh the cursed shore and listen to the lay:
No more the wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!"

Forewarned is forearmed. Ulysses took all precautions against the opposite perils. Avoiding the Sicilian whirlpool, he did not run upon the Italian rock or yield to the voice of the charmer. And yet he could not renounce the opportunity of hearing the melody. Stuffing the ears of his companions with wax, so that they could not be entranced by the Sirens, or comprehend any countermanding order which his weakness might induce him to utter, he caused himself to be tied to the mast,—like another Farragut,—and directed that the ship should be steered straight on. It was steered straight on, although he cried out to stop. His deafened companions heard nothing of the song or the countermand,—

"Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay."

The dangers of both coasts were at length passed, not without the loss of six men, "chiefs of renown," who became the prey of Scylla. But the Sirens, humbled by defeat, dashed themselves upon the rocks and disappeared forever.

There are few stories which have been more popular. It was natural that it should enter into poetry and become a proverb. Milton more than once alludes to it. Thus, in the exquisite "Comus," he shows these opposite terrors subdued by another power:—

"Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause."

In the "Paradise Lost," while portraying Sin, the terrible portress at the gates of Hell, the poet repairs to this story for illustration:*

"Far less abhorred than these,
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore."

And then again, when picturing Satan escaping from pursuit, he shows him†

"harder beset
And more endangered than when Argo passed
Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks,
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
Charybdis and by the other whirlpool steered."

Though thus frequently employing the story, Milton did not use the proverb.

Not only the story, but the proverb, was known to Shakspeare, who makes Launcelot use it in his plain talk with Jessica:—"Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother; thus, when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways." Malone, in his note to this passage, written in the last century, says,— "Alluding to the well-known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gaultier, in his poem entitled 'Alexandreis.'" To this note of Malone's, another editor, George Steevens, whose early bibliographical tastes inspired the praise of Dibdin, adds as follows:—"Shakspeare might have met with a translation of this line in many places; among others in a Dialogue between *Custom and Veretie*, concerning the use and abuse of Dancing and Minstrelsie:—

"While Silla they do seem to shun,
In Charibd they do fall."

But this proverb had already passed into tradition and speech. That Shakspeare should absorb and use it was natural. He was the universal absorbent.

The history of this verse seemed for a while to be forgotten. Like the Wandering Jew, it was a vagrant, unknown in origin, but having perpetual life. Erasmus, whose learning was so vast, quotes the verse in his great work on Proverbs, and owns that he does not know the author of it. Here is this confession:—"Celebratur apud Latinos hic versiculus, quocunque natus auctore, nam in presentia non occurrit."† It seems from these words that this profound scholar regarded the verse as belonging to antiquity: at least I so interpret the remark, that it was "celebrated among the Latins." But though ignorant of its origin, it is clear that the idea which it

* Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. 5.

† Erasmi Opera, Tom. II. p. 183; Adagiorum Chil. I. cent. v. prov. 4.

* Book II. v. 660.

† Ibid. v. 1026.

embodies found much favor with this representative of moderation. He dwells on it with particular sympathy, and reproduces it in various forms. Here is the equivalent on which he hangs his commentary: *Evitata Charybdi, in Scyllam incidi*. It is easy to see how inferior in form this is to the much-quoted verse. It seems to be a literal translation of some Greek iambics, also of uncertain origin, although attributed to Apostolius, one of the learned Greeks scattered over Europe by the fall of Constantinople. There is also something like it in the Greek of Lucian.* Erasmus quotes words of kindred sentiment from the "Phormio" of Terence: *Ita fugias ne præter casam*, which he tells us means that we should not so fly from any vice as to be carried into a greater.† He quotes also another proverb with the same signification: *Fumum fugiens, in ignem incidi*, which warns against running into the fire to avoid the smoke. In his letters the ancient fable recurs more than once. On one occasion he warns against the dangers of youth, and says that the ears must be stopped, not, as in the Homeric story, by wax, but "by the precepts of philosophy."‡ In another letter he avows a fear lest in shunning Scylla he may fall on Charybdis:—"Nunc vereor ne sic vitemus hanc Scyllam, ut incidamus in Charybdim multo perniciosiorem."§ Thus did his instinctive prudence find expression in this familiar illustration.

If Erasmus had been less illustrious for learning, — perhaps if his countenance were less interesting, as we now look upon it in the immortal portraits by two great artists, Hans Holbein and Albert Dürer, — I should not be tempted to dwell on this confession of ignorance. And yet it belongs to the history of this verse, which has had strange ups and downs in the world. The poem from which it is taken, after enjoying an early renown, was forgotten, — and then again, after a revival, was forgotten, again to enjoy another revival. The last time it was revived

through this solitary verse, without which, I cannot doubt, it would have been extinguished in night.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

Even before the days of Erasmus, who died in 1536, this verse had been lost and found. It was circulated as a proverb of unknown origin, when Galeotto Marzio, an Italian, of infinite wit and learning,* who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and was for some time the instructor of the children of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, pointed out its author. In a work of *Ana*, amusing and instructive, entitled "*De Doctrina Promiscua*," which first saw the light in Latin, and was afterwards translated into Italian, the learned author says, — "*Hoc carmen est Gualteri Galli de Gestis Alexandri, et non vagum proverbium, ut quidam non omnino indocti meminerint.*" It was not a vague proverb, as some persons not entirely unlearned have supposed, but a verse of the "*Alexandreis*." And yet shortly afterwards the great master of proverbs, whose learning seemed to know no bounds, could not fix its origin. At a later day, Pasquier, in his "*Recherches de la France*,"† made substantially the same remark as Marzio. After alluding to the early fame of its author, he says, — "*C'est lui dans les œuvres duquel nous trouvons un vers, souvent par nous allégué sans que plusieurs sachent qui en fut l'auteur.*" In quoting this verse the French author uses *Decidis* instead of *Incidis*. The discovery by Marzio, and the repetition of this discovery by Pasquier, are chronicled at a later day in the *Conversations of Ménage*, who found a French Boswell before the Boswell of Dr. Johnson was born.‡ Jortin, in the elaborate notes to his *Life of Erasmus*, borrows from *Ménage*, and gives the same history.§

When Galeotto Marzio made his dis-

* For a glimpse at this interesting character, see Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, Tom. VI. pp. 289-294; Michaud, *Biographie Universelle*, nomen Galeotto Marzio.

† Tom. I. p. 276, Liv. III. cap. 29.

‡ *Ménagiana*, Tom. I. p. 177.

§ Vol. II. 285.

* Erasmi *Adagia*, ubi supra.

† Ibid.

‡ Jortin's *Erasmus*, Vol. II. p. 163, note.

§ *Opera*, Tom. II. p. 645; *Epist.* 574.

covery, this poem was still in manuscript; but there were several editions before the "Adagia" of Erasmus. An eminent authority—the "Histoire Littéraire de la France,"* that great work, commenced by the Benedictines, and continued by the French Academy—says that it was printed for the first time at Strasburg, in 1513. This is a mistake, which has been repeated by Warton.† Brunet, in his "Manuel de Libraire," mentions an edition, without place or date, with the cipher of Guillaume Le Talleur, who was a printer at Rouen, in 1487. Panzer, in his "Annales Typographici,"‡ describes another edition, with the monogram of Richard Pynson, the London printer, at the close of the fifteenth century. Beloe, in his "Anecdotes of Literature,"§ also speaks of an edition with the imprint of R. Pynson. There appears to have been also an edition under date of 1496. Then came the Strasburg edition of 1513, by J. Adelphus. All these are in black letter. Then came the Ingolstadt edition, in 1541, in Italic, or, as it is called by the French, "cursive characters," with a brief life of the poet, by Sebastian Link. This was followed, in 1558, by an edition at Lyons, also in Italic, announced as now for the first time appearing in France, *nunc primum in Gallia*, which was a mistake. This edition seems to have enjoyed peculiar favor. It has been strangely confounded with imaginary editions which have never existed: thus, the Italian Quadrio assures us, that the best was at London, in 1558;|| and the French Millin assures us that the best was at Leyden, in 1558.¶ No such editions appeared; and the only edition of that year was at Lyons. After the lapse of a century, in 1659, there was another edition, by Athanasius Ggger, a monk of the Monastery of St. Gall, in France, pub-

lished at the Monastery itself, according to manuscripts there, and from its own types, *formis ejusdem*. The editor was ignorant of the previous editions, and in his preface announces the poem as a *new work*, although ancient; according to his knowledge, never before printed; impatiently regarded and desired by many; and not less venerable for antiquity than for erudition:—"En tibi, candide lector, opus novum, ut sic antiquum, nusquam quod sciam editum, a multis cupide inspectum et desideratum, non minus antiquitate quam eruditione venerabile."

This edition seems to have been repeated at St. Gall in 1693; and these two, which were the last, appear to have been the best. From that time this poem rested undisturbed until our own day, when an edition was published at Hanover, in Germany, by W. Müldener, after the Paris manuscripts, with the following title:—"Die zehn Gedichte des Walther von Lille, genannt von Châtillon. Nach der pariser Handschrift berichtet, und zum ersten Male vollständig herausgegeben von W. Müldener." Hanover, 1859, 8vo. Such an edition ought to be useful in determining the text, for there must be numerous manuscripts in the Paris libraries. As long ago as 1795 there were no less than nineteen in the National Library, and also a manuscript at Tours, which had drawn forth a curious commentary by M. de Forcemagne.*

I ought not to forget here that in 1537 a passage from this poem was rendered into English blank verse, and is an early monument of our language. This was by Grimoald Nicholas, a native of Huntingdonshire, whose translation is entitled "The Death of Zoroas, an Egyptian Astronomer, in the First Fight that Alexander had with the Persians."† This is not the only token of the attention it had awakened in England. Alexander Ross, the Scotch divine and author, made preparations for an edition. His dedicatory letter was written,

* Tom. XV. p. 117.

† *History of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. clxviii.

‡ Vol. I. p. 510.

§ Vol. V. p. 256.

|| *Della Storia e della Ragione d'ogni Poesia*, Tom. VI. p. 480.

¶ *Magasin Encyclopédique*, Tom. II. p. 52.

* Millin, *Magasin Encyclopédique*, Tom. III. p. 181; *Journal des Savans*, Avril, 1760.

† Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 228.

bearing date 1644; also two different sets of dedicatory verses, and verses from his friend David Eclin, the scholarly physician to the king,* who had given him this "great treasure." But the work failed to appear. The identical copy presented by Eclin, with many marginal notes from Quintus Curtius and others, is mentioned as belonging to the Bishop of Ely at the beginning of the present century.† But the homage of the Scotchman still exists in his dedicatory letter:—"Si materiam consideres, elegantissimam utilissimamque historiam gestorum Alexandri magni continet; certe sive stylum, sive subjectum inspicias, dignam invenies quæ omnium teratur manibus, quamque adollescentes nocturna versentque manu, versentque diurna."‡ It will be observed that he does not hesitate to dwell on this poem as "most elegant and most useful," and by its style and subject worthy of the daily and nightly study of youth. In his verses Ross announces that Alexander was not less fortunate in his poet than the Greek chieftain in Homer:—

"Si felix præcone fuit dux Græcus Homero,
Felix nonne tuo est carmine dux Macedo?"

There was also another edition planned in France, during the latter part of the last century, by M. Daire, the librarian of the Celestines in Paris, founded on the Latin text, according to the various manuscripts, with a French translation; but this never appeared.§

Until the late appearance of an edition in Germany, it was only in editions shortly after the invention of printing that this poem could be found. Of course these are rare. The British Museum, in its immense treasure-house, has the most important, one of which belonged to the invaluable legacy of the late Mr. Grenville. The copy in the library of Lord Spencer is the Lyons edition of 1558. By a singular fortune, this volume was missing some time ago from its place on the

shelves; but it has since been found; and I have now before me a tracing from its title-page. My own copy—and perhaps the only one this side of the Atlantic—is the Ingolstadt edition. It once belonged to John Mitford, and has on the fly-leaves some notes in the autograph of this honored lover of books.

Bibliography dwells with delight upon this poem, although latterly the interest centres in a single line. Brunet does full justice to it. So does his jealous rival, Graesse, except where he blunders. Watt, in his "*Bibliotheca Britannica*," mentions only the Lyons edition of 1558, on which he remarks, that "the typography is very singular." Clarke, in his "*Repertorium Bibliographicum*," bearing date 1819, where he gives an account of the most celebrated British libraries, mentions a copy of the first edition in the library of Mr. Steevens, who showed his knowledge of the poem in his notes to Shakspeare;* also a copy of the Lyons edition of 1558 in the library of the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. This learned bibliographer has a note calling attention to the fact that "there are variations in the famous disputed line in different editions of this poem": that in the first edition the line begins *Corruis in Scyllam*, but in the Lyons edition, *Incidis in Scyllam*; while, as we have already seen, Pasquier says, *Decidis in Scyllam*. Bohn, in his "*Bibliographer's Manual*," after referring in general terms to the editions, says of the poem, "In it will be found that trite verse so often repeated, *Incidis*, &c.,"—words which he seems to have borrowed from Beloe.† "Trite" seems to be hardly respectful.‡

Very little is known of the author. He is called in Latin Philippus Gualterus

* From a priced catalogue of Mr. Steevens's sale it appears that his copy, which was the edition of Lyons, brought £2 2s. in 1800. *Cat. No. 514.*

† *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. V. p. 258.

‡ See also Graesse, *Trésor de Livres rares et précieux, ou Nouveau Dictionnaire Bibliographique, nomen Galterus*; Millin, *Mag. Encyc.* Tom. III. p. 181; Senebier, *MSS. Franc. de la Bibliothèque de Genève*, p. 235; *Allg. Lit. Anz.* 1799, pp. 84. 263, 1233, 1858; *Sitzungsber. der Wien. Acad. T. XIII.* p. 314; Giesebrecht, *Allg. Zeits. für Wiss. und Lit.* 1853, p. 344.

* For a list of his works see Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*, nomen Echlin.

† Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, Vol. V. pp. 255–260.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 256.

§ Millin, *Magasin Encyclop.* Tom. III. p. 181.

or Galterus ; in French it is sometimes Gaultier and sometimes Gautier. The French biographical dictionaries, whether of Michaud or of Didot, attest the number of persons who bore this name, of all degrees and professions. There was the Norman knight *sans Avoir*, who was one of the chiefs of the first Crusade. There also was another Gautier, known as the Sire d'Yvetot, stabbed to death by his sovereign, Clotaire, who afterwards in penitence erected the lordship of Yvetot into that kingdom which Bé-ranger has immortalized. And there have been others of this name in every walk of life. Fabricius, in his "Bibliotheca Latina Mediæ et Infimæ Ætatis,"* mentions no less than seventy-six Latin authors of this name. A single verse has saved one of these from the oblivion which has overtaken the multitude.

He was born at Lille, but at what precise date is uncertain. Speaking generally, it may be said that he lived and wrote during the last half of the twelfth century, while Philip Augustus was King of France, and Henry II. and Richard Cœur-de-Lion ruled England, one century after Abélard, and one century before Dante. After studying at Paris, he went to establish himself at Châtillon ; but it is not known at which of the three or four towns of this name in France. Here he was charged with the direction of schools, and became known by the name of this town, as appears in the epitaph, somewhat ambitiously Virgilian, which he wrote for himself:—

"Insula me genuit, rapuit Castellio nomen ;
Perstrepuat modulis Gallia tota meis."

But he is known sometimes by his birth-place, and sometimes by his early residence. The highest French authority calls him Gaultier of Lille or of Châtillon.† He has been sometimes confounded with Gaultier of Coutances, Archbishop of Rouen, who was born in the island of Jersey ;‡ and sometimes with the Bishop of Maguelonne of the same name, who was the author of an Exposition of the Psalter, and whose

see was on an island in the Mediterranean, opposite the coast of France.*

Not content with his residence at Châtillon, he repaired to Bologna in Italy, where he studied the civil and canon law. On his return to France he became the secretary of two successive Archbishops of Rheims, the latter of whom, by the name of William,—a descendant by his grandmother from William the Conqueror,—occupied this place of power from 1176 to 1201. The secretary enjoyed the favor of the Archbishop, who seems to have been fond of letters. It was during this period that he composed, or at least finished, his poem. Its date is sometimes placed at 1180 ; and there is an allusion in its text which makes it near this time. Thomas à Becket was assassinated before the altar of Canterbury in 1170 ; and this event, so important in the history of the age, is mentioned as recent: "*Nuper—cæsum dolet Anglia Thomam.*" The poem was dedicated to the Archbishop, who was to live immortal in companionship with his secretary:†—

"Vivemus pariter, vivet cum vate superstes
Gloria Guillermi nullum moritura per ævum."

The Archbishop was not ungrateful, and he bestowed upon the poet a stall in the cathedral of Amiens, where he died of the plague at the commencement of the thirteenth century.‡

This does not appear to have been his only work. Others are attributed to him. There are dialogues *adversus Judeos*, which Oudin publishes in his collection entitled "Veterum aliquot Gallia et Belgii Scriptorum Opuscula Sacra nunquam edita." This same Oudin, in another publication, speaks of a collection, entitled "Opuscula Varia," pre-

* The latter mistake is gravely made by Quadrio, in his great jumble of literary history, Tom. VI. p. 480 ; also by Peerlkamp, *De Poetis Latinis Nederlandorum*, p. 15. See also Édéléstand du Ménil, *Poésies Populaires Latines*, p. 149.

† *Alexandreis*, Lib. X. ad finem.

‡ Graesse, in his *Trésor de Livres Rares*, which ought to be accurate, makes a strange mistake in calling Gualterus *Episcopus Insulanus*. He was never more than a canon, and held no post at Lille. Fabricius entitles him simply *Magister Philippus Gualterus de Castellione, Insulanus*. *Bibliotheca Lat. Med. et Inf. Ætatis*, Tom. VI. p. 328. See also Wright's *Latin Poems*, Preface, xviii.

* Tom. VI. p. 328.

† *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XV. p. 100.

‡ *Ibid.*, Tom. XVI. p. 337.

served among the manuscripts in the Imperial Library of France, as by Gaultier, although the larger part of these Opuscula have been attributed to a very different person, Gaultier Mapes, chaplain to Henry II., King of England, and Archdeacon of Oxford.* But more recent researches seem to restore them to Philip Gaultier. Among these are satirical songs in Latin on the world, and also on prelates, which, it is said, were sung in England as well as throughout France. Indeed, the second verse of the epitaph already quoted seems to point to these satires:—

"Perstrepuat modulis Gallia tota meis."

In these pieces, as in the "Alexandreis," we encounter the indignant sentiments inspired by the assassination of Becket. The victim is called "the flower of priests," and the king, *Neronior est ipso Nerone*.† But these poems, whether by Walter Mapes or by Philip Gaultier, are now forgotten. The "Alexandreis" has had a different fortune.

The poem became at once famous. It had the success of Victor Hugo or Byron. Its author took rank, not only at the head of his contemporaries, but even among the classics of antiquity. Leyser chronicles no less than one hundred Latin poets in the twelfth century,‡ but we are assured that not one of them is comparable to Gaultier.§ M. Édélestand du Ménil, who has given especial attention to this period, speaks of the "Alexandreis" as "a great poem," and remarks that its "Latinity is very elegant for the time."|| Another authority calls him "the first of the modern Latin poets who appears to have had a spark of true poetic genius."¶ And still another says, that, "notwithstanding all its defects, we must regard this poem, and the 'Philipis' of William of Brittany, which appeared about thirty years later, as two brilliant phe-

nomena in the midst of the thick darkness which covered Europe from the decline of the Roman Empire to the revival of letters in Italy."* Pasquier, to whom I have already referred, goes so far, in his chapter on the University of Paris, as to illustrate its founder, Peter Lombard, by saying that he had for a contemporary "one Galterus, an eminent poet, who wrote in Latin verses, under the title of the 'Alexandreis,' a great imitator of Lucan"; and the learned writer then adds, that it is in his work that we find a verse often quoted without knowing the author.† These testimonies show his position among his contemporaries; but there is something more.

An anonymous Latin poet of the next century, who has left a poem on the life and miracles of Saint Oswald, calls Homer, Gaultier, and Lucan the three capital heroic poets. Homer, he says, has celebrated Hercules, Gaultier the son of Philip, and Lucan has sung the praises of Cæsar; but these heroes deserve to be immortalized in verse much less than the holy confessor Oswald.‡ In England, the Abbot of Peterborough transcribed Seneca, Terence, Martial, Claudian, and the "Gesta Alexandri."§ In Denmark, Arnas Magnæus made a version in Icelandic of the "Alexandreis Gualteriana," which has been called "*Incomparabile antiquitatis septentrionalis monumentum*."|| It appears that the new poem was studied, even to the exclusion of ancient masters and of Virgil himself. Henry of Ghent, who wrote about 1280, says that it "was of such dignity in the schools, that for it the reading of the ancient poets was neglected."¶ This testimony is curiously confirmed by the condition of the manuscripts which have come down to us, most of which are loaded with glosses and interlinear explanations, doubtless

* Michaud, *Biographie Universelle*, nomen Gaultier.

† *Recherches de la France*, Cap. 20, Tom. I. p. 276.

‡ Warton, *English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. clxix.; Dissertation II.

§ Ibid.

|| Fabricius, *Bibliotheca*, Tom. IV. c. 2.

¶ Ibid. Tom. VI. p. 328. See also Leyser, *Historia Poematum Medii Ævi*, nomen Galterus.

* *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XV. p. 101.

† Édélestand du Ménil, *Poésies Populaires Latines*, pp. 144–163; Wright, *Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes*.

‡ *Historia Poematum Medii Ævi*.

§ *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XVI. p. 183.

|| *Poésies Latines Populaires*, p. 149.

¶ Millin, *Magasin Encyclop.* Tom. II. p. 52.

for public use in the schools.* It is sometimes supposed that Dante repaired to Paris. It is certain that his excellent master, Brunetto Latini, passed much time there. This must have been at the very period when the new poem was taught in the schools. Perhaps it may be traced in the "Divina Commedia."

Next after the tale of Troy, the career of Alexander was at this period the most popular subject for poetry, romance, or chronicle. The Grecian conqueror filled a vast space in the imagination. He was the centre of marvel and of history. Every modern literature, according to its development, testifies to this predominance. Even dialects testify. In France, the professors of grammar at Toulouse were directed by statutes of the University, dated 1328, to read to their pupils "De Historiis Alexandri."† In England, during the reign of Henry I., the sheriff was ordered to procure the Queen's chamber at Nottingham to be painted with the History of Alexander, — "*Depingi facias Historiam Alexandri undiqueque*."‡ Chaucer, in his "House of Fame," places Alexander with Hercules, and then again shows the universality of his renown: —

"Alisaundes storie is so commune,
That everie wight that hath discrecioun
Hath herde somewhat or al of his fortune."

We have the excellent authority of the poet Gray for saying that the Alexandrine verse, which "like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," took its name from an early poem in this measure, called "La Vie d'Alexandre." There was also the "Roman d'Alexandre," contemporary with the "Alexandreis," which Gray thinks was borrowed from the latter poem, apparently because the authors say that they took it from the Latin.§ There was also "The Life and Actions of Alexander the Macedonian," originally written in Greek,

by Simeon Seth, magister and proto-vestiary or wardrobe-keeper of the palace at Constantinople in 1070, and translated from Greek into Latin, and then into French, Italian, and German.* Arabia also contributed her stories, and the Grecian conqueror became a hero of romance. Like Charlemagne, he had his twelve peers; and he also had a horn, through which he gave the word of command, which took sixty men to blow it, and was heard sixty miles, — being the same horn which afterwards Orlando sounded at Roncesvalles. That great career which was one of the epochs of mankind, — which carried in its victorious march the Greek language and Greek civilization, — which at the time enlarged the geography of the world, and opened the way to India, — was overlaid by an incongruous mass of fable and anachronism, so that the real story was lost. Times, titles, and places were confounded. Monks and convents, churches and confessors, were mixed with the achievements of the hero; and in an early Spanish History of Alexander, by John Lorenzo, we meet such characters as Don Phœbus, the Emperor Jupiter, and the Count Don Demosthenes; and we are assured that the mother of Alexander fled to a convent of Benedictine nuns.

Philip Gaultier, with all his genius, has his incongruities and anachronisms; but his poem is founded substantially upon the History of Quintus Curtius, which he has done into Latin hexameters, with the addition of long speeches and some few inventions. Aristotle is represented with a hideous exterior, face and body lean, hair neglected, and the air of a pedant exhausted by study. The soldiers of Alexander are called *Quirites*, as if they were Romans. The month of June in Greece is described as if it were in Rome: —

"Mensis erat, cujus juvenum de nomine nomen."

Events connected with the passion of Jesus Christ are treated as having already passed in the time of Alexander.

* Warton, *History of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 133.

* *Histoire Littéraire*, Tom. XV. p. 118.

† Warton, *History of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. clxix.; also p. 132.

‡ Madox, *Hist. Exchequer*, pp. 249–259.

§ Gray, *Observations on English Metre*.

The poem is divided into ten books,* and the ten initial letters of these books, when put together like an acrostic, spell the name of the Archbishop, *Guillemus*, the equivalent for William at that time, who was the patron of the poet. Besides this conceit, there is a dedication both at the beginning and at the end. Quantity, especially in Greek or Asiatic words, is disregarded; and there are affectations in style, of which the very beginning is an instance:—

*"Gesta ducis Macedum totum digesta per orbem
Musa, refer."*

In the same vein is the verse, —

"Inclitus ille Clitus," etc.;

and another verse, describing the violence of the soldiers after victory: —

"Extorquent torques, et inaures perdidit auris."

A rapid analysis of the poem will at least exhibit the order of the events it narrates, and its topics, with something of its character.

Alexander appears, in the first book, a youth panting for combat with the Persians, enemies of his country and of his father. There also is his teacher, Aristotle. Philip dies, and the son repairs to Corinth to be crowned. Under the counsels of Demosthenes, the Athenians declare against him. The young King arrives under the walls of Athens. Demosthenes speaks for war; Æschines for peace. The party of peace prevails; and the Macedonian turns to Thebes, which he besieges and captures by assault. The poet Clodæus, approaching the conqueror, chants in lyric verses an appeal for pardon, and reminds him that without clemency a kingdom is unstable: —

"Instabile est regnum quod non clementia firmat."

And the words of this chant are still resounding. But Alexander, angry and inexorable, refuses to relent. He levels the towers which had first risen to the music of Amphion, and delivers the city to the flames: thus adding a new act to that tragic history which made Dante select Thebes as the synonyme

of misfortune.* Turning from these smoking ruins, he gathers men and ships for his expedition against Persia. Traversing the sea, he lands in Asia; and here the poet describes geographically the different states of this continent, — Assyria, Media, Persia, Arabia, with its Sabæan frankincense and its single Phœnix, ending with Palestine and Jerusalem, where a God was born of a Virgin, at whose death the world shook with fear. Commencing his march through Cilicia and Phrygia, the ambitious youth stops at Troy, and visits the tomb of Achilles, where he makes a long speech.

The second book opens with the impression produced on the mind of Darius, menaced by his Macedonian enemy. He writes an insolent letter, which Alexander answers simply by advancing. At Sardes he cuts the Gordian knot, and then advances rapidly. Darius quits the Euphrates with his vast army, which is described. Alexander bathes in the cold waters of the Cydnus, is seized with illness, and shows his generous trust in the physician that attended him, — drinking the cup handed him, although it was said to be poisoned. Restored to health, he shows himself to his troops, who are transported with joy. Meanwhile the Persians advance. Darius harangues his soldiers. Alexander harangues his. The two armies prepare for battle.

The third book is of battle and victory at Issus, described with minuteness and warmth. Here is the death of Zoroas, the Egyptian astronomer, than whom nobody was more skilled in the stars, the origin of winter's cold or summer's heat, or in the mystery of squaring the circle, — *circulus an possit quadrari*.† The Persians are overcome. Darius seeks shelter in Babylon. His treasures are the prey of the conqueror. Horses are laden with spoils, and the sacks are so full that they cannot be tied. Rich ornaments are torn from the women, who are surrendered to the bru-

* Vossius, *De Poetis Latinis*, p. 74, is mistaken in saying that it had nine books instead of ten. See also *Ménagiana*, Tom. I. p. 177.

* *Inferno*, Canto XXXIII.

† This is the passage translated into blank verse by the early English poet, Grimoald Nicholas.

tality of the soldiers. The royal family alone is spared. Conducted to the presence of Alexander, they are received with the regard due to their sex and misfortune. The siege and destruction of Tyre follow; then the expedition to Egypt and the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Here is a description of the desert, which is said, like the sea, to have its perils, with its Scylla and its Charybdis of sand:—

"Hic altera sicco
Scylla mari latrat; hic pulverulenta Charybdis." *

Meanwhile Darius assembles new forces. Alexander leaves Egypt and rushes to meet him. There is an eclipse of the moon, which causes a sedition among his soldiers, who dare to accuse their king. The phenomenon is explained by the soothsayers, and the sedition is appeased.

The fourth book opens with a funeral. It is of the queen of the Persian monarch. Alexander laments her with tears. Darius learns at the same time her death and the generosity of his enemy. He addresses prayers to the gods for the latter, and offers propositions of peace. Alexander refuses these, and proceeds to render funeral honors to the queen of the king he was about to meet in battle. Then comes an invention of the poet, which may have suggested afterwards to Dante that most beautiful passage of the "Purgatorio," where great scenes are sculptured on the walls. At the summit of a mountain a tomb is constructed by the skilful Hebrew Apelles, to receive the remains of the Persian queen; and on this tomb are carved, not only kings and names of Greek renown, but histories from the beginning of the world:—

"Nec solum reges et nomina gentis Achææ,
Sed generis notat historias, ab origine mundi
Incipiens."

Here in breathing gold is the creation in six days; the fall of man, seduced by

* There is a contemporary poem in leonine verses on the death of Thomas à Becket, with the same allusion to opposite dangers:—

"Ut post Syrtis mittitur in Charybdim navis,
Flatibus et fluctibus transitis tranquille,
Tutum portus impulit in latratus Scyllæ."

Du Méril, *Poésies Populaires Latines*, p. 82.

the serpent; Cain a wanderer; the increase of the human race; vice prevailing over virtue; the deluge; the intoxication of Noah; the story of Esau, of Jacob, of Joseph; the plagues of Egypt,—

"Hic dolet Ægyptus denis percussa flagellis";

the flight of the Israelites,—

"et puro livescit pontus in auro";

the manna in the wilderness; the giving of the law; the gushing of water from the rock; and then the succession of Hebrew history, stretching through a hundred verses, to the reign of Esdras,—

"Totaque picturæ series finitur in Esdra."

After these great obsequies Alexander marches at once against Darius. And here the poet dwells on the scene presented by the Persian army watching by its camp-fires. Helmets rival the stars; the firmament is surprised to see fires like its own reflected from bucklers, and fears lest the earth be changed into sky and the night become day. Instead of the sun, there is the helmet of Darius, which shines like Phœbus himself, and at its top a stone of flame, obscuring the stars and yielding only to the rays of the sun: for, as much as it yields to the latter, so much does it prevail over the former. The youthful chieftain, under the protection of a benignant divinity, passes the night in profound repose. His army is all marshalled for the day, and he still sleeps. He is waked, gives the order for battle, and harangues his men. The victory of Arbela is at hand.

The fifth book is occupied by a description of this battle. Here are episodes in imitation of the ancients, with repetitions or parodies of Virgil. The poet apostrophizes the unhappy, defeated Darius, as he is about to flee, saying,— "Whither do you go, O King, about to perish in useless flight? You do not know, alas! lost one, you do not know from whom you flee. While you flee from one enemy, you run upon other enemies. Desiring to escape Charybdis, you run upon Scylla."

"Quo tendis inertī,
Rex, periture, fuga? Nescis, heu! perditū, nescis

Quem fugias; hostesque incurris, dum fugis hostem;
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."*

The Persian monarch finds safety at last in Media, and Alexander enters Babylon in triumph, surpassing all other triumphs, even those of ancient Rome: and this is merited,—so sings the poet,—for his exploits are above those of the most celebrated warriors, whether sung by Lucan in his magnificent style, or by Claudian in his pompous verses. The poet closes this book by referring to the condition of Christianity in his own age, and exclaiming, that, if God, touched by the groans and the longings of his people, would accord to the French such a king, the true faith would soon shine throughout the universe.

The sixth book exhibits the luxury of Alexander at Babylon, the capture of Susa, the pillage of Persepolis. Here the poet forgets the recorded excesses of his hero with Thais by his side, and the final orgy when the celebrated city was given to the flames at the bidding of a courtesan; but he dwells on an incident of his own invention, which is calculated to excite emotions of honor rather than of condemnation. Alexander meets three thousand Greek prisoners, wretchedly humiliated by the Persians, and delivers them. He leaves to them the choice of returning to Greece, or of fixing themselves in the country there on lands which he promises to distribute. Some propose to return. Others insist, that, in their hideous condition, they cannot return to the eyes of their families and friends, when an orator declares that it is always pleasant to see again one's country, that there is nothing shameful in the condition caused by a barbarous enemy, and that it is unjust to those who love them to think that they will not be glad to see them. A few follow the orator; but the larger part remain behind, and receive from their liberator the land which he had promised, also money, flocks, and all that was necessary for a farmer.

The seventh book exhibits the trea-

* Some of the expressions of this passage may be compared with other writers. See Burmanni *Anthologia Latina*, Vol. I. pp. 152, 163; Ovidii *Metam.* Lib. I. 514.

son of Bessus substantially as in Quintus Curtius. Darius, with chains of gold on his feet, is carried in a covered carriage to be delivered up. Alexander, who was still in pursuit of his enemy, is horror-struck by the crime. He moves with more rapidity to deliver or to avenge the Persian monarch than he had ever moved to his defeat. He is aroused against the criminals, like Jupiter pursuing the giants with his thunder. Darius is found in his carriage covered with wounds and bathed in his blood. With the little breath that remains, and while yet struggling on the last confines of life, he makes a long speech, which the poet follows with bitter ejaculations of his own against his own age, beginning with venal Simon and his followers, and ending with the assassins of Thomas à Becket:—

"Non adeo ambiret cathedræ venalis honorem
 Jam vetus ille Simon, non incentiva malorum
 Pollueret sacras funesta pecunia sedes."

Thus here again the poet precedes Dante, whose terrible condemnation of Simon has a kindred bitterness:—

"O Simon mago, o miseri seguaci,
 Che le cose di Dio, che di bontate
 Denno essere spose, voi rapaci
 Per oro e per argento adulterate."

These ejaculations are closed by an address to the manes of Darius, and a promise to immortalize him in the verse of the poet. The grief of Alexander for the Persian queen is now renewed for the sovereign. The Hebrew Apelles is charged to erect in his honor a lofty pyramid in white marble, with sculptures in gold. Four columns of silver, with base and capitals of gold, support with admirable art a concave vault where are represented the three continents of the terrestrial globe, with their rivers, forests, mountains, cities, and people. In the characteristic description of each nation, France has soldiers and Italy wine:—

"*Francia militibus, celebri Campania Bacco.*"

From funeral the poet passes to festival, and portrays the banquets and indulgence to which Alexander now invites his army. A sedition ensues. The soldiers ask to return to their

country. Alexander makes an harangue, and awakens in them the love of glory. They swear to affront all dangers, and to follow him to the end of the world.

The eighth book chronicles the march into Hyrcania; the visit of Talestris, queen of the Amazons, and her Amazonian life, with one breast burnt so as to accommodate the bent bow; then the voluntary sacrifice of all the immense booty of the conqueror, as an example for the troops; then the conspiracy against Alexander in his own camp; then the examination and torture of the son of Parmenio, suspected of complicity; and then the doom of Bessus, the murderer of Darius, who is delivered by Alexander to the brother of his victim. Then comes the expedition to Scythia. The Macedonian, on the banks of the Tanaïs, receives an embassy. The ambassador fails to delay him: he crosses the river, and reduces the deserts and the mountains of Scythia to his dominion. And here the poet likens this people, which, after resisting so many powerful nations, now falls under the yoke, to a lofty, star-seeking Alpine fir, *astra petens abies*, which, after resisting for ages all the winds of the east, of the west, and of the south, falls under the blows of Boreas. The name of the conqueror becomes a terror, and other nations in this distant region submit voluntarily, without a blow.

The ninth book commences with a mild allusion to the murder of Clitus, and other incidents, teaching that the friendships of kings are not perennial:—

“Etenim testatur eorum
Finis amicitias regum non esse perennes.”

Here comes the march upon India. Kings successively submit. Porus alone dares to resist. With a numerous army he awaits the Macedonian on the Hydaspes. The two armies stand face to face on opposite banks. Then occurs the episode of two youthful Greeks, Nicanor and Symmachus, born the same day, and intimate, like Nisus and Euryalus. Their perilous expedition fails, under the pressure of num-

bers, and the two friends, cut off and wounded, after prodigies of valor, at last embrace, and die in each other's arms. Then comes the great battle. Porus, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner, is brought before Alexander. His noble spirit touches the generous heart of the conqueror, who returns to him his dominions, increases them, and places him in the number of friends,—

“Odiū clementia vicit.”

The gates of the East are now open. His movement has the terror of thunder breaking in the middle of the night,—

“Quem sequitur fragor et fractæ collisio nubis.”

A single city arrests the triumphant march. Alexander besieges it, and himself mounts the first to the assault. His men are driven back. Then from the top of the ladder, instead of leaping back, he throws himself into the city, and alone confronts the enemy. Surrounded, belabored, wounded, he is about to perish, when his men, learning his peril, redouble their efforts, burst open the gates, inundate the place, and massacre the inhabitants. After a painful operation, Alexander is restored to his army and to his great plans of conquest. The joy of the soldiers, succeeding their sorrow, is likened to that of sailors, who, after seeing the pilot overboard, and ready to be engulfed by the raging floods, as Boreas dances, *Borea bacchante*, at last behold him rescued from the abyss and again at the helm. But the army is disturbed by the preparation for distant maritime expeditions. Alexander avows that the world is too small for him; that, when it is all conquered, he will push on to subjugate another universe; that he will lead them to the Antipodes and to another Nature; and that, if they refuse to accompany him, he will go forth alone and offer himself as chief to other people. The army is on fire with this answer, and vow again never to abandon their king.

The tenth book is the last. Nature, indignant that a mortal should venture to penetrate her hidden places, suspends her unfinished works, and de-

scends to the world below for succor against the conqueror. Before the gates of Erebus, under the walls of the Stygian city, —

"Ante fores Erebi, Stygiæ sub mœnibus urbis," —

are sisters, monsters of the earth, representing every vice, — thirst of gold, drunkenness, gluttony, treachery, detraction, envy, hypocrisy, adulation. In a distant recess is a perpetual furnace, where crimes are punished, but not with equal flames, as some are tormented more lightly and others more severely. Leviathan was in the midst of his furnace, but he drops his serpent form and assumes that divine aspect which he had worn when he wished to share the high Olympus, —

"Cum sidere solus

Clarior intumuit, tantamque superbia mentem
Extulit, ut summum partiri vellet Olympum."

To him the stranger appeals against the projects of Alexander, which extend on one side to the unknown sources of the Nile and the Garden of Paradise, and on the other to the Antipodes and ancient Chaos. The infernal monarch convenes his assembly. He calls the victims from their undying torments, —

"quibus mors

Est non posse mori," —

where ice and snow are punishments, as well as fire. The satraps of Styx are collected, and the ancient serpent addresses sibilations from his hoarse throat: —

"Hic ubi collecti satrapæ Stygis et tenebrarum,
Consedere duces, et gutture sibila rauco
Edidit antiquus serpens."

He commands the death of the Macedonian king before his plans can be executed. Treason rises and proposes poison. All Hell applauds; and Treason, in disguise, fares forth to instruct the agent. The whole scene suggests sometimes Dante and sometimes Milton. Each was doubtless familiar with it. Meanwhile Alexander returns to Babylon. The universe is in suspense, not knowing to which side he will direct his arms. Ambassadors from all quarters come to his feet. In the pride of power he seems to be universal lord.

At a feast, surrounded by friends, he drinks the fatal cup. His end approaches, and he shows to the last his grandeur and his courage. The poet closes, as he began, with a salutation to his patron.

Such is the sketch of a curiosity of literature. It is interesting to look upon this little book, which for a time played so considerable a part; to imagine the youthful students who were once nurtured by it; to recognize its relations to an age when darkness was slowly yielding to light; to note its possible suggestions to great poets who followed, especially to Dante; and to behold it lost to human knowledge, and absolutely forgotten, until saved by a single verse, which, from its completeness of form and its proverbial character, must live as long as the Latin language endures. The verse does not occupy much room; but it is a sure fee simple for the poet. And are we not told by an ancient, that it is something, in whatever place or recess you may be, to have made yourself master of a single lizard?

"Est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu,
Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertæ."

A poem of ten books shrinks to a very petty space. There is a balm of a thousand flowers, and here is a single hexameter which is the express essence of many times a thousand verses. It was the jest of the grave-digger, in "Hamlet," that the noble Alexander, returning to dust and loam, had stopped a bung-hole. But the memorable poem celebrating him is reduced as much, although it may be put to higher uses.

MORAL.

At the conclusion of a fable there is a moral, or, as it is sometimes called, the application. There is also a moral now, or, if you please, the application. And, believe me, in these serious days, I should have little heart for any literary diversion, if I did not hope to make it contribute to those just principles which are essential to the well-being, if not the safety of the Republic. To this

end I have now written. This article is only a long whip with a snapper to it.

Two verses saved from the wreck of a once popular poem have become proverbs, and one of these is very famous. They inculcate clemency, and that common sense which is found in not running into one danger to avoid another. Never was their lesson more needed than now, when, in the name of clemency to belligerent traitors, the National Government is preparing to abandon the freedmen, to whom it is bound by the most sacred ties; is preparing to abandon the national creditor also, with whose security the national welfare is indissolubly associated; and is even preparing, without any probation or trial, to invest belligerent traitors, who for four bloody years have murdered our fellow-citizens, with those Equal Rights in the Republic which are denied to friends and allies, so that the former shall rule over the latter. Verily, here is a case for common sense.

The lesson of clemency is of perpetual obligation. Thanks to the mediæval poet for teaching it. Harshness is bad. Cruelty is detestable. Even justice may relent at the prompting of mercy. Do not fail, then, to cultivate the grace of clemency. Perhaps no scene in history is more charming than that of Cæsar, who, after vows against an enemy, listened calmly to the appeal for pardon, and, as he listened, let the guilty papers fall from his hand. Early in life he had pleaded in the Senate for the lives of conspirators; and afterwards, when supreme ruler of the Roman world, he practised the clemency he had once defended, unless where enemies were incorrigible, and then he knew how to be stern and positive. It is by example that we are instructed; and we may well learn from the great master of clemency that the general welfare must not be sacrificed to this indulgence. And we may learn also from the Divine Teacher, that, even while forgiving enemies, there are Scribes and Pharisees who must be exposed, and money-changers who must be scourged from the temple. But with

us there are Scribes and Pharisees, and there are also criminals, worse than any money-changers, who are now trying to establish themselves in the very temple of our government.

Cultivate clemency. But consider well what is embraced in this charity. It is not required that you should surrender the Republic into the hands of pardoned criminals. It is not required that you should surrender friends and allies to the tender mercies of these same pardoned criminals. Clearly not. Clemency has its limitations; and when it transcends these, it ceases to be a virtue, and is only a mischievous indulgence. Of course, one of these limitations, never to be disregarded, is the *general security*, which is the first duty of government. No pardon can be allowed to imperil the nation; nor can any pardon be allowed to imperil those who have a right to look to us for protection. There must be no vengeance upon enemies; but there must be no sacrifice of friends. And here is the distinction which cannot be forgotten. *Nothing for vengeance; everything for justice.* Follow this rule, and the Republic will be safe and glorious. Thus wrote Marcus Aurelius to his colleague and successor in empire, Lucius Verus. These words are worthy to be repeated now by the chief of the Republic:—

“ Ever since the Fates
Placed me upon the throne, two aims have I
Kept fixed before my eyes; and they are these,—
Not to revenge me on my enemies,
And not to be ungrateful to my friends.”

It is easy for the individual to forgive. It is easy also for the Republic to be generous. But forgiveness of offences must not be a letter of license to crime; it must not be a recognition of an ancient tyranny, and it must not be a stupendous ingratitude. There is a familiar saying, with the salt of ages, which is addressed to us now:—“Be just before you are generous.” Be just to all before you are generous to the few. Be just to the millions *only half rescued* from oppression, before you are generous to their cruel taskmasters. Do not imitate that precious character in the

gallery of old Tallemant de Réaux, of whom it was said, that he built churches without paying his debts.* Our foremost duties now are to pay our debts, and these are twofold:—first, to the national freedman; and, secondly, to the national creditor.

Apply these obvious principles practically. A child can do it. No duty of clemency can justify injustice. Therefore, in exercising the beautiful power of pardon at this moment in our country, several conditions must be observed.

(1.) As a general rule, belligerent traitors, who have battled against the country, must not be permitted *at once*, without probation or trial, to resume their old places of trust and power. Such a concession would be clearly against every suggestion of common sense, and President Johnson clearly saw it so, when, addressing his fellow-citizens of Tennessee, 10th June, 1864, he said, — “I say that traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration. If there be but five thousand men in Tennessee, loyal to the Constitution, loyal to freedom, loyal to justice, these true and faithful men should control the work of reorganization and reformation absolutely.”

(2.) Especially are we bound, by every obligation of justice and by every sentiment of honor, to see to it that belligerent traitors, who have battled against their country, are not allowed to rule the constant loyalists, whether white or black, embracing the recent freedmen, who have been our friends and allies.

(3.) Let belligerent traitors be received slowly and cautiously back into the sovereignty of citizenship. It is better that they should wait than that the general security be imperilled, or our solemn obligations, whether to the national freedman or the national creditor, be impaired.

(4.) Let pardons issue only on satisfactory assurance that the applicant, who has been engaged for four years in murdering our fellow-citizens, shall sustain

the Equal Rights, civil and political, of all men, according to the principles of the Declaration of Independence; that he shall pledge himself to the support of the national debt; and, if he be among the large holders of land, that he shall set apart homesteads for all his freedmen.

Following these simple rules, clemency will be a Christian virtue, and not a perilous folly.

The other proverb has its voice also, saying plainly, Follow common sense, and do not, while escaping one danger, rush upon another. You are now escaping from the whirlpool of war, which has threatened to absorb and engulf the Republic. Do not rush upon the opposite terror, where another shipwreck of a different kind awaits you, while Sirens tempt with their “song of death.” Take warning: *Seeking to escape from Charybdis, do not rush upon Scylla.*

Alas! the Scylla on which our Republic is now driving is that old rock of *concession and compromise* which from the beginning of our history has been a constant peril. It appeared in the convention which framed the National Constitution, and ever afterwards, from year to year, showed itself in Congress, until at last the Oligarchy, nursed by our indulgence, rebelled. And now that the war is over, it is proposed to invest this same Rebel Oligarchy with a new lease of immense power, involving the control over loyal citizens, whose fidelity to the Republic has been beyond question. Here, too, are Sirens, in the shape of belligerent traitors, suing softly that the Republic may be lured to the old concession and compromise. *Alas! that, escaping from Charybdis, we should rush upon Scylla!*

The old Oligarchy conducted all its operations in the name of State Rights, and in this name it rebelled. And when the Republic sought to suppress the Rebellion, it was replied, that a State could not be coerced. Now that the Rebellion is overthrown, and a just effort is made to obtain that “security for the future” without which the war will have been in vain, the same cry of State Rights is raised, and we are told again that a

* “C’était un homme qui battait des églises sans payer ses dettes.”

State cannot be coerced,—as if the same mighty power which directed armies upon the Rebellion could be impotent to exact all needful safeguards. It was to overcome these pretensions, and stamp *E Pluribus Unum* upon the Republic, that we battled in war; and now we surrender to these tyrannical pretensions again. Escaping from war, we rush upon the opposite peril,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla*.

Again, we are told gravely, that the national power which decreed emancipation cannot maintain it by assuring universal enfranchisement, because an imperial government must be discountenanced,—as if the whole suggestion of “imperialism” or “centralism” were not out of place, until the national security is established, and our debts, whether to the national freedman or the national creditor, are placed where they cannot be repudiated. A phantom is created, and, to avoid this phantom, we rush towards concession and compromise,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla*.

Again, we are reminded that military power must yield to the civil power and to the rights of self-government. Therefore the Rebel States must be left to themselves, each with full control over all, whether white or black, within its borders, and empowered to keep alive a Black Code abhorrent to civilization and dangerous to liberty. Here, again, we rush from one peril upon another. Every exercise of military power is to be regretted, and yet there are occasions when it cannot be avoided. War itself is the transcendent example of this power. But the transition from war to peace must be assured by all possible safeguards. Civil power and self-government cannot be conceded to belligerent enemies until after the establishment of “security for the future.” Such security is an indispensable safeguard, without which there will be new disaster to the country. Therefore, in escaping from military power, care must be taken that we do not run upon the opposite danger,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla*.

Again, it is said solemnly, that “we

must trust each other”; which, being interpreted, means, that the Republic must proceed at once to trust the belligerent enemies who have for four years murdered our fellow-citizens. Of course, this is only another form of concession. In trusting them, we give them political power, including the license to oppress loyal persons, whether white or black, and especially the freedmen. For four years we have met them in battle; and now we rush to trust them, and to commit into their keeping the happiness and well-being of others. There is peril in trusting such an enemy, more even than in meeting him on the field. God forbid that we rush now upon this peril,—*as from Charybdis to Scylla!*

The true way is easy. Follow common sense. Seeking to avoid one peril, do not rush upon another. Consider how everything of worth or honor is bound up with the national security and the national faith; and that until these are fixed beyond change, agriculture, commerce, and industry of all kinds must suffer. Capital cannot stay where justice is denied. Emigration must avoid a land blasted by the spirit of caste. Cotton itself will refuse to grow until labor is assured its just reward. By natural consequence, that same Barbarism which has drenched the land in blood will continue to prevail, with wrong, outrage, and the insurrections of an oppressed race; the national name will be dishonored, and the national power will be weakened. But the way is plain to avoid these calamities. *Follow common sense; and obtain guaranties commensurate with the danger.* Do this without delay, so that security and reconciliation may not be postponed. Every day's delay is a loss to the national wealth and an injury to the national treasury. But if adequate guaranties cannot be obtained at once, then at least *postpone all present surrender to the Oligarchy*, trusting meanwhile to Providence for protection, and to time for that awakened sense of justice and humanity which must in the end prevail. And finally, *take care not to rush from Charybdis to Scylla.*

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Works of Epictetus, consisting of his Discourses in Four Books, the Enchiridion and Fragments. A Translation from the Greek, based on that of Elizabeth Carter. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

HAPPY the youth who has this Stoic repast fresh and untasted before him! Heaven give him appetite and digestion; for here is food indeed!

Epictetus and Marcus Antoninus, at the two extremes of the social system,—the one that most helpless of human beings, a Roman slave, the other that terrestrial god, a Roman Emperor,—are yet so associated in fame that he who names either thinks of the other also. Neither of them men of astonishing intellect, though certainly of a high intelligence, they have yet uttered thoughts that cannot die,—thoughts so simple, vital, and central, so rich in the purest blood of man's moral being, that their audience and welcome are perpetual. Without literary ambition, one of them wrote only for his own eye, merely emphasizing the faith he lived by, while the other wrote not at all, but, like another and yet greater, simply spoke with men as he met them, his words being only the natural respirations of belief. Yet that tide of time which over so many promising ambitions and brilliant fames has rolled remorseless, a tide of oblivion, bears the private notes or casual conversation of these men in meek and grateful service.

A vital word,—how sure is it to be cherished and preserved! All else may be neglected, all else may perish; but a word true forever to the heart of humanity will be held too near to its source to suffer from the chances of time.

Of these two authors, Epictetus has the more nerve, spirit, and wit, together with that exquisite homeliness which Thoreau rightly named "a high art"; while Antoninus is characterized by more of tenderness, culture, and breadth. The monarch, again, has a grave, almost pensive tone; the slave is full of breezy health and cheer. One commonly prefers him whom he has read last or read most. The distinction of both is, that they hold hard to the central question, How shall man be indeed man? how shall he be true to the inmost law and possibility

of his being? Their thoughts are, as we have said, respirations, vital processes, pieces of spiritual function, the soul in every syllable. And hence through their pages blows a breath of life which one may well name a wind of Heaven.

Our favorite was Antoninus until Mr. Higginson beguiled us with this admirable version. For it is, indeed, admirable. It would be hard to name a translation from Greek prose which, while faithful in substance and tone to the original, is more entirely and charmingly readable.

Of mere correctness we do not speak. Correctness is cheap. It may be had for money any day. A passage or two we notice, concerning which some slight question might, perhaps, be opened; but it would be a question of no importance; and the criticism we should be inclined to make might not be sustained. Unquestionably the version is true, even nicely true, to the ideas of the author.

But it is more and better. It is ingenious, felicitous, witty. Mr. Higginson has the great advantage over too many translators (into English, at least) of being not only a man of bright and vivid intelligence, but also a proper proficient in the use of his mother tongue, melodious in movement, elegant in manner, fortunate in phrase. Now that Hawthorne is dead, America has not perhaps a writer who is master of a more graceful prose. His style has that tempered and chaste vivacity, that firm lightness of step, that quickness at a turn, not interfering with continuity and momentum, which charms all whom style can charm. Lowell's best prose—in "Fireside Travels," for example—has similar qualities, and adds to them a surprising delicacy of wit and subtilty of phrase, while it has less movement and less of rhythmical emphasis. Between the two, in the respects mentioned, we are hardly able to choose.

Mr. Higginson is, indeed, a little fastidious, a little inclined to purism, a little rigid upon the mint, anise, and cumin of literary law. But this rendered him only the more fit for his present task. A translator must bear somewhat hard upon minor obligations to his vernacular, in order to overcome the resistance of a foreign idiom.

He has succeeded. He has given us

Greek thought in English speech, not merely in English words. It is, indeed, astonishing how modern Epictetus seems in this version. This is due in part to the translator's tact in finding modern *equivalents* for Greek idioms, or for antiquated allusions and illustrations. Once in a while one is a little startled by these; but more often they are so happy that one fancies he must have thrown dice for them, or obtained them by some other turn of luck.

But he was favored, not only by literary ability, but by a native affinity with his author and an old love for him. His taste is very marked for this peculiar form of sanctity and heroism, the simple Stoic morality, especially in that mature and mellow form which it assumes with the later Stoic believers. In these first centuries of our era a suffusion of divine tenderness seems to have crept through the veins of the world, partly derived from Christianity, and partly contemporaneous with it. In the case of Epictetus it must have been original. And the peculiar simplicity with which he represents this tender spirit of love and duty, while combining it with the utmost iron nerve of the old Stoic morality, — its comparative disassociation in his pages with the speculative imaginations which glorify or obscure it elsewhere, — is deeply grateful, one sees, to the present translator.

He must have enjoyed his task heartily, while its happy completion has prepared for many others, not only an enjoyment, but more and better than that. May it, indeed, be for many! What were more wholesome for this too luxurious modern life than a little Stoic pruning?

Having mentioned that the book comes forth under the auspices of Little, Brown, & Co., we have no need to say that it is an elegant volume.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings. By JOHN STUART MILL. In Two Volumes. Boston: William V. Spencer.

MR. MILL in this book defends England from the reproach of indifference to the higher philosophy. Americans are at least not indifferent to John Stuart Mill; and for his sake the volumes will no doubt be attempted by many a respectable citizen who would be seriously puzzled whether to class the au-

thor as a Cosmothetic Idealist or as a Hypothetical Dualist. And assuming, as such a reader very possibly will, that this last name designates those who are disposed to fight for their hypotheses, he will hardly think it in this case a misnomer. Yet Mr. Mill seems very generous and noble in this attitude. He has consented to put on the gloves since he fought Professors Whewell and Sedgwick without them; and there is perhaps no finer passage in the history of controversy than his simple expression of regret, in his preface, on attacking an antagonist who can no longer defend himself.

Yet his handling of Sir William is tolerably unflinching, when he settles to the work; and he will carry the sympathy of most readers in his criticisms, whatever they may think of his own peculiar views. The students of his Logic were rather daunted, years ago, on discovering that a mind so able was content to found upon mere experience its conviction that two and two make four, and to assume, by implication at least, that on some other planet two and two may make five. He still holds to this attitude. But so perfect are his candor and clearness, that no dissent from his views can seriously impair the value of his writings; and though no amount of clearness can make such a book otherwise than abstruse to the general reader, yet there are some chapters which can be read with pleasure and profit by any intelligent person, — as, for instance, the closing essay on mathematical study. This must not, however, be taken for an indorsement of all which that chapter contains; for it must be pronounced a little inconsistent in Mr. Mill to criticize Hamilton for underrating mathematics without having studied them, when this seems to be precisely his critic's attitude towards the later German metaphysics. He speaks with some slight respect of Kant, to be sure, but complains of the speculations of his successors as "a deplorable waste of time and power," though he gives no hint or citation to indicate that he has read one original sentence of Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel. Indeed, he heaps contempt in Latin superlatives upon the last-named thinker, and then completes the insult by quoting him at second-hand through Mansel, (I. 61,) — that Mansel some of whose doctrines he elsewhere proclaims to be "the most morally pernicious now current." (I. 115.) He afterwards makes it a sort of complaint against Hamilton, that he had read "every fifth-rate German transcendentalist; but if

this was so, surely a competent critic of Hamilton should have followed him at least through the first-rates. This unfairness, — if, indeed, these surmises be correct, — although it seems very much like the Englishman whom our current prejudices represent, seems very unlike John Stuart Mill.

As the ablest work that modern British philosophy has produced, this book will doubtless have many American readers, and well deserves them.

Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. With a Biographical Introduction, by FRANK MOORE. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co.

THE publishers have done well in placing this volume before the public. One among the most important results of the war is that of vastly increasing the practical, however it may be with the theoretical, power of the executive. It has done this, in the first place, by direct addition. The "war powers of the President," though beyond question legitimate, made him for the time being wellnigh absolute ; and now that overt war is ended, it is found impracticable to return immediately to the ancient limits of executive authority. Exercises of sovereignty, accordingly, which would once have been called most dangerous encroachments upon coördinate branches of government, pass without protest, it may be with general approbation. An instance of such is seen in the appointment of Southern governors who by an explicit law of Congress are ineligible. But, in the second place, this power is increased, perhaps, even more by the marked disposition of the people to accept the initiative of the President. The prodigious bids made by the Democratic party for his countenance, and the extreme reluctance of the Republicans to open an issue with him, illustrate this disposition, and are of great significance.

We are stating facts, not complaining of them. A great change has undoubtedly taken place in the practical economy of the Government, — a significant change in the relative importance of its coördinate branches. It may not be permanent, but it can scarcely be brief.

At the same time the importance of the Government as a whole has been greatly enhanced. We have reached a point where the nation, for, perhaps, the first time, is to

be saved by statesmanship, and where it is apparent that only statesmanship of a high order will be equal to the task. Formerly the Government could be contemptible without being fatal. When its imbecility led to civil war, the courage, patriotism, and persistency of the people sufficed to purchase victory ; and though the Government was tasked heavily, its tasks were of a simple kind. But now a point is reached where must begin a long stretch of wise, far-seeing, faithful statesman's work, or where, in the want of this, prospects open which no patriot can contemplate with satisfaction.

A series of able, temperate, true-hearted Presidents has now become indispensable ; but the highest qualities will be needed in no subsequent administration so much as in the present ; and very serious mistakes in the present would go far to render the highest ability in the future unavailing. Under these circumstances, there must be a common and anxious desire to know what may reasonably be expected of President Johnson.

Hence the timeliness and importance of the volume under notice. An attentive perusal of these pages will afford ground for some critical estimate of the man in whose hands so much power is lodged, and on whose use of power so great issues depend. The biographical sketch, though somewhat vague, and marked by occasional inaccuracies, affords some tolerable notion of the experience he has passed through ; and the speeches, though covering but few years, exhibit that portion of his opinions which is most related to existing problems.

We find here the image of a very honest, patriotic man, vigorous in mind, resolute in will, definite in character, and bearing deeply the impress of a special and marked experience. Of his honesty, to begin with, there can be no doubt. His administration may be mistaken, but it will not be corrupt. And to feel assured of so much is very healthful. "But an honest man, in his position, *must* be patriotic, — must be looking to the welfare of the country, rather than casting about to make bargains for his private advantage ; and we gather from this book, that, if any meditate buying or bribing the President, they will learn a lesson in due time. He may come to coincide with them, but it will be by their acquiescence in his judgment, not by his acceptance of their proffers.

It is when we come to inspect his intellectual position, to consider the quality of his

honest convictions, as determined chiefly by his peculiar experience, that the real question opens.

Mr. Johnson was a Southern "poor white." He became the ornament, then the champion, of his class; rescued it from political subjection in Tennessee, and, in his own election to the Governor's chair, and then to the United States Senate, gave it a first feast of supremacy. In this long struggle, the peculiar opinion and sentiment of his class — that is, of its best portion — became with him, though in an enlarged form, impassioned convictions, deeply incorporated with his character, and held with somewhat of religious fervor.

In the first speech contained in the present collection, dating so lately as 1858, he is found still resting upon this experience. His sympathy is wholly with the simpler forms of country life, with mechanics and small landholders, "the middle class," as he calls them. He hates cities; he cannot help showing some mild jealousy of the commercial and manufacturing interests; literature and science he does not wish to undervalue, but his whole heart is with the class who live a well-to-do, honest life, by manual labor in their own shops or on their own acres. Like his class, he dislikes the cotton lords, but likes Slavery, and has no faith in the negro; it has not occurred to him to think of the negro as a man, and he wishes that every white man in the country had a slave to do his "menial" labor.

In the next speech, made two years later, he is confronting the immediate probability of Secession. He grapples with it sturdily, but still regards it from a strictly Southern point of view, — that of his class. The South, he thinks, has real grievances; it has, indeed, been wronged by the election of a "sectional President and Vice-President"; it is entitled to redress; only it should seek redress in the Union, not out of it.

Even when what he feared and fought against was become overt and bloody war, when his own life was vengefully sought, when his own friends were hunted down, and either murdered without mercy or dragged mercilessly away to fight an alien battle with a sword behind and cannon in front, even then he finds great difficulty in changing his point of view. He speaks no more of wrongs which the South has suffered; but it is because his feeling of that is overwhelmed by his sense of the horrible wrong it is commit-

ting. He declares, at length, that, if Slavery or the Union must go down, he will stand by the Union; but he evidently accepts the alternative with reluctance, though with resolution. When it becomes apparent that this possible alternative is indeed actual, he is true to his pledge; but it is a new charge in his mind against the Secessionists, that they have forced him to such election. The will have it so, he says, and since they will have it so, be it so; the necessity is not of his making; the retribution is real, but it is deserved. His final proclamation of freedom in Tennessee, in advance of executive warrant, was an intrepid and memorable act worthy of his resolute spirit, — but was an act rather directed against the Rebels than prompted by sympathy with the slaves. His career in Tennessee was already far advanced before he fairly held forth his hand to the negroes as men, with the rights and interests of human beings; and it needed all the roused passion of his soul, all the touching trust of this people in him as their "Moses," all his intensity of recoil from treason, and all his sense of personal outrage, to nerve him for that triumph over his traditional prejudices.

The impression of Andrew Johnson which this book gives us is that of a deep, powerful, impassioned nature, inflexible, but inflexible rather by definite determination of character and fixity of conviction than by obstinacy of will. A man of large ability, he is, so to speak, deeply immersed in his own past, — limited by the bonds of his earnest, but, until lately, narrow experience. His power to change his point of view upon theoretical considerations is small, for he does little but expand his experience into theory. Facts alone can instruct him; and if these run counter to his intellectual predilection, they must be impressive to be effectual. He follows the law of his mind in proceeding to make an "experiment" in dealing with the South, and in making it as nearly as possible in accordance with the ancient customs of his thought. There is danger, we think, that he will look at facts too much with a traditional eye; but there is no danger that he will not act upon them with vigor, courage, and honest patriotism, so far as he shall see them in their true light.

It should be said, that, to learn the latest modifications of his opinions, the reader must consult the Introduction.

